DECEMBER, 1945

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DAISY MAE
SHEILAH BECKETT

ARTICLES
MacKINLAY KANTOR
ALAN HYND
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
FLETCHER PRATT
HERB GRAFFIS
STANLEY WALKER
DARRELL HUFF
DICK BRASSELL
KENNETH KRAFT
PARKE CUMMINGS
KARL BAARSLAG
DOUGLAS AINSLIE

FICTION
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
GERALD KERSH
ROBERT GOLD
PAUL ANNIXTER
GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN
VICTOR POLZER
PETER HELMERS
MAURICE BAUDIN, JR.
DAN CUSHMAN
ROBERT FONTAINE

ART
ANTON OTTO FISCHER
KERR EBY
JOHN DECKER
HOWARD BAER
WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY
FRED SMITH
VARGA
CHARLES LIEDL

PHOTOGRAPHY
GEORGE HURRELL
SYDNEY RAVITZ
MADISON LACY

VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
BILL STERN
WAYNE KEARL
WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH
PAUL GOULD

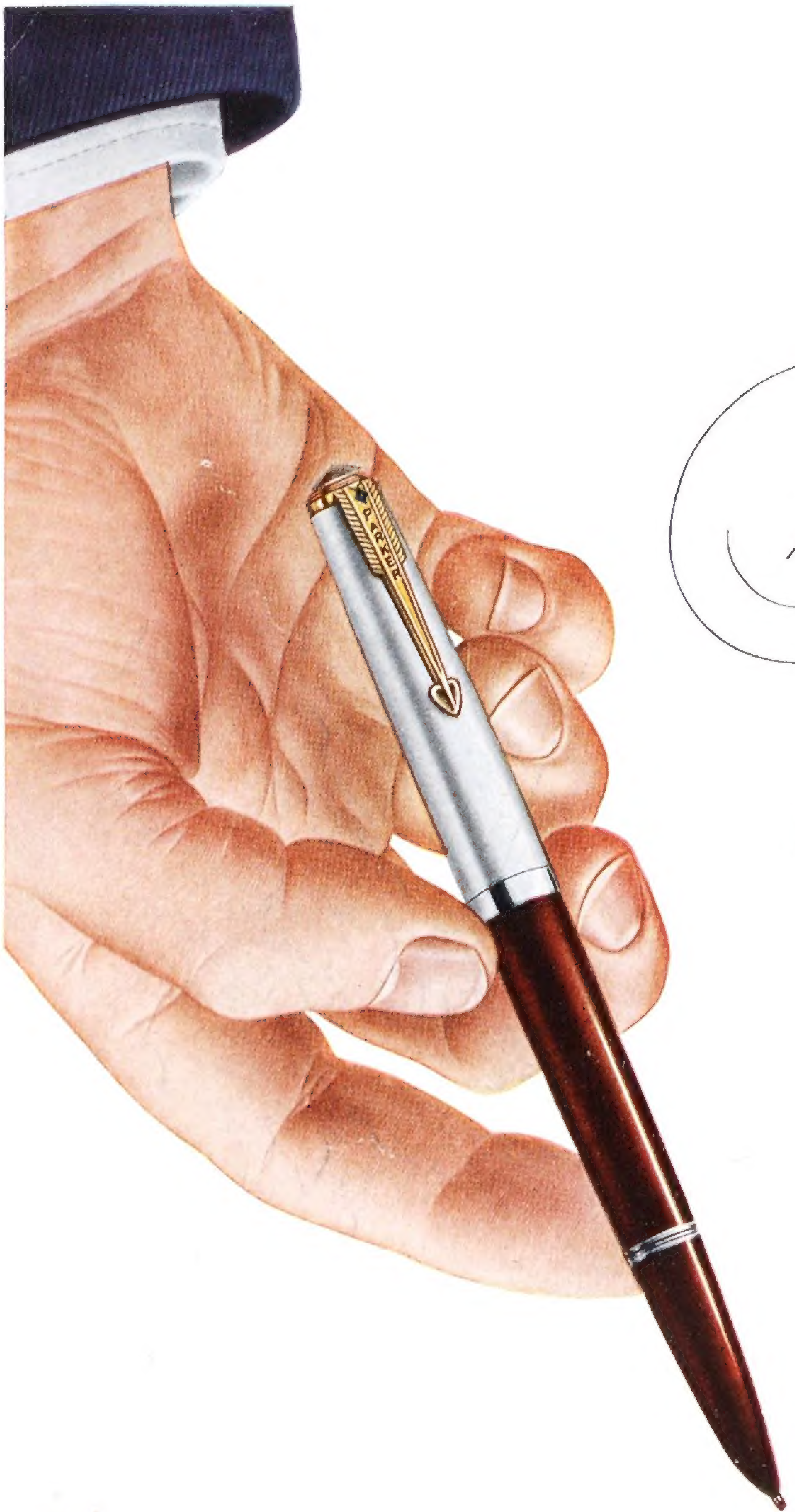
DEPARTMENTS
SINCLAIR LEWIS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
PAUL GALLICO
GILBERT SELDES
JACK MOFFITT
ILES BRODY
LEONARD G. FEATHER
PAUL EDUARD MILLER
O. E. SCHOEFFLER
LAWTON MACKALL

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
B. SHERMUND
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
ELDON DEDINI
BURR SHAFER
FRANK BEAVEN

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 320

Esquire's traditional big Christmas Annual—a 328-page number

PRICE FIFTY CENTS Canada Fifty-five cents



Such demand can't be denied...

THERE'LL BE MORE PARKER 51'S

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

If you are one of those still waiting for a Parker "51", you will be cheered by this: there'll be more of these pens available.

The day is coming when you will hold a new "51" in your hand. Then you will see how its protected Osmiridium tip starts writing instantly . . . glides across the paper with magic silence and smoothness.

You'll discover something more. You'll see how the "51" *writes dry with wet ink!* For only the Parker "51" has the design and construction which permit satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink, world's fastest drying ink. Of course this pen can also use any ordinary ink, if you so desire.

Yes, there'll be more 51's . . . so place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now. But no matter how great the demand, no Parker "51" will be hurriedly mass-produced. Only precision craftsmanship . . . the same craftsmanship that has produced Parker-made matériel of war . . . can create this "most wanted" pen.

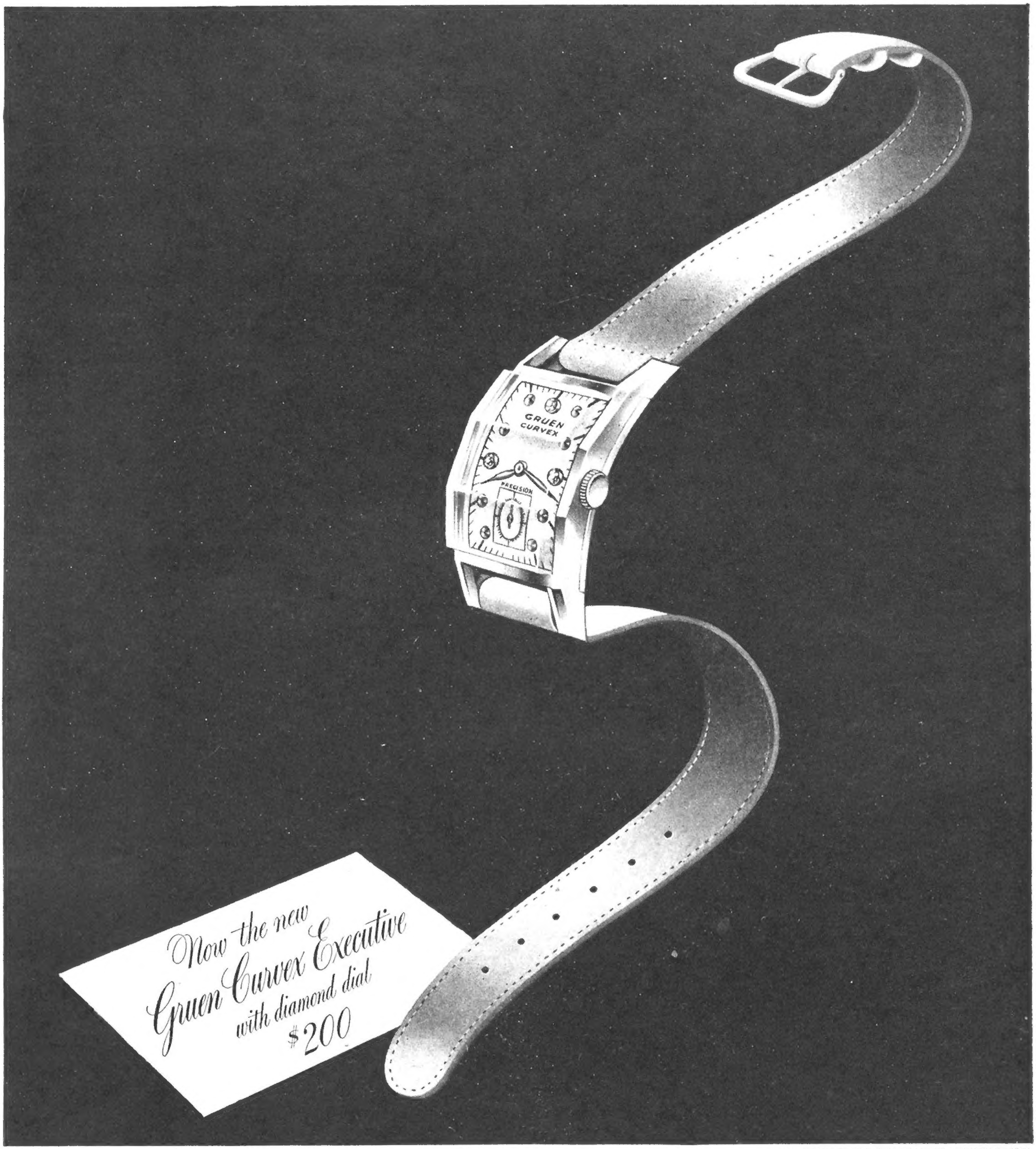
Parker 51's come in four colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS . . . HOLD THOSE YOU BUY!

PARKER "51"

COPR. 1945 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY



GRUEN CURVEX EXECUTIVE ENLARGED TO ILLUSTRATE DETAIL

One man in a thousand can wear it

Sit in an orchestra seat on opening night . . . attend a directors' meeting . . . take the Clipper to London or Rio de Janeiro. Wherever men of affairs gather you'll see this new Gruen Curvex "Executive" . . . its dial richly highlighted with three brilliant diamonds . . . its 14k white, pink or yellow gold case designed with rare beauty . . . its movement, naturally, the Patented Precision Gruen Curvex — *the only watch of its kind in the world.* At Gruen Jewelers, $200.

GRUEN
CURVEX
THE PRECISION WATCH

Other Gruen watches including the patented Veri-Thin and Pan American (with 24-hour dial), up to $250; with precious stones to $4000. Prices include Federal Tax. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

"Precision," "The Precision Watch," "Curvex" and "Veri-Thin" are registered trademarks. Copyright 1945, The Gruen Watch Company.

BUY A GRUEN WATCH
BUT BUY A VICTORY BOND FIRST

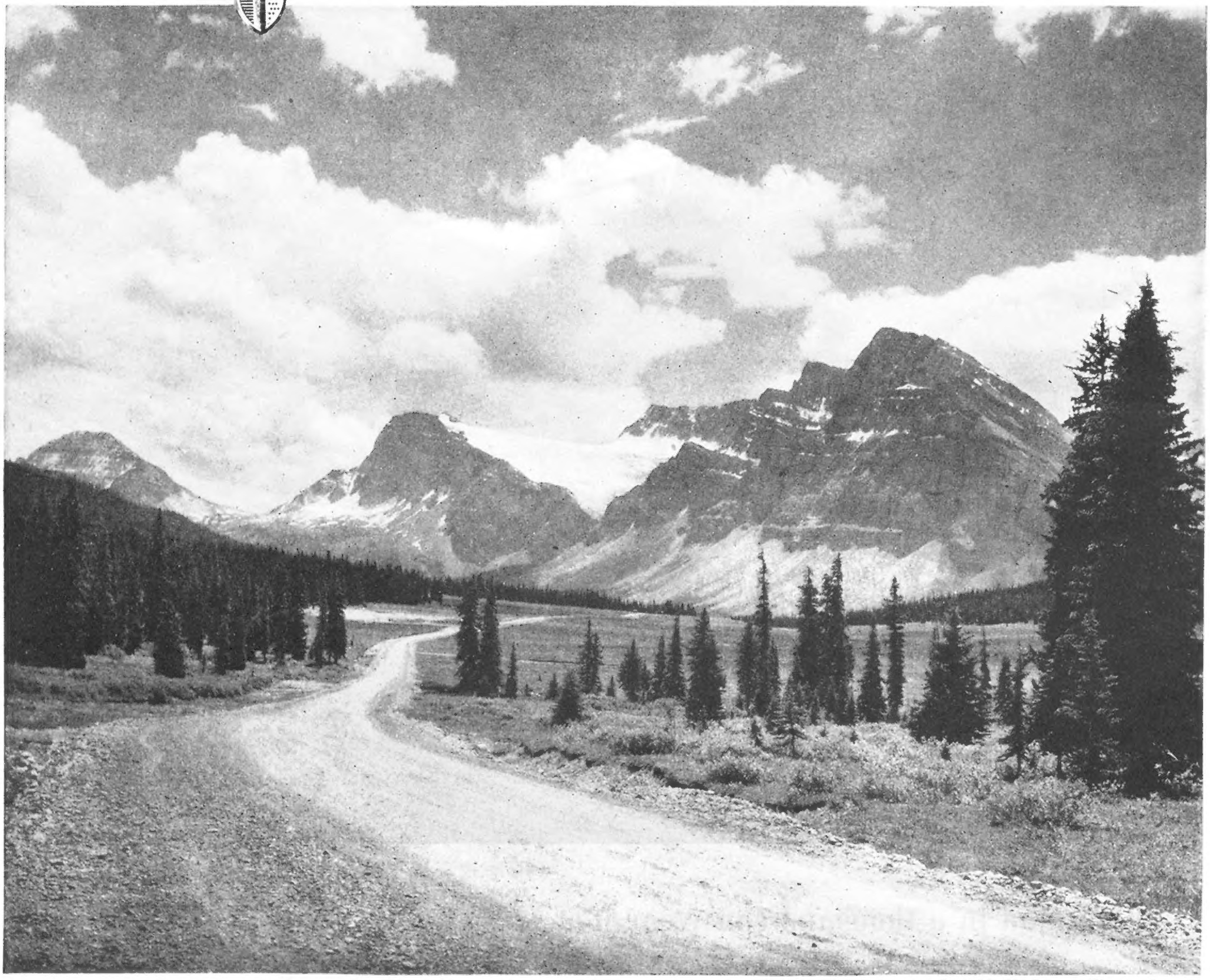
Awarded to War Instrument Division

AMERICA'S CHOICE FOR OVER 70 YEARS

THEN . . .

BEAUTY WILL UNFOLD ITSELF FAR AS THE EYE CAN REACH

Look ahead! Those carefree days will return. And with them will come a smart new Lincoln motorcar . . . Then head for heights that put the clouds at your fingertips. Go where the winter roads are bright with sun. Or drop down at dusk to where the breeze trembles that hidden lake. This Lincoln will be born to travel . . . Styled with traditional brilliance—engineered to renowned standards of precision. Here will be a car fashioned to uphold the famed Lincoln leadership. In comfort, elegance and distinguished transportation—"Nothing could be finer."



Along the Columbia Icefields Highway, Alberta, Canada

Nothing could be finer LINCOLN A DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Overtones of a Joke

The letter which follows is printed neither in a spirit of self-castigation nor of disrespect toward its writer. For Esquire stands second to no magazine in its recognition of Negroes not as members of an inferior race but as people—like you and you.

The piece by George Jean Nathan in your October issue is a new low, even for him. For years we have been wading through his tiresome lists of wines and restaurants and books and people copied so archly from reference works in his Royalton library—and wondered how long oh Lord editors and the public were going to allow this aging sophomore to palm off such stuff as criticism. Yet every now and then Nathan uses his dated cuteness for a purpose so cheap he has to be called on it.

This time his interminable list consists of the names of Negro artists successful in show business, and the clever springboard into the essay—is his contention that because racial discrimination is unbecoming to a democracy isn't it too bad white performers don't get the breaks Negro performers do, and whathehell do colored folks have to kick about? This typically Nathan upside-down premise is supported by a survey of Negro accomplishment in the show world and the appreciation accorded these talented people by white audiences.

The society which gives Nathan a rich living for his mountebankery merely has to be gazed at, honestly, to prove him empty of sense. If he is serious—in asserting Negroes in show business don't have a tough time of it—he's a fool, a Bilbo who can spell.

If he's kidding, and this is presented as wit, it is as poor as jokes about the infantile paralysis of the late President, and the fact Mrs. Roosevelt is not beautiful.

JOHN BRIGHT

The piece which offended Mr. Bright was intended as a joke, and delivered by George Jean Nathan with his usual straight face. Obviously, the only advantage Negroes enjoy in the theatre is their innate genius for drama, dancing and song. As for the spirit that prompted the article, didn't someone say that humor is the true democracy?

David A. Smart

DAVID A. SMART . . . . *Editor and Publisher*
EDWARD STANLEY . . . . *Executive Editor*
O. E. SCHOEFFLER . . . . *Fashion*
TONY PALAZZO . . . . *Art Director*
GUS BERKES . . . . *Production Director*
FRITZ BAMBERGER . . . . *Research Director*
A. L. BLINDER . . . . *Circulation Director*

Associate Editors:

GEORGE WISWELL, GENEVIEVE PFLEEGER, A. D. PITNEY, MARY HARBORD, H. A. RICHARDS, WARREN BROWN, K. F. MARTIN, C. H. MCBRILE, G. M. POSTON, V. B. ROGERS, N. I. GAGE.

European Editor: ARNOLD GINGRICH
Address: Le Pâquis, St. Saphorin,
Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1945 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for December, 1945

Vol. XXIV. No. 6 Whole No. 145

articles

PAGE

MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY . . . Darrell Huff 63
THE ORDEAL OF JOHN PAUL JONES . . . Fletcher Pratt 66
SHALL WE DANCE? . . . Herb Graffis 71
THE TERRORS OF LAW . . . Joseph Wechsberg 81
REMBRANDT OF THE RACE TRACKS . . . Alan Hynd 88
SHRINE AT TARAWA . . . Frank X. Tolbert 91
AND THE ARMIES THAT REMAINED SUFFERED . . . MacKinlay Kantor 100
THE ERA OF THE CIGARETTE CARD . . . Karl Baarslag 102
TWILIGHT OF A COWMAN . . . Stanley Walker 108
HAIL AND FAREWELL . . . M. Harbord 112
JOHN DECKER'S HOLLYWOOD . . . Ben Hecht 132
AMBITIOUS LADY . . . Oden Meeker 159
I LIVE WITH A PHOBIA . . . Albert Parry 203

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY . . . 10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE . . . 58
Opinion: THIS MAN'S WORLD . . . Paul Gallico 87
Theatre: FIRST NIGHTS & PASSING JUDGMENTS . . . George Jean Nathan 130
Movies: MOVIE OF THE MONTH . . . Jack Moffitt 135
The Lively Arts: THE LITTLE THINGS . . . Gilbert Seldes 147
Books: ARE WOMEN BETTER? . . . Sinclair Lewis 148
Anecdotes: GOING THE ROUNDS WITH ESQUIRE . . . 167
Edibles: MAN THE KITCHENETTE . . . Iles Brody 175
Jazz: THE RHYTHM SECTION I . . . Paul Eduard Miller 191
Jazz: THE RHYTHM SECTION II . . . Leonard G. Feather 194
Discs: ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD . . . Gilbert Seldes 198
Potables: THE WAY OF GOOD EGGS . . . Lawton Mackall 210

semi-fiction

QUICK CURTAIN AT DRURY LANE . . . Douglas Ainslie 115

fiction

THE ROLE OF MYRRHINE . . . André Maurois 65
THE BEGGARS' STONE . . . Gerald Kersh 72
TADEUZ AND THE NEW YEAR . . . George Victor Martin 77
BARGAINING FOR THE HAPSBURGS . . . Victor Polzer 82
SNOW OVER MILLINOCKET . . . Robert Gold 90
THE ONE WITH HANDS . . . Paul Annixter 116
CRIME AND POETRY . . . Peter Helmers 128
A LESSON IN SIWASH . . . Dan Cushman 151
THE MATERNAL INSTINCT . . . Maurice Baudin, Jr. 154

pictorial features

THE ORDEAL OF JOHN PAUL JONES . . . Painting by Anton Otto Fischer 67
THE VARGA GIRL . . . CHRISTMAS TIDINGS . . . Painting by Varga: Verse by Phil Stack 69
AN IMPRESSION OF GERALD KERSH . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 72
FOUR HARMONY HONEYS . . . Photographs by George Hurrell 73
DING-HOW! . . . Sketches by Howard Baer 78
SUZI CRANDALL, ONE OF THE NEBULAE OF HOLLYWOOD . . . Color photograph by Madison Lacy 81
SUSAN REED . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 82
MR. SMITH COMES TO ESQUIRE . . . Drawings by J. Frederick Smith 83
BIOGRAPHER IN BRONZE . . . Color photographs by M. E. Browning 89
SHRINE AT TARAWA
Paintings and sketches by Kerr Eby: Official photographs U. S. Marine Corps 91
COOK'S TOUR: ELIZABETH FEHER . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 101
PASTEBOARD PARADISE . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 103
NEW PATHWAYS IN THE SKY . . . Color photograph by Groenhoff 109
HAIL AND FAREWELL . . . Caricatures by William Auerbach-Levy 112
RADIO BARKER AT REST . . . Color photograph by George Hurrell 117
THE GAME BOOK SECTION . . . 119
HO FOR THE VIRGIN ISLANDS . . . Color photograph by George Hurrell 129
JOHN DECKER'S HOLLYWOOD . . . Paintings by John Decker 132
HOW DEFT THE DUCK . . . Drawings by Charles Liedl 137
PORTFOLIO OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS . . . Color photography by Ravitz-Palazzo 139
TREE WITH KNOWLEDGE . . . Photograph by Breitenbach 149
PATTERN IN COMPOSURE . . . Photograph by Ewing Galloway 150

sports

THE MEASURED MILE . . . Wayne Kearl 118
THE REAL MIRACLE MEN OF SPORTS . . . Bill Stern 127
THE SPORTSMAN'S YEARBOOK: DECEMBER . . . William J. Schaldach 137
MY BEST TRAINER . . . Dick Brassell 138
THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL ON SPORTSMANSHIP . . . 153
NONAGENARIAN ON ICE . . . Paul Gould 216

briefs

THE TWO SIRENS . . . Robert Fontaine 99
WE MADE IT OUT OF ODDS AND ENDS . . . Kenneth Kraft 107
READY, AIM, ZING! . . . Parke Cummings 110
THE PIPES ARE CALLING . . . James C. G. Conniff 183
DELAY IN THE SNOW . . . Tracy Perkins 186

credits

ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 108 through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists

T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $5.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $7.50. In changing subscription addresses both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given 30 days before change is to take effect.

Editorial: GREETING THE GREY DAWN OF A NEW DAY FOR THE OLD WORLD

THERE was a singer of the last century who so often said good-bye to America for the last time that "Patti's farewells" became a widely used synonym for the gentle art of cashing in on the act of saying good-bye. Now we don't want to pull a Patti on you people, and we know that once should be often enough to kiss this page good-bye, but after writing some dozen Christmas editorials for this magazine your present correspondent and quondam editor is irresistibly urged (in other words, at his own popular request) to try to beg, borrow and steal this page for just this once more. The motive is merely to say Merry Christmas from an England that can only now dare, after these past six cheerless though never hopeless Christmas seasons, to be Merrie England once again.

But England is not yet, not by a long shot, any verrie merrie place. Englishmen will neither freeze nor starve this winter, but they will have uncomfortable intimations of the rigors of both those fates. That they will be merely intimations, and no worse, is thanks to the British rationing system which is superb. But note that over here rationing is something that you still talk about in the present and future tense. Not for them has there been any sudden spree of lifting controls—none of that tossing away of no longer needed coupons which were thrown to the winds in America like so many straw hats after the double header on Labor Day. It's still open season for Austerity in England, and likely to be for a long time.

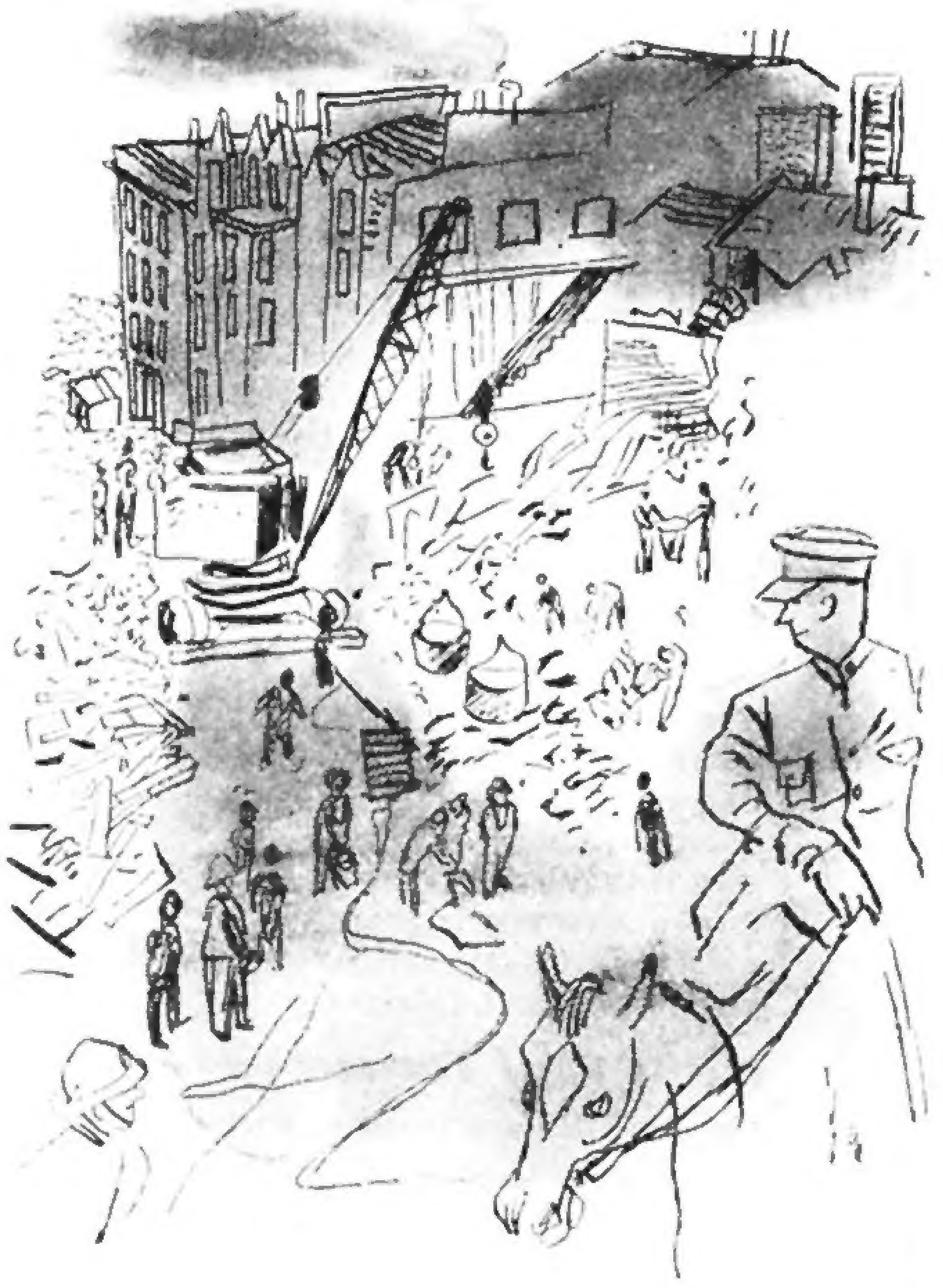
The best way to tell you what it means to live under Austerity Conditions is to cite the case of an American vice-consul who was moved from England to Ireland last March. He has picked up twenty pounds and a paunch, as a result.

As a matter of fact, the best way to get the proper perspective on England today is to approach it from Ireland. No contrast could be more dramatic. Ireland is still the Old World, which in so many ways England no longer is and undoubtedly never will be again.

You stop, for instance, at Adare, for one of the four meals that they give air passengers in the forty miles between Shannon and Rineanna airports. No fooling, they do feed you four times in those forty miles, and how they feed you! There's your checkup on the life that used to be, before the war. Bacon as thick as a slab of roofing, cream about as thick as mayonnaise, eggs, bread, rolls, toast, pancakes, milk, butter, tea, coffee—the abundant life in one Gargantuan glut.

To stir yourself out of the stupor so induced—and to get yourself in trim for the next round in this Irish eatstakes, which is as apt as not to be a steak about the size and heft of a briefcase—you walk around in the grounds of the Earl of Dunraven's estate. There, by brooks too broad for leaping, with banks so lush and rapids so swift that it should by rights be the heaven to which all good trout could aspire, and through shade-dappled woods and across billiard-table-like lawns that make you realize why they call it the Emerald Isle, you come upon a massive mansion that looks about as lofty, against its sylvan setting, as the Cathedral on Riverside Drive, and about as broad of beam as, say, the Merchandise Mart. And as you come up to it close enough to read the inscription graven in its wall like the legend of an office building's cornerstone, you learn that "this goodly house" was built about a hundred years ago, by the Earl of Dunraven and his countess, "without borrowing or selling or leaving a debt." Yes, that could be done, a hundred years ago. But show us an Earl, or even a Duke, in this England's age of Austerity, who could say the same today. There are many mansions as massive that are standing still in this new England that has been reborn since Dunkirk, but for the most part they're either bombed out or boarded up.

It's only as you turn back for a last look, across the terraced formal gardens that front the Earl of Dunraven's "goodly house," that you realize that the stone-carved ornamentation that borders its roof is actually one gigantic sentence, spelling out words in immovable stone, right around its roof top, like the legends that flash around the edges of the New York Times Building in Times Square. It's an eerie, creepy realization, as the grey stone ornamentation suddenly speaks to you in one single sentence, and you give an involuntary start, feeling as if you had happened upon the building blocks of some sky-high giant child, who might step upon you as you would upon an ant. Then you spell out for yourself, by twisting and turning and craning your neck as you sight the different letters going around the turns and corners of the roof line, the message of the goodly house. And what it says is this: EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD A HOUSE THE LABOUR IS BUT LOST THAT BUILD IT.



You think about that, more than once, as you circle over Croydon after leaving behind the unscarred Irish countryside, and you come down low enough over London to see the gaping holes in every row of its goodly houses, and you feel that if it was indeed the Lord who built them, then surely it was the Devil incarnate who blasted them to bits. Coming into London only four months after the last buzz bomb, you are amazed at the matter of fact attitude of the English toward this devilish damage. Shelters are still up everywhere, and there are sections where the rubble is not yet out of the streets. But most places the housewreckers have been at work, cleaning out the corners of the cavities made in the even rows of English houses by the blitz, so that in many sections the "missing teeth" seem as unremarkable as the interstices between tall buildings along Fifth Avenue when some goodly house of another day has been hauled down to make room for a new store or office building or apartment.

And on the day that this is written the Bishop of Chelmsford has just made a very British sort of statement, saying that everyone must urge the Allied Governments to do everything possible to reduce the suffering in Europe, "even if it means reducing our own food." Now if an Irish Bishop had said that, it would be a mere truism. But it is to be presumed that English Bishops eat no better than the patrons of London's best hotels. And the meals that the patrons of those hotels wolf down humbly and happily are such as the thriftiest of American housewives would not dare set forth for the meekest and least demanding of shipping clerks. But the Bishop of Chelmsford goes on to say that "if thine enemy hunger, feed him" is not only good Christian ethics but also sound statesmanship.

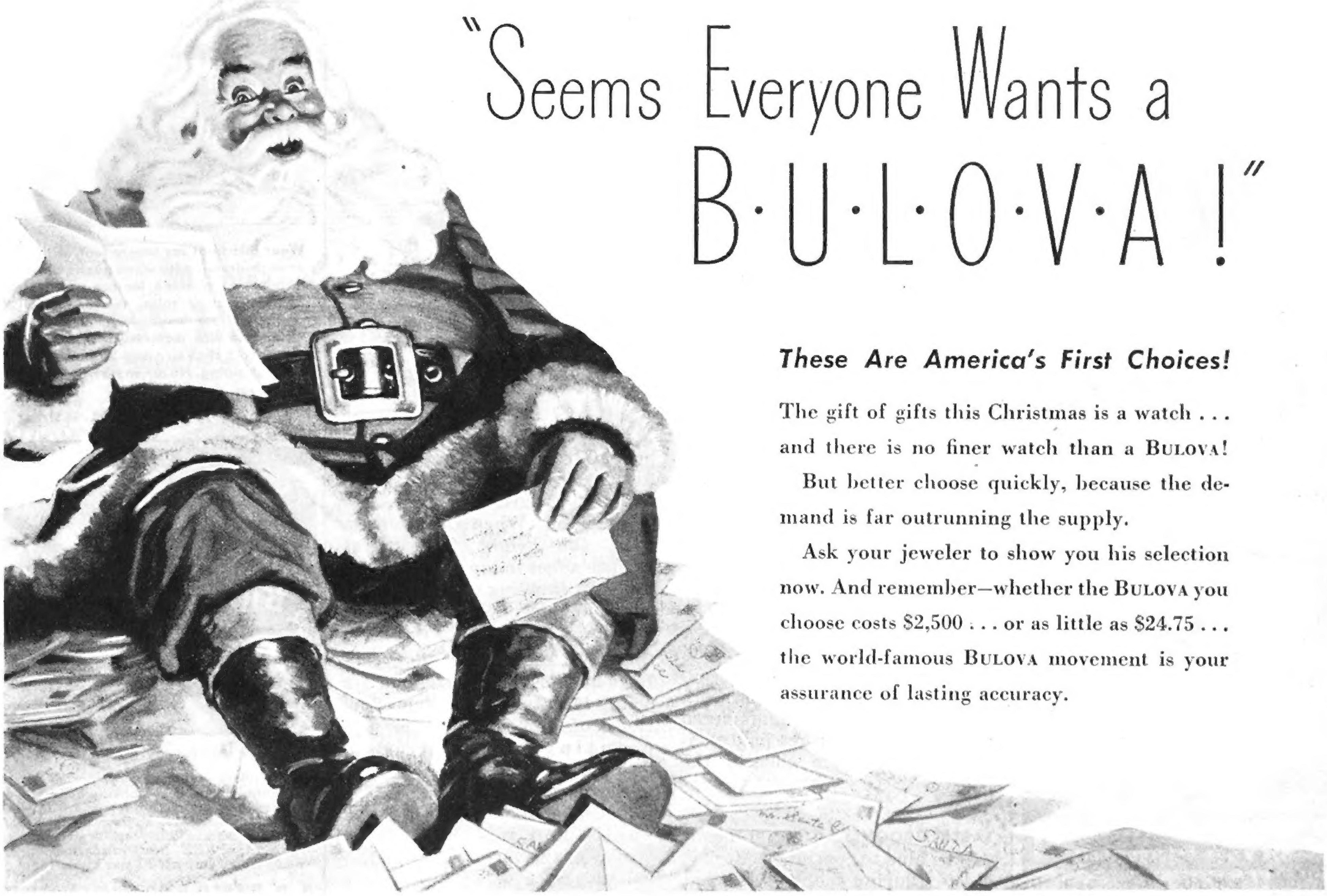
Our own feeling, looking at the cataclysmic wreckage of the city, is that the Bishop of Chelmsford, or anybody else who a mere four months ago was still on the receiving end of the most persistently and calculatedly inhuman rain of terror ever poured on one people by another, is more than a statesman, sound or otherwise, if he can now begin worrying about the ethics of giving up some of his own meagre store of food. He's a saint.

However, since this issue will be current during that mellow interval begun and ended with holiday turkeys and devoted to thoughts of thanksgiving and forgiveness, it is entirely possible that the Bishop's remark is both topical and appropriate to serve as its keynote. But our own churlish view is that we'd like to see a moratorium on forgiving until there's been a lot more time for forgetting.

Nature is certainly merciful, and maybe even wise, in giving us a shorter memory for pain than for any other sensation that we know. You can remember pleasure far longer and more vividly than you can remember pain. Maybe nature had to arrange it that way, for the continuation of the race, or it's a cinch that most mothers would give up motherhood after the first child. But if you haven't experienced the pain yourself, maybe it's harder to understand how those who have experienced it can appear to forget it so quickly. That's why it's so hard for an American to understand how the British can be so cheerfully matter-of-fact about facing continued hardship and controls and the threat of even greater Austerity. We wouldn't blame them a bit if at this point, after the relief of the nervous tension of six years of war, they were to take the attitude that the Italians took during the worst snafu phase of the Amgot administration of their affairs, when their byword was that "it was better when it was worse!"

But no, characteristically enough, and we think rather pathetically, in view of how tough things still are over here, the most popular tune in London today, the one that you hear everywhere you go, is *I'm Beginning to See the Light.*

Probably that's why there'll always be an England. And maybe, God speed the day and make it sooner than we think, even a right Merrie one.



"Seems Everyone Wants a B·U·L·O·V·A!"

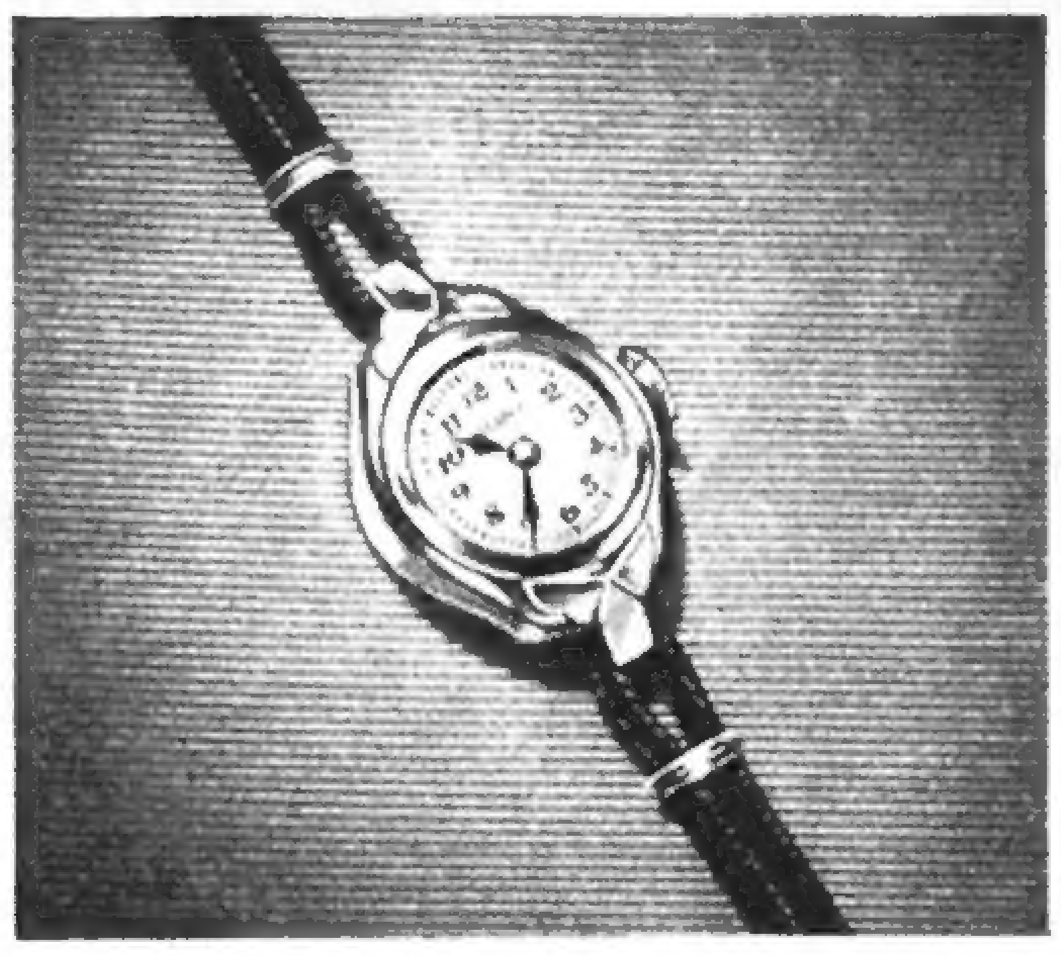
These Are America's First Choices!

The gift of gifts this Christmas is a watch . . . and there is no finer watch than a BULOVA!

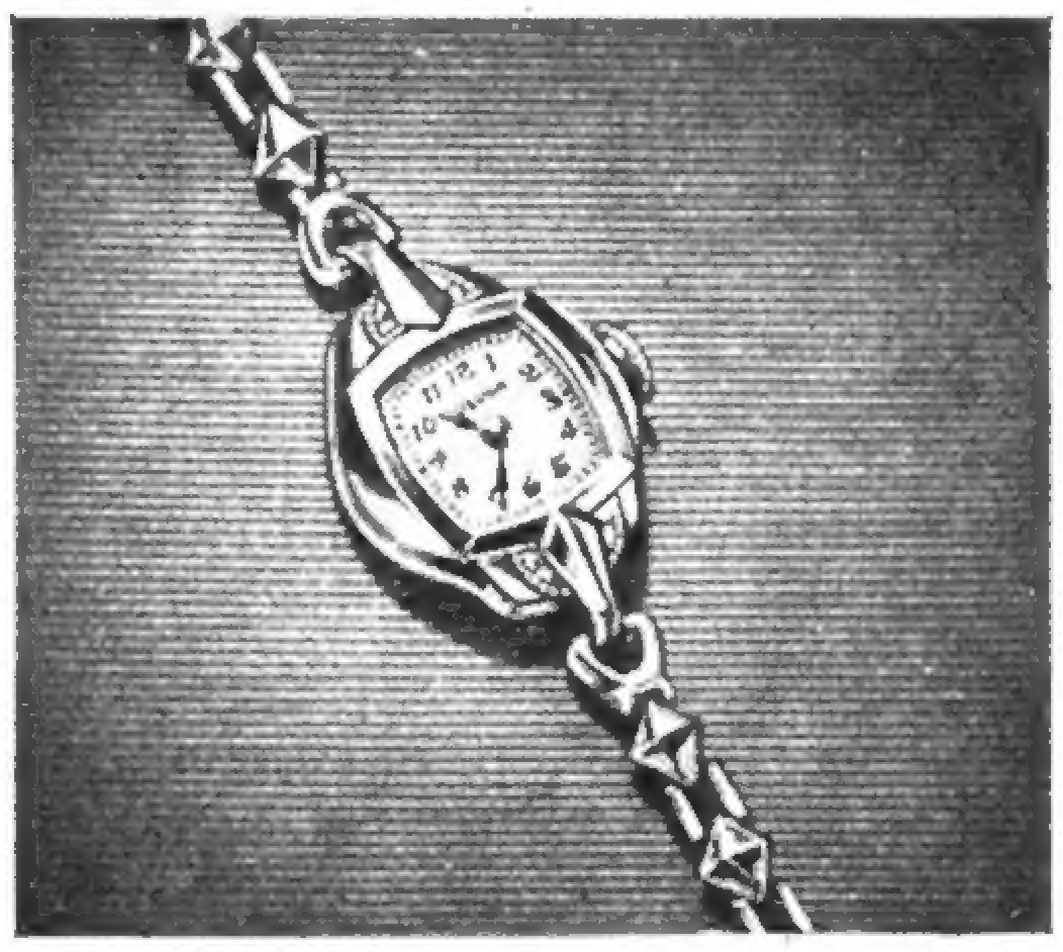
But better choose quickly, because the demand is far outrunning the supply.

Ask your jeweler to show you his selection now. And remember—whether the BULOVA you choose costs $2,500 . . . or as little as $24.75 . . . the world-famous BULOVA movement is your assurance of lasting accuracy.

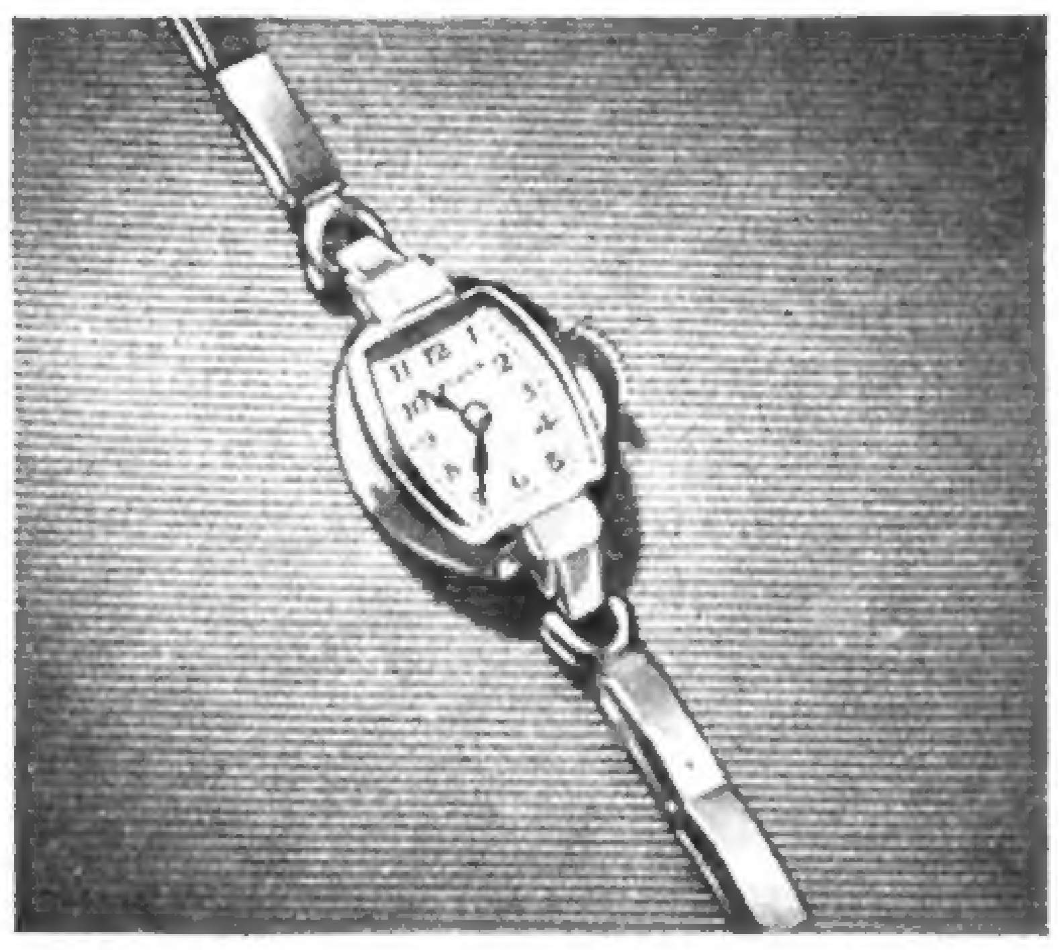
TO KEEP YOU ON TIME, ALL THE TIME, THROUGHOUT THE YEARS . . .



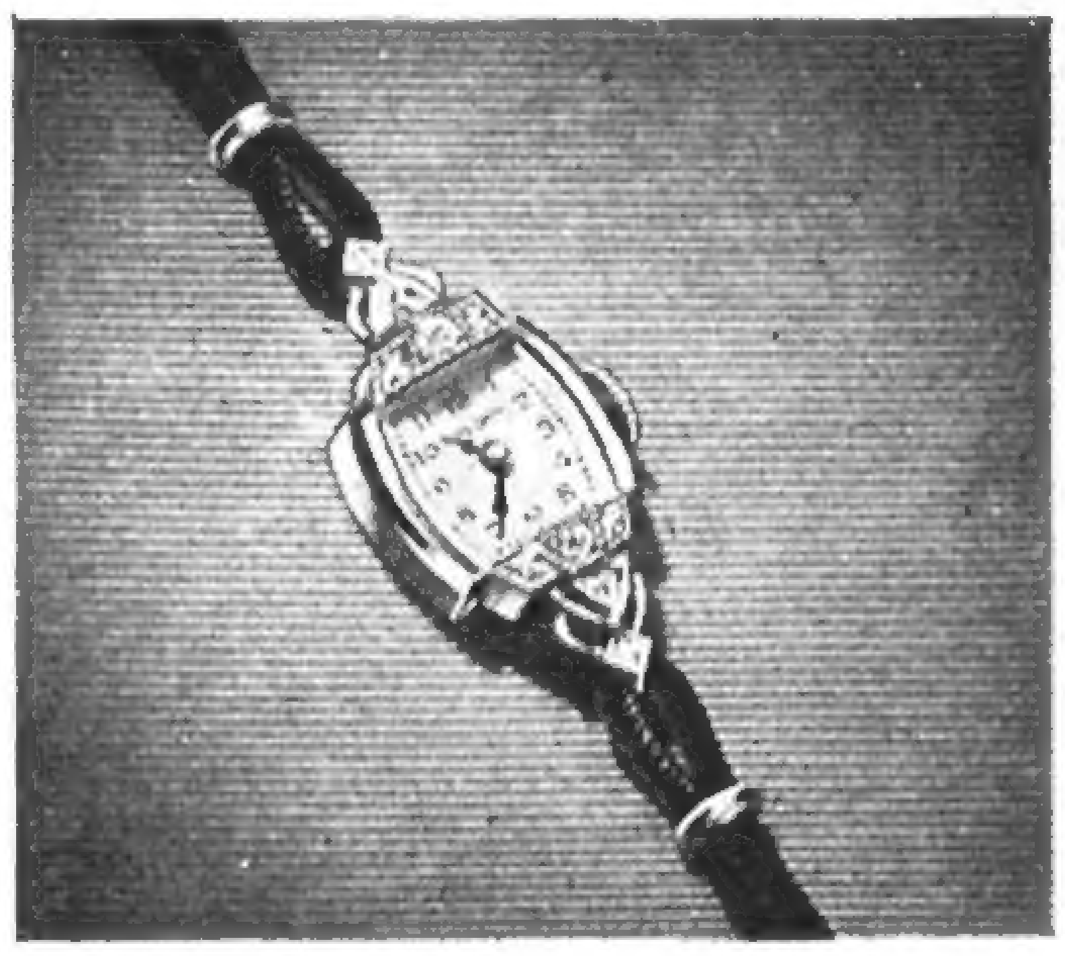
GODDESS OF TIME "P" . . . 17 jewels. In the charm and color of natural gold. Exquisite silk wrist cord. Including Federal Tax . . . **$33.75**



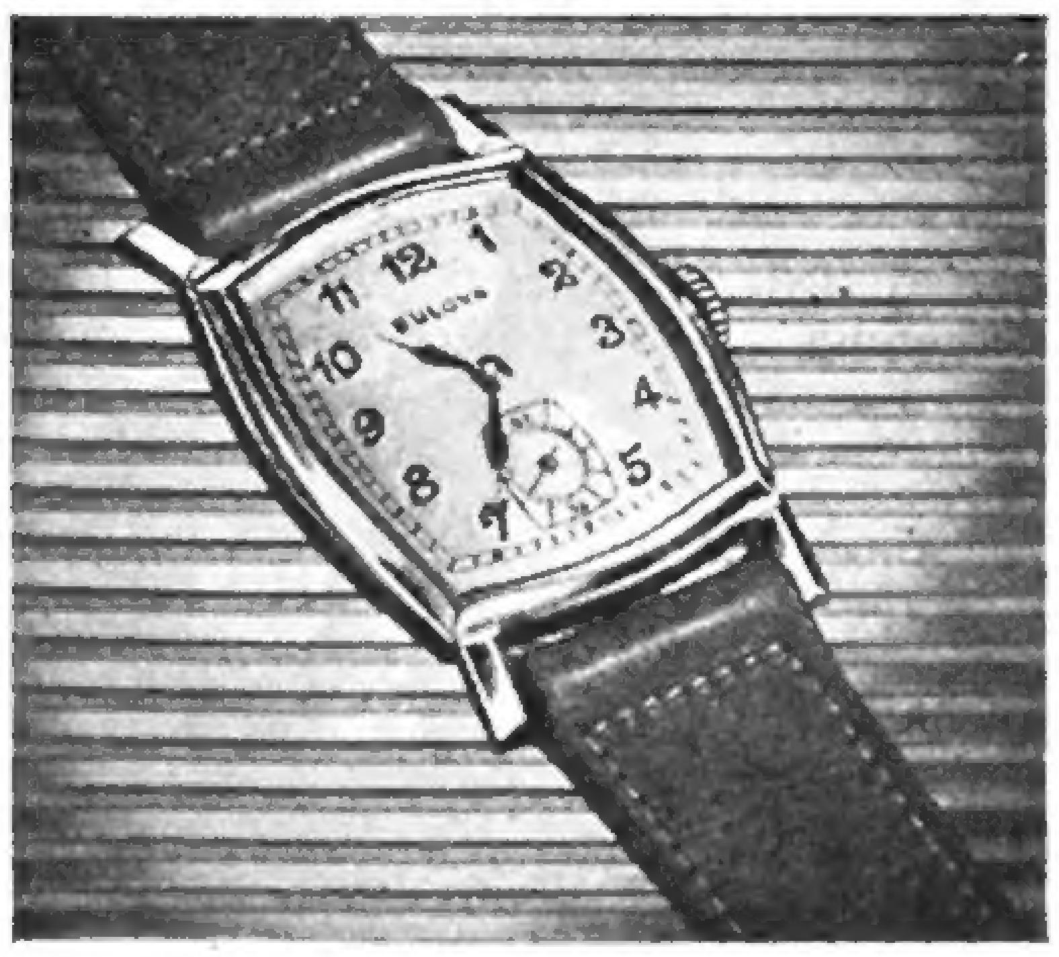
GODDESS OF TIME "F" . . . 17 jewels. With matching bracelet in the charm and color of natural gold. Including Federal Tax **$37.50**



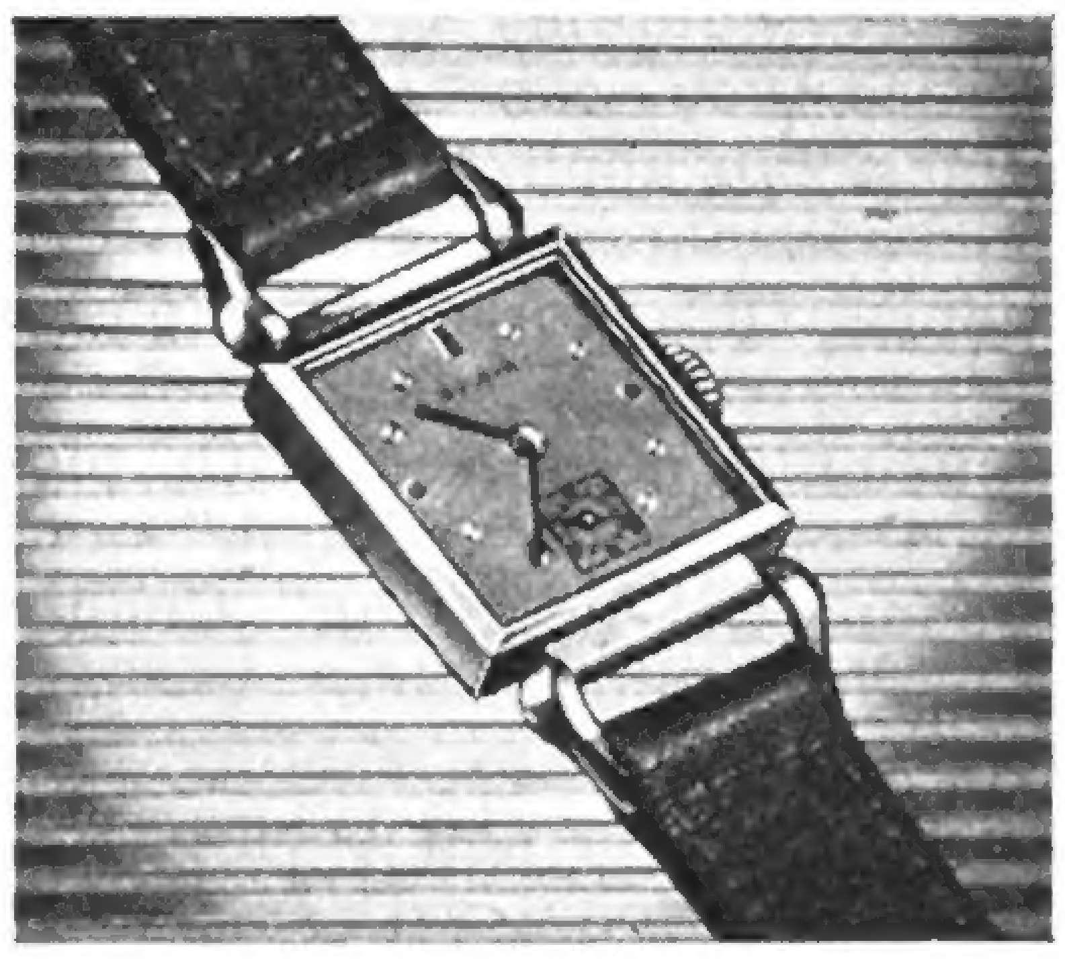
CONSTANCE . . . 17 jewels. 14 karat yellow gold. Lovely expansion bracelet. Including Federal Tax . **$62.50**



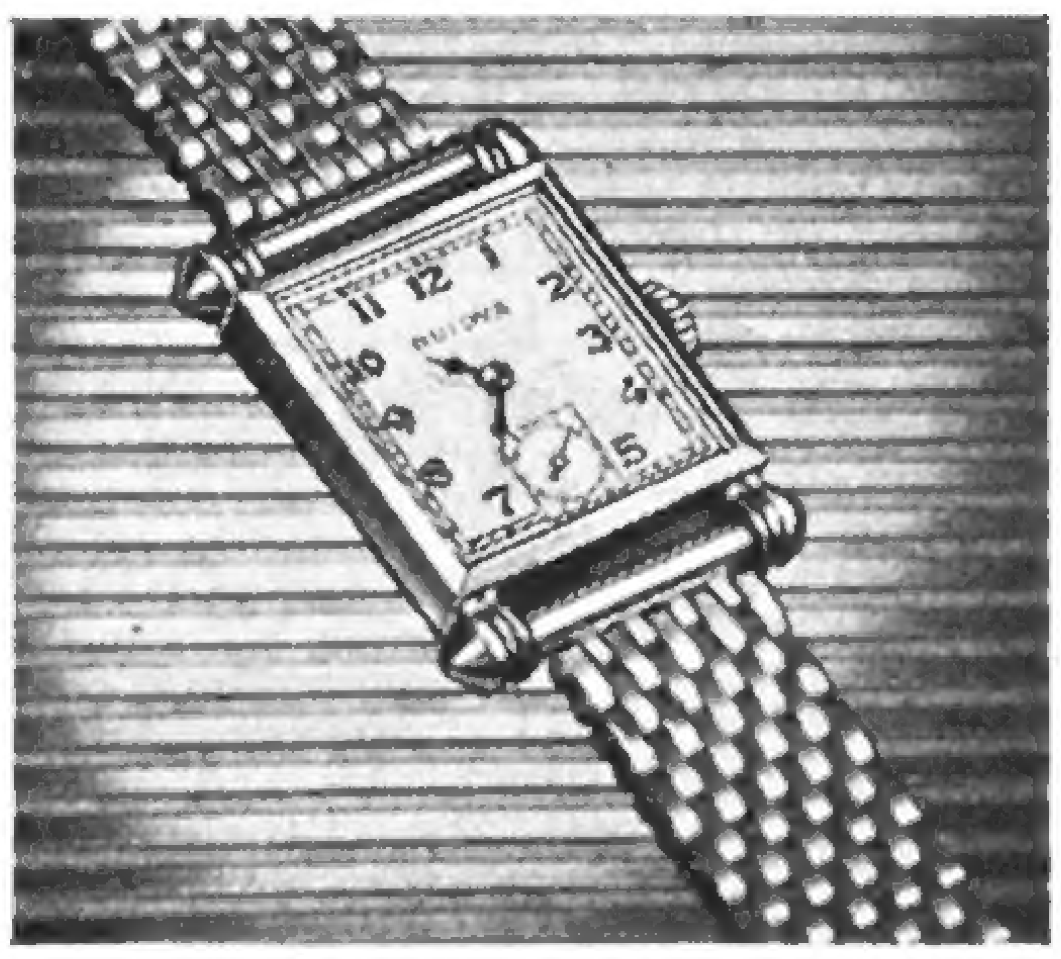
BARONESS . . . 17 jewels. 14 karat white gold with two diamonds. Including Federal Tax . . . **$135.00**



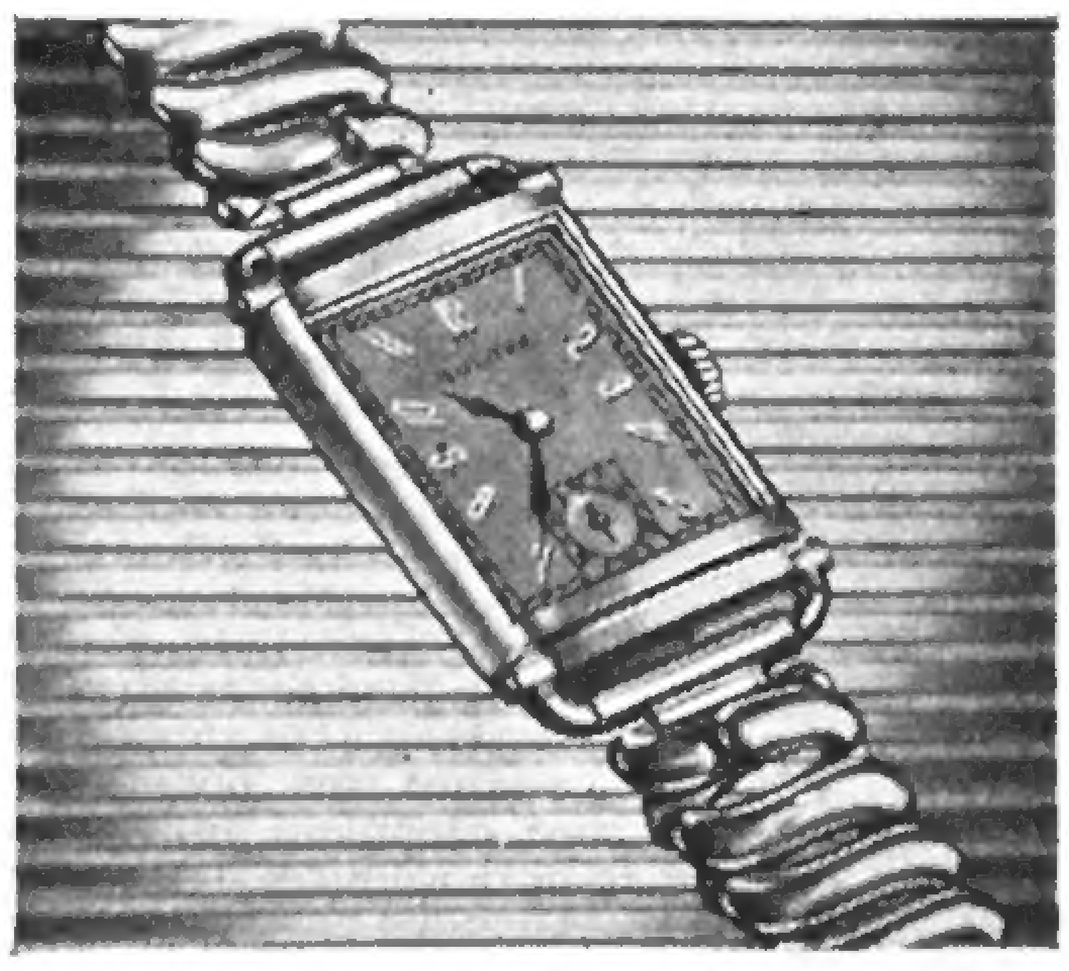
BREWSTER . . . 15 jewels. In the distinction and color of natural gold. Including Federal Tax **$29.75**



CONRAD . . . 17 jewels. In the distinction and color of pink gold. Including Federal Tax **$42.50**



KNICKERBOCKER . . . 17 jewels. In the distinction and color of natural gold. Handsome basket-weave wrist band. Including Federal Tax. . . **$52.50**



PRESIDENT . . . 21 jewels. In the distinction and color of pink gold. Handsome expansion bracelet. Including Federal Tax **$65.00**

BULOVA WATCHES PRICED FROM $24.75 TO $2500.

B·U·L·O·V·A WATCH TIME

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

My treatment for relaxation? Pipefuls of wonderfully cool and satisfying—

Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture

ECONOMY-LUXURY

25 Pleasureful Pipefuls 25¢

TRY IT TODAY

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Limited, Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York

Let us make yours
"The Pictures of the Century"
35 MM. Film Developed $1
36—3¼ x 4½ Enlargements

We Are Giving 24-hr. Shop Service

18 Exp. 60c • 16 Exp. Split 50c
36 Exp. Reloads 50c • 3¼ x 4½
Oversize Reprints 4c each

Fine grain microdol developing. Electric-eye precision prints. One order to us will convince you of our superb quality work and service.

Beautiful contact finishing 8 exp. rolls expertly developed and complete set deckled-edge prints. Two professional enlargements FREE with each roll finished. Credits for failures. **Send money with rolls or write for Free Mailers.** 25¢

Century Photo Service, La Crosse, Wis.

A Word to the Wives

There's nothing that will delight that man of yours; nothing that will warm the cockles of his heart more than a 4-sheet Master Set of Selby "VERTICAL" Barbecue blueprints — containing 49 detailed construction drawings, complete specifications and loads of barbecuing data. Give him a set in one of these cleverly packed Christmas envelopes with a cheery Gift Card. Easy to build . . . inexpensive. $1 postpaid, 3rd cl. mail; send 12 cents additional for faster 1st cl. mailing. (Iron parts to build this better barbecue will soon be available.)

BARBETEUR AL, 1836 Chase Ave., E-11, Chicago, 26
Dear Al: I enclose .... dollars for .... Master Sets of Selby "VERTICAL" Barbecue plans. Send to
Name..
Address..
City..............................State..........
( ) Send me copy of your Postwar Catalog when available.

BOTTLE GUARD

The smart solution to an annoying traveling problem! Bottle Guard is a big, deeply padded container for quart size or smaller bottles. It guards against the hazards of dropping, spilling or uncorking bottles. Luggage and contents can now be safe from lotions, alcohols, medicine, cosmetics or other damaging liquids. Bottle Guard is ideal for picnics, too. Finished in a gorgeous, lustrous tan waterproof fabric. Talon closure. $2.50

Write for Free Christmas Gift Catalog

MILES KIMBALL COMPANY
KIMBALL BLDG.
BOND STREET, OSHKOSH, WIS.

Talking Shop with Esquire

"ROLL 'EM." Fast and furious is a new dice game called Forty-Five. A semi-circular board has a row of wooden slats numbered from 1 to 9. Object is to blank out as many of the numbers on top of the board as possible according to the aggregate amount shown on both dice. If you turn up all numbered combinations, you get paid double. Lowest score collects the pool.

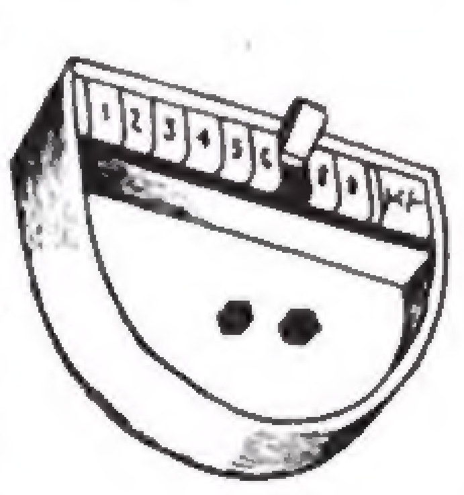
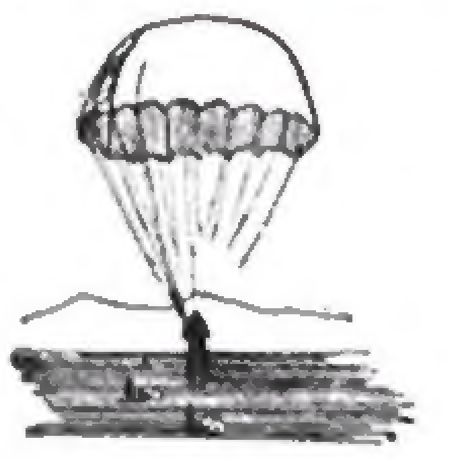
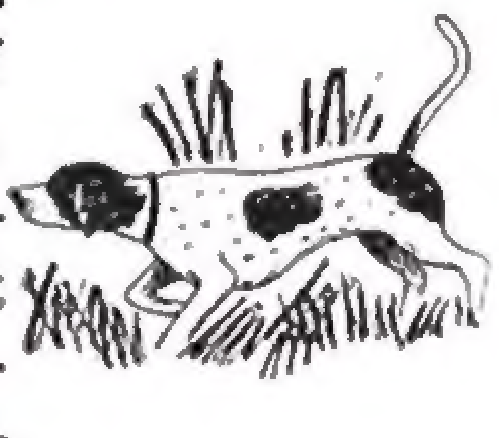


TABLE CROQUET. Croquet fiends will be able to continue the sport indoors during the winter. What better gift than a croquet game which can be set up on a bridge table? Playing surface, 2½'x 4½', is covered with green baize, complete with tiny wickets, marbles for balls and miniature wooden mallets. Takes a keen eye to play this condensed version. In the gay 90's, a carrom board was standard equipment for every household. The great revival of same is now on. Boards are 4' square, and some 82 games can be played on one side or the other . . . backgammon, checkers, croquinole, etc. Take a night off and read full directions on all 82!

YOUR NEPHEW will claim this his favorite toy . . . the paratrooper doll, 12" in height. He wears goggles and is clad in genuine camouflaged parachute nylon. Airborne by a sling shot of authentic glider shockcord and aluminum airplane rod, the trooper may be catapaulted into the air 100 feet or so. The ripcord unwinds immediately, allowing paratrooper to float down suspended from a real nylon flare parachute, 24" in diameter. When the chute is open, the height from paratrooper's feet to top of parachute is 38". A thrilling experience for any youngster.

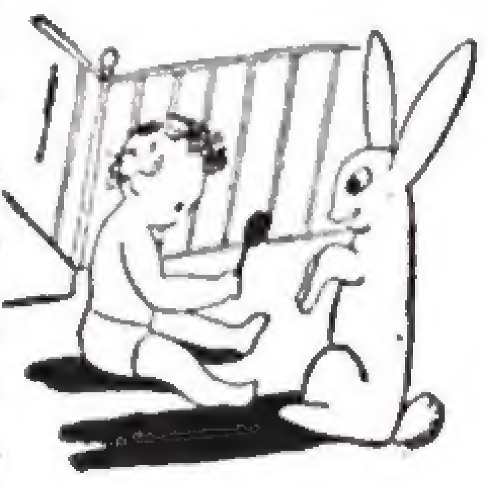


GIFT FOR A HUNTSMAN. "Gun Dogs at Work," a portfolio of six prints in natural color reproductions of famous paintings of sporting dogs. Contains descriptive booklet about habits and instincts of the various dogs.



BANK YOUR WINNINGS. Drop your spare change into a honey of a recording bank which holds nickels, dimes, quarters and halves in separate compartments. Only 2½"x3" in size, the bank is compact and handsomely finished in brass on a black crackle base. Has a $20 capacity.

FOR SMALL FRY. What's a man supposed to buy for those little numbers aged from a few months to five or so? Very simple, gentlemen, to wit: for a *slight* remembrance you can send a bib appliqued with nursery rhymes. Or a china set composed of mug, cereal dish and plates amusingly decorated with pictures of "Mary's Lamb" and "Johnny Get Your Gun". Cuddly animals (unbreakable) go big, too, such as bears, rabbits, costume dolls. For new born babies the conventional gift is a tiny bootie or cradle filled with sweetheart roses.



For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

RELAXERS

The Classic sandal-type Slipper

Wear this treat for weary feet, with just enough dress-up for when guests drop in. Rich brown genuine leather, sturdy but flexible leather soles, rubber heels. A grand gift for welcoming home the returning Service man. No trick to fit: just send exact shoe size and 25c to cover shipping. No ration stamp. $3.95

Fellman Ltd. Dept. E-13
6 E. 46 St. N. Y. 17

MADE FROM *Imported* BRIAR

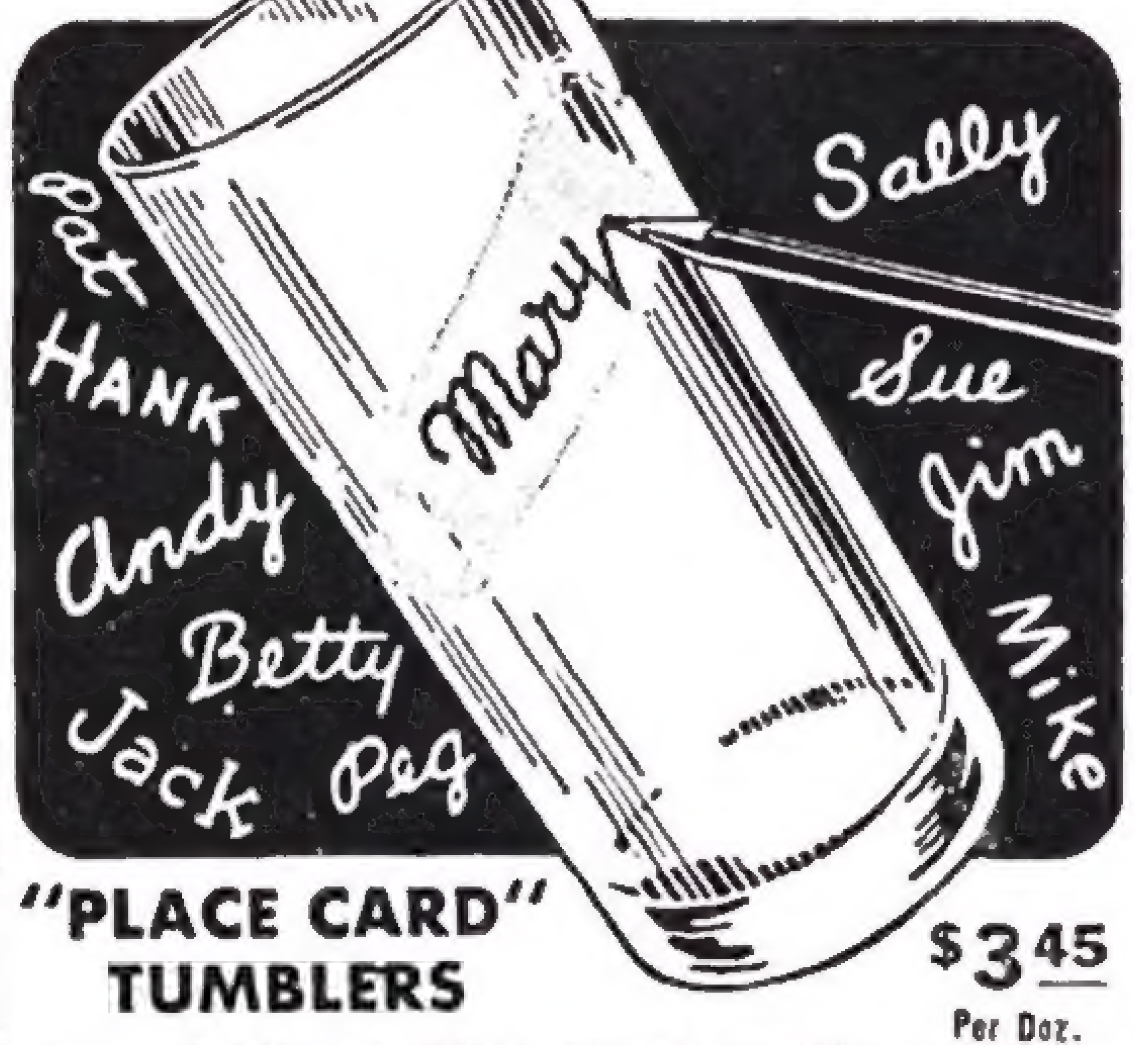
$5 Golden Walnut

SMOKE *Weber* NONE BETTER

Weber offers you genuine *imported* briars, with unmatched sweet smoking quality...outstanding fine grains...preferred by discriminating pipe smokers. Modern designs, $3.50 to $10. At leading tobacconists everywhere. *Write for FREE Illustrated Booklet. . . .* "Facts About Imported Briar Pipes".

C. B. WEBER & CO. 140 CATOR AVE. JERSEY CITY 5, N. J.

Smart Practical



"PLACE CARD" TUMBLERS

$3.45 Per Doz. Postpaid $3.70 West of Denver

A smash hit! Sparkling crystal tumbler with heavy sham base is a clever place-card when you pencil a guest's name on special sand-carved panel. Also called "Write-your-Name" or "Mark-your-drink" glasses. Writing easily washed off. Popular 8½ oz. size for highballs or table use—***Write for new 48-page gift catalog.***

MONOGRAM GLASS CO., INC.
EVANSTON ILLINOIS

An AMUSING Novelty

"SPARK PLUG" THE LAUGHING HORSE

Here's a humorous ornament that will amuse you and your friends, over and over again. Great for den, club room or office. A popular gift. "Spark Plug" brings a laugh out of the most confirmed "sour puss." He is hungry looking, with large, white teeth protruding from laughing pink lips. Seems almost alive. Made of wood durably painted in brown. About 9 inches high. Price only $2.50 postage prepaid. Money refunded if not delighted.

WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. 20A 82
112 W. NORTH AVE., BALTIMORE 1, MD.

Begin your subscription to the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

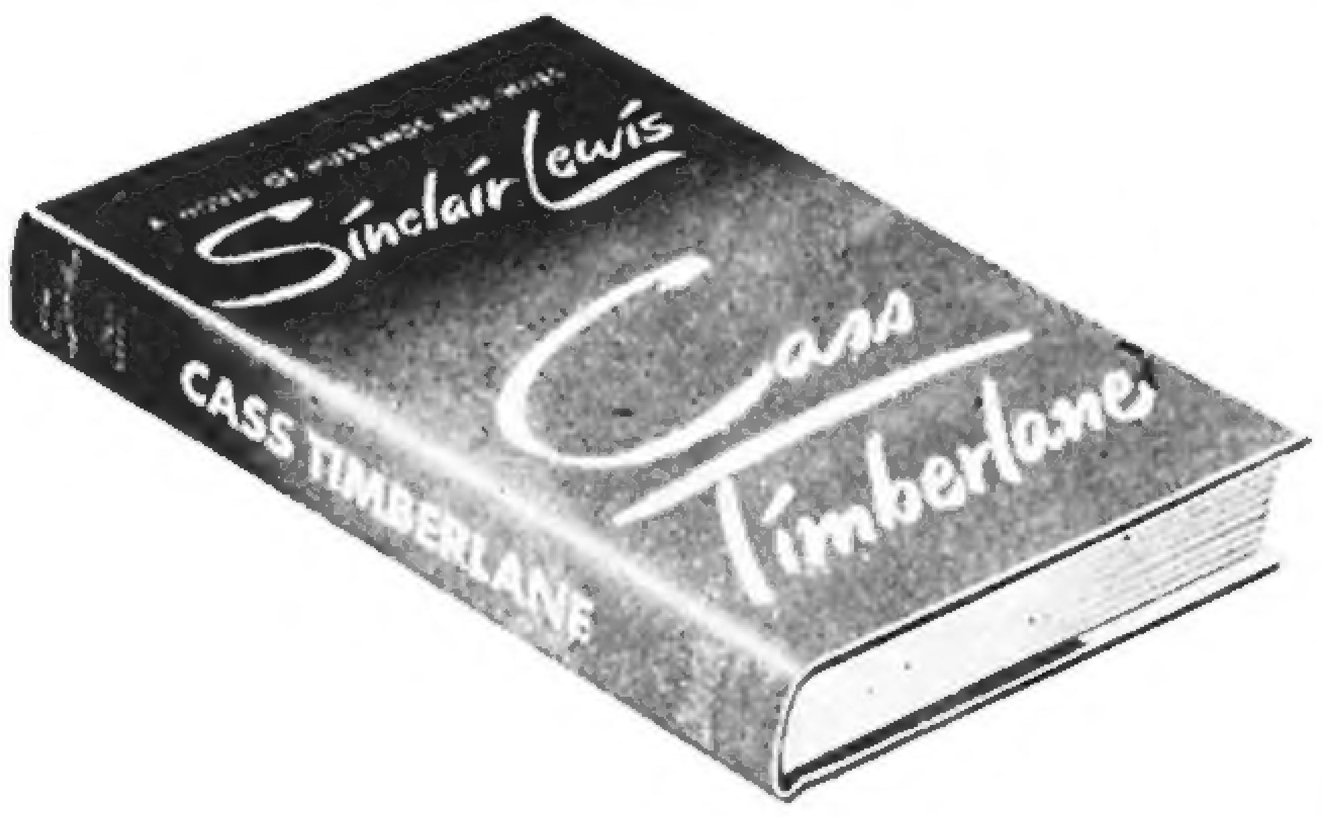
WITH ANY ONE OF THESE RECENT SELECTIONS . . . ALL BEST-SELLERS

Sinclair Lewis'

CASS TIMBERLANE

A NOVEL OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

RETAIL PRICE $2.75



This nineteenth novel by Sinclair Lewis is the story of Judge Timberlane, who falls deeply in love with and marries a girl young enough to be his daughter. A story of husbands and wives, it is a living American novel of the stature of *Arrowsmith*, *Babbitt*, and *Main Street*.

UP FRONT

By Bill Mauldin

and

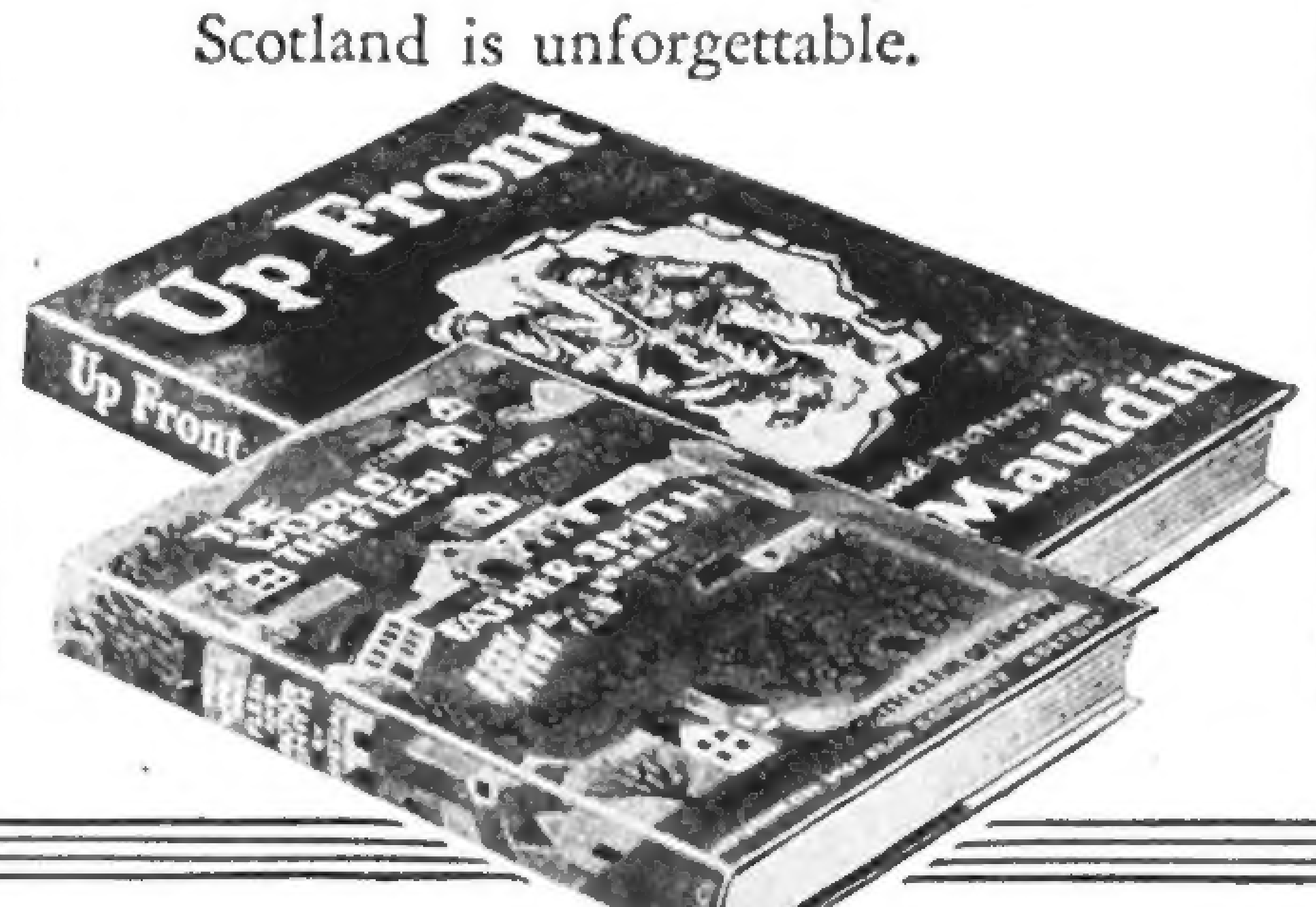
THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH

By Bruce Marshall

(double selection)

COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.00

Bill Mauldin's drawings of our fighting men have won him the Pulitzer Prize. Bruce Marshall's delightful novel of a priest in Scotland is unforgettable.



RICKSHAW BOY

By Lau Shaw

RETAIL PRICE $2.75

Lau Shaw is one of China's most widely read novelists, though hitherto unknown to the American public. There is no reader of this great novel who will not end the book with the deepest affection for its simple and lovable hero, the sincere "little man," Happy Boy.

...and receive Free AS A NEW MEMBER—A COPY OF

BRAVE MEN

BY ERNIE PYLE

"First-hand reporting which will never be equalled by stories told afterwards"

TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member and obligate yourself for no fixed term. *You pay for each book as you receive it,* no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful pre-publication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing." With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book-dividend. Last year the retail value of books given to Club members was over $9,000,000.

Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A8212
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of BRAVE MEN, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name..
Please Print Plainly

Address..

City.......................... Postal District No. (if any) ....

State..

Begin My Subscription With..........................
(choose one of the selections shown at top of page)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

The Sound and the Fury

a flip for Leonard Feather

On reading Leonard Feather's second-hand observations on the British jazz enthusiasts' ideas on jazz in your September issue, I rise, as one of them, in their defense.

What's wrong with the *Royal Garden Blues* anyway? It represents real jazz. Everyone interested in this kind of music agrees that there is a distinction between jazz and swing. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Feather who uses the word jazz when he really means swing.

Believe me, there are an enormous number of British JAZZ fiends who react to the words "Bix" and "Oliver" like a bobby-soxer reacts to the words of "Sinatra" and "Van," and with good reason. These men and all the others of their day ARE jazz.

It's easy enough for a band leader like Shaw or James to stand up and play backed by special orchestrations to make him sound good. But put him in among a group of those men who immortalized *Royal Garden Blues* and see what sort of showing he puts up.

Yes, "Jazz Is Where You Find It," and I suggest Mr. Feather look for it.

J. MATTHEWS

P.S.—This letter is written with all due respect to men like Eddie Condon, Art Hodes and Muggsy Spanier, to mention just a few, who are doing a fine job—despite everything.

AAF Hospital
Tucson, Arizona.

the old righteous reverse twist

Having been somewhat disgusted by the obvious "packing" on the Board of Experts for Esquire's 1945 All-American Jazz Band Poll, I decided to see what would have happened if only the recognized authorities on jazz were considered.

I counted only the ballots of the men who are universally respected as such authorities, and have held that standing for at least 6 years by virtue of their wide study of all aspects of jazz, honest critical comment, and their authorship or contributions and assistance to the definitive books on jazz.

The board of 22 thus diminished to eight: George Avakian, Robert Goffin, John Hammond, George Hoefer, Paul Eduard Miller, William Russell, Charles Edward Smith and Eugene Williams. Of the men on your Board, they are the ones to whom future students of jazz will turn as their standard references. The other 14 are either straight magazine editors or insignificant, undiscriminating contributors with only casual knowledge of the subject.

The results, tabulated on the same point system for first and second choices for the All-American Jazz Band, are curiously interesting. Below is a list of all musicians getting 5 points or better from the cream of your otherwise crummy crop:

Trumpets: Bunk Johnson (9), Cootie Williams (7), Louis Armstrong (6).

Trombones: Jay C. Higginbotham and Jim Robinson tied (8), Kid Ory (7), Georg Brunis (6).

Alto sax: Johnny Hodges (10), Benny Carter (8).

Tenor sax: Coleman Hawkins (9).

Clarinet: Edmond Hall (10), Benny Goodman and George Lewis tied (9).

Piano: Teddy Wilson (8), James P. Johnson (5).

Guitar: Lawrence Marrero (9), Al Casey (8), Arthur Budd Scott (6), Les Paul (5).

Bass: Pops Foster (9), Milton Hinton (6).

Drums: Baby Dodds (9), Sidney Catlett (7), Dave Tough (6).

Other Instruments: Sidney Bechet, soprano sax (13), Red Norvo, vibraharp (10), Harry Carney, baritone sax (7).

Male Vocalist: Louis Armstrong (17).

Female Vocalist: Mildred Bailey (11), Billie Holiday (8).

Arranger: Duke Ellington (6).

Orchestra: Duke Ellington (9), Bunk Johnson (6), Count Basie (5).

Armed Forces: Bill Davison, trumpet —Vido Musso, tenor sax—Willie Smith, alto sax—tied (5).

None of these critics, any one of which has proved that he has a clearer over-all view of jazz than any of the other 14, voted for Roy Eldridge, Art Tatum, Oscar Moore, Lawrence Brown, or Oscar Pettiford, whom the others boosted into gold and silver awards. Seven of the jazzmen who would have won gold awards on this elite tabulation weren't even among the first three in the poll of 22.

Any way you look at it, I believe the weightiest opinion on the board was in too many cases overwhelmed by inferior but numerically superior opinions. I think some control should be made over the selection of your "experts." The public is obviously getting a popular rather than expert view.

CORP. SAMUEL POTTS

Overseas.

reproof from a technical sergeant

We quote from *The End of a Reign*, by John R. Tunis, in the October issue.

On page 57, paragraph two, "Tilden's backhand, the finest in history, was finding its master in a better one." And on the same page, paragraph five, "The finest brain on earth was meeting its master."

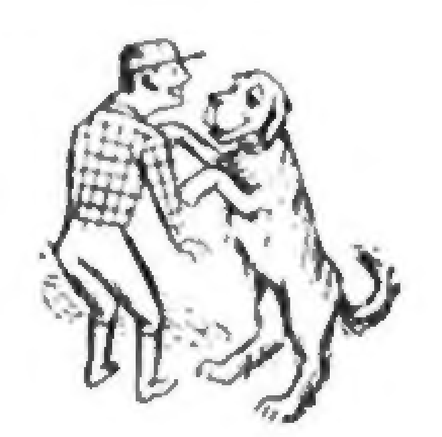
We trust that Mr. Tunis, the last word in hyperbole, is even now meeting a faster word.

JACK E. WARFEL
Tech/Sgt, A.C.

Perry AAF, Florida.

to oblige a lady

Please, oh *please* have your cartoonist draw a happy ending sequel to his lost St. Bernard on page 107 of your October issue.



The expression of the wretched creature's eyes and his obvious distress haunt me and I shall have no peace until I know that all is well in the end.

KARIN ARMITAGE

Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

on plagiarizing the pilgrims

Regarding the statements of Ensign Cabell, Pfc. Naparstek, and/or any other "bottle Edisons" who claim to have invented the idea of combining rum and wine—how silly! They might as logically have claimed discovery of the mint julep, or gin and bitters.

Rum and wine (with or without the beer chaser, no doubt!) was a favorite concoction of our Colonial forefathers and of the bibulous set in "Merrye Olde Englande," as reference to any authoritative source on the subject will disclose. In fact, that particular combination of laughing soup is probably as old as the basic ingredients themselves.

Yours for more truth and less poetry,

(LT.) JERRY R. KYLE

Barksdale Field, Louisiana.

Phoenix, two to the bar

Je vais chercher le Jazz Hot!

Excuse the aphorism in French, but I'm attempting to set a scene. You see, this is exactly what I recently endeavored to do in Paris. Having gotten a 24-hour pass I set out for that highly stimulating metropolis with the express purpose in mind of satisfying my craving for good music and to appease my curiosity regarding the French distinction of Jazz. I too had heard countless stories regarding the important role Jazz had played in the musical culture of pre-war Paris. Such colorful names as Django Reinhardt, Grappelly, Ferret, and Leo Vauchampt capriciously capered through my mind!

Alas, but Jazz is dead in Paris!

I searched long and fruitlessly throughout Montmartre, Champs-Elysees and Montparnasse night clubs for the "Forbidden Fruit," and this is what I found: Reinhardt is in Casablanca, Stephane Grappelly is fiddling for London society and the general run of so called Jazz musicians throughout the city is of extremely inferior quality. The colored combinations still inhabit a few dives in Pigalle, but theirs is a sorry lot. To them, it seemed, the tango, rumba, conga or what-have-you had just made their introductions. My search was in vain.

Wearily I completed my Paris sojourn in a club called the "Hollywood," not far from the Arc de Triomphe. I ordered a double shot of cognac, and then set to pondering my day's itinerary. A phonograph doled out a popular French melody. And then it happened! The phonograph had changed its tempo. The sound of Jazz filled the atmosphere! It was distinctly Dixieland Jazz, and a cornet—a familiar sounding cornet was setting the pace of the music. It *was* no less than that of Muggsy Spanier!

I left Paris that night, but I departed with the ever recurrent belief that soon that which we call Jazz will have a Renaissance in Paris and in all music loving Europe.

Vive le Jazz!

CPL. ROY GROGAN

Camp Chicago, France.

hung jury

(1)

If you will pardon one of your oldest subscribers from saying so, your new make-up of Esquire is certainly something to be regretted. In plain words, it is *awful*. If you have any regard for your faithful and formerly happy following, you'll hie yourself right back to the previous splendid set-up.

In the first place, cutting your columns from four to two is no aid to the reader and discourages any attempt to read the story. Also, the type size is, or seems smaller, which is no improvement. Running your titles in the middle of the page is worthy of a high-school publication and cutting down the size of your cartoons and other illustrations is a downright calamity. What with the small type running close together and using all lower case in your headings, your contents page calls for a magnifying glass if one is to read it without spots before the eyes. I have not met one reader of your "mag" who likes the new make-up, so for God's sake get back where you belong.

The fact that the paper you use is far too transparent is to be forgiven in view of the paper shortage, but cutting down the number of full size colored photos and drawings is not. I don't like the October cover, either, and hope you will put Esky right back in the center of the stage. I am glad to note, however, that you have retained one outstanding feature (the highlights of famous sporting events of the past) but think you should restore this to full size.

Sorry to have to put you on the "pan" like this but, like the old story, "only your real friends will tell you."

CHARLES W. WESSELL

R. D., Pipersville, Bucks County, Pa.

(2)

Just for the sake of the record your new makeup is terrific; from cover to cover it's strictly "on the ball."

I've been subscribing to your mag almost since I can remember and this September, 1945, edition looks just about as sharp as any I can recall.

The spot drawings alongside the page heads are really all right, particularly some of the color work. And the reproduction you pulled on page 56 is really something this month.

As a newspaperman and writer of sorts myself, I appreciate what your staff went through with the change which was not *so* gradual this time.

I hate letters to the editor but couldn't resist putting my unimportant okay on the new setup.

GEORGE E. JOHNSTON, Sp(X)3c
Associate Editor
The Bluejacket

Memphis, Tenn.

undaunted Joe

Thank you very much for your article in Esquire that was titled, *What the Young Joe Should Write*. Your description of a typical G. I.'s novel is almost exactly like one I wrote. I didn't know what was wrong with it (even though it was apparent that something was wrong) until I read your article.

My appreciation doesn't stop there however. With every sentence you wrote, you gave me further food for thought. The final result-effect that article will have on me is impossible as yet to foretell.

The present result-effect is a strengthening of the belief in me that I should write. I enjoy writing; and, regardless of whether anything of mine is ever published or not, I'll still be on the winning end. My worst fault is, I believe, lack of experience.

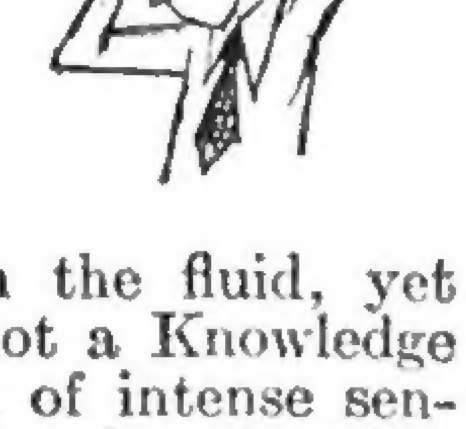
Thank you again for your very informative article.

BERNARD M. WALDER

c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Wash.

look homeward, Thomas Wolfe

I read these articles on Jazz and yet they say nothing. For there is a tragic brutal humor to such men as Paul Eduard Miller and Leonard Feather and all the other hollow men. There is not one Jazz player in America who could comprehend their scientific lingo.



To those who ask, What is Jazz? there is no tangible answer. What is Love? What is Hate? It is a thing beyond mere definition, mere factual matter. It (Jazz) is all which *senses*, all which *intimates* communion of our inner selves with the fluid, yet eternal Self. Jazz is not a Knowledge but the manifestation of intense sensual Feeling. It is the mad-sanity that finally destroys us all.

It is not with the mind but through *feeling*—that you shall grasp Jazz.

CHARLES BROWN

Milwaukee, Wis.

Continued on page 244

Shining Example

AN OLD FASHIONED cocktail made with Four Roses is indeed a shining example of the best in hospitality.

For there is no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses.

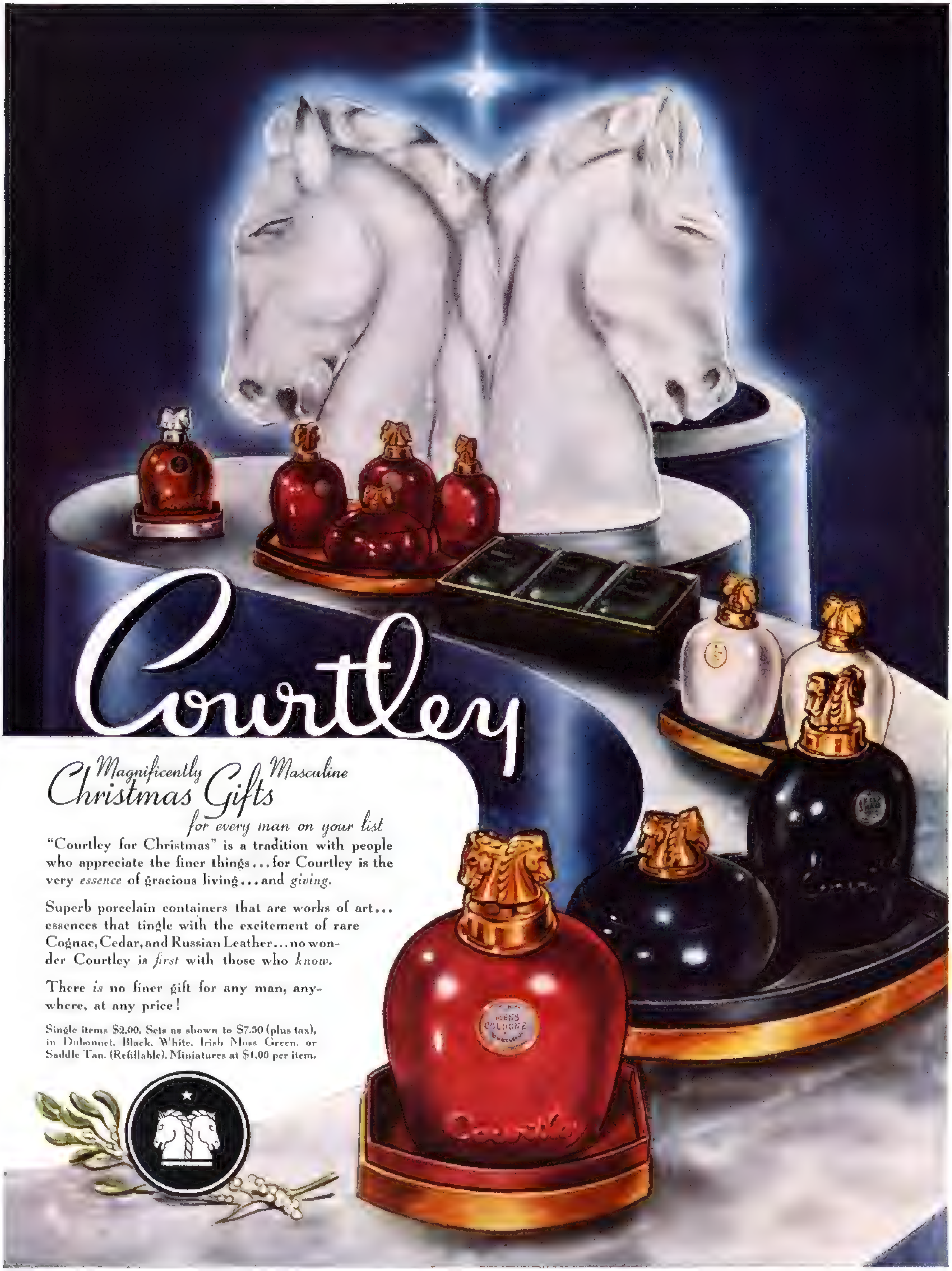
It has—as you'd expect—a *distinctive* flavor...different from other whiskies...mellow and flavorful in its own special way. That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskies.

And of still another thing you can be certain: The superb quality of Four Roses has not been changed in the slightest. It is the same magnificent whiskey today as it was before the war.

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



Magnificently Christmas Gifts *Masculine*

for every man on your list

"Courtley for Christmas" is a tradition with people who appreciate the finer things...for Courtley is the very *essence* of gracious living...and *giving*.

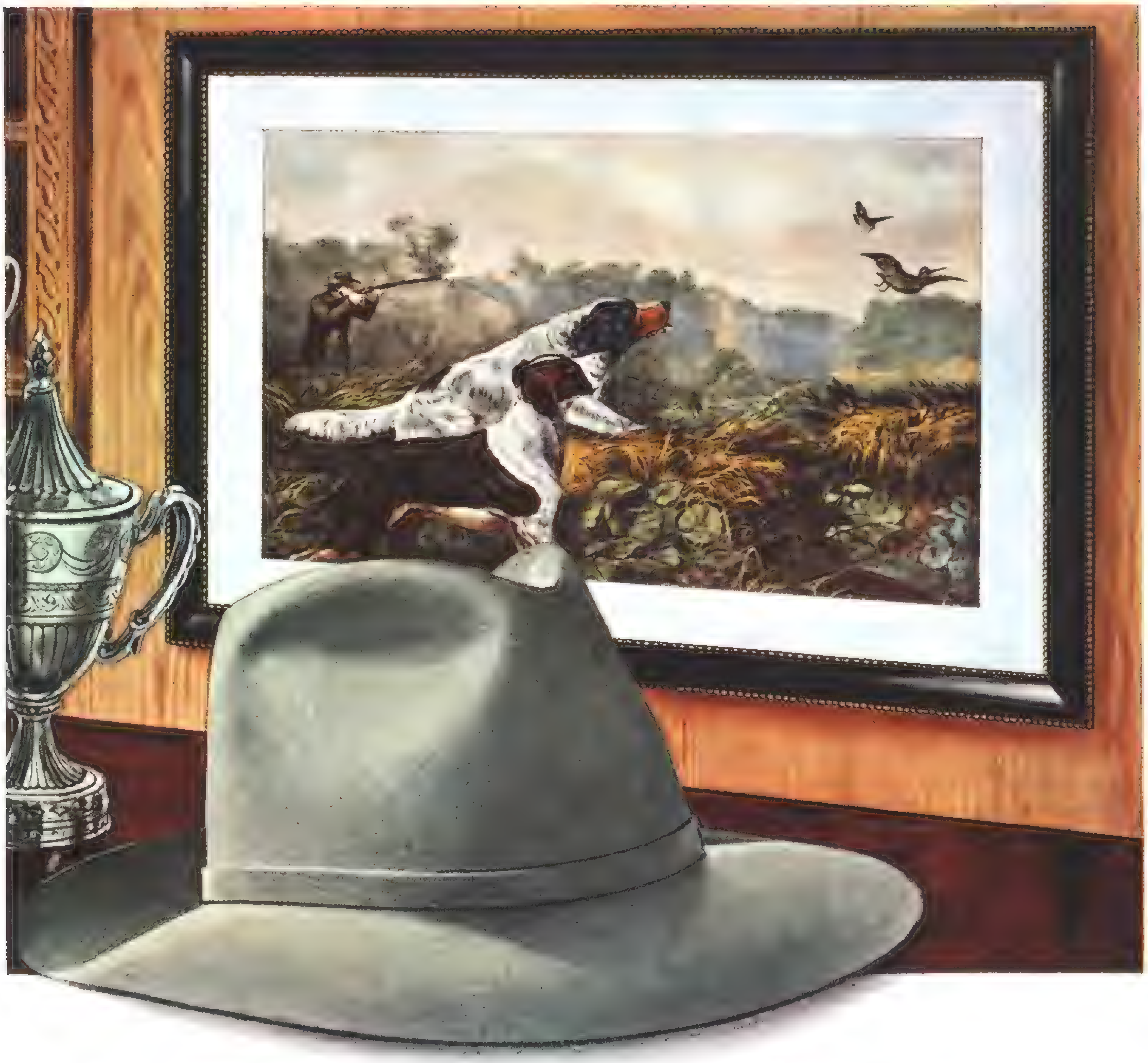
Superb porcelain containers that are works of art...essences that tingle with the excitement of rare Cognac, Cedar, and Russian Leather...no wonder Courtley is *first* with those who *know*.

There *is* no finer gift for any man, anywhere, at any price!

Single items $2.00. Sets as shown to $7.50 (plus tax), in Dubonnet, Black, White, Irish Moss Green, or Saddle Tan. (Refillable). Miniatures at $1.00 per item.

after shave lotion - men's cologne - men's powder - hair dressing - shaving soap - toilet soaps - deodorant cologne

COURTLEY LTD. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 FIFTH AVENUE., NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

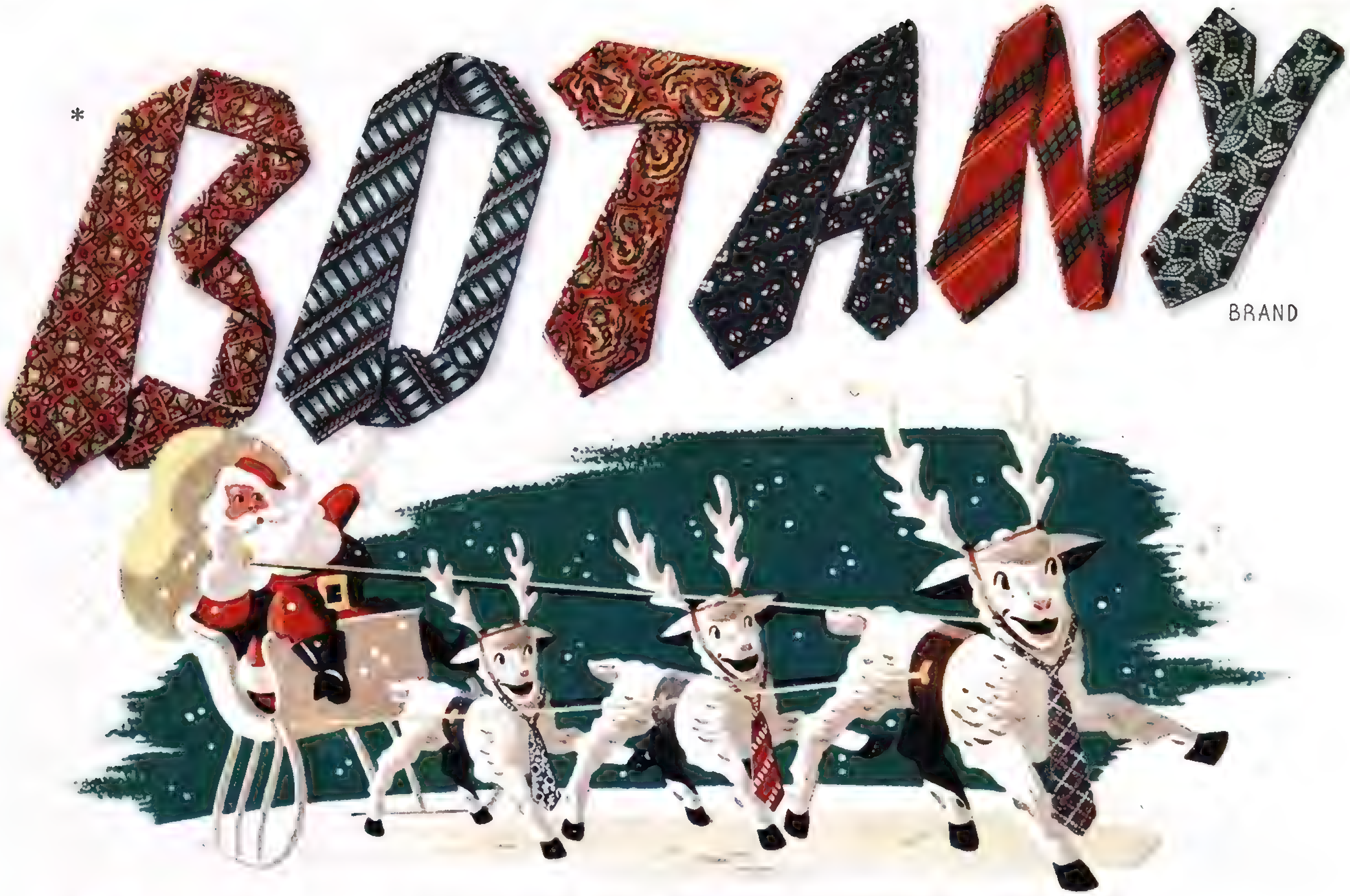


It's Always Open Season For The Dobbs Gamebird!

ANY TIME you bag the Dobbs Gamebird, you have a hat that is a trophy in any man's wardrobe. It's the Dobbs—and it lives up to its name in cocky good looks. The Gamebird is in Velva-Flow; a new, different hat development that gives you all the grace of line of a gamebird taking wing. Its limber felt and semi-tapered crown make this the prize-winning hat. $10.

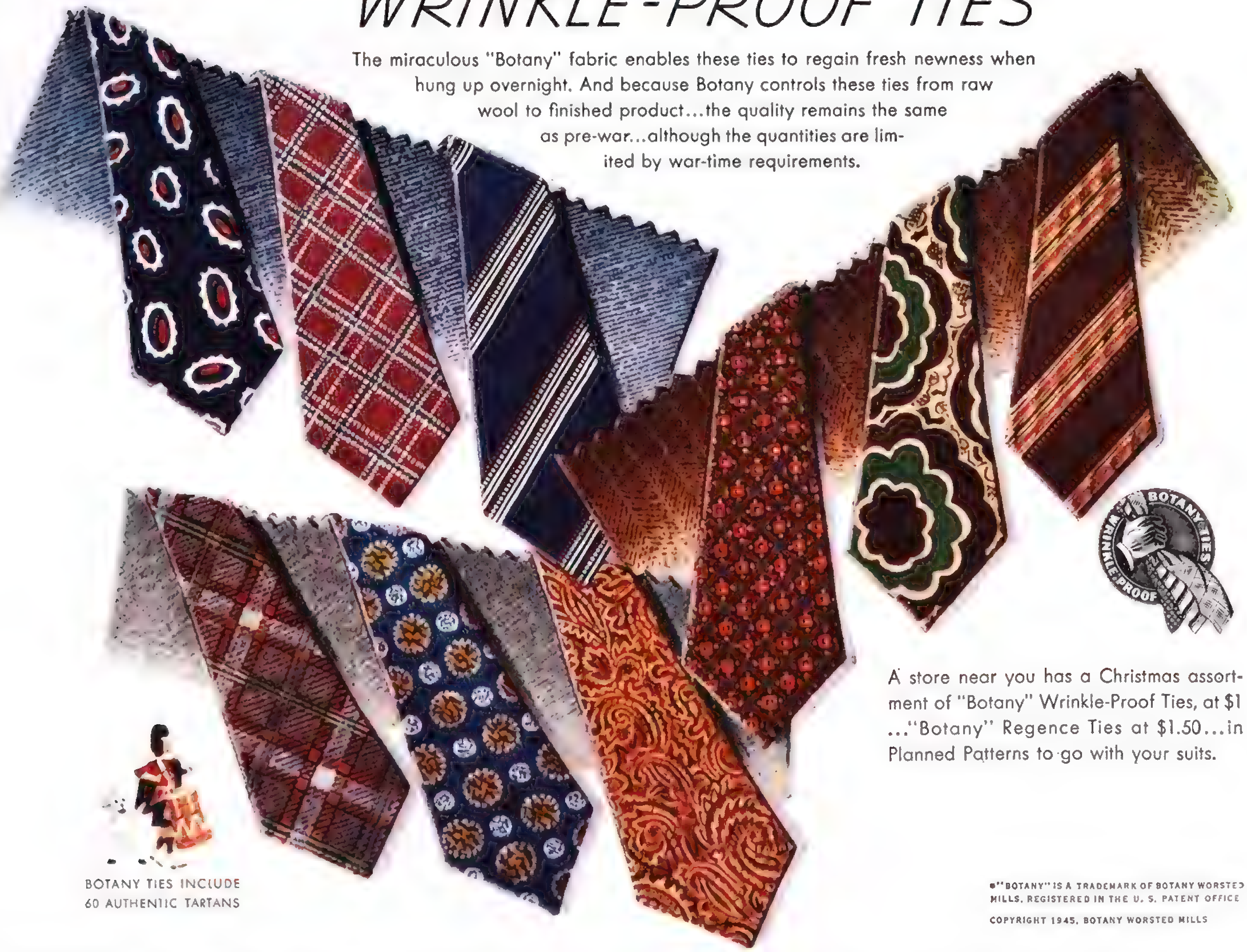
DOBBS
Gamebird

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES • NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22



WRINKLE-PROOF TIES

The miraculous "Botany" fabric enables these ties to regain fresh newness when hung up overnight. And because Botany controls these ties from raw wool to finished product...the quality remains the same as pre-war...although the quantities are limited by war-time requirements.



A store near you has a Christmas assortment of "Botany" Wrinkle-Proof Ties, at $1 ..."Botany" Regence Ties at $1.50...in Planned Patterns to go with your suits.

BOTANY TIES INCLUDE
60 AUTHENTIC TARTANS

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, REGISTERED IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE

COPYRIGHT 1945, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, Passaic, N. J. · Ties · No-Dye-Lot Yarns · Robes · Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics · "500" Suit · Lanolin Cosmetics · Certified Fabrics *(Certified by Botany Laboratories)*

Any One of These Six Best Sellers Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE
LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

WHICH of these six new best sellers do you want — absolutely FREE — with your membership in the Literary Guild Book Club? (Membership costs nothing as explained below.) Choose between "The Black Rose" where you'll meet Walter of Gurnie, who loved aristocratic Engaine, and the flashing-eyed Maryam—"Leave Her To Heaven," the story that makes jealous women blush for shame—"Green Dolphin Street," the big novel that won the $125,000 M-G-M prize contest—"A Lion is in the Streets," the sensational best seller about a Governor who betrayed love and honesty on his way up—"Captain From Castile," the swashbuckling historical romance that will keep you entranced from beginning to end — "China To Me," the thrilling, chilling, yet deeply moving true story of an American woman's life among the Chinese during eight turbulent years. Mail the coupon and prove to yourself, without cost, the kind of reading entertainment you will receive as a Guild Member. If you want an additional book, as your first Guild selection, you may have it for only $2.00 instead of the higher retail price.

Leave Her to Heaven
Ben Ames Williams
a lion is in the streets
Adria Locke Langley
The Black Rose
A Romantic Novel
Captain from Castile
Samuel Shellabarger
China to Me
Emily Hahn
Green Dolphin Street
Elizabeth Goudge

THE BLACK ROSE

By Thomas Costain

He couldn't choose between the lovely English lady and the fascinating Greek harem girl!

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

By Ben Ames Williams

What should be done to a woman who commits the Eighth Deadly Sin?

CHINA TO ME

By Emily Hahn

The terrifying, humorous, exciting story of the author's eight crowded years in China, among the high and the low.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET

By Elizabeth Goudge

He married the wrong sister by mistake and lived the lie for years until his hatred turned to love.

A LION IS IN THE STREETS

By Adria Locke Langley

He could have been a Messiah — but ended as a Judas, in politics and love!

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE

By Samuel Shellabarger

In search of gold and glory, he discovered Catana, the dancing girl — and a love greater than life itself.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP COSTS NOTHING

Literary Guild membership is free — there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings", the Guild's illustrated book-review Brochure, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection *to be published the following month.* From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and *no book will be sent to you that month.* If, however, the Guild selection is one *you don't want to miss,* it will be sent to you on publication date.

Save Up to 50% On New Books

Literary Guild books are selected by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by leading publishers long in advance of their publication date. Because the Literary Guild is the largest book club in the world, a *huge special edition* is printed *at a tremendous saving in cost.* This saving is passed on to members. The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only $2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of the higher price charged for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition. In addition, Guild members receive a beautifully printed, handsomely bound copy of one of the "Collector's Library" volumes — heretofore available only in a limited edition at $10 per copy — as a *bonus* for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing" merely requires that you accept a minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books to be published.

Send No Money — Mail Coupon

The convenience, the enjoyment, and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent — FREE — a copy of your choice of any book shown above; and you may, if you wish, start your Guild subscription with any other book shown, at the Guild price of $2.00 instead of the higher price of the publisher's edition.

Because of production limitations the number of new members the Guild can service is restricted. By joining now, your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any price increase on Guild selections for a year.

Mail This Coupon

FREE..............................

(Write in the Book of Your Choice Above)

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 12EM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me absolutely FREE, in accordance with your offer, the book whose title I have written above. I am also to receive free each month the Guild Brochure, "Wings", and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

(If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the books listed, other than that indicated FREE above, for only $2.00. Just check the box preceding the title.)

☐ Leave Her To Heaven ☐ China To Me
☐ Captain From Castile ☐ Green Dolphin Street
☐ A Lion Is In The Streets ☐ The Black Rose

Mr.
Mrs.......................................
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No.................................

Zone No.
City....................*(if any)*....State......

Age, if
Occupation...................... Under 21....

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Readinjack

A Most Original, Handy LOUNGING Jacket

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy and so convenient.** Made of Camelord, a fabric, by Princeton Knitting Mills, of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer to the Gift Problem. Postpaid.** $6.50

Your favorite store has it, or send coupon direct to FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me these Readinjacks: (Check or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

Name ____

Address ____

murray & lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
he-man shave lotion

Modern as G. I. himself . . . with heritage as proud. (Murray & Lanman's Florida Water has served over a century of U. S. A. heroes—since 1808—through six wars!) Smoothing, cooling after-shave lotion . . . exhilarating rubdown for entire body. Effective under-arm deodorant.

the popular $1 size at better stores including:

BEST'S APPAREL, INC.	Seattle, Wash.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP,	Washington, D. C.
THE M. M. COHN CO.	Little Rock, Ark.
THE J. L. HUDSON CO.	Detroit, Mich.
THE H. & S. POGUE CO.	Cincinnati, Ohio
JOSEPH HORNE CO.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Z. C. M. I.	Salt Lake City, Utah
SOLO-SERVE CO.	San Antonio, Texas
WEINSTEIN & CO., INC.	San Francisco, Cal.
R. H. MACY & CO., INC.	New York

• • • • • • • • • •

also famous formula for the Hair

Barry's TRICOPHEROUS

The well-groomed man's daily way of promoting good care and condition of hair. 50c the bottle at your drug and department store.

Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., 135 Water St., N.Y. 5

A BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT!

Airliner De Luxe

GENUINE LEATHER

SHAVE KIT

PERSONNA
U-X

with EVERYTHING for PERFECT SHAVES

$5.00 EACH plus 20% Fed. Tax COMPLETE WITH FITTINGS

PATENTED STITCHLESS CONSTRUCTION

Timed with the advent of the "air-age." Consists of 10 Personna Precision Blades, a Precision Razor, U. X—the amazing new Shaving Stick Discovery, and a Bottle of Worthington's refreshing After Shave Lotion. All compactly arranged in a stitchless, fine leather case that fits in a pocket when closed.

If your local store cannot supply MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

CREATED AND MANUFACTURED BY

Worthington Fifth Avenue

Distinguished Personal Leather Goods.

71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!

STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING

Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street, N. Y. C.

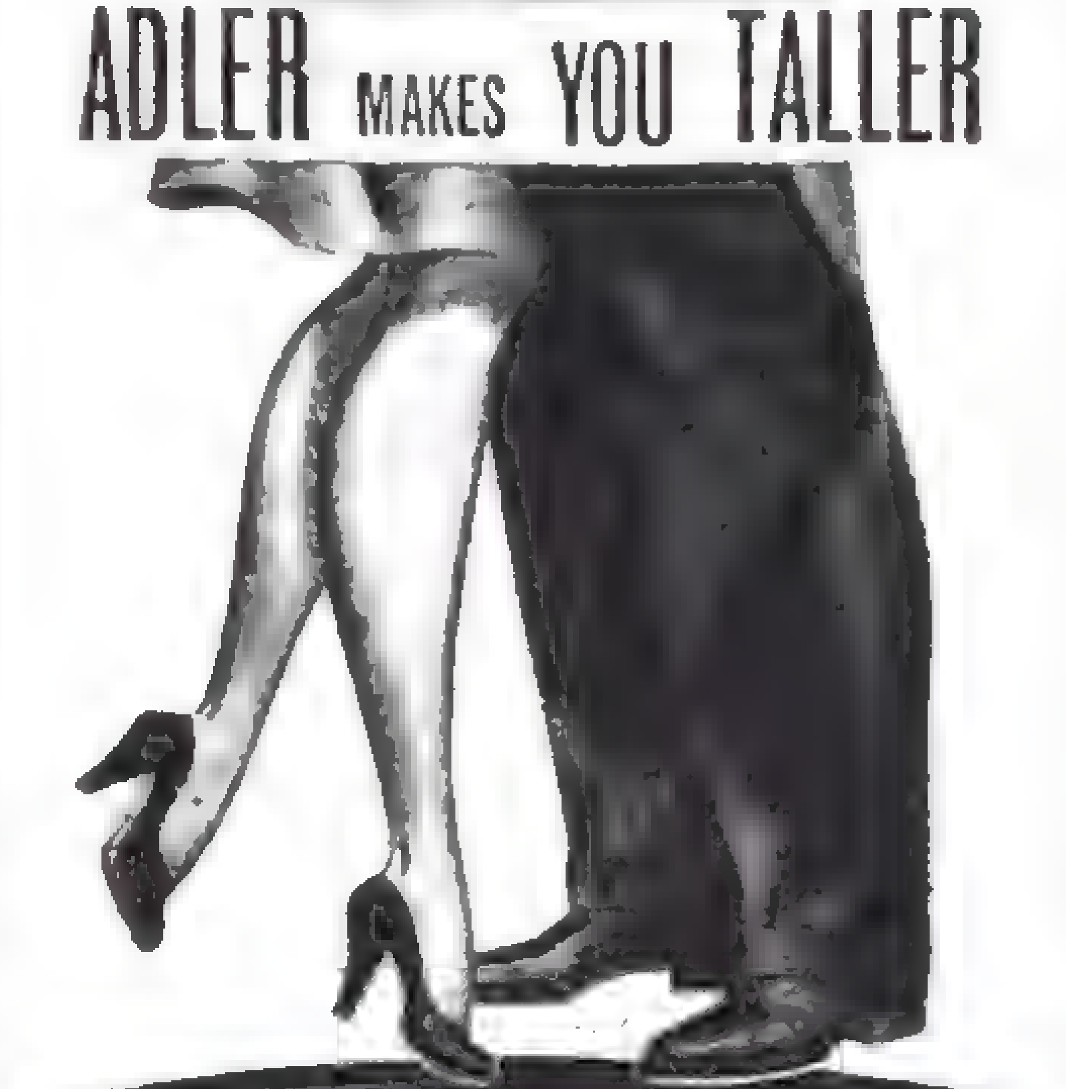
Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages, 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.

ADLER MAKES YOU TALLER



Now You Can Be TALLER Than "She" Is

The thrill that comes from being **TALLER** is a unique sensation ... a glorious feeling that you, too, can now experience. For, you are almost **2 inches TALLER** the instant you step into a pair of **"ELEVATORS".** *Confidentially*, too, for the heels are no higher. **$12.95**

ADLER SHOES for MEN 122 E. 42 St., N.Y. 17

AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF ELEVATORS* TRADE MARK

HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES "YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"

*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

E-12

Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

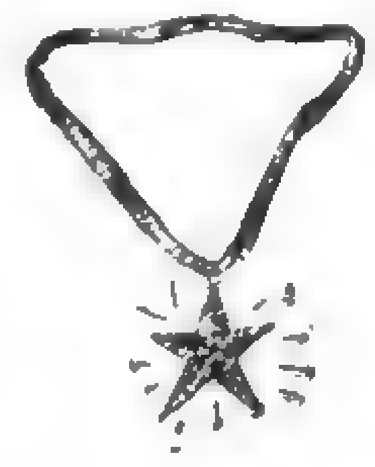
Name........

Address........

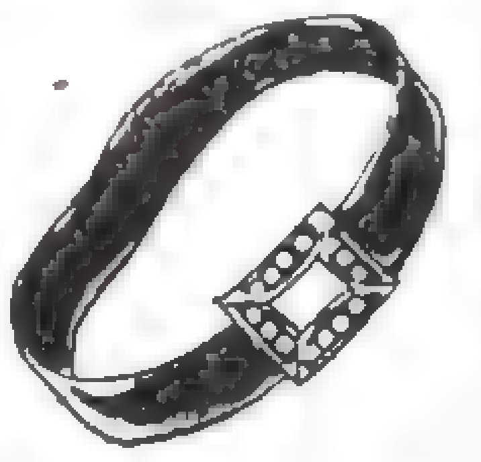
City........State........

Talking Shop

STRICTLY *NON*-G.I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

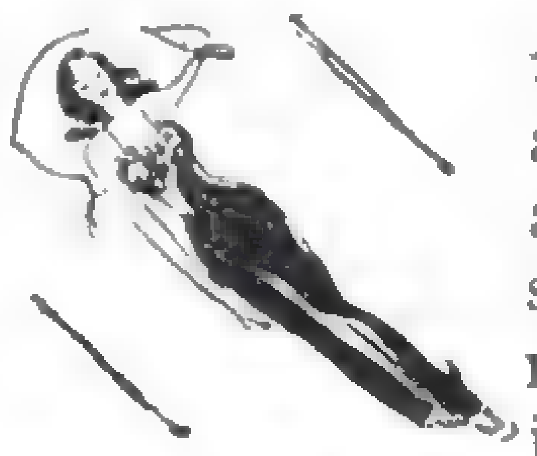


EMPRESS JEWELS. Costume jewelry which sparkles almost like the real thing. Hanging from a double mesh chain . . . a tri-color brilliant regency star set with simulated rubies, sapphires and diamonds. "Empress Josephine" . . . fine snake mesh chain emblazoned with a rhinestone star pendant. Earrings to match. "Comptessa" . . . a five strand pearl necklace with an elaborate sunburst of pearls. The sunburst can be detached and worn separately as a brooch. Nice going.

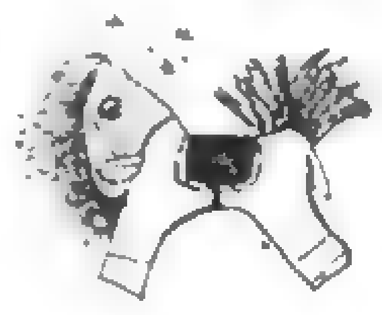


SEND HER SOME BELTS. To be in fashion this season, she must gird her slender waistline with novelty belts . . . black suede belt with enormous buckle set with pearls. Or a bright green suede belt with gold nail-head trim. Another suede decorated with squares of multi-colored mirrored glass or simulated stones. Take note, too, of a "sash belt," a soft affair of suede which folds over like a ribbon sash. Ends appliqued in gold kid design.

FOR HER BOUDOIR. A 3-piece dresser set (comb, brush, mirror) set in lucite. The backs of mirror and brush are charmingly decorated with 3 little cherubs in a cameo-like center design. Pink, blue or white. Then there's a stunning leather jewel box with a gold-tooled leaf border design; or a glass jewel box hand-decorated with roses, opulently lined with velvet. When the lid is opened, the box peals forth two merry tunes.



"ROYAL ERMINE." Sheer black nightie slit to the knee. All lace top is trimmed with genuine white ermine tails! And as an added touch . . . a pair of black satin, lace-trimmed garters, similarly trimmed with tiny ermine tails.

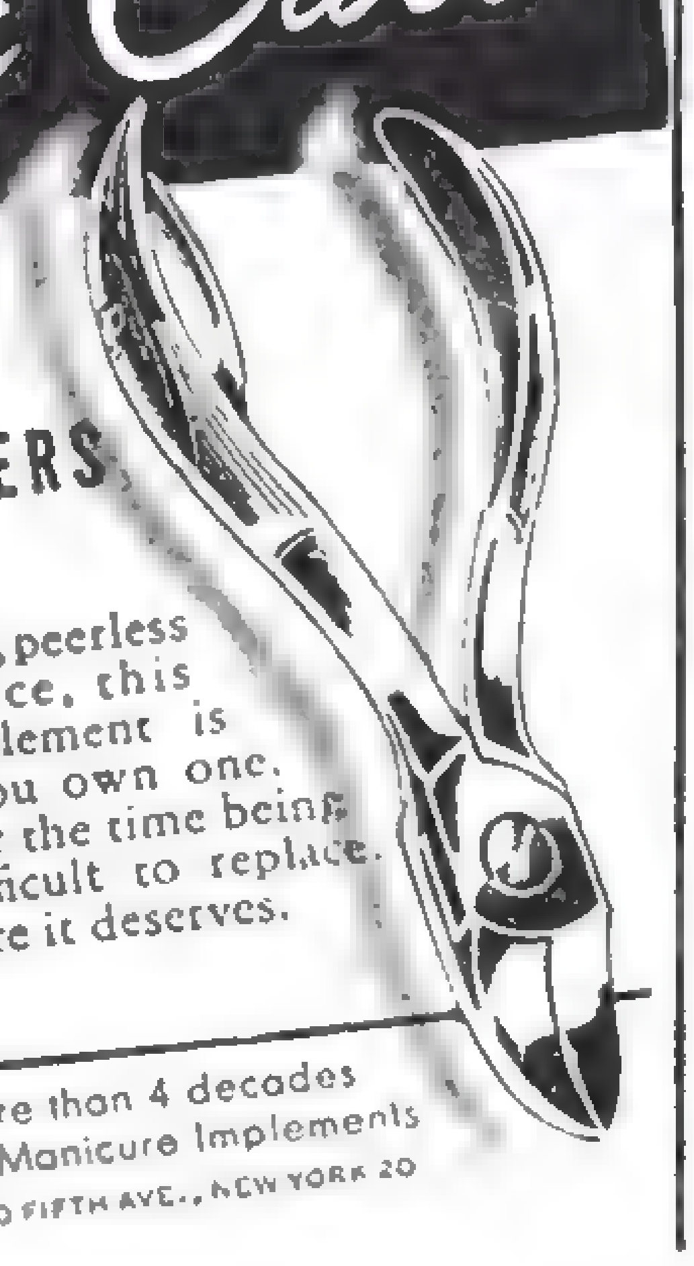


TEEN AGE GIRLS. They go for gadgets. A lapel ornament such as a leather horse, elephant, donkey or rabbit whose eyes light up when you press a battery concealed in the tail. Or a leather belt with dog collar to match . . . triple strands of black suede with gold kid centers, fastened with tiny metal buckles.

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

La Cross

PRECIOUS NAIL NIPPERS



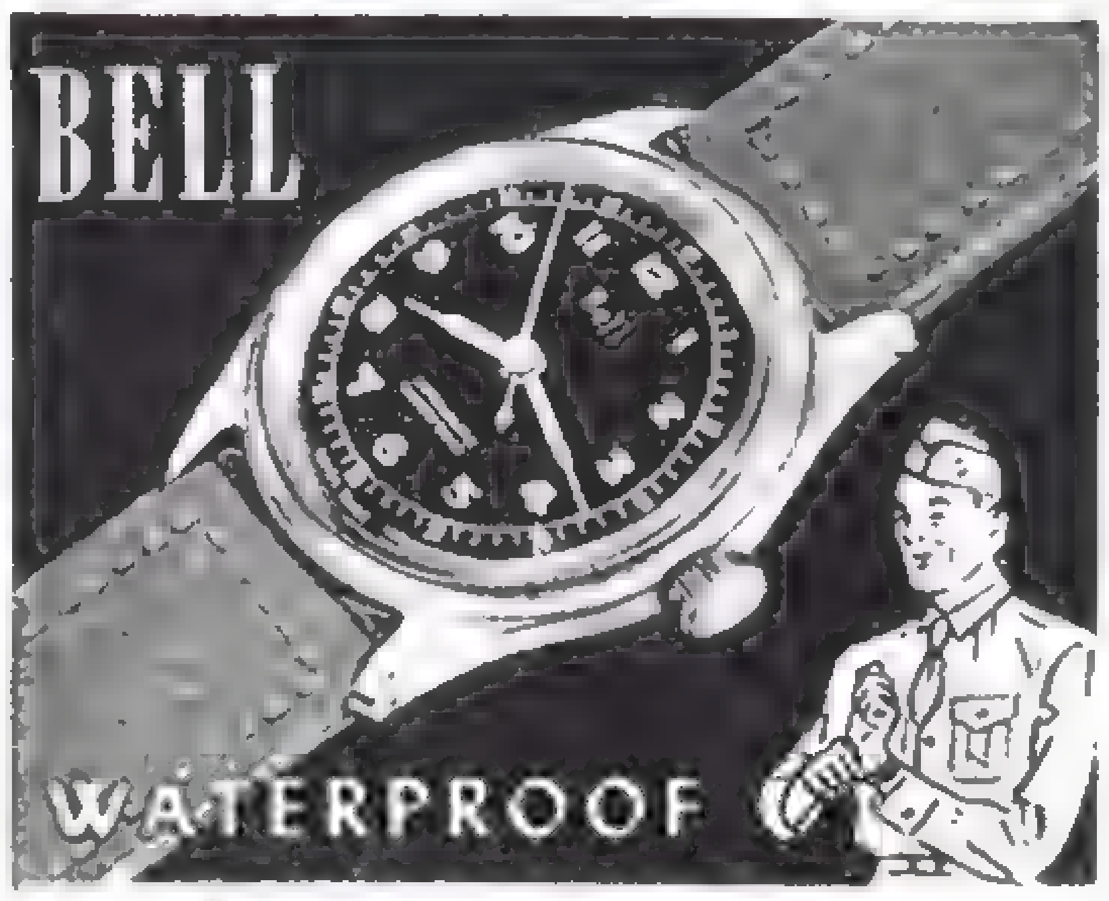
★

Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace. Give it the care it deserves.

La Cross ...For more than 4 decades America's Finest Manicure Implements

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP., 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20

BELL



Waterproof, shockproof, radium dial and hands, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. LW 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back	$39.75
No. LW 331—15 jewels, stainless steel case	$49.50
No. LW 328—17 jewels; SELF-WINDING, stainless steel case	$59.75

POSTPAID FED. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

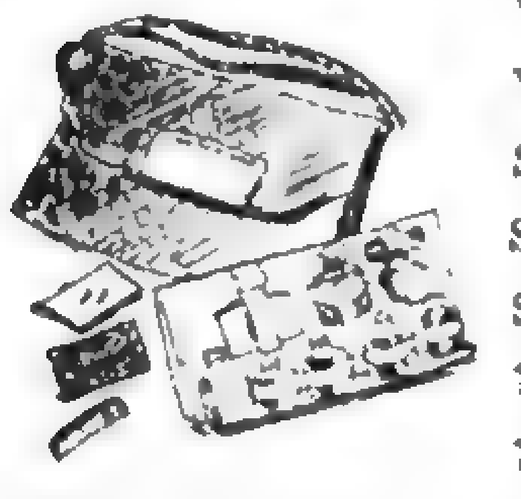
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "LW"

BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

with Esquire

"ALL IS VANITY." No gal has enough of those little "powder-uppers" familiarly known as "compacts." A well-known watchmaker has produced a series as handsome as they are unusual. Wafer thin, in gold and silver-plated metals, designs include a map of the U. S. with names of the principal cities neatly engraved thereon; another depicts a map of the Western hemisphere; and for elegance, various star and eagle motifs inspired by Russian and Polish diplomatic orders emblazoned on black velvet backgrounds. For animal lovers, there's the jungle case with lions, giraffes and elephants looping through the forest. For a gift supreme, buy her a cigarette case to match the compact.

CONVERTIBLE HANDBAG. Here's a gift dear to the feminine heart. A goodly-sized leather handbag with long strap which can be slung over the shoulder; with strap curtailed, the bag goes over the arm. The interior, however, is significant. In addition to the usual change purse, comb and mirror, there's a removable panel to which are strapped six bottles of complexion aids, cleansers, astringents, powder, etc., plus lipstick, eye pencil and rouge. For a weekend trip or overnight traveling, she utilizes the panel. For usual daytime use . . . removes it, and voilà! a regular handbag. Red, green, black, brown and navy leather.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS via a bottle of cologne called "Hollyberry." The pungent, pine-bayberry scent comes in a handsome holly wreath crystal bottle packaged in green with red ribbon. Inexpensive and chic.

SWINGABOUT. A smart manufacturer made a survey of what women carry around during the day. The combined findings were incorporated into a compact little pigskin leather wallet which swings from a keychain. This midget wonder includes a full size billfold, change purse, identification case, place to put a photo, mirror and lipstick holder attached to a cigarette case holding 11 smokes.

ROSES TO COME. Novel idea . . . send garden lovers a gift certificate announcing that when spring comes, they will receive live rose plants, pruned and ready to place in the ground. The roses will be sent when official weather reports received by the rose growers, indicate that it is time to plant in the particular section of the country to which the given selection is going.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WRITING MAGIC!

—at your finger tips

FOUNT-O-INK
INSTANT ACTION
Writing Set

The pen that actually fills itself! Starts instantly . . . writes continuously. Ends the nuisance of dry or empty pen.

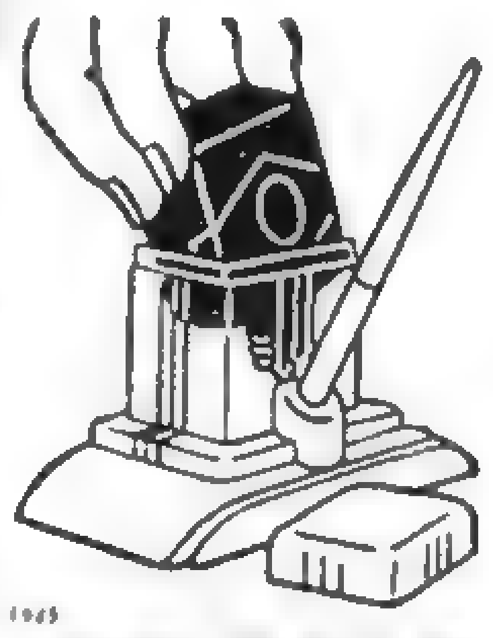
NO MESSY
WELL FILLING...EVER!

A Most Wanted Christmas Gift
Set Shown 25 BRE $8.50
14 K Solid Gold point

At your dealer or write for catalogue and where to buy

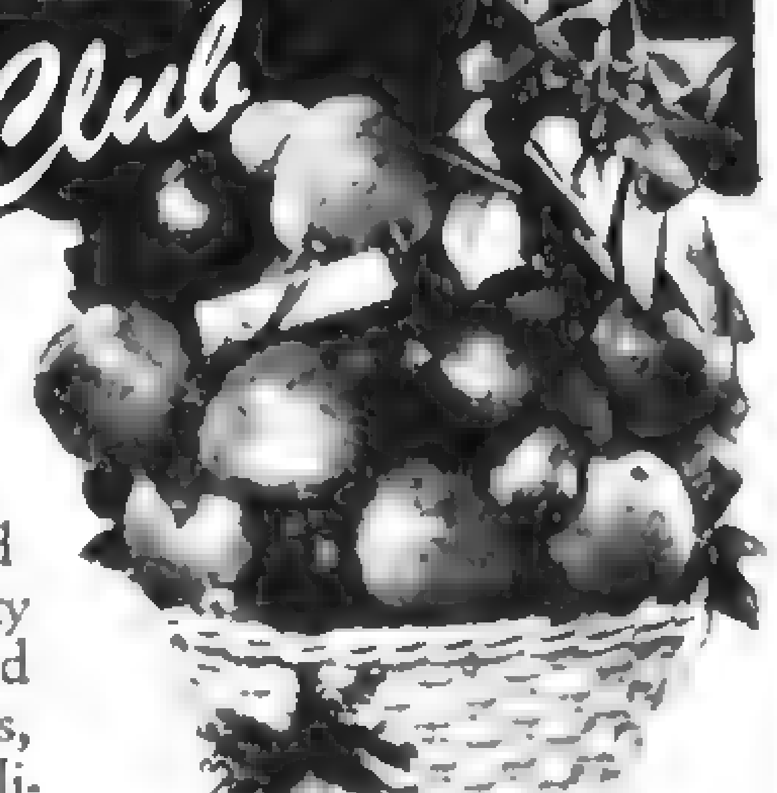
COPR. GREGORY FOUNT-O-INK COMPANY 1945

GREGORY FOUNT-O-INK CO.
LOS ANGELES 41, CALIF.



FROM YOU TO 'HER'
A CHOICE GIFT EVERY MONTH
with your card enclosed
Just send her name and address with:
$12 for 6 Months (6 Gifts)
$23 for 12 Months (12 Gifts)
Gift-of-the-Month Club Selection
475 Fifth Avenue New York, 17, N.Y.

KRASHE
SHAVING AID & SKIN SMOOTHER
Puss Preserver — Par Excellence!
For a closer, cleaner and faster shave whether done with brush, brushless or electric methods. Also protects face against wind and sun. Servicemen are its best boosters. **$1.20 tax included.** At leading drug and dept. stores or write direct.
GRELVA, INC.: 22-26 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19



Keep gifts coming through entire year with Blue Goose

Fruit O' the Calendar Club

Start a membership with this gorgeous Christmas basket, heaped high with juicy du Comice and d'Anjou pears, enormous Delicious apples, famed Coachella Valley dates, etc. Then 8, 5 or 2 additional monthly packages during 1946 of choice Blue Goose Fruits.

SELECT YOUR MONTHS: *Jan.* Blue Goose pears; *Feb.* giant Delicious apples; *Mar.* Juicy seedless grapefruit; *July,* Coachella dates; *Aug.* Golden summer pears; *Sept.* Blushy peaches; *Oct.* Lake Chelan apples; *Nov.* du Comice pears.

Memberships (including Christmas basket) 9 months, $31; 6 months, $22.50; 3 months, $14.

All shipments express prepaid and guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Reference: First National Bank, Medford.

Send check air mail or wire us to start Fruit O' the Calendar Membership with Christmas basket; you *must* hurry!

BLUE GOOSE ORCHARDS
American Fruit Growers, Inc.
321 Fir St., Medford, Oregon

Open for yourself new world opportunities with another language by
LINGUAPHONE

The post-war world will belong to the two-language man and woman. They will be able to take advantage of opportunities wherever the prospects are brightest, the pay highest, the work more interesting.

LINGUAPHONE
Conversational METHOD
prepares you, *in your own home,* to SPEAK any one of 29 world-languages:

SPANISH POLISH GERMAN
PORTUGUESE RUSSIAN ITALIAN
NORWEGIAN FRENCH SWEDISH
and 20 other languages

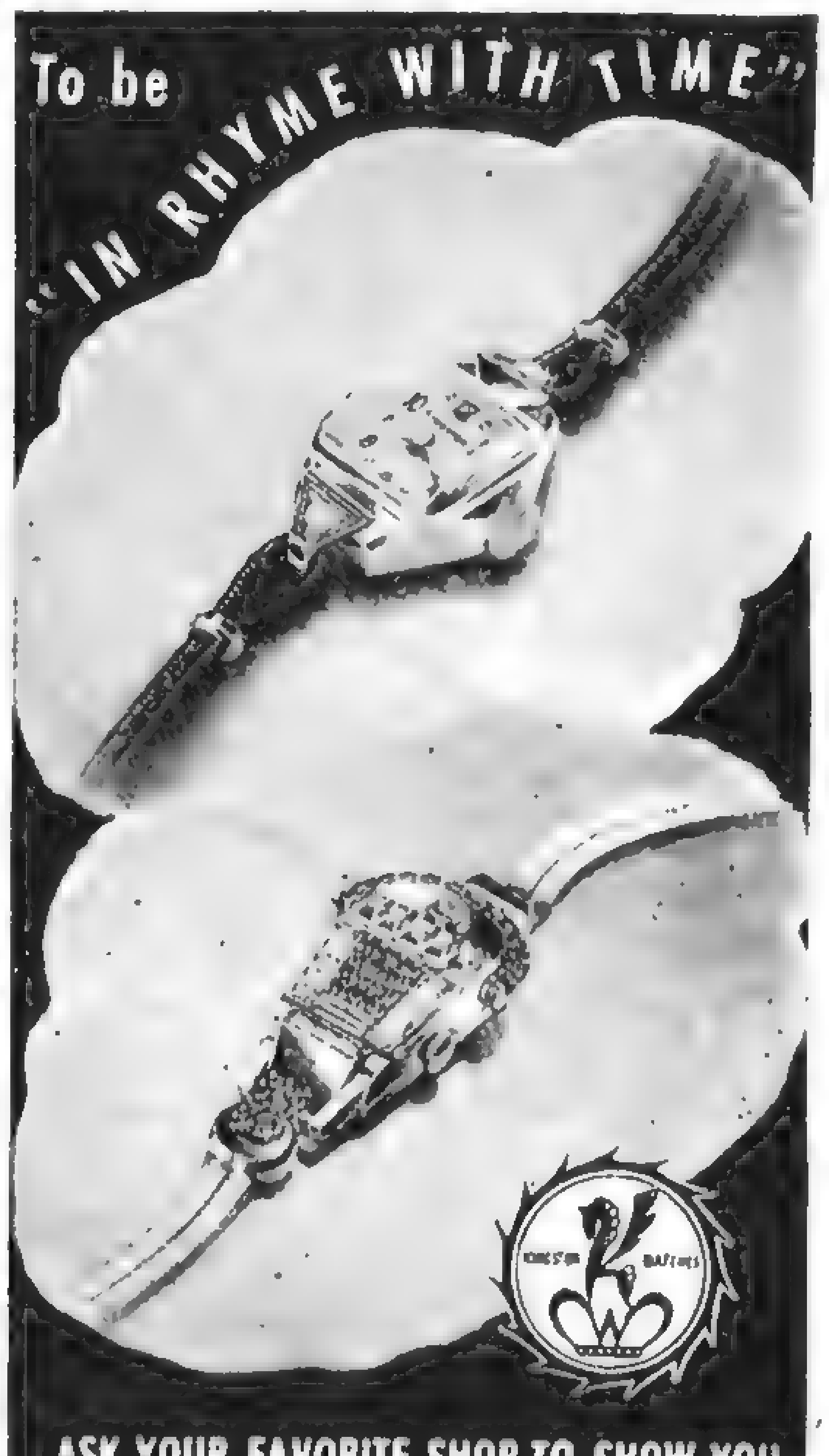
You learn through natural, everyday conversation. First you LISTEN to the clear voices of native teachers . . . they speak to you as often as you wish...You REPEAT what they say... ask and answer questions, and before you are actually aware, you are conversing.

Endorsed by leading educators; used in thousands of schools and colleges, and by Army, Navy, Flying, Signal and other Services. *"Linguaphone is unique . . . it has no equal."*

SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Save time, work and money—become a two-language man.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N.Y.
Without cost or obligation please send me the Linguaphone Book.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... *Zone*...... *State*..........
Language interested ....



To be "IN RHYME WITH TIME"

ASK YOUR FAVORITE SHOP TO SHOW YOU

Kingston Watch

Beautiful examples of perfect time-keeping, Kingston Watches for men and women, $19.50 to $1000.

Always "In Rhyme with Time."

Kingston Watch Company
NEW YORK, N. Y.

POCKET POKER SET

A winning gift for a travelling soldier or civilian. Playing cards, miniature poker chips and five clearly marked dice come in a sturdy stitched leather kit. $5.00

● FREE! Exciting book picturing more than 250 unusual gifts for everyone from glamour girls to elderly uncles. Prices fit every budget. Write for Book E-12.

LEWIS & CONGER
6th Ave. at 45th St. New York 19, N.Y.

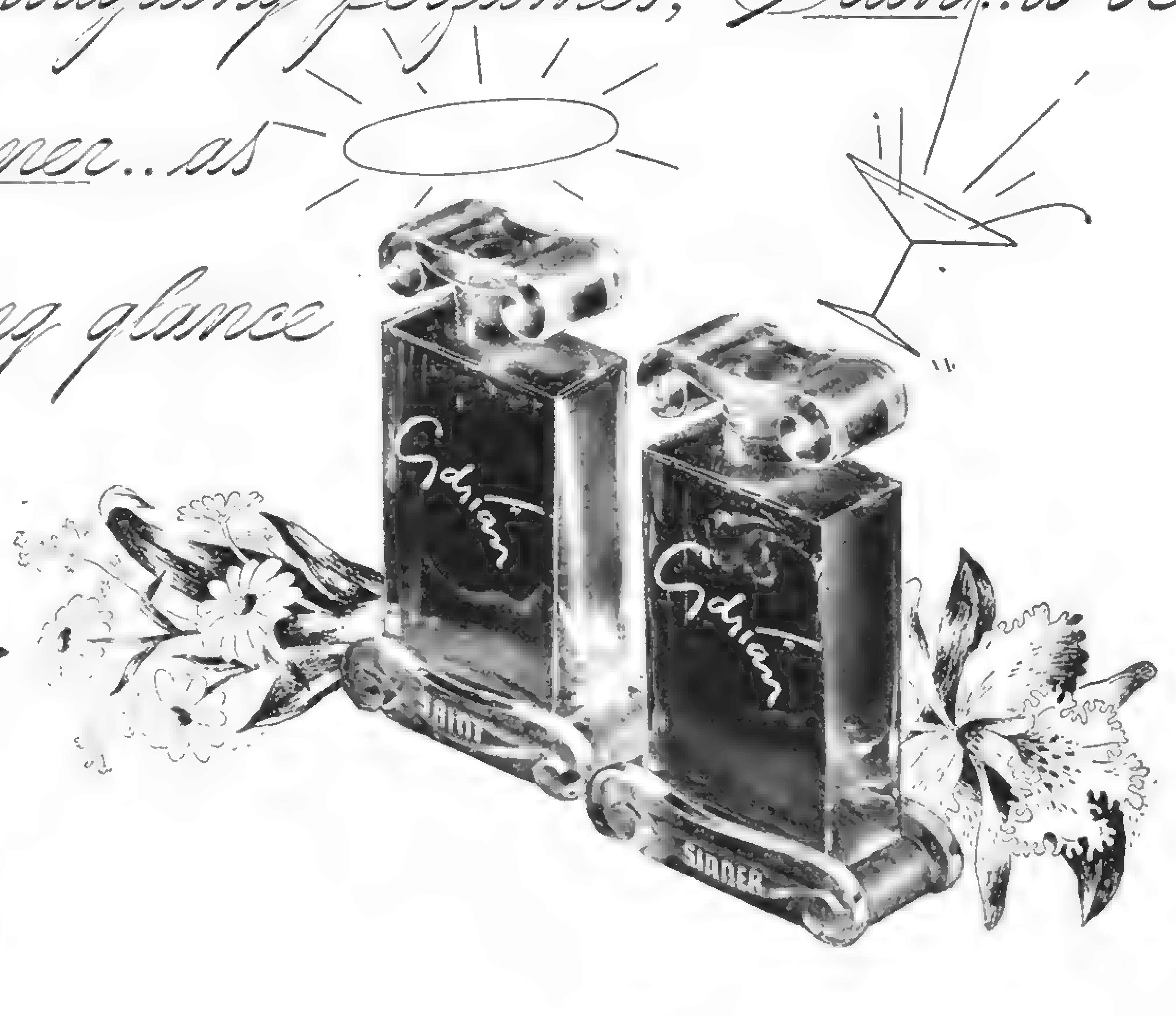
She'll Be Lovely

and she'll smile too when she receives this "FLOWER FANTASY" dog collar and earrings to match. Flowers highlighted in gold in pink, blue, green or black. Collar on black velvet ribbon. Postpaid and Gift wrapped.

Collar $7.50 Earrings $5.00
Plus 20% Fed. Tax
GIFT CATALOG ON REQUEST

Muriel Duncan
ceramics
STUDIO: 321 NINTH AVE., HADDON HEIGHTS, N. J., USA

Two strikingly intriguing perfumes, Saint..to be loved and adored—Sinner...as mischievous as a sidelong glance


Adrian
Adrian
SAINT
SINNER

Adrian

© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

"After all, a car is so much a part of home"

"I keep wondering," writes a young sailor from the Pacific, "how my old bus is doing. After all, a car is so much a part of home."

Yes, to all of us, the family motor car is part of our lives. Studebaker cars, especially, have the very feel of home in them—built, as they've been for generations, by home-loving, home-owning craftsmen.

Before Pearl Harbor, and throughout the war, Studebaker engineering genius, sound workmanship and production skill were concentrated on war equipment. But now, fine motor cars are again being built by Studebaker. Many have had the good fortune to own Studebakers during the war years. Now, at last, the time is beginning when the smart styling, the brilliant performance, the dependable long life, and solid value of a new Studebaker can be "part of home" to more and more of America's forward-looking families.

Studebaker THE CAR WORTHY OF YOUR HOME

Studebaker • South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

YOU'LL NEVER FIND SO MUCH in any other shoes

There's so much *natural* comfort and so much *long-lasting* style in Arch Preservers . . . a kind of comfort and a kind of style no other shoes can even match.

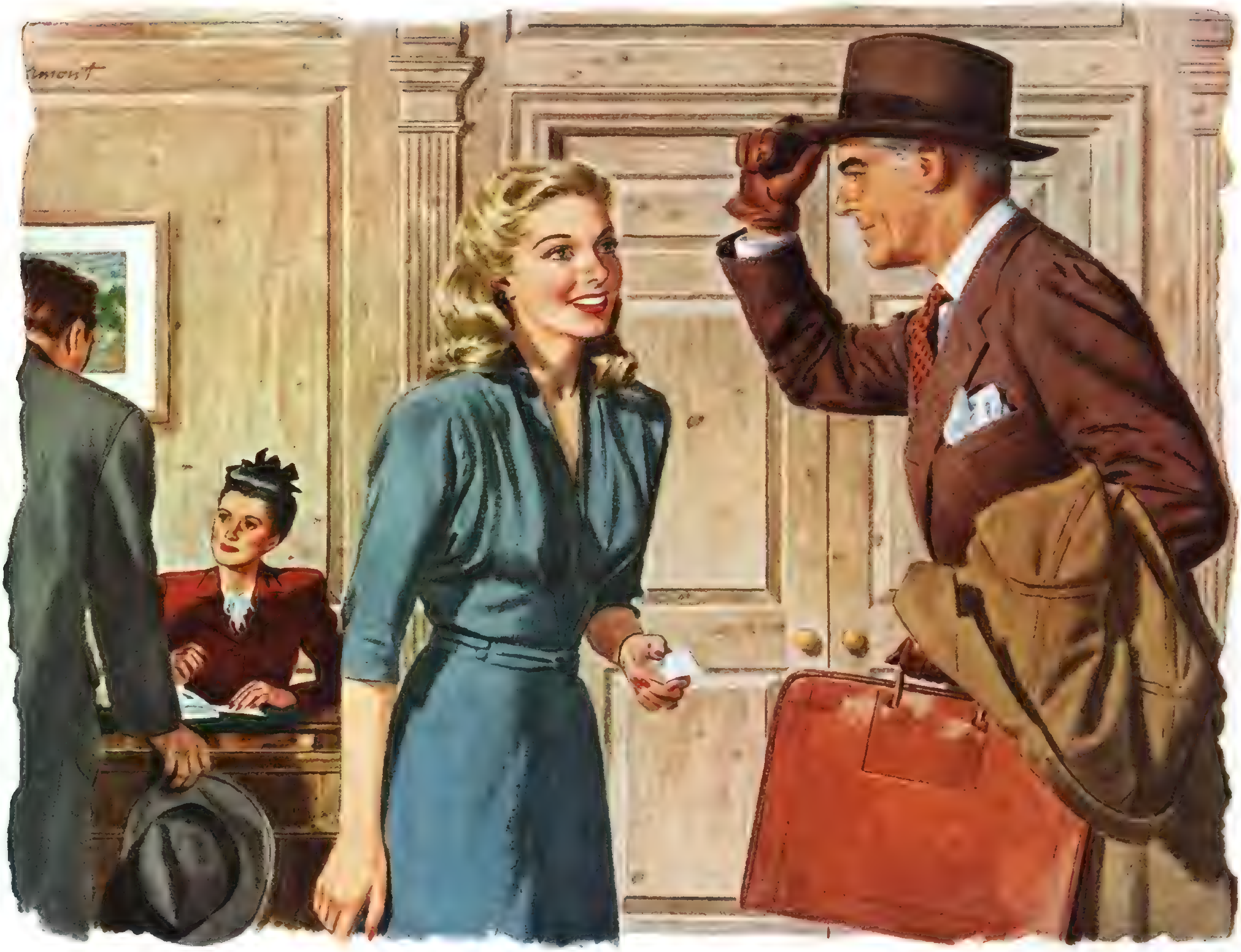
The secret lies in Arch Preservers' unique way of giving your feet the freedom they want plus the support they need. It's a secret so exceptionally different that nine basic patents help keep it . . . help keep your feet in shape . . . and help keep your shoes in shape, too.

When you try your first pair you'll know at once the secret of natural walking pleasure the Arch Preserver way. Look up your nearest dealer in the classified telephone listing . . . and be sure to write for our new booklet.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-12, Rockland, Mass.

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

For Women, Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. *For Boys,* Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa. *In Canada, for Men,* Scott-McHale, London, Ont.



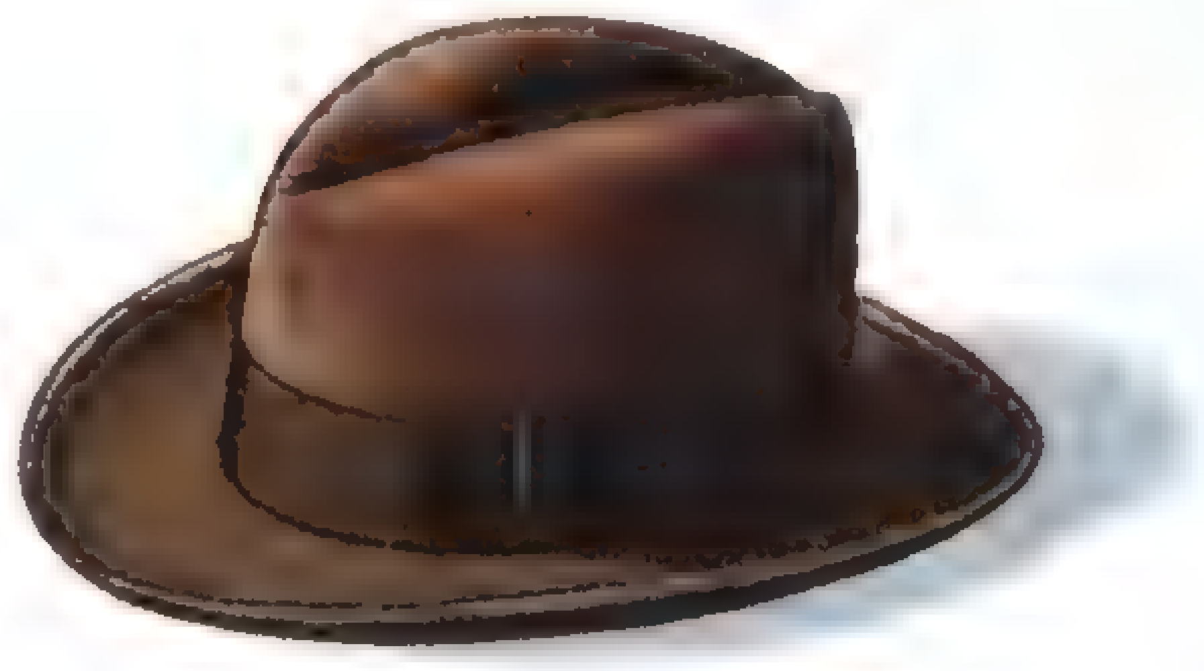
How much of Jim's success is headwork?

1. It's *all* headwork—or 99% of it, anyway. We'd be the last to suggest that Jim's a success because he wears all those handsome clothes—including that Royal Stetson Diplomat.

But because Jim is the kind who does use his head, he's naturally very careful to dress for the occasion. Take a look at that suit and topcoat, for example...

2. Jim knows that a worsted suit and covert topcoat won't help him close a big deal. But he also knows that, for important business occasions, they're always in quiet good taste.

3. Jim's white shirt is the right shirt for this occasion; copper-colored tie harmonizes with the brown suit; brown shoes and socks are comfortable and businesslike.



4. Jim also used his head in choosing the Royal Stetson Diplomat, in Chestnut, to top this outfit. The smart, upturned brim adds a final note of distinction. The price: $10.

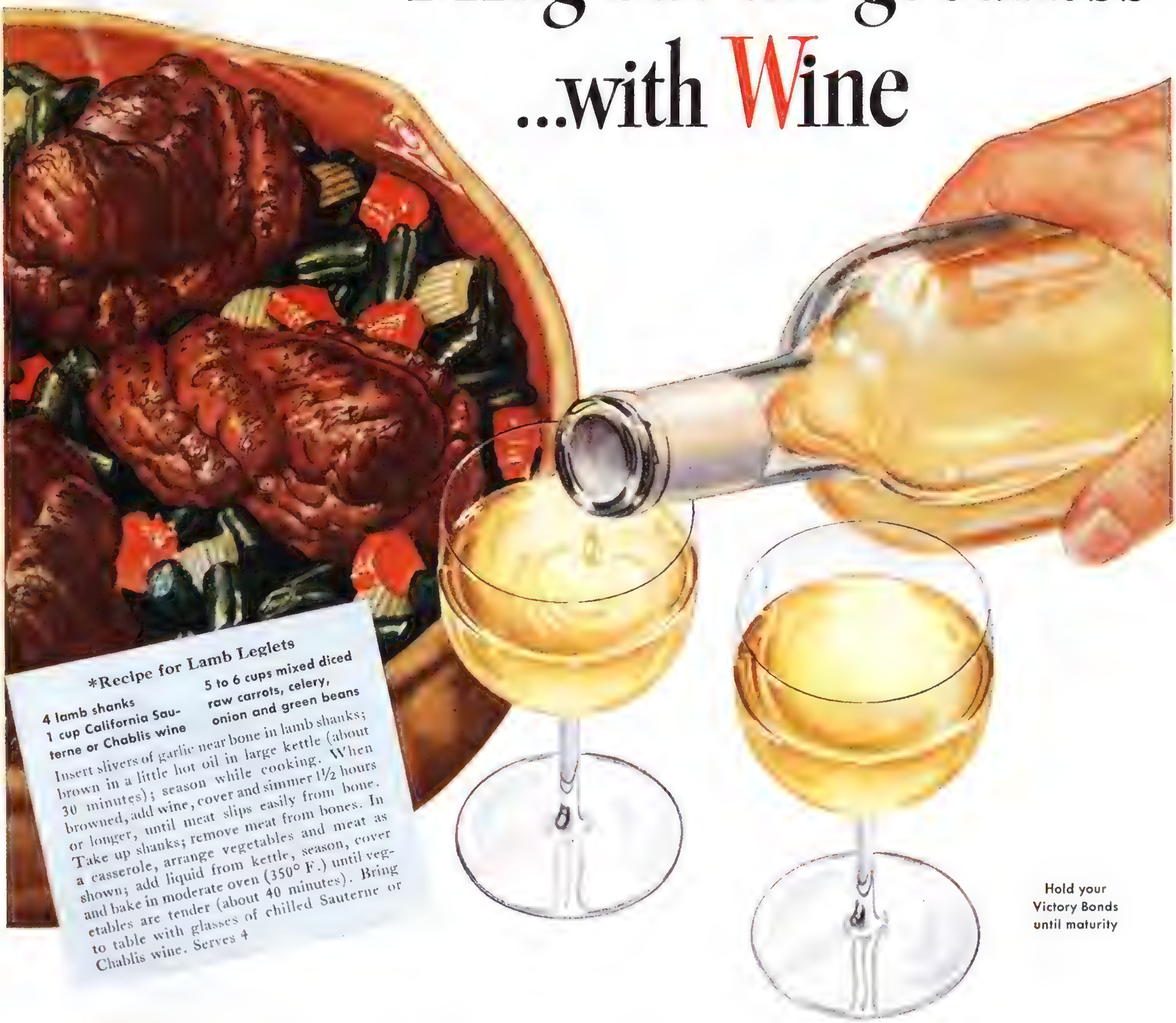
Right for business meetings—The Royal STETSON Diplomat

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U. S. AND CANADA, HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Try Lamb Leglets fixed *Lawton Mackall's* way*

LAWTON MACKALL'S widely read magazine articles rate him among today's leading authorities on good eating. Here he gives one of his most delectable main course recipes. This dish, in the words of Mr. Mackall, yields top eating pleasure when accompanied by a glass of wine

Bring out the goodness ...with Wine



*Recipe for Lamb Leglets

4 lamb shanks
1 cup California Sauterne or Chablis wine
5 to 6 cups mixed diced raw carrots, celery, onion and green beans

Insert slivers of garlic near bone in lamb shanks; brown in a little hot oil in large kettle (about 30 minutes); season while cooking. When browned, add wine, cover and simmer 1½ hours or longer, until meat slips easily from bone. Take up shanks; remove meat from bones. In a casserole, arrange vegetables and meat as shown; add liquid from kettle, season, cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until vegetables are tender (about 40 minutes). Bring to table with glasses of chilled Sauterne or Chablis wine. Serves 4

Hold your Victory Bonds until maturity

Try *Port Wine* and soda crackers with cheese, fruit and jelly. It's a grand dessert

SERVE LAMB LEGLETS piping hot and fragrant. Then, with a glass of well-chilled California Sauterne, taste wine and food together!

You'll find the delicate piquancy of the wine perks up the natural flavor of the meat. The other foods served in company with the meat take on an added, special goodness. You'll discover, in fact, some mighty fine eating.

And that is the purpose of the California table wines. The white table wines are light and sensitive. Try them with delicate main dishes like chicken, fish or lamb. The red table wines, like Claret or Burgundy, are robust. They are the wines most people prefer in company with hearty red meats such as roast, steak or chops.

We wine growers have a booklet that tells how to set out many delicious wine and food combinations. Included in it are more than 70 tested recipes. This handy booklet will be sent to you free. Write to Wine Advisory Board, 89 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

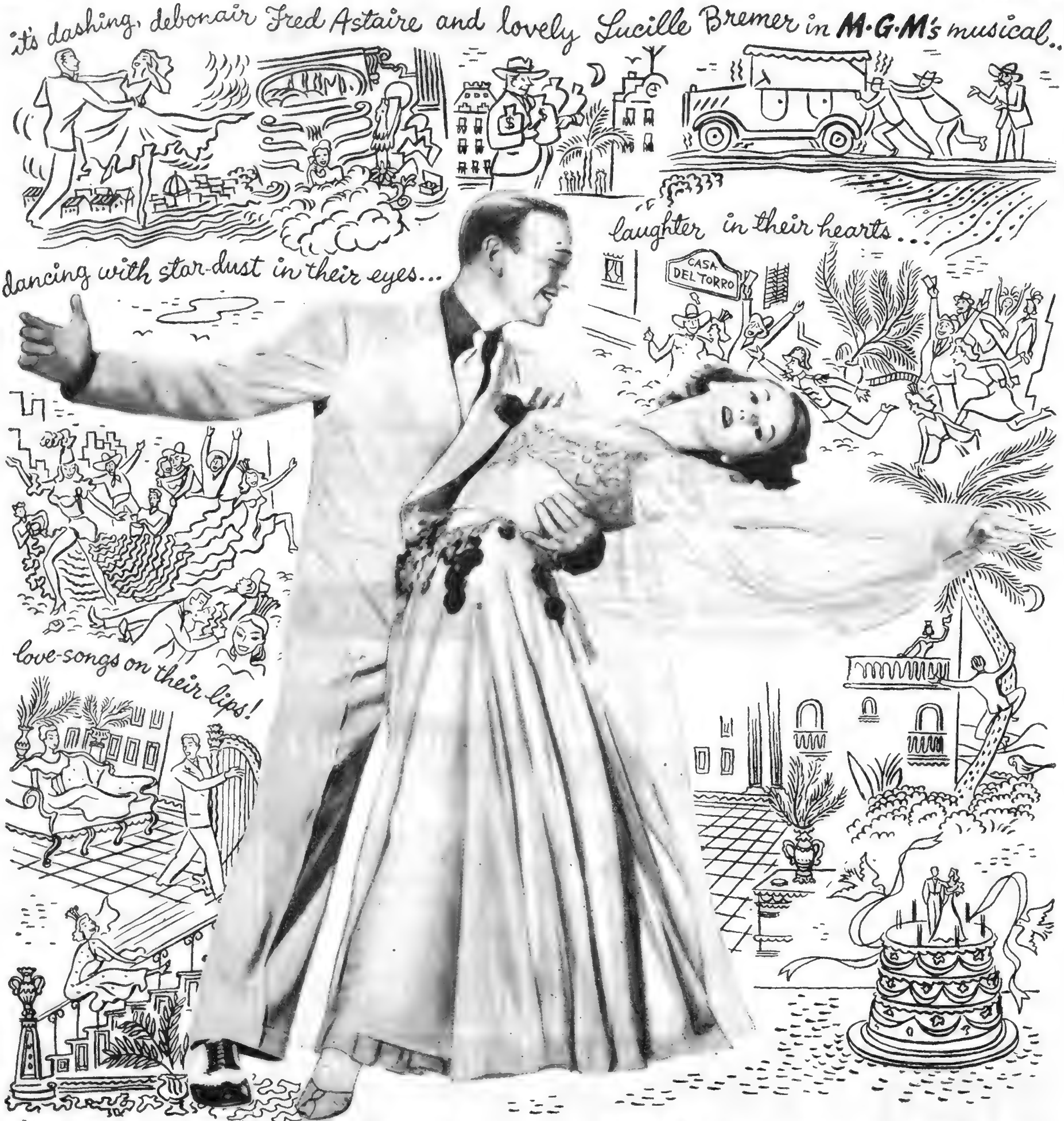
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT

To put Christmas stars in her eyes

A gift incomparable, for the woman who knows and loves fine perfume. *Chantilly,* by Houbigant. A heart-catching, feminine fragrance . . . with a warm hint of spice . . . and a faithful way of lasting, hour after hour.

Dusting Powder de luxe, *with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff*

Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightful to use


"it's dashing, debonair Fred Astaire and lovely Lucille Bremer in M·G·M's musical..
dancing with star-dust in their eyes...
laughter in their hearts...
love-songs on their lips!
CASA DEL TORRO

"YOLANDA and the THIEF"

STARRING

FRED ASTAIRE ★ LUCILLE BREMER

with

FRANK MORGAN · MILDRED NATWICK · MARY NASH · LEON AMES

Screen Play by Irving Brecher • Based Upon a Story by Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans
Songs by Arthur Freed and Harry Warren • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by
ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

in Technicolor

HIT MELODIES! "Will You Marry Me?" • "Angel" • "Yolanda" • "This Is A Day For Love" • "Coffee Time"

Luck plays no part in the long, safe service you experience with General Tires. Every resource and skill is concentrated in building the General Tire to a single standard . . . Top Quality. When you buy Generals, you are assured of tires that fully justify your faith in their unmatched reputation.

The
GENERAL
TIRE

–goes a long way to make friends

[illegible] 1945 THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO
AKRON, OHIO

ANNOUNCING AMERICA'S NEWEST PENS

The **STATELEIGH** with Gold Cap, $13.50. Matching pencil, $5.75. (Prices plus tax.) Colors: maroon, blue, black or gray.

The **CITATION** $8.75. Matching pencil, $4.25. (Prices plus tax.) Colors same as above.

UNION MADE

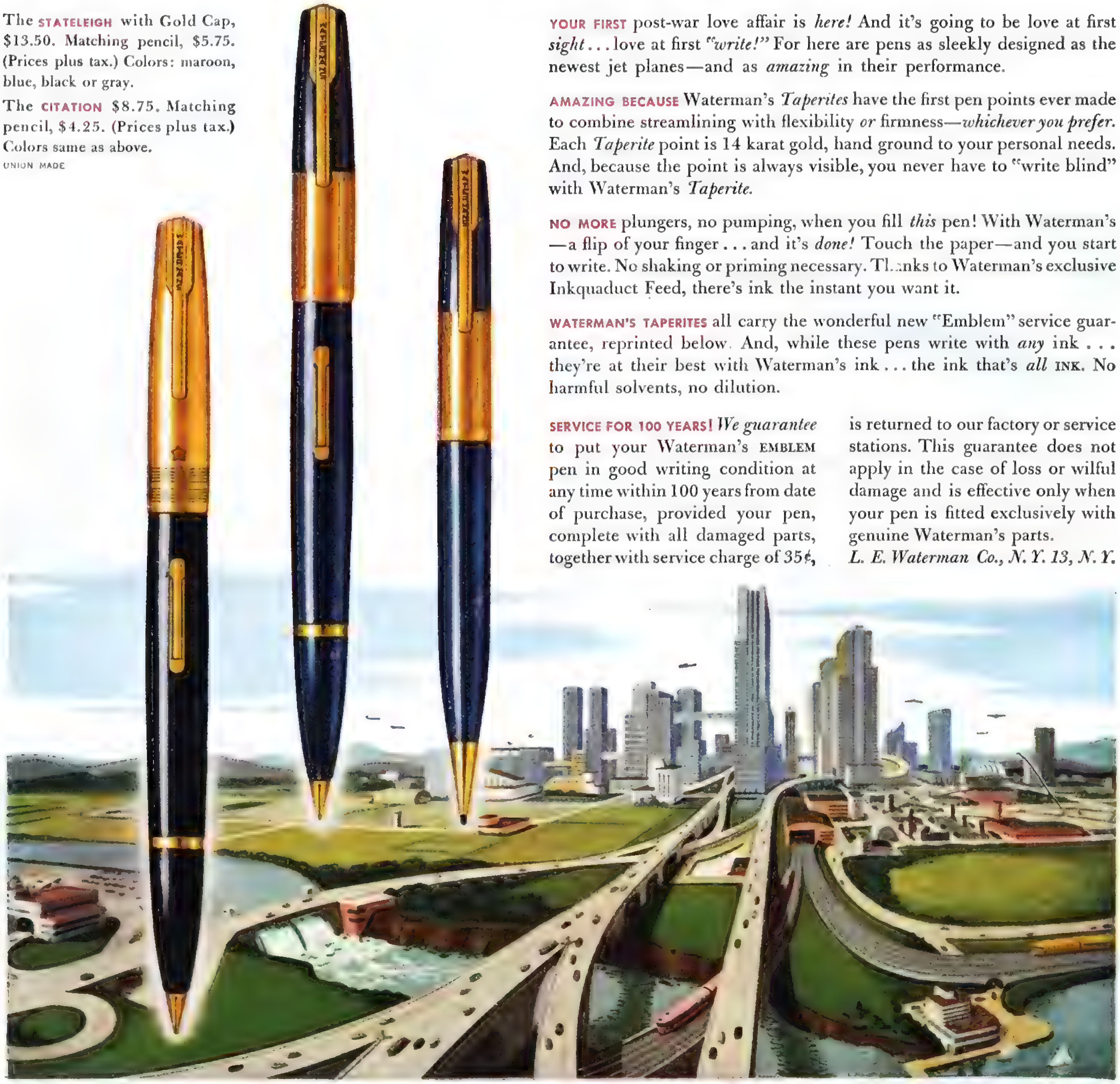
YOUR FIRST post-war love affair is *here!* And it's going to be love at first *sight*... love at first *"write!"* For here are pens as sleekly designed as the newest jet planes—and as *amazing* in their performance.

AMAZING BECAUSE Waterman's *Taperites* have the first pen points ever made to combine streamlining with flexibility *or* firmness—*whichever you prefer.* Each *Taperite* point is 14 karat gold, hand ground to your personal needs. And, because the point is always visible, you never have to "write blind" with Waterman's *Taperite.*

NO MORE plungers, no pumping, when you fill *this* pen! With Waterman's—a flip of your finger... and it's *done!* Touch the paper—and you start to write. No shaking or priming necessary. Thanks to Waterman's exclusive Inkquaduct Feed, there's ink the instant you want it.

WATERMAN'S TAPERITES all carry the wonderful new "Emblem" service guarantee, reprinted below. And, while these pens write with *any* ink... they're at their best with Waterman's ink... the ink that's *all* INK. No harmful solvents, no dilution.

SERVICE FOR 100 YEARS! *We guarantee* to put your Waterman's EMBLEM pen in good writing condition at any time within 100 years from date of purchase, provided your pen, complete with all damaged parts, together with service charge of 35¢, is returned to our factory or service stations. This guarantee does not apply in the case of loss or wilful damage and is effective only when your pen is fitted exclusively with genuine Waterman's parts. *L. E. Waterman Co., N. Y. 13, N. Y.*



● *Listen to the Great New* **GANG BUSTERS** *Show... Every Saturday Night at 9:00 E.T. (8:00 C.T., 7:00 M.T., 9:00 P.T.), American Broadcasting Company*

Waterman's *Taperite*

"I'm giving Jack this alarm clock for Christmas . . .

and maybe a Hamilton, too!"

"MY HUSBAND may have to wait till after Christmas for his Hamilton. But at least he'll get a beautiful and bouncing alarm clock—guaranteed to wake him every morning at six sharp!

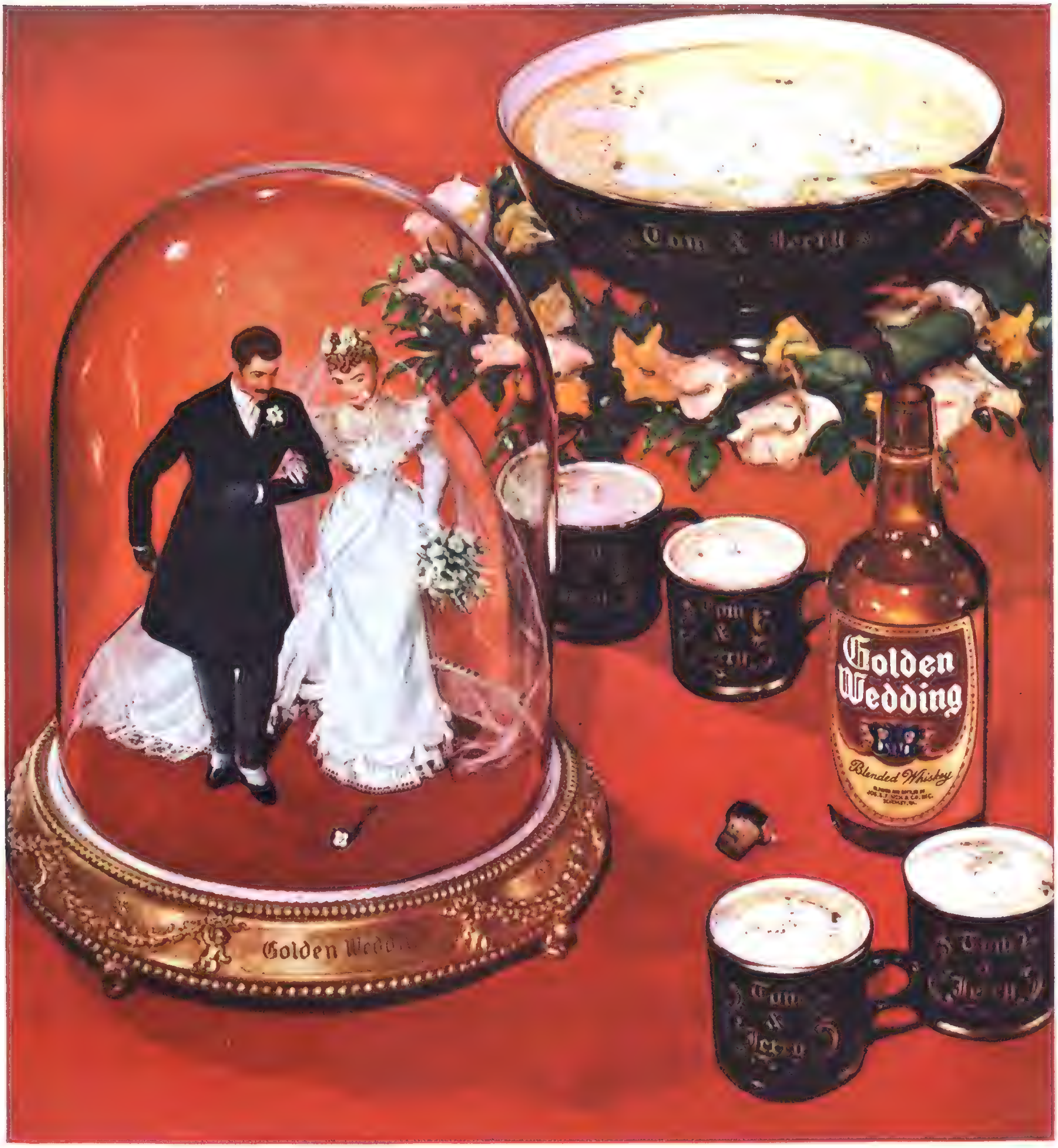
"I don't think Jack will be too disappointed—even though he's wanted a Hamilton ever since he joined the Navy. Last time he was home he told me about the unbelievable accuracy of the Hamilton chronometers and navigating watches on his ship.

" 'Darling,' he said, 'if you're thinking of giving anyone a watch for Christmas, promise me it will be a Hamilton!'

"I got the hint all right. But so far I haven't got the Hamilton. My jeweler says it takes time to make fine peacetime Hamiltons for men and women after years of building only precision timepieces for war. He says that Jack may have to wait till after Christmas for his Hamilton.

"But I don't think he'll be too disappointed. Not when I tell him that his new alarm clock is named Jack, too!"

Choice of a lifetime . . .


Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey

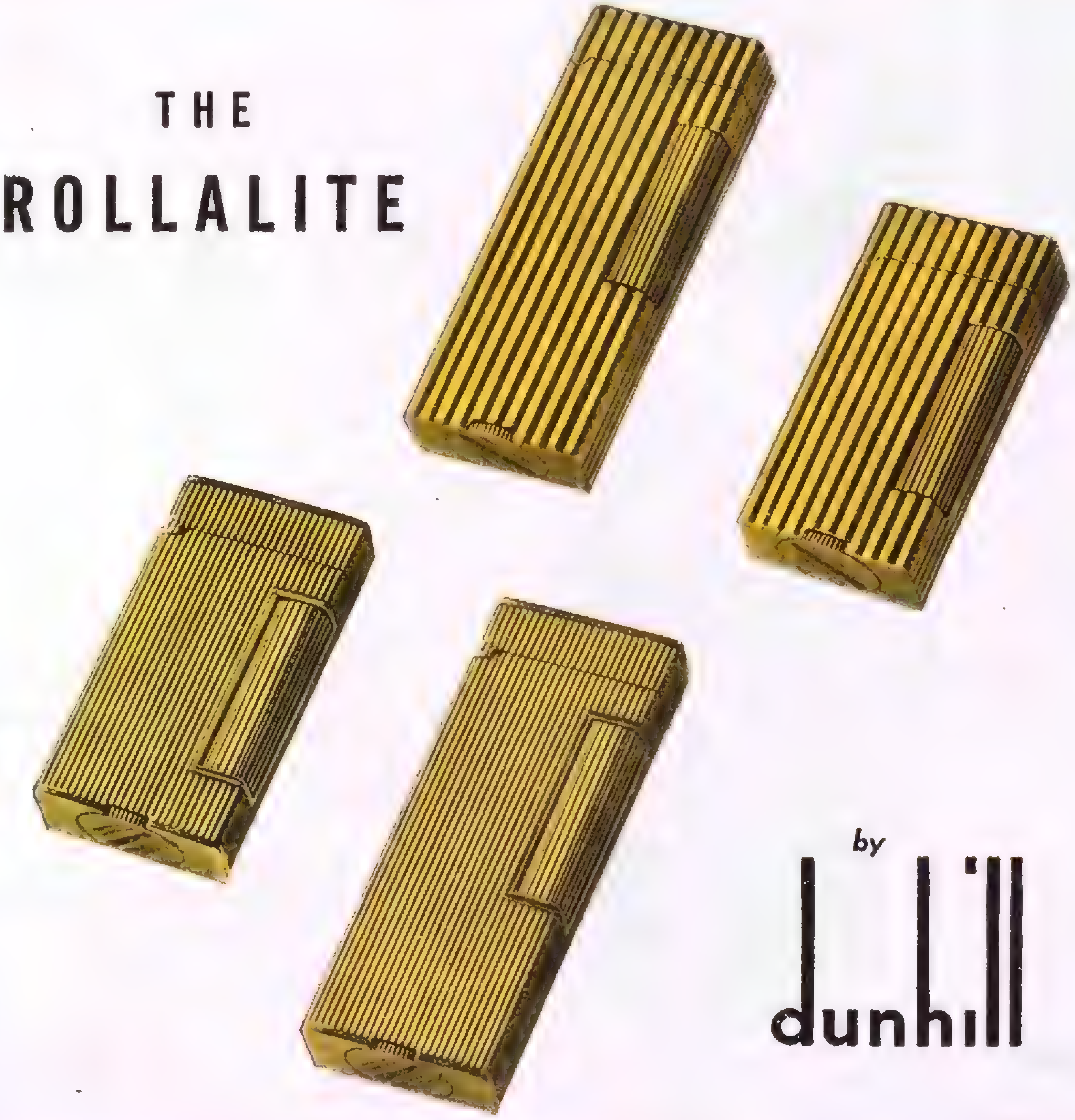
It's Tom and Jerry time! It's time to taste the lighter, finer flavor of the choicest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding*. Make it your choice of a lifetime.

Golden Wedding

Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA

THE ROLLALITE



by dunhill

You'll treasure it all your life

This is the Dunhill masterpiece in lighters. It is the most perfect mechanism of its kind—a precision instrument of remarkable efficiency. Its outer jacket is 14 karat gold and it has lifetime beauty and utility. You'll always treasure it.

Designs of Classic Simplicity

Heavy Ribbed . . . man's size $160.00; lady's size $150.00
Fine lined . . . . . . man's size $135.00; lady's size $125.00

All prices plus Federal Tax

alfred dunhill
660 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

ON THE BOEING SUPERFORTRESS

Lighter, stronger, U. S. Royal Airplane Tires with bodies of nylon cushioned the plane that struck the last blows of the war.

FOR THE BOEING STRATOCRUISER

U. S. Royals, designed for deluxe air travel, are ready now to cushion the take-offs and landings of the superairliners of peace.

She will wear Nylons too!

There are Nylons ready now for America's Queens of the Air.

For nylon cord forms the "backbone" of a new tire.

—a tire as advanced as the Superfortresses that it cushions

—a lighter, stronger, safer tire

—a tire that bears the trusted name "U. S. Royal."

These airplane tires with bodies of nylon were pioneered for the Aviation Industry by the scientists and engineers of United States Rubber Company. They have a great war record.

In the ranks of this company are men serving through science. They seek a better way to do a bigger task. That's what makes good tires great tires—on planes, trucks or your own family car.

U.S. TIRES

Serving Through Science

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Prince Matchabelli

FOR HER CHRISTMAS... Stradivari PERFUME

The subtle artistry of this rare and glorious perfume was created to capture a lady's heart. Like the immortal music of the Stradivarii, this perfume of Prince Matchabelli is of incomparable beauty. Let these precious, golden drops carry the infinitely tender gallantry of your heart . . .

In gold-encrusted Crowns, 7.50, 13.50, 25.00 plus tax

FOR SERVICE MEN ONLY . . . So that you may be very much in your Lovely Lady's heart this Christmas . . . we will wrap your gift in gold and holly and send it at no extra charge for wrapping or postage. Write Prince Matchabelli, Inc., 711 Fifth Avenue, New York and enclose a check or money order (include 20% Federal Cosmetic Tax) and the lady's name and address, with the sentiment you'd like on the card. Your order *must* be postmarked from an Army, Navy, Marine or Coast Guard Base.

Prince Matchabelli

Pipe Smoking is a Personal Affair

Did you ever hear of a pipe-smoker accepting a friend's offer of a pipe-load of tobacco without finding out what kind of tobacco it was? Hardly—because pipe tobaccos reflect very personal preferences. A blend that is one man's favorite may not satisfy another at all.

For more than 93 years, Christian Peper has recognized and catered to the high degree of discrimination exercised by pipe-smokers in the selection of their tobaccos. Handed down through three generations is a rare blending skill which has created brands famous the world over.

Seven outstanding Christian Peper tobaccos are shown on this page—each with a personality developed for a definite type of individual. Perhaps, among them, is one that deserves *your* investigation. Your favorite tobacco store is ready to serve you.

Christian Peper

FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

St. Louis

BCM
Brush Creek
SMOKING MIXTURE

For the "rugged individualist" looking for a different taste uncommon in American blends.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

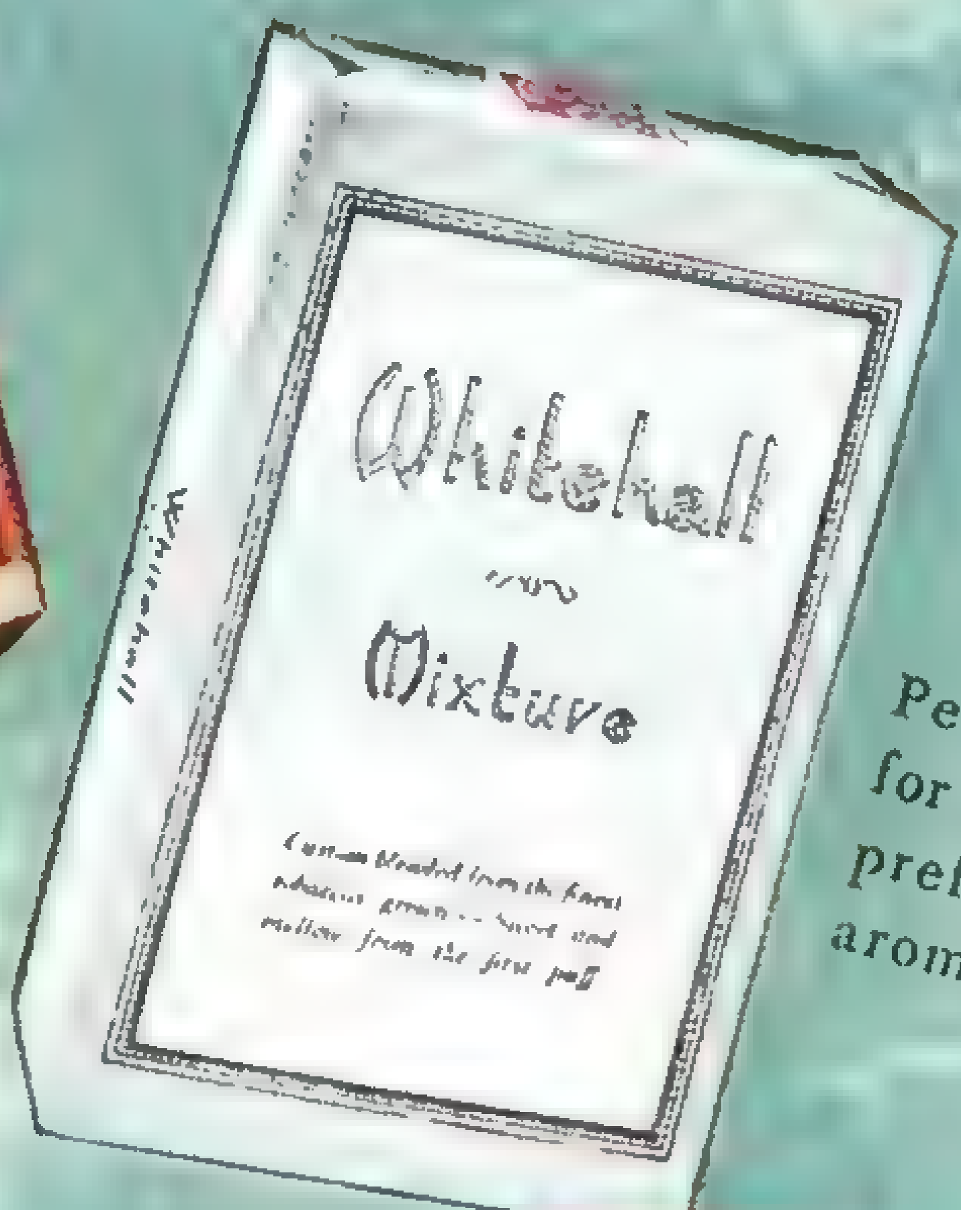
For the connoisseur of rich and aromatic blends. "America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco."

Dunniford
THE CONNOISSEUR
Blend

Definitely masculine with rich mildness. Right for outdoor hobbies, for indoor hours.

Lord Clive
ENGLISH BLEND
PIPE
Mixture

Created for smokers who want a tobacco with that individuality characteristic of "export" blends.


Whitehall
Mixture

Perfectly blended for the smoker who prefers a slightly aromatic tobacco.

Your relative or friend who smokes a pipe will appreciate a supply of tobacco for Christmas.

Peper's
OLD FASHIONED
Pipe Mixture

For those who seek a blend fashioned after the old-time "hand-made" smoking mixtures.

Christian Peper's
Pouch Mixture
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

For the many men who like a pleasantly mild blend with a "balanced" tobacco flavor.

©1945, CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO., ST. LOUIS

California Summaker Colors
in
COHAMA Ties
$1-150

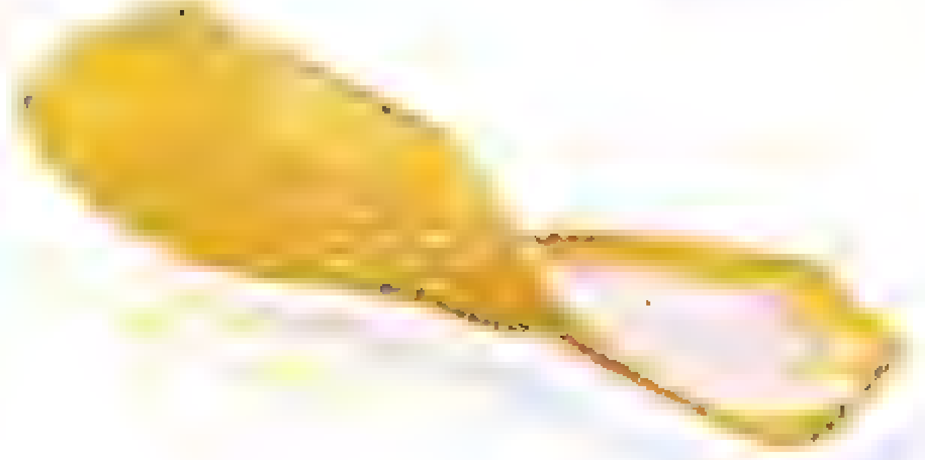
AT YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S STORE, OR WRITE COHAMA TIE FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

What a Great Gin

a twist of

can do for



lemon peel

NOW with *some* Martinis, that final twist of lemon peel says, "Keep your fingers crossed." *But begin with Gilbey's and every little twist of peel has a meaning all its own!* GILBEY'S, world-favorite gin for nearly a century, does wonderful things for Martinis. So twist away, little lemon peel *...be a finishing flair for Flavor...a topmost tiara for Taste!*

GILBEY'S *the International* GIN

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Of course he wears

a Van Heusen shirt

Like to look spruced up yet feel relaxed? Then Van Heusen is the shirt for you. The famous Van Heusen attached collar is non-wilt. It stays neat without starch. What about the rest of the shirt? It's tailored by Van Heusen, which always means tops in styling, fit, finish. Sanforized, Laundry Tested—a new one free if a Van Heusen shirt shrinks out of size. Worth waiting for if your dealer can't fit you right away.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1.

VAN HEUSEN

Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sportswear

For Any Man's Xmas
—at home or abroad

To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models in choice century old American briar, rich-grained, with a craftsman finish.

BILTMORE PIPE CO.
Fifth Ave., N. Y.

$3.50

Biltmore imported Algerian Briars, at $5 $7.50 $10

Biltmore "BLUE RIBBON" PIPES

WHY BE SHORT

The Encyclopedia on Height

Tells all the different methods of appearing taller, with detailed explanation and many illustrations, by Paul O'Neil, authority on height. Received excellent book reviews in national magazines. $1 copy; library edition, $2. At your bookstore, or direct from publisher; no C.O.D.'s.

LITTLE MANUAL PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. F, 15 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Largest Stock of Fine China And Crystal In New York!

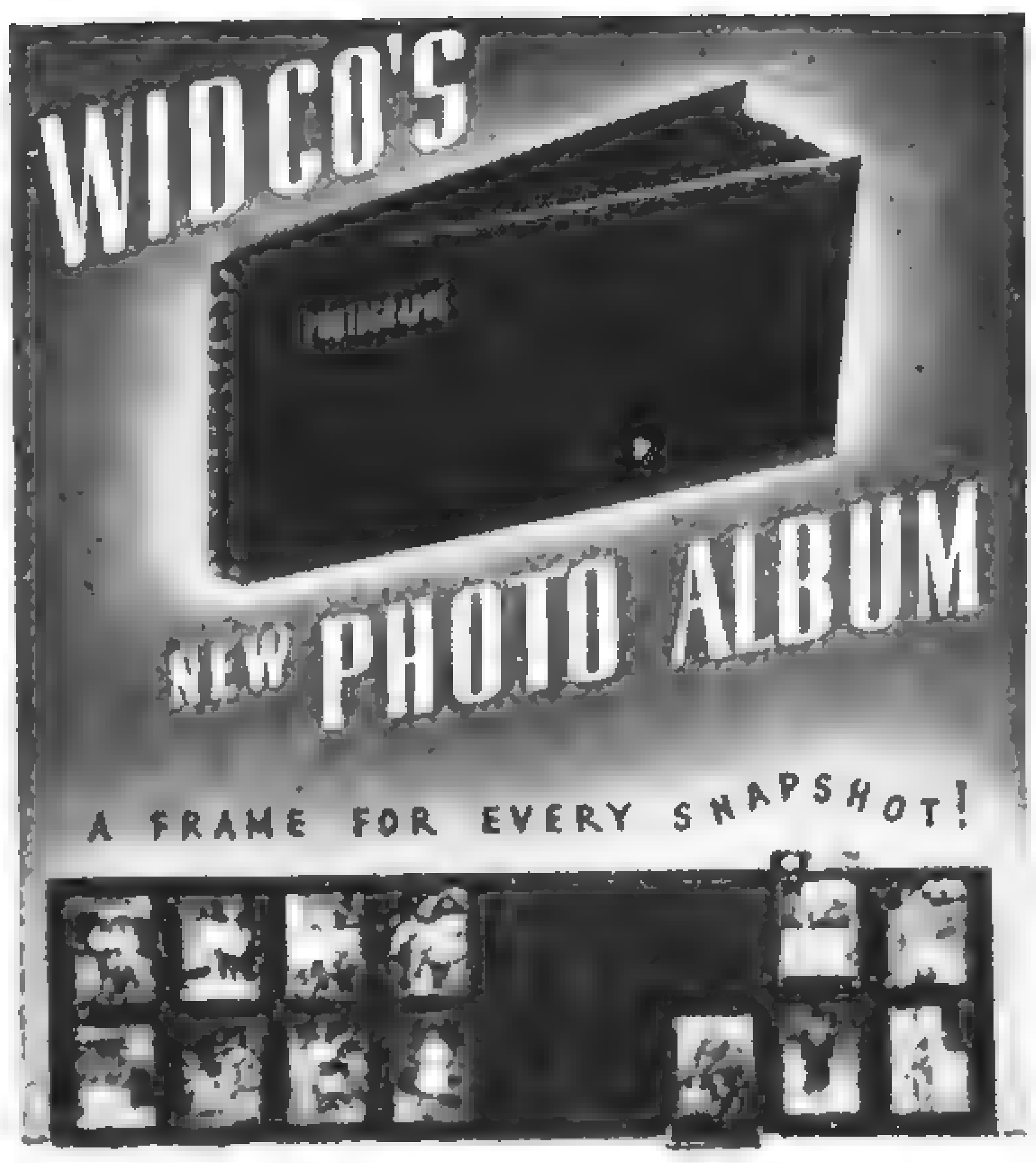
For that hard-to-please man, here's a gift that's sure of a warm welcome. Convenient and eye-filling is this handsome set of eight hiball glasses, eight glass stirrers, a jigger and tray. The 12 oz. hiballs are of splendid crystal with cut thistle or ear of rye. (State choice.) The jigger holds enough for a man-size drink and the stirrers are of good weight.

Heavy, Walnut-finish tray, 9 x 16½ ins., holds glasses compactly and safely in sunken sockets with cork base. Practical, too, with its raised single handle in black and chrome. Set $19.50.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. E, 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE Gift Catalogue.

Name..

Address..



NO PASTING FUSS CORNERS!

It's so easy to "album" your pictures—Just insert them. No more trouble with paste or hinges or tricky slots. Here, at last, is the photo album you have always wanted . . . neat, *improved*, beautifully plastic bound. Holds 192 photographs—each in its own frame, and you can file negative behind each picture.

For 116 and 120 size snapshots. Price $5.00 ea.

Ask for the new Widco Photo Album at your photo, gift, stationery, luggage, or department store, or write direct to Dept. E.

A WIDCO PRODUCT • EST. 1900 • NEW YORK CITY
THE GREATEST NAME IN ALBUMS AND FRAMES!
Widco
SOLELY MANUFACTURED & CREATED BY
J. WIDDER & COMPANY • 110 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Christmas with CROSBY

The most versatile, most universally popular of all Holiday albums: traditional Christmas melodies by BING CROSBY. Silent Night, Adeste Fideles, White Christmas, Santa Claus Is Coming To Town, and others. Five 10" double-sided records, in album, prepaid in U.S.A. $4.10

Another Favorite Album:

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

played by OSCAR LEVANT with Phila. Orch., conducted by ORMANDY. Two 12" records in colorful gift album, $3.20 prepaid.

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 8, New York 19

The Masques

An Original by OTTO GRUN

Here is an entirely new and different idea. The Masques of Comedy and Tragedy, laughter and tears, make the really unusual Christmas gift, cuff links for the man and ear clips for your favored lady, sterling silver, hand chased.

The Cuff Links are . . $29.50

The Ear Clips are . . . $22.50
Tax Included

Also available in 14 kt. gold, hand chased, at $50. and $60. respectively, tax included.

THE OTTO GRUN FRIENDSHIP RING

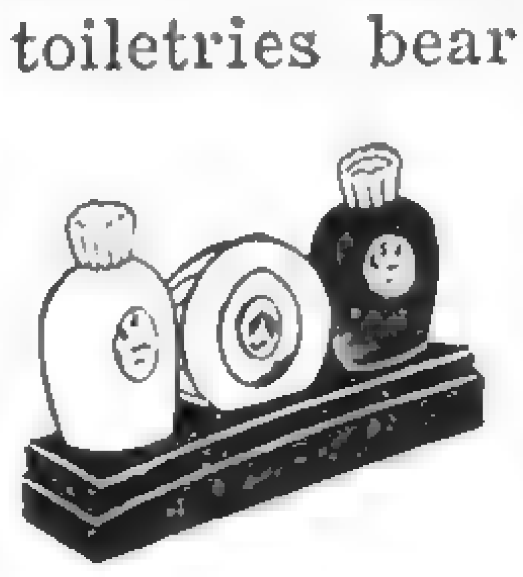
From him to her, from her to him, or better still, from both. In sterling silver, each link flat filed and hand finished.

$5.00 Tax Included
Specify ring size

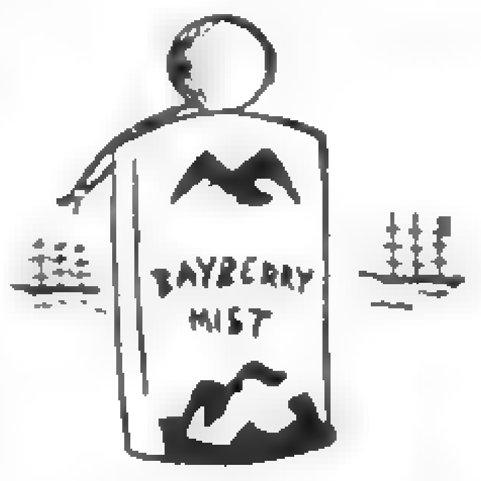
If your favorite store cannot supply you, send check or money order to

OTTO GRUN & CO.
48 W. 48 ST. • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

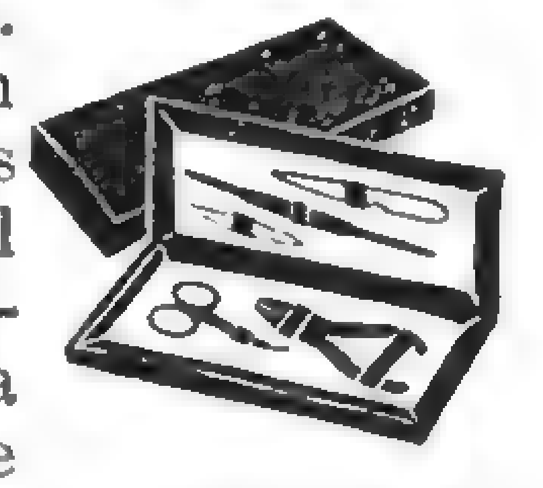
Talking Shop



SPRUCE UP! There's a great demand in masculine circles for toiletries bearing the scent of dunes, pines, ferns, etc. There's a new line, tinctured with spruce from our own Northern forests. Shave bowl, talcum and lotion and a box of man-sized, sooth-shaped soap. Boxes are accented with pine cones, bottles are niftily shaped.



PROVINCETOWN PROPAGANDA. Those of you gents who entertain genuine nostalgia for Cape Cod with its odors of pine, ferns and bayberries, take heed. A Provincetown firm puts out a shaving set scented with bayberry with an undertone of pine. Cologne, lotion, talcum in suede-like covered bottles, staunch wooden tops. Quite a conceit.



DIGIT GROOMING. It's not always convenient to hold hands with that blonde manicurist in the barber shop. Every gentleman should have his own personal manicure equipment. Such as a breast pocket-size pigskin case which contains scissors, nail clip, tweezers, file and comb. Or a travel kit in saddle leather fitted with forged steel clippers, scissors, etc. Compact for packing.

POWDERED SHAMPOO. Now that the fighting's over, chaps in occupied countries will have more time for personal grooming. Powdered shampoo soap is a great boon. Lathers well in hard, soft or even sea water . . . one little package works up to a terrific foam. Lavender-scented. Send with it some hard-milled lavender-scented soap and shaving cream said to soften the toughest growth. All bear the label of a famous London firm.

KIDS WILL LOVE IT. A new card game called "Autographs," played like that old favorite "Authors". Cards contain pictures of various famous people, movie stars, sports characters, commentators, etc., with their various autographs and a thumbnail sketch of their lives. Another ingenious new game is called "Roadblock," object being to build an unbroken line or road out of various confusing squares of cardboard.

PARTY FUN!

MONOGRAMMED ACCESSORIES

Brighten Parties — Save Furniture!

It's much more fun entertaining with accessories monogrammed with your own name or initials! SPECIAL PARTY SET: 50 Coasters, 50 Napkins, 50 Match Books, only $2.95. White or Canary Yellow. Monogrammed Coasters 50 for $1.00. Napkins 50 for $1.00. Match Books 50 for $1.25. *Swell Xmas gifts.* Beautifully boxed and prepaid!

PERSONAL LABELS

For books, photos, music, magazines, make quick letterheads, return address on envelopes—1001 uses! Printed in 2 colors with your name and address. Pad of 300, only $1.00

UNUSUAL GIFTS
Send for
Free Catalog

GIFTCRAFT, 1234 East 47th Street, Chicago 15, Ill.

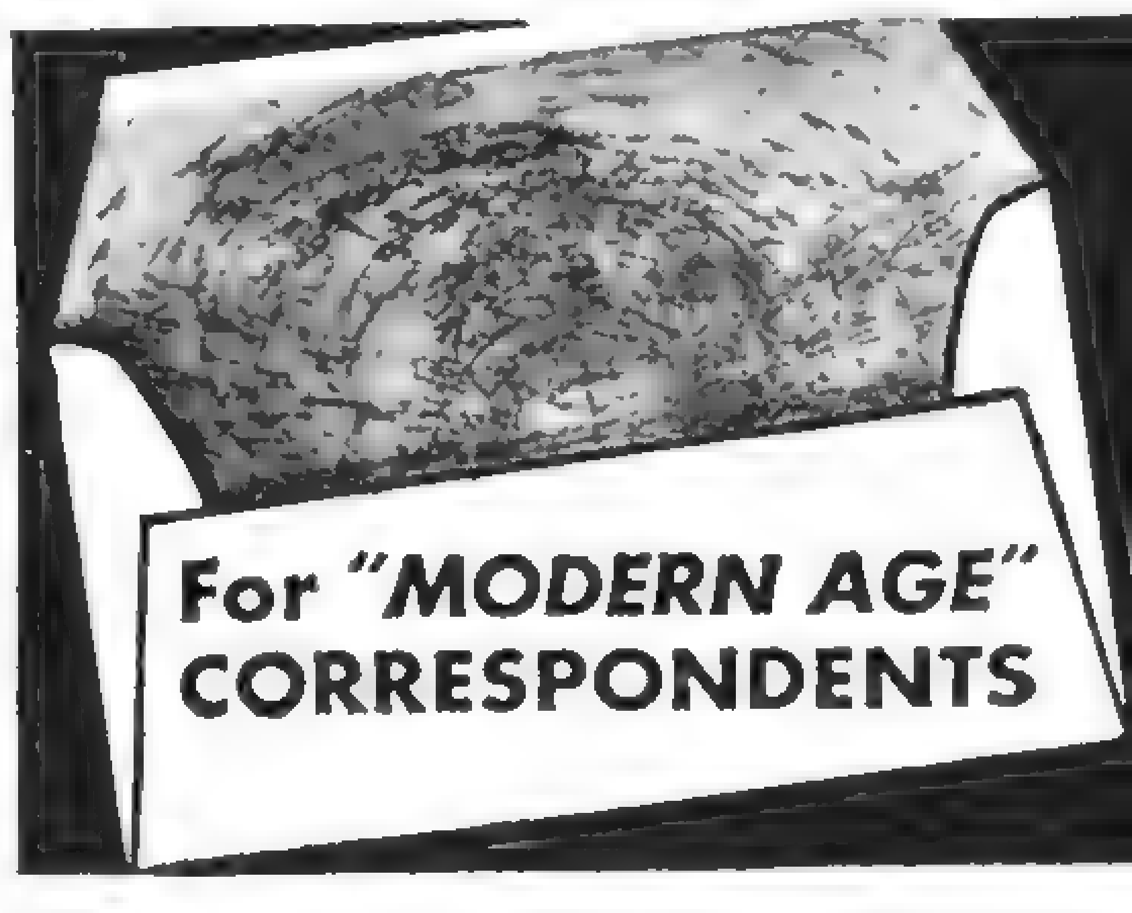
"BRIGHT EYES"

Irresistible lapel foolery. Press his tail and his eyes light up. All hand made of leather and yarn with a pin for purse or lapel — red, green, white, tan, black. Complete with battery.

Catalog on Request

$2.50 Post Paid • Check or M. O. • No C. O. D.'s

GIFT CLUES 337 E. 42nd ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Dept. E



New! Sensational! Envelope with World Map in 9 colors as a lining! Enclosed with writing paper in beautifully embossed

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE PORTFOLIO

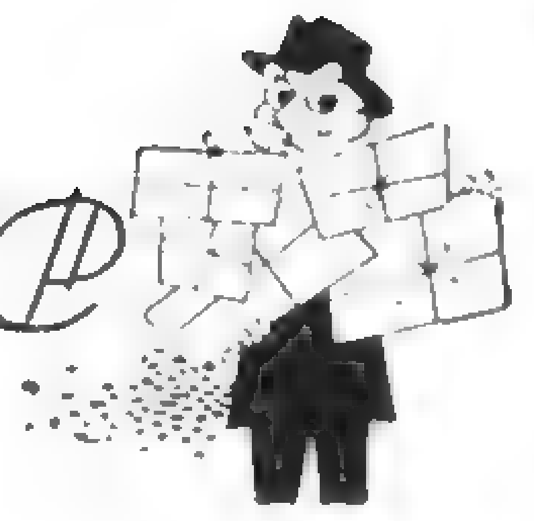
which later may be used to keep or carry personal papers.

CONTAINS:
25 WORLD MAP ENVELOPES
50 SHEETS SUPERFINE WRITING PAPER
WORLD ATLAS with Postal Guide Airways Map of U.S.

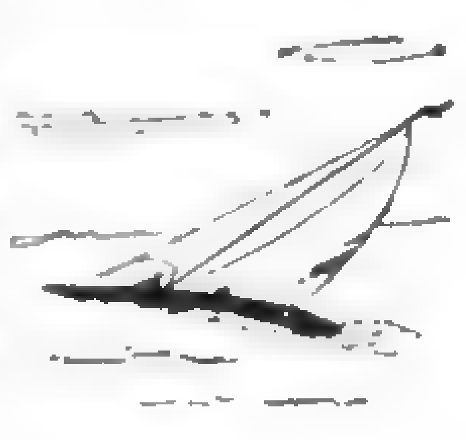
Just $1.95 *postpaid*
(Personalize your gift by having name gold-stamped on cover — only 30c extra.)

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
SUITE 459
80 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. C.

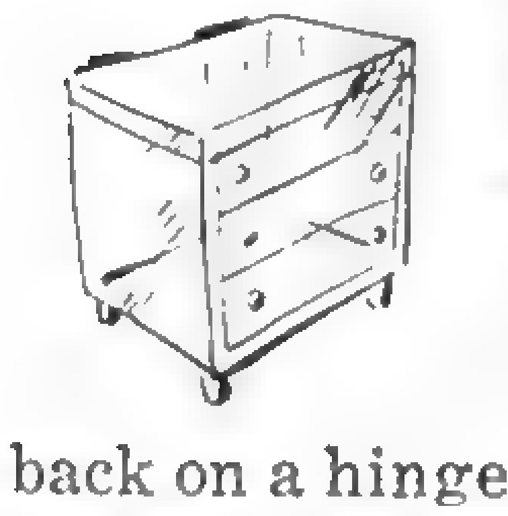
with Esquire



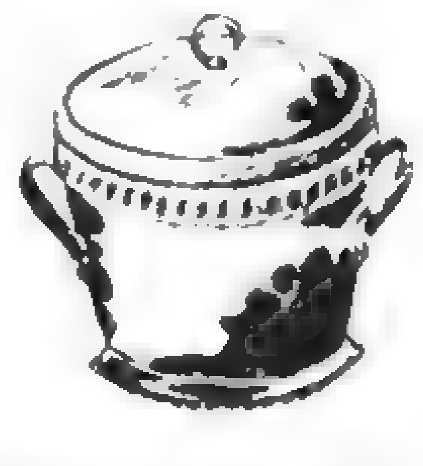
NON TIP-NON SLIP. Smartest and simplest idea in ages . . . "drink anchors." To all intents and purposes they look like the usual wooden bottle or highball glass holders done in nicely lacquered Honduras mahogany. But that's not all. Underneath, each has a novel suction cup arrangement, that clings to any smooth surface like a barnacle. Yachtsmen claim drink anchors will hold a full bottle at right angles when the boat lurches. They're also swell for use in the patio in a brisk wind, or in the bar when your guests begin to enjoy themselves.



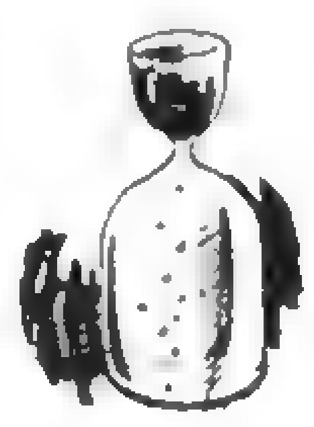
LOVELY LUCITE. They're doing all manner of decorative things with crystal-clear lucite. A cigarette box which when closed looks like a miniature chest of drawers. To open, give top a push and the drawers slide back on a hinge . . . in layers. Can be used for jewels or cigarettes. Lucite coasters . . . a set of eight 4" square coasters standing upright in a compact lucite carrying rack when not in use. Surfaces of the coasters are circular-ridged so they do not stick to the bottoms of glasses.



ICE BUCKET. A sturdy, useful item of hammered aluminum. The vacuum insulated glass liner assures you of plenty of ice cubes all evening. Bucket can also be used to keep liquids or foods hot or cold for many hours. Overall height, 8½".

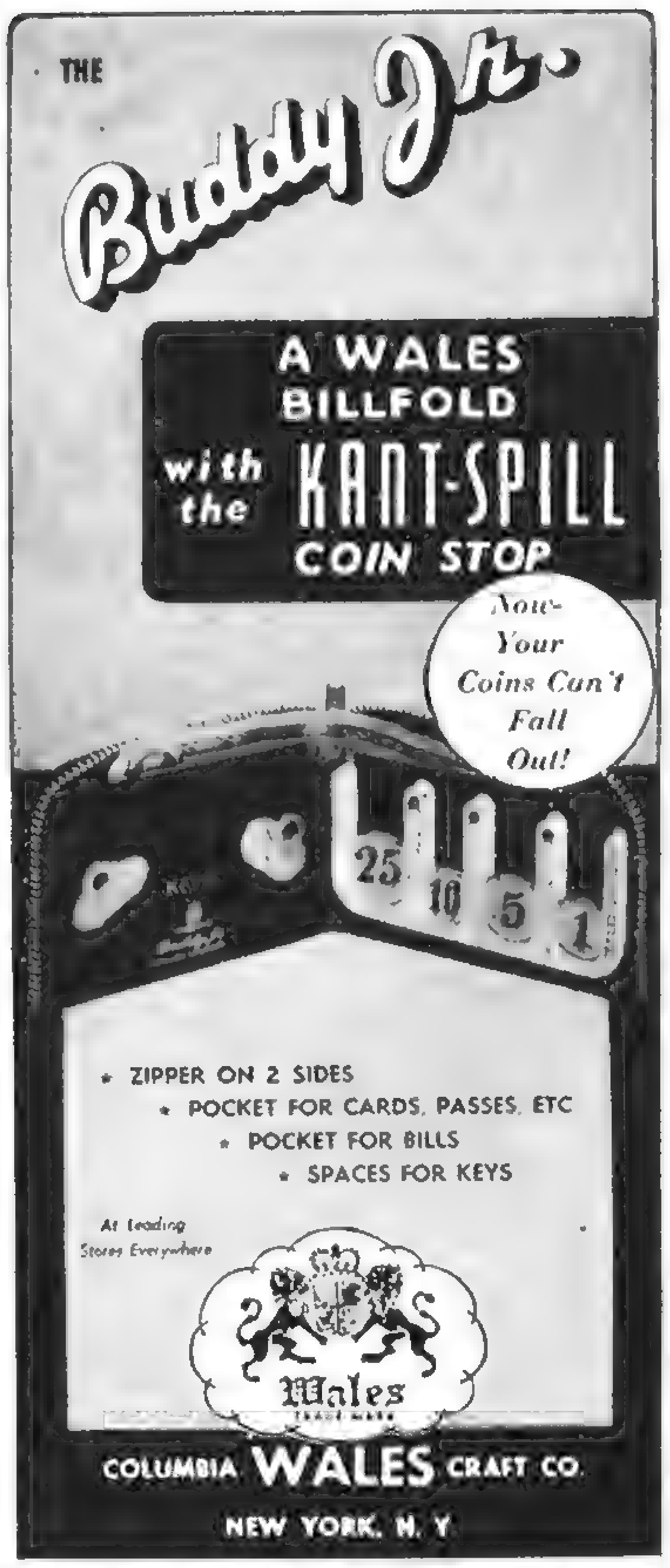


SHOT GLASS. Novel gift for your pals who like their liquor straight . . . with a water or soda chaser. Built on the principle of an hour glass, the top of the glass holds just the right amount of liquor, whilst the bottom is large enough to contain a substantial chaser. Liquor being the lighter ingredient, it "stays put" on top, declining to mix with the water or soda in the lower part.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.


THE
Buddy Jr.
A WALES BILLFOLD
with the KANT-SPILL COIN STOP
Now—Your Coins Can't Fall Out!
25
10
5
1
Wales

- ZIPPER ON 2 SIDES
- POCKET FOR CARDS, PASSES, ETC
- POCKET FOR BILLS
- SPACES FOR KEYS

At Leading Stores Everywhere

COLUMBIA WALES CRAFT CO.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

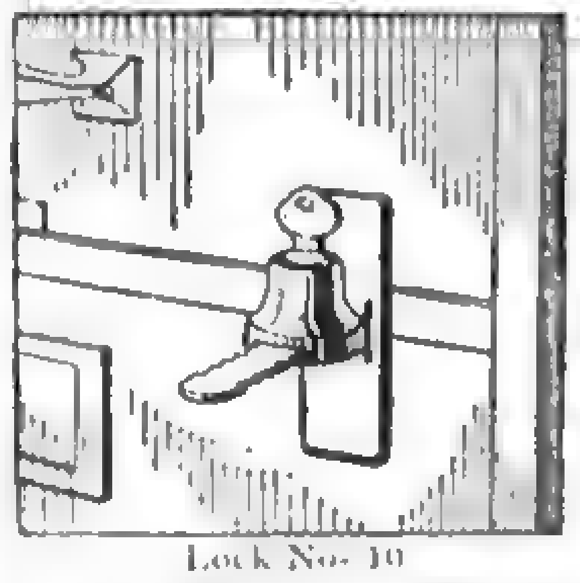
FEL-MOCS

THE CLASSIC NORWEGIAN MOCCASIN
for Men or Women

Indoors they're slippers, outdoors shoes. So soft and comfortable, you'll hardly know you have them on. Fine quality mellow-brown hand-stained leather, waterproof long-wearing soles. People in service say "Of all gifts sent us, Felt-Mocs are the most useful and practical". No trick to fit; just send exact shoe size, include ration stamp and 25c to cover shipping $5.75

Fellman Ltd. Dept. E-12
6 E. 46 St. N.Y. 17

NEW WONDER LOCK
No Screws-No Nails-No Holes to Drill



Lock No. 10

Slips on instantly and locks securely. Designed to fit every type of drawer or door. Has 4 adjustable positions. Locks two drawers at one time. Will not scratch furniture or woodwork. Has beautiful rust-proof finish. Theft proof. Thousands in daily use by leading firms, department stores and U. S. Government agencies. Ideal for home, office, factory or hotel use. Splendid for locking work benches or store rooms. (Also made for glass or wood sliding show case doors.) *Priced only $2.50 each.* Send check or money order today. Full satisfaction or money back guaranteed. (When ordering 2 or more specify if keys are wanted alike).

WONDER LOCK 53 W. JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

GIVE Autograph CIGARETTES

Superb smokes *made-to-order* with name or initials on each. Exclusive blend of top-quality American and imported tobaccos. Exciting, unique gifts with that *personal touch!*

Gift box of 200 with *popular* first name (like Helen or Jack) 5.50. Box of 400, 10.00.

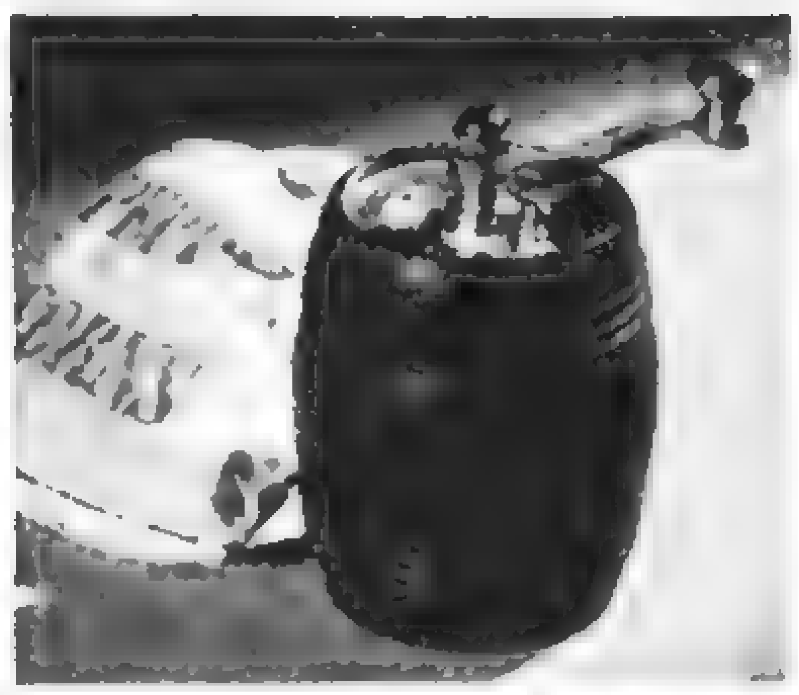
"THE 400" — 400 cigarettes with *any* first name, initials or *full facsimile signature.* Packed to *stay fresh* in smart red gift box. 12.75.

GIFT de LUXE. 500 autograph or initial cigarettes in antique finish Old Print Chest (humidified.) Hardwood, mahogany lined. 19.50.

Send Christmas Orders NOW to
AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTES
452 5th Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

GUNS & SWORDS

Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1700 authentic items. Typical values:
45-70 Breech Loading Springfield Musket . $18.00
1849 Model Colt Muzzle Loading Revolver . $25.00
To get your Illustrated Catalog of over 145 pages, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.**



Old Fashioned PEPPER MILL

A dandy for freshly grinding the seasonings that add so much zest to favorite sauces. Your "amateur chef" will prize it. Comes in mahogany, maple and walnut.

$4.25 postpaid
(Bag of pepper corns included)
No C. O. D.'s please
EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-125
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Handmade 14K. gold wedding rings. Wide garnet-studded reproduction of an old Irish original, $75. Classic braided design, $25. Federal tax included. Write for illustrated booklet.

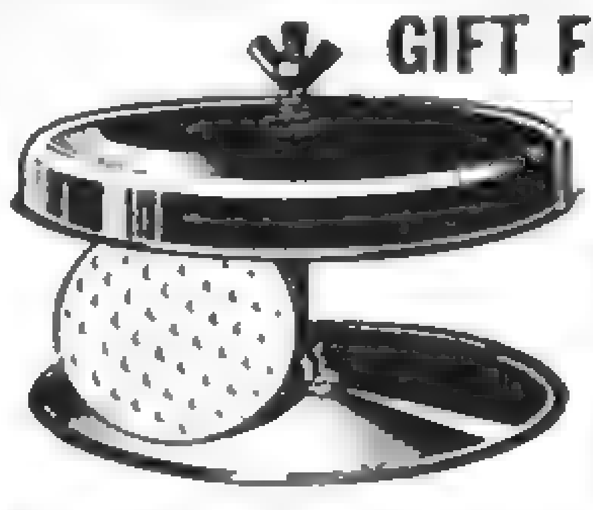
TEMPLE'S
Jewels
518 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22

STINKY
PHOOEY

Statistics show that millions of people have no pets at home — some don't even have one in the office. Here's your opportunity to show off these two jet-black baby skunks made of fine Styson China, each 3½" high. Send a pair to your boss—he will like your sense of humor!

$1.50 the pair, POSTPAID
Crystalier Co.
485 Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y.
*Copyright, Styson Products Co.

GIFT FOR A GOLFER!



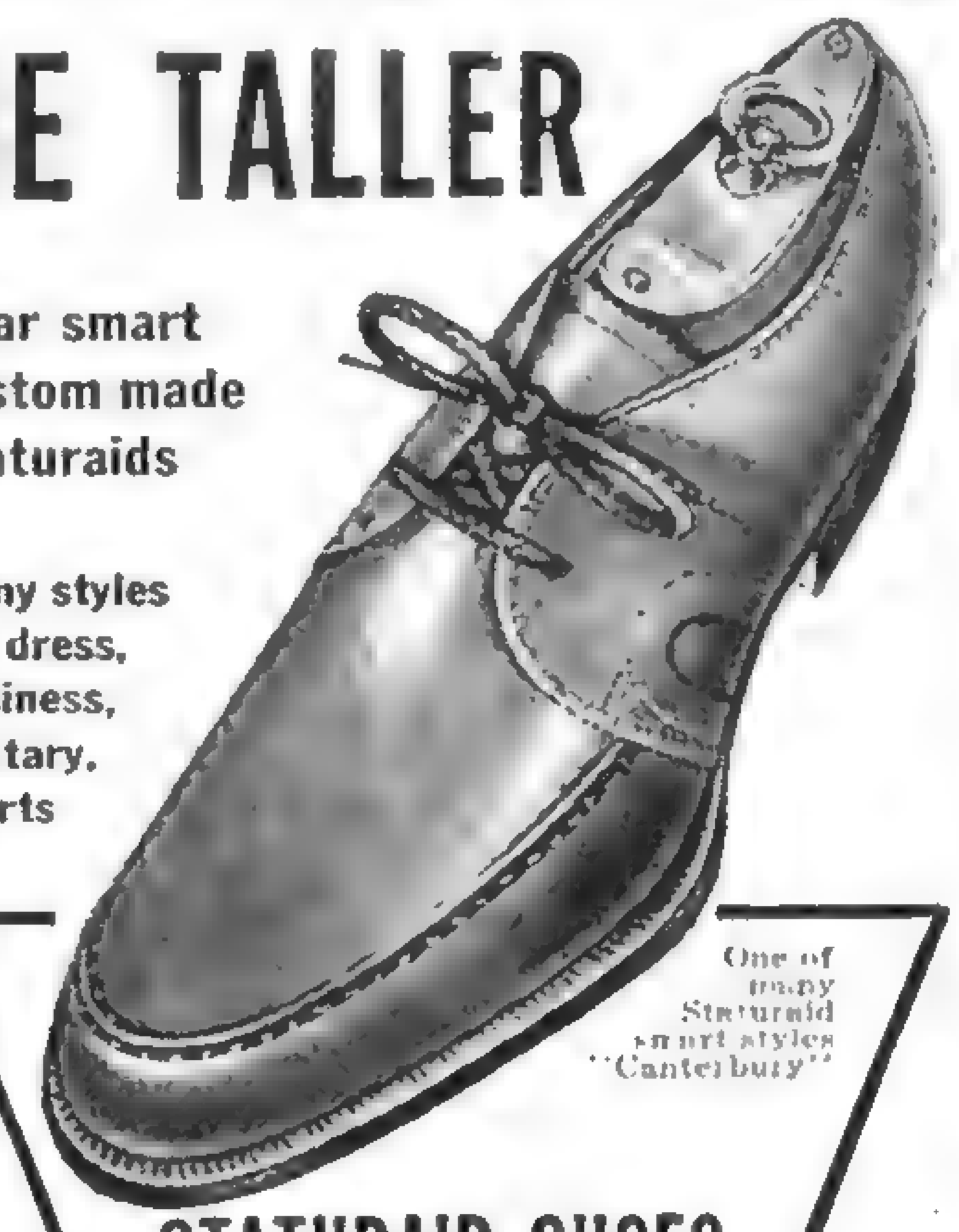
Score a Hole in One Christmas Morn with your golfing friends! PRACTISOR Putting Trap takes shots on rug or lawn. Steadies hand and eye, improves game. Fun for parties! Each $2. or 3 for $5. ppd.

Every Skater Needs a Skate Sharpener!
The Berghman sharpens skates lengthwise, just like professionals. Genuine Alundum stone. Adjustable, fits all skates. Each ppd. $1.00. **D. BERGHMAN CO., 1027 Thatcher Avenue, River Forest, Illinois.**

BE TALLER

wear smart custom made Staturaids

Many styles for dress, business, military, sports



One of many Staturaid smart styles "Canterbury"

STATURAID SHOES
Sold direct to you by maker

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Joseph Burger, Manufacturer Dept. 138
2067 Third Ave. (nr 113 St.) N Y 29, N Y
Please send your catalog, "Rise to new heights"
*Name*________________
*Address*________________

Men's 17 jewel, shock-resistant, Anti-magnetic dress watch . . .
Ladies' 17 jewel, 14K gold watch

HIALEAH
timepieces

WITH THE BERYLLIUM HEARTBEAT

At Quality Shops

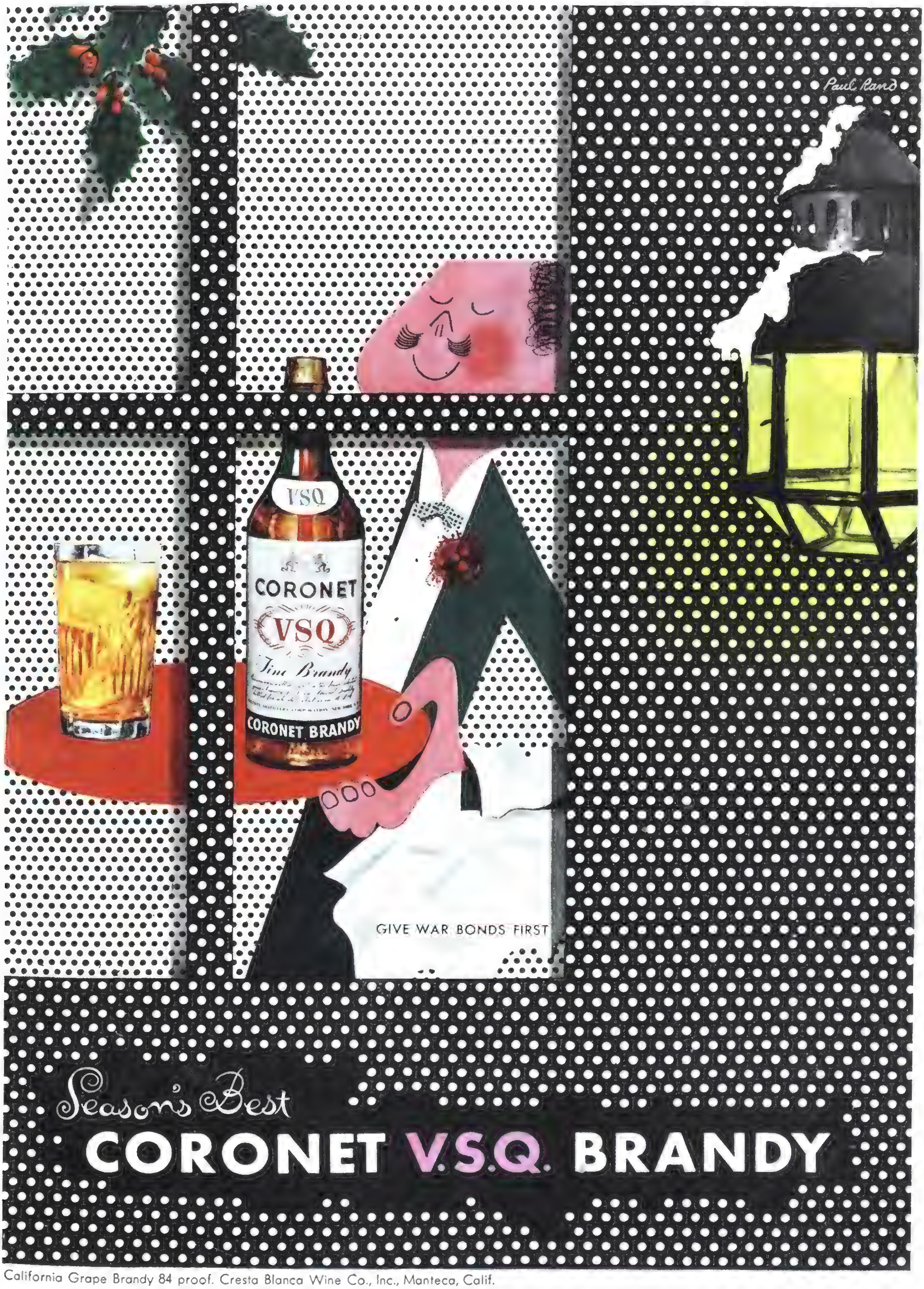
Since 1888 O. MAIRE, INC.
45 Lispenard St., New York 13
Manufacturers & Importers

SWANK

adds genius to Karat Gold

10 KARAT GOLD
Whip Sport Pin $10
Horseshoe Money Klip .. $42
Sport Safety Pin $7.50

S The identifying mark on Swank Karat Gold


Paul Rand
VSQ
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
GIVE WAR BONDS FIRST
Season's Best
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Manteca, Calif.

Marvella
To the only important woman in my life.

Diamond Clasp Collection . . . The Loveliest Pearls Made by Man

is there a woman in your life

important enough

. . . to make you move heaven and earth to gladden her? For whom you seek a gift with a beauty of its own, as simple and perfect as hers, that will live in her memory as she lives in yours. To a man of these sentiments, we bring happy Christmas tidings: We have just perfected a new Marvella quality of wondrous beauty . . . of delicate fire and texture . . . and have strung them into necklaces of sheer enchantment. Single strand with diamond clasp, $35; double strand with diamond clasp, $65; triple strand with diamond clasp, $100. Prices plus 20% Federal Tax. At fine jewelry and department stores everywhere.

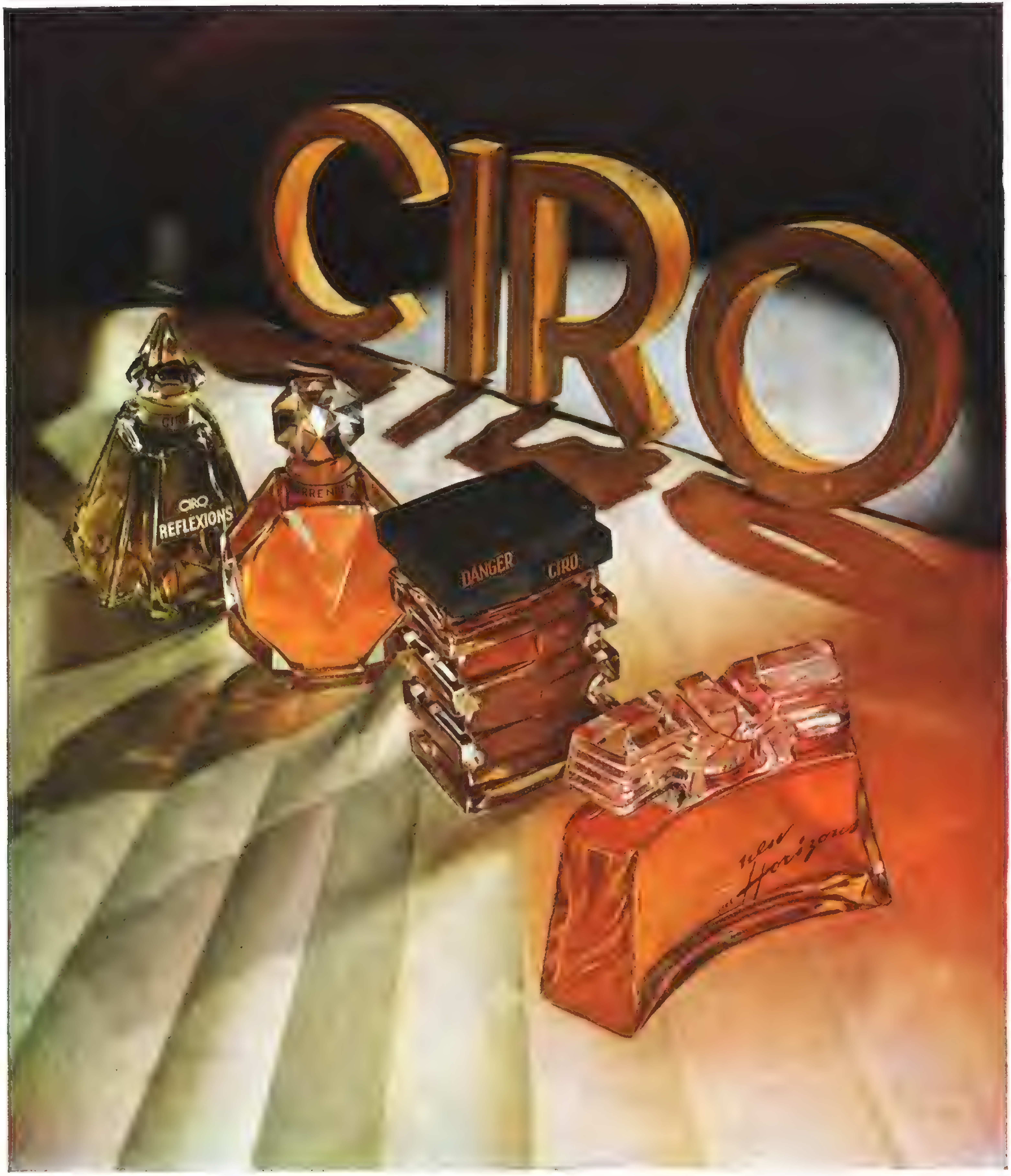
Marvella
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
383 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Jewelers' Quality
Simulated Pearls

GOWN

© 1943

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen

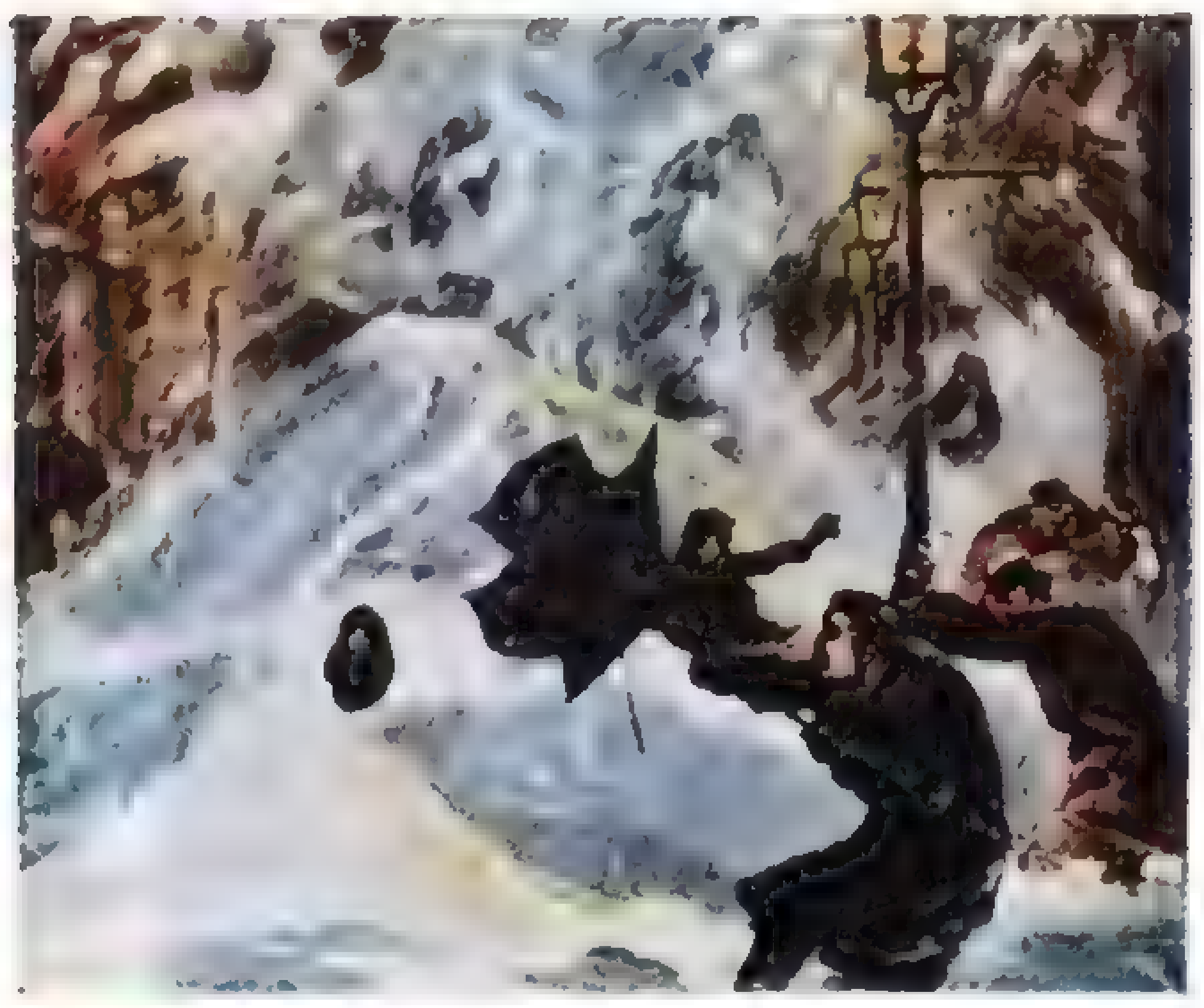

CIRO
CIRO
REFLEXIONS
SURRENDER
DANGER
CIRO
New Horizons

REFLEXIONS	SURRENDER	DANGER	NEW HORIZONS	
$35. 18. 12. 5.	$32. 17.50 10. 5.	$27.50 12.	$27.50 10.50 6.25	(plus taxes)

Four ways to say "Remember Me!"

● And remember—Victory Bonds are still a *"must"*.

How science outwits the weather



1858 **WEATHER** forecasting has "grown up," is no longer pure guesswork. In 1858, almanacs were the only weather forecasters, but progress was being made. The invention of telegraphy, in this year when the name Corby's was introduced in Canada, made it possible to plot weather reports.

1912 **THE GREAT** ocean of air above us was explored by captive balloons carrying weather recording instruments to altitudes of 19 miles. Storm areas were thus reported nationally and weather forecasting became more accurate, as Corby's reached its 54th year of fame in Canada.

1939 **ARCTIC OUTPOSTS** were established by the U. S. and by Russia to report on coming weather by radio and to chart world-wide atmospheric conditions. Meteorology became an important science in a world plunged into war in Corby's 81st year as a great Canadian name.

H. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
& CO. LIMITED

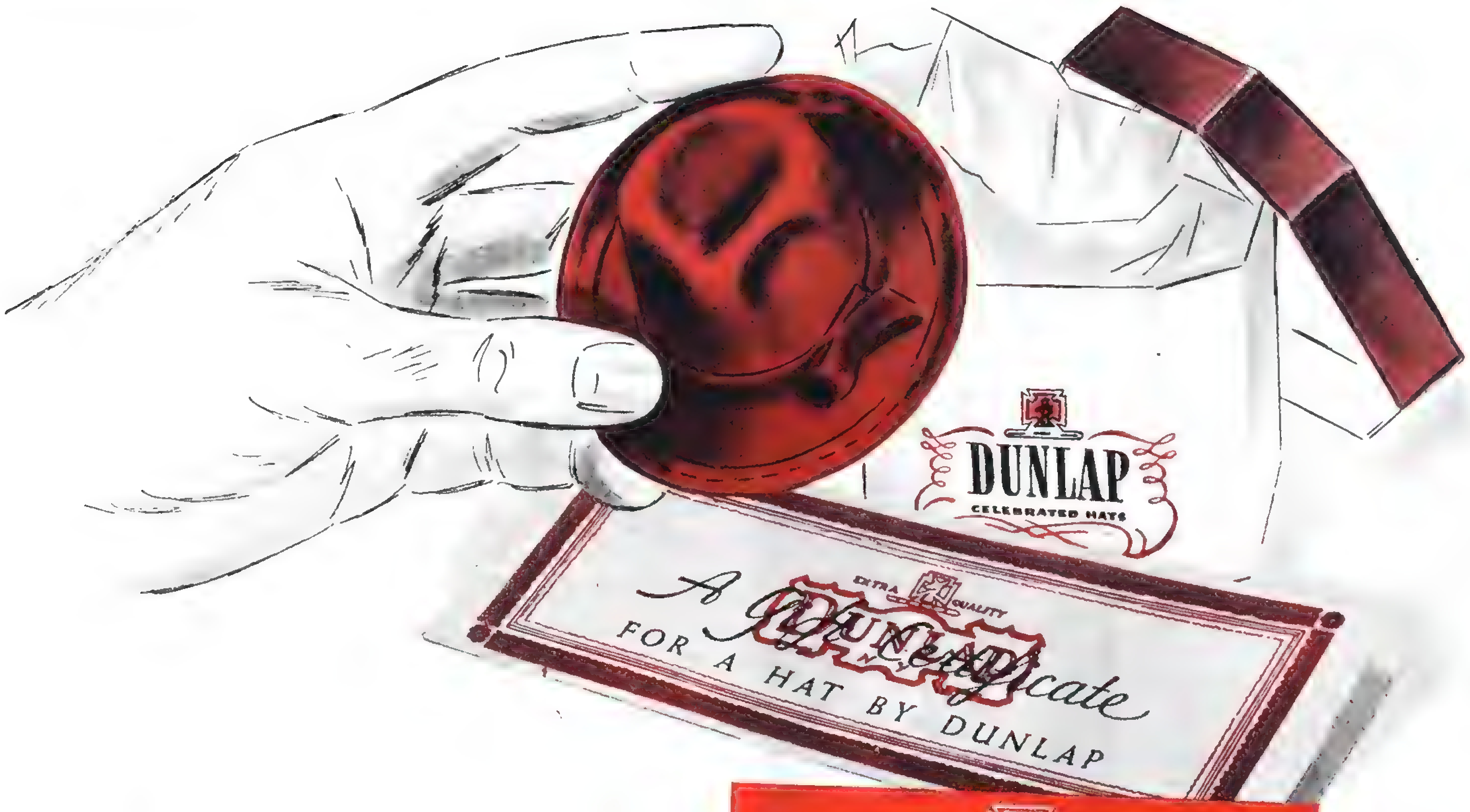
1945 **SCIENCE NOW** uses every resource to forecast the weather for airlines that circle the globe. We all benefit from weather information. But no matter what the weather, there's a light, sociable whiskey that is always "fair and milder." The name Corby's has been a renowned Canadian tradition for 87 years. Today this name in the U. S. A. brings you a blended whiskey that is well worth watching for in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

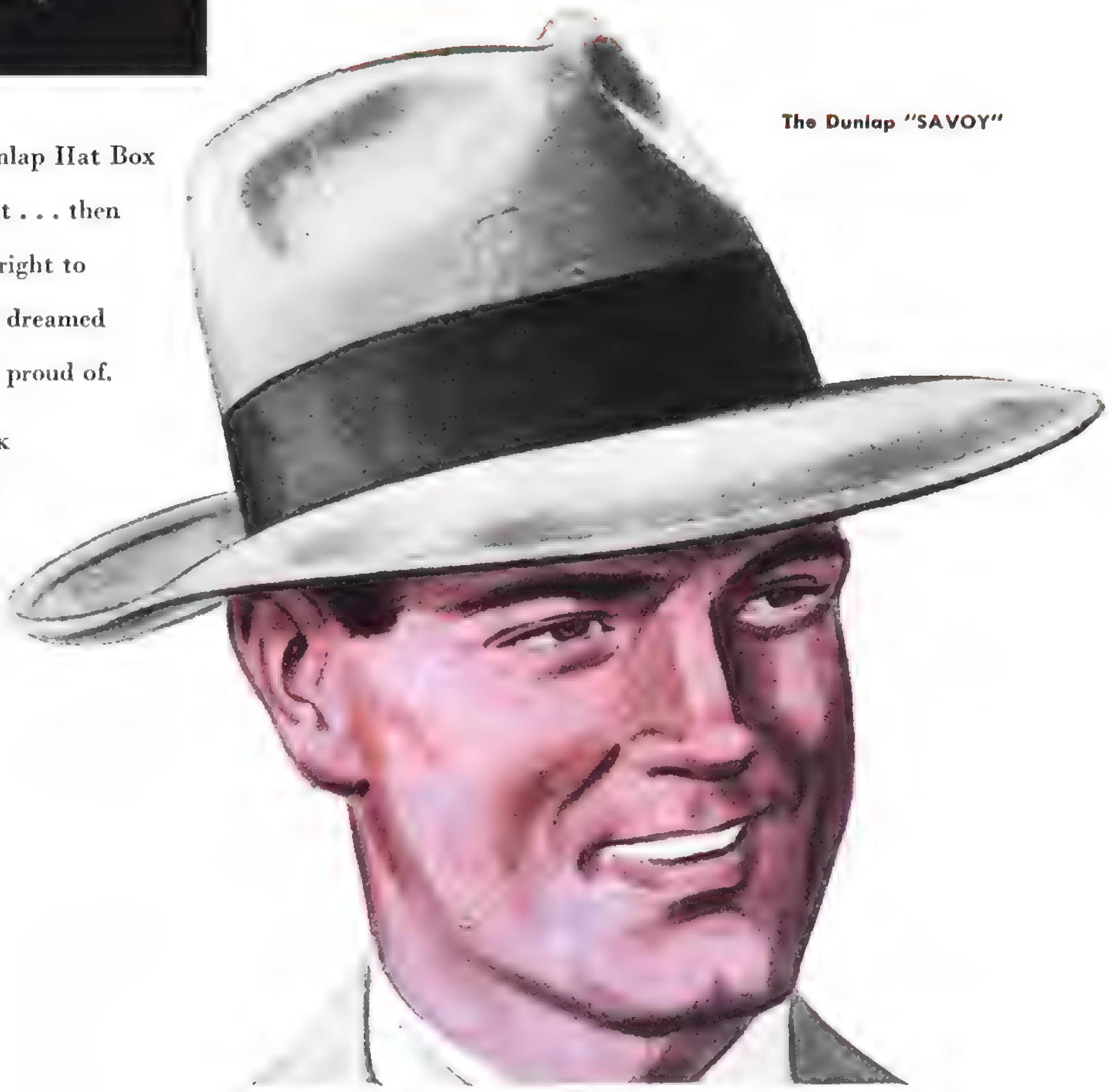
A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill


DUNLAP
CELEBRATED HATS
A Gift Certificate
FOR A HAT BY DUNLAP
EXTRA QUALITY
DUNLAP

TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

Celebrated Hats


The Dunlap "SAVOY"

This Christmas let him hold the tiny Dunlap Hat Box in his hand . . . discover the miniature hat . . . then the Gift Certificate, by which he has the right to choose for himself the finest hat he's ever dreamed of wearing, with a label in it that he'll be proud of.

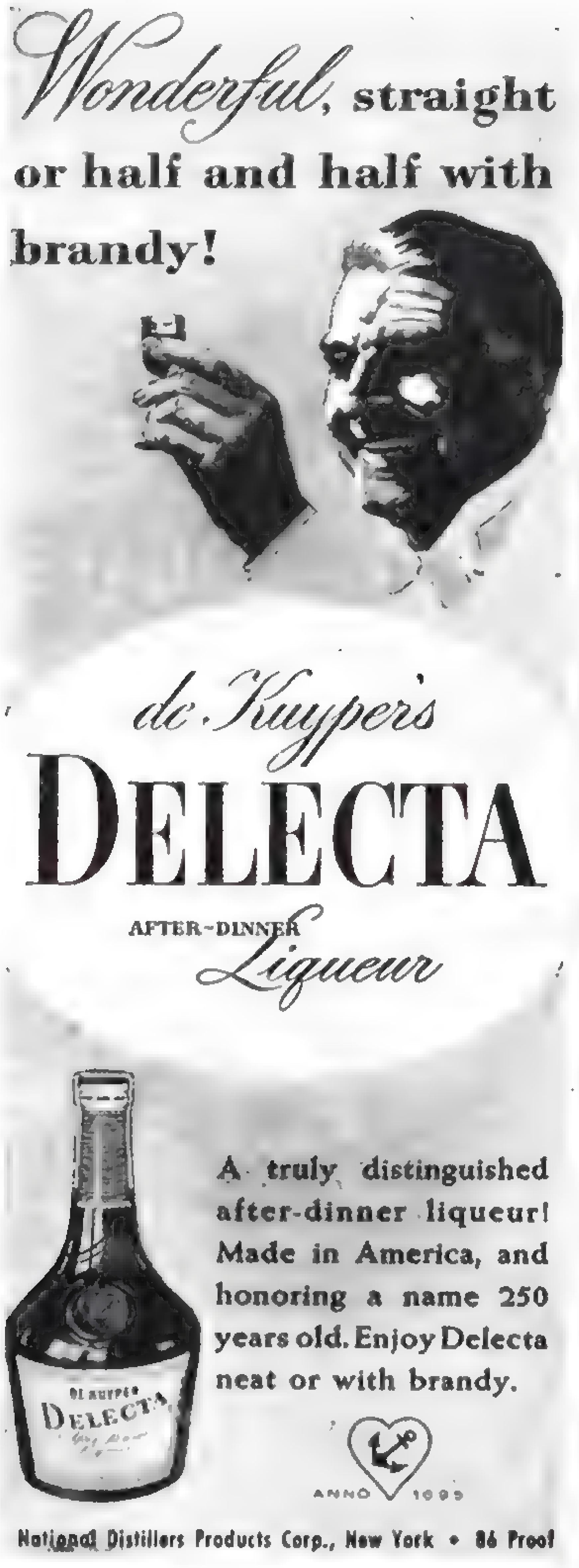
DUNLAP HATS • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
As featured by your Dunlap Dealer

Painting the Town

ON ACCOUNT of bubble and fan distractions, some of the visitors to Jimmy Kelly's famed boite below Washington Square, at 181 Sullivan St., are apt to miss out, especially if they come late, on the swell performances of Solly Sarnatora, overlord of the kitchen, and in so doing they are gypping themselves worse than they know. Ever since this unique spot was opened, more than two decades ago, such specialties as chicken cacciatore, spaghetti with lobster, filet mignon Rossini, and ravioli of secret recipe, have been stellar attractions for the regulars. Jimmy can tell you of a summer eve back in 1924 when desire for a dish of Solly's scallopini with mushrooms lured one Irving Berlin (erstwhile Kelly pianist) from forty miles afield, and partying at the next table was Ellin Mackay, daughter of Clarence H. Mackay. Introduction followed, and you know the rest. Solly's scallopini dood it! So, if you are a bachelor, be wary of emotional attachments to this cookery.

BROADWAY cocktail loungers at the Hotel Astor have the rhythms of Ron Perry to glide to. They who dine or sup in the Columbia Room are hipincited by José Morand and his rumba crew . . . Evelyn Knight (ah!) is visible and audible on the snazzy little stage of the Blue Angel, where select divertissement includes also travestician Irwin Corey . . . The "400" Restaurant (5th Ave. at 43rd), deliriumed with Tommy Dorseyites prancing at the feet of their idol, loses him Nov. 21. But don't count on tranquility thereafter, for in swoops Woody Herman with his swingaballoo.

REMARKABLE how promptly gangplank descenders show up at Café Society Downtown (2 Sheridan Square) for a load of vibrations from boogie-woogians Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and get their land legs to the sizzly strains of Benny Morton's band. What they didn't expect—what comes as an enthralling hush in the hoopla—is the limpid mesmeric singing of freckle-speckled, red-tressed folk thrush Susan Reed, perched on a high-stool and tinkling a zither, which she swaps for an old Irish harp when she trundles that barrow through streets wide and narrow, and is the crowd mussel-bound! Further changes of pace are introduced by dizzy farceuse Imogene Coca caricaturing glam femmes and such, and by lusty barytone Robert Penn who gives samples of musicals he's rôled in. Meanwhile, millers abaft the entrance hawser drill envy-holes in your table.



Wonderful, straight or half and half with brandy!

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

A truly distinguished after-dinner liqueur! Made in America, and honoring a name 250 years old. Enjoy Delecta neat or with brandy.

ANNO 1695

National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof

"My Family has taken pride in producing rums of fine flavor and quality since more than a half century," Senor Oliver says. "Now I take pride in putting the name of my family on a brand of rum. That is how highly I esteem it. That is why I am sure you will enjoy Ron Oliver—and serve it with pride."

SERVE IT WITH PRIDE
There is no better

86 PROOF

Prepared & Bottled by
Licoreria Roses Inc., Arecibo, Puerto Rico
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Seggerman Nixon Corp., New York, N.Y.

OLIVER
GOLD LABEL
RON
OLIVER
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Enjoy its SMOOTH RICHNESS *Neat—or in any mixed Drink*

86.5 Proof

SPEAS
Apple Jack
BRANDY

SPEAS COMPANY • SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.

SPEAS
APPLE JACK
BRANDY
SPEAS COMPANY

A famous "landmark" of St. Louis, Mo., since 1874.

There Are Many Bridges but Only One Eads Bridge

AMONG THE MANY DRINKS *There's Only One*

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

SOUTHERN COMFORT
AMERICA'S MOST VERSATILE DRINK

Southern Comfort Corp. • St. Louis, Mo.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

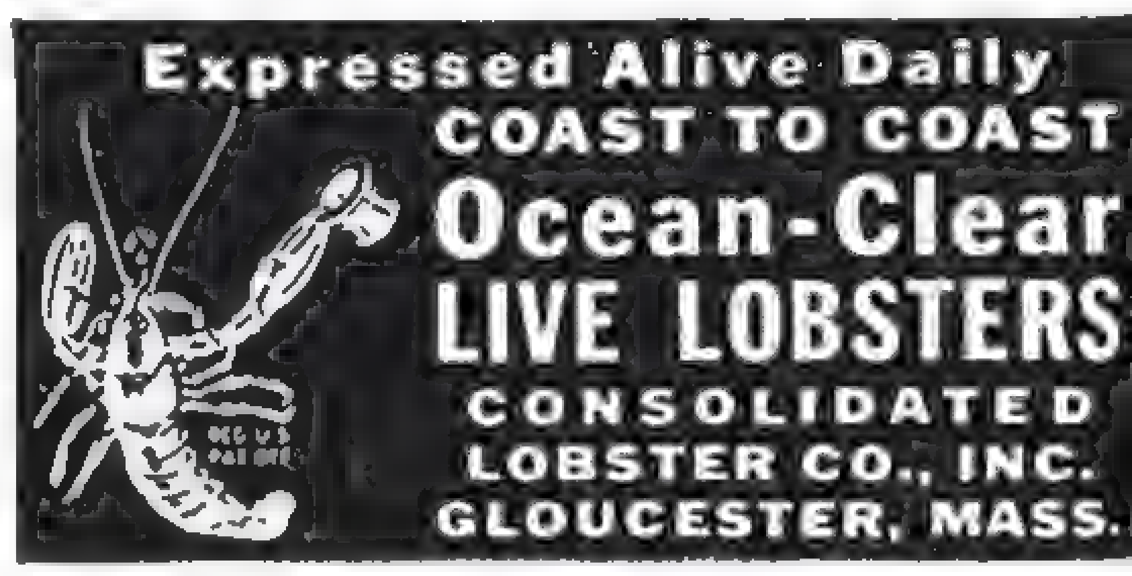
Man—what a sauce

Sensational—Different

EXCELLENT ON STEAK, CHICKEN, FISH, SHRIMP, HOT DOGS, HAMBURGERS

Shedd's
Old Style Sauce
FISH AND MEAT DRESSING
SHEDD-BARTUSH FOODS, INC., DETROIT • ELGIN

Shedd's
Old Style
Sauce



Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

The Finest Sauce in the World

If you eat not alone to appease your hunger, bu to savor the joys of exquisite taste . . . then thu sauce is for you. Known until now only to select circle, Sauce B-S is the formula of a grea French Saucier. Serve Sauce B-S, a monument to all gastronomical wisdom, with all meats, poultry, fish, egg dishes, soups and gravies. Two score rare spices and other unique ingredients. Only two bottles will be mailed to a customer. Price $1.65 per bottle (14 fluid ounces) plus 20c to cover packing and postage. Send check or money order to Seeman Brothers, Inc., 121 Hudson St., New York 13, N. Y.

HAVE
DINNER AT 6
STAY ALL NITE
AT WORLD-FAMOUS
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 N.Y.C.

with Esquire

PIANO WONDER boy Frankie Carle and assembled assistants fill the musical bleachers at the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania – practically their Alma Mater . . . At the Lincoln, sure 'tis Art Mooney and his tune gossoons giving Blue Roomers a bang . . . The Havana-Madrid, Broadway's most revered rumba conservatory, is acting as joyous gymnasium for the sultry shaking-up exercises of supple Diosa Costello, a gal who puts more than her heart into her work. Catalino's super-spirited orchestra is chief purveyor of Latinity, with Carlos Varela's able bunch also hysterically heard from. You wonder how headwaiter Raymond manages to keep calm amid such adoings.

STEAK HEWING and cutlet jousting are favorite chivalric pastimes at Radio Frank's Knight Club, 70 East 55th. Musical entertainment is continuous, the Three Feminine Notes alternating with the Teddy Lane Trio, and host Frank Bessinger sandwiching in for a song surrounded by his Sepian waiter chorus in case of spirituals . . . To rid culture-chasing of its waste motions, reformer Bob Goodman has instituted at 135 McDougal St. a Salle de Champagne which offers real efficiency. Easy chaired (or sofaed) here, you have a modern art show to gaze at, distinguished piano playing by Lal Edwards, and bubbles' dance to quaff.

TO A READER in New Zealand who writes he's thinking of starting an "American night club" and could appreciate suggestions, we are happy to offer some ideas that came to us out of the blue of a basement ceiling on East 60th St. For layout, a sloped arrangement of terraces enfolding the dance floor would be nice, with bandstand opposite, backed by big mirror. And on this bandstand we'd have a slick orchestra, such as Joe Herron's, with, say, Noro Morales & Co. rustling the Latin stuff; and out in front of them the really topflight dance team of D'Angelo and Vanya. And gorgeous Samba Sirens in stunning costumes and headgear by Ted Shore, not to mention singers, a ballerina, and a heavyweight tambourine-bashing champ. *And* a certain Joe E. Lewis, expensive but ineffable. I might stress such minutiae as cuisine, cellar, and smooth functioning service, but there's a working model of all this, entitled Copacabana, which may be viewed by those sufficiently curious, and they aren't few.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

CHATEAU LEJON

SHIELD

No knight of old ever shielded his lady more watchfully than a Lejon cork preserves the flavor of its own white wine. Chateau Lejon, bottled at the winery, comes to you sealed with the bouquet that all who drink enjoy.

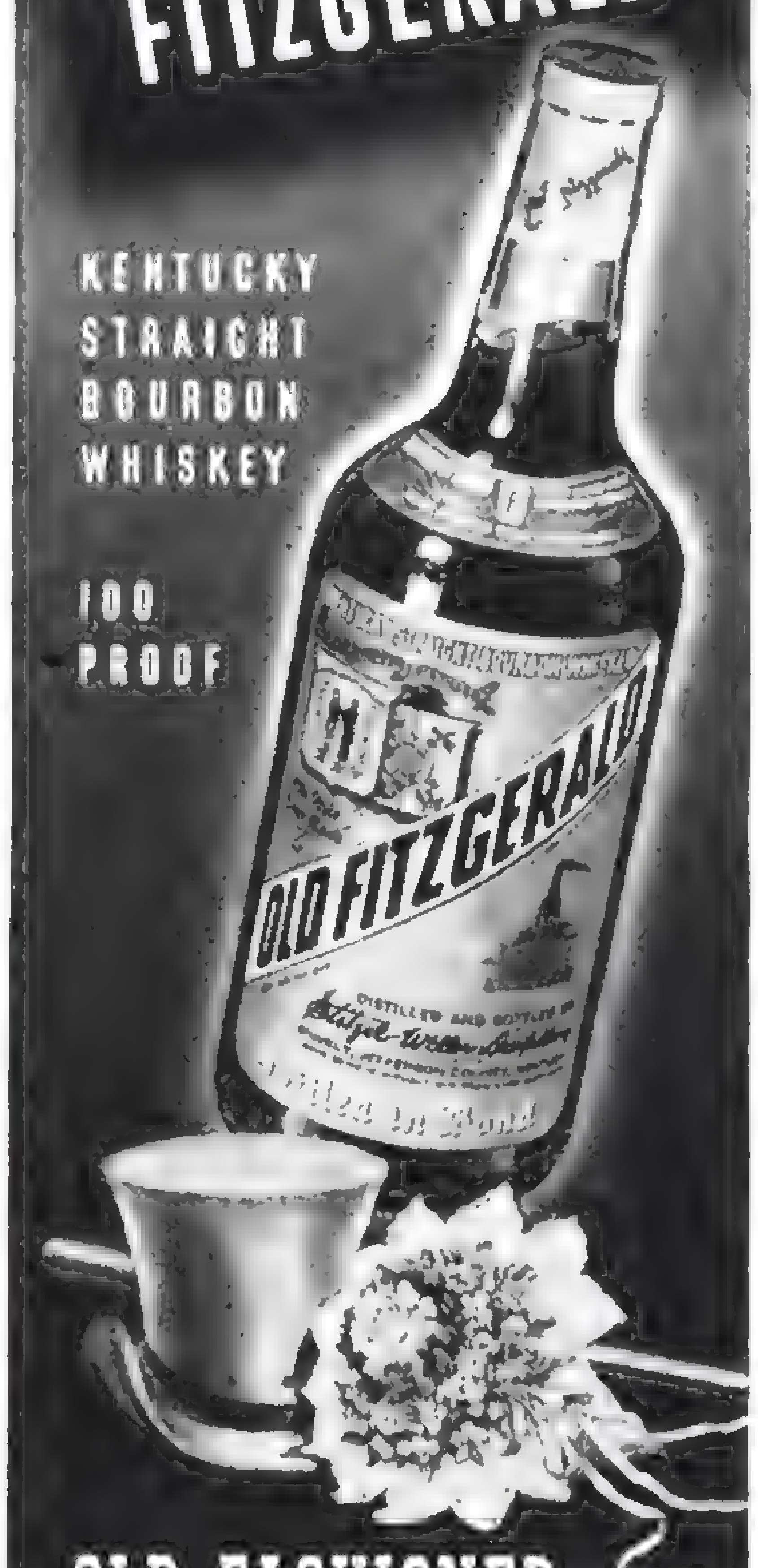
Chateau Lejon
BRAND
CALIFORNIA
WHITE WINE

Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

OLD FITZGERALD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 PROOF



OLD FASHIONED
but still in style

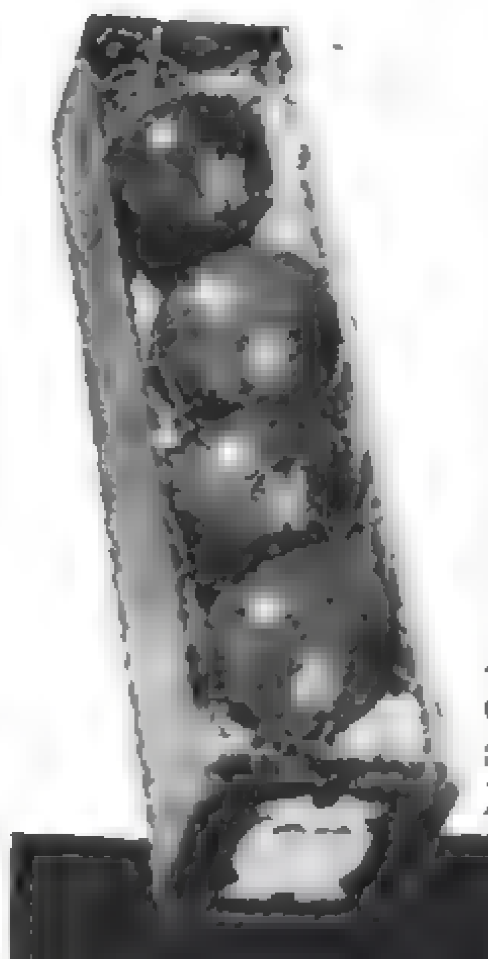
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

PREVIEW & PLAN YOUR TRIP
● Know Places and Prices **Get the GIMLET**
Magazine of Resort Travel
Restaurants, Prices, Hotels, Rates, N.Y.C. Shopping, Theatre Districts, Sightseeing, Night Clubs. Also Atlantic City, Poconos, Pa., Canada, Bermuda, Florida, the South and Enroute. Hi-way Data. Maps, 158 pages, Price, Postpaid 60c. Address: GIMLET, 551 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 17. State Places of Interest, Mode of Travel.

AVOCADOS
"Fruit of Distinction"

Personally Selected by
Bob Elsinger
SHIPPED DIRECT FROM THE GROVE

You'll find these Personally Selected Avocados the very finest you've ever tasted—rich, full-flavored, in a size to amaze you. Each crate GUARANTEED!



AN UNUSUAL GIFT
Discover Bob Elsinger Personally Selected Avocados—one of the most unusual and best received gifts you've ever enjoyed giving. From the groves of Vista, California, the avocado center of the nation, Bob Elsinger personally selects only the finest fruit for his customers. Shipped either express or parcel post, the individual crate is delivered postpaid direct to your door. They are World's Fair Blue Ribbon Winners.

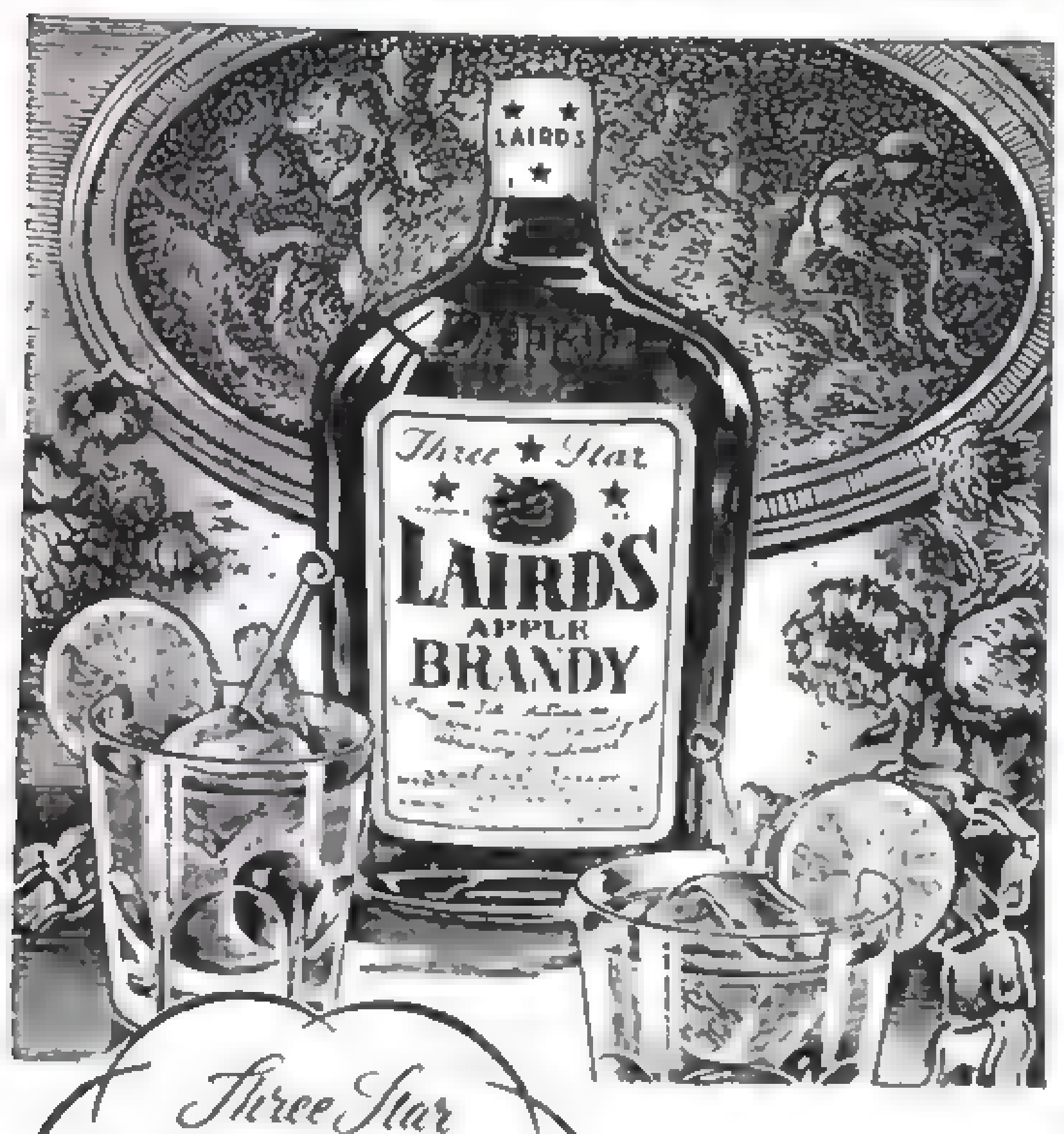
ORDER NOW!
Send your name and address and $3 to Bob Elsinger, P. O. Box 980, Vista, California, and receive by return express or parcel post an individual crate of four avocados, personally selected for their size and quality. (Send check or M.O.—no C.O.D.'s). New crop now at its peak. Order today!
BOB ELSINGER, P. O. BOX 980, VISTA, CALIF.

PIPE SMOKERS ENJOY LIFE MORE

when they light-up with...

RUM and MAPLE
53
ORIGINAL

RUM and MAPLE
PIPE MIXTURE 25¢ a packet
The ORIGINAL—Blend #53
A "friendly mixer" with other tobaccos

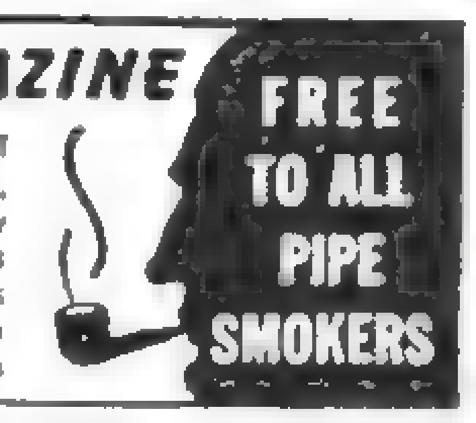


Three Star
LAIRD'S APPLE BRANDY
Since 1780
86.4 Proof

America's oldest family of brandy distillers
LAIRD & CO. Fine Brandies Since 1780 Scobeyville, N. J.

ASHTRAY BREATH
MIST CHARM of the REDWOODS
for a personal deodorant, tongue hygiene, toothbrush
MEN! Insist on MIST for after shave, scalp and dandruff
$1.20 incl tax at better stores or write
DERMETICS—630 Fifth Avenue—New York 20

FREE! PIPE MAGAZINE
Just write for your *FREE* Annual subscription to **SMOKE SIGNALS**, a periodic Handbook for Every Smoker. No Obligation! Hundreds of Pictures of Pipes, Tobaccos and Gadgets. Helpful articles on Smoking Enjoyment. Exclusive with


FREE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS

GEORGE YALE Dept E 1083 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. C. 18

THIS YEAR . . . A TRULY

Merry Christmas

ARLINGCREST . . . 100% Wool Naphthalated

"FABRICS OF FRIENDSHIP"

Vycora Ties by McCurrach

Superb texture with a foulard touch, tie smoothly, knot gracefully. Eight colors, $1.50.

Robe by Rabhor

A gift for the years—an aristocrat among robes. Navy or Deep Red. Small, Medium or Large. . . About $15.00.

GIFTS . . . men hanker for

Scotty Kote

Snug fitting. No Bunch. No Bind. No Sag. Blue, Brown, Oxford Heathers. Buy suit size. . . . . About $6.95.

Gantner Wikies

California designed for good looks and comfort, now for resort wear. Navy, Maroon. De Luxe styles, about $5.50.

All for sale by FRANKLIN SIMON, NEW YORK, and other leading stores.

ARLINGTON MILLS • LAWRENCE, MASS.

Riondo
GOLD LABEL
GOLD LABEL
Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
DISTILLED AT CAMUY, P.R. BOTTLED AT ARECIBO, P.R.
86 PROOF
BY BARCELO MARQUES & CO. INC.
KAPRA

or every type of rum drink

Rely on Riondo

THE FINEST RUM FROM PUERTO RICO

GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL 86 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Spruce!
Spruce AFTER SHAVE Wrisley
Spruce TALCUM Wrisley
Spruce

Spruce! for men

Spruce Shave Bowl, Lotion, Talc. 3.00

Spruce Soap for Men Box of 4 bars. . . . 1.00

Wrisley

Spruce . . . cool, clean essence of the windswept woodlands . . . bracing and refreshing as the tangy scent of the forest . . . a *masculine* gift.

LOTION & SHAVE BOWL, 2.00; LOTION & TALC, 2.00; SHAVE LOTION, 1.00; SHAVE BOWL, 1.00; COLOGNE DEODORANT, 1.00.

Whether it's stripes or prints it's a reflection of good taste as long as it's Textron!

Tailored with Parachute Precision

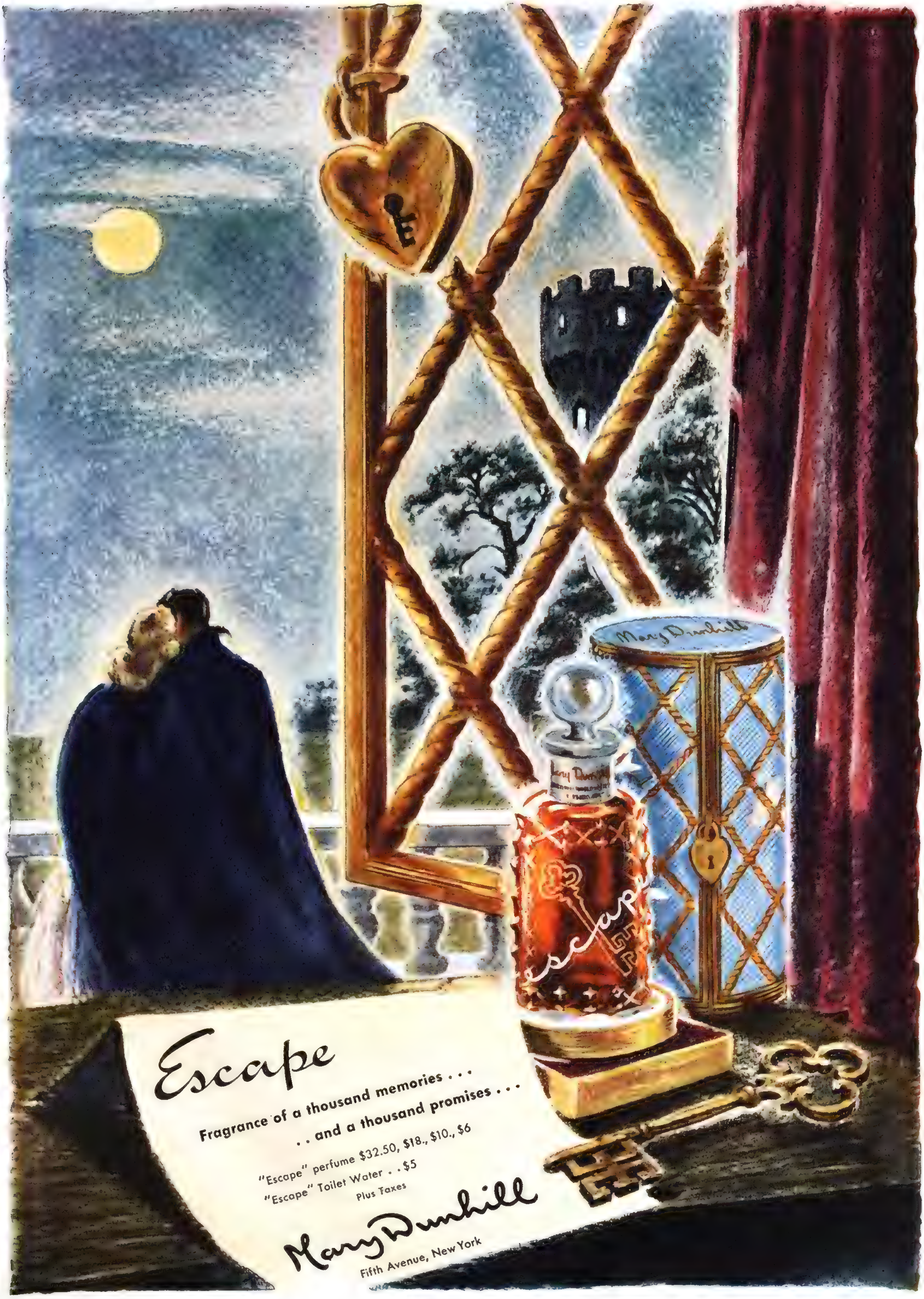
No, you're not seeing double. We're just showing you that a man looks like a million in Textron Pajamas . . . whether it's stripes or prints you choose! Men toast Textron every time. For the fine, long-wearing rayon. For the parachute-precision of Textron's tailoring (the same precision that Textron used in turning out those necessities of war). If he's top man on your gift list by all means make it Textron*. . . $6 at leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Listen to Helen Hayes in your favorite plays on Textron Theatre every Saturday p. m. on your local Columbia Broadcasting Station.

TEXTRON

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MENSWEAR • LINGERIE • HOSTESS COATS • HOME FASHIONS • APPAREL FABRICS

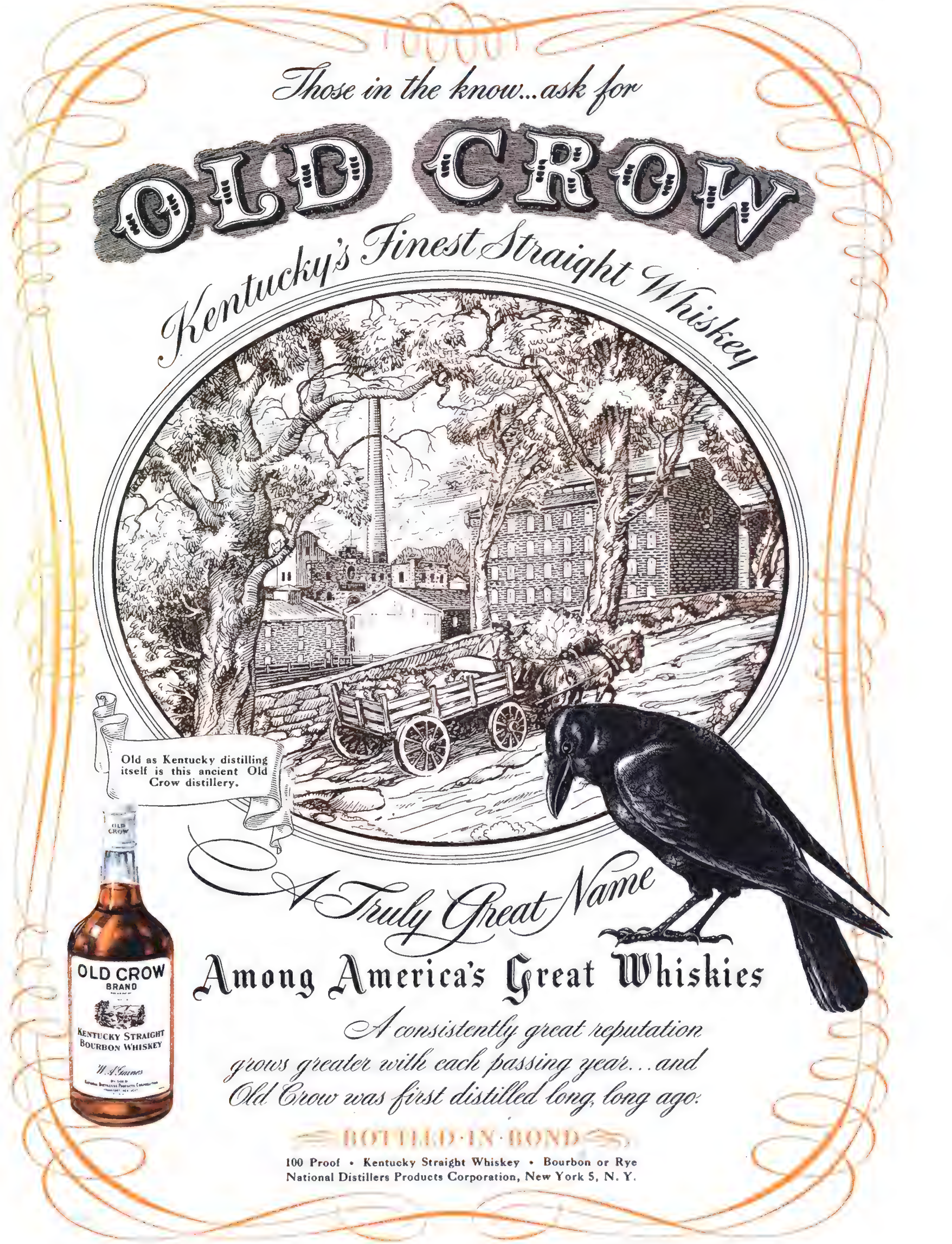

Mary Dunhill
escape

Escape

Fragrance of a thousand memories . . .
. . and a thousand promises . . .

"Escape" perfume $32.50, $18., $10., $6
"Escape" Toilet Water . . $5
Plus Taxes

Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York


OLD CROW
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

Kentucky's Finest Straight Whiskey

Old as Kentucky distilling itself is this ancient Old Crow distillery.

A Truly Great Name

Among America's Great Whiskies

A consistently great reputation grows greater with each passing year... and Old Crow was first distilled long, long ago.

BOTTLED-IN-BOND

100 Proof • Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York 5, N. Y.

Painting the Town

THE many-splendored Waldorf-Astoria, undisposed to loaf on its Lounge laurels, has handed itself a touch of Florida entitled Flamingo Room. Décored with zoological characters by sophisticated French-Dutch artist Joep Nicolas, this new spot has dinner and supper dancing to the music of Michael Zarine and his orchestra. Dr. Sydney Ross, a Mephistopheles at mystification, who used to do card tricks, etc. at your table in the Rainbow Room, is similarly a-rove here and he can really make you blink.

TONY MELE'S uppercrusty bistro Le Ruban Bleu is rewarding the faithful, and they're numerous, with the talents of jive-cherub Maxine Sullivan, wackster Mervyn Nelson, torrid Dominican songsie Monica Boyar, pianist Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio (heat neat). Radio's Whispering Jack Smith is the new host, stage-whispering . . . For those who can't dine or sup unless there are lissome limbs, shod with skates, whirling nearby, the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room has sprung a new colorful, sensational ice revue, devised and directed by that wizard of slither-choreography, Donn Arden, with Johnny Long as band luminary of the occasion.

A BURGOMASTERFUL lace ruff isn't compulsory when dining at the Holland House Taverne, Rockefeller Center's prize package of quaintness (oaken paneling, antique tile fireplaces) where you feel that Frans Hals, Rembrandt, and Jan Steen seem likely droppers in. All you need is to tuck a napkin 'neath chin and loosen belt to accommodate Dutch provender, prepared by chef Van den Hoven, from voorgerechten (hors d'oeuvre) up, with suitable moistenments en route. Hollandsche Erwten Soep (a split pea affair with pungent sausage slices afloat thereon) is of a grandeur you wouldn't think a mere potage could aspire to. Applesauced veal loaf is lyrical to the gullet. Haagsche Minuut Biefstuk (thick) has orange slices aboard, chipping in on its juice. East Indian Nassi Goreng, a fried rice fantasy, lidded with a fried egg, discloses shrimp, veal, chicken, and vegetables, craftily herbed and spiced; the samba sauce that comes with it is hotter than tabasco. Mondays there's Javanese Rijsttafel, involving a fleet of thirty dishes and you'd be lost if amiable George Stokking (from Deventer) weren't on hand to pilot you.

TO OUTWHAM the lavish revue at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter is quite an assignment but Belle "Blue Skies" Baker (cradled in the Keith-Orpheum Circuit) does so with ease and breeze . . . Recklessly regardless of sugar shortage, Guy Lombardo is serving his sweet music at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill for his eager-ankled public to eat up. We have lost tally of his annual re-installations there, same as headwaiter Victor has lost count of the thousands that have flocked in and keep flocking.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

The world's most famous Quality Dry Gin

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Our Guests Never Knew it came out of a JAR!
DORSET

Only Dorset De Luxe FOODS Can Claim That Honor

Serve these typical Dorset De Luxe successes. Really thrifty, too. No bones . . . no waste!

- Dorset De Luxe Paté (for canapés)
- Chicken, Turkey, or Ham á la King
- Boneless Chicken or Turkey (for salads)
- Boneless Chicken Fricassee
- Egg Noodles and Chicken Dinner

At Better Food Stores Everywhere — Ration Point Free

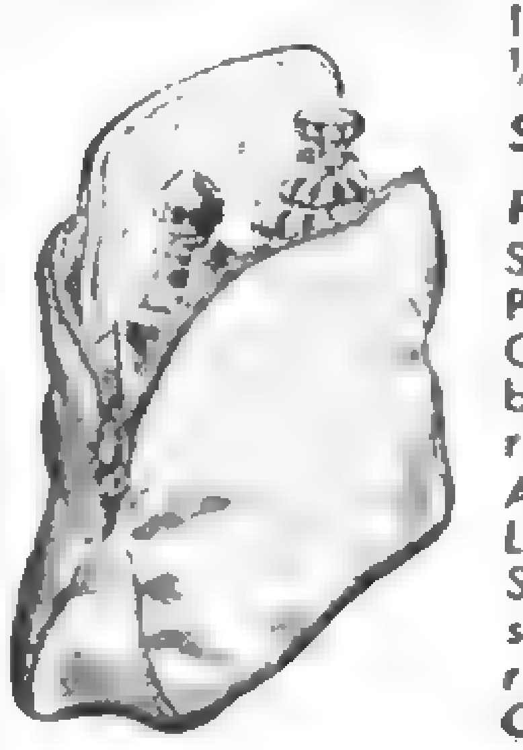
Dorset Foods, Ltd., L. I. City, N. Y.

New! LIQUIDS CAN'T SPILL IN SUITCASE!

ingenious new VENUS BOTTLE GUARD protects bottles while travelling

No More Bottles Breaking, Leaking or Spilling in your Bag. A Smart Looking, Practical Gift for Every Traveller.

You can now travel safely with bottled liquids—liquor, hair tonic, medicine, etc. Venus Bottle Guard protects bottles from breaking, leaking, spilling. Patented design of special suede-like, liquid-proof material. Highly absorbent padding. Zipper closing. Compact. Saves time and bulk in wrapping. Saves emergency cleaning of ruined clothes. In Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Sizes.



Special for perfumes

Special Venus Perfume Bottle Guard carries two bottles in separate pockets.

At Dept. Stores, Luggage, Gift Shops. If your store doesn't carry Venus Bottle Guard, write us.

VENUS CORP., 1170 B'WAY, New York 1, N. Y.

GREAT WESTERN
Great Western
EXTRA DRY

The first medal award ever made to an American Champagne was awarded to Great Western at the Paris International Exposition of 1867 . . . the first of six such awards.

Great Western

SINCE 1860

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N. Y.

(For a Sportsman's Christmas)

Give this superb portfolio of Twelve Paintings by

Lynn Bogue Hunt

Famous Wild-Life Artist

Game Birds of America

GORGEOUS paintings of *Woodcock, Pheasant, Wild Ducks, Quail, Canada Goose* and others—reproduced by the new "DEEPTONE" Process in their full, natural beauty of color. Each picture measures 13" x 16". Ideal for framing, in your den, library, or shooting lodge; or use them to make distinctive screens, lampshades, cocktail trays. But hurry — quantity is limited! *All twelve* in a handsome portfolio, with 24-page illustrated brochure, mailed anywhere in the U. S. for only FIVE DOLLARS.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in 10 days.

FIELD & STREAM, Dept. E
515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m., OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER

Steaks, Chops and Chef's Suggestions

The Montmartre of New York

Jimmy Kelly's

181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL. 4-1414

House of Kasser *Liqueurs*

60 Proof
House of Kasser
BLACKBERRY
Liqueur

Choice of Connoisseur

Worthy of the most discriminating host, and his most important guests, are House of Kasser Liqueurs (Blackberry, Cherry, Peach, Apricot and many others). Possessing the body of whisky and the mildness of brandy, they are thoroughly enjoyable straight, or mixed.

KASSER DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., PHILA., PA.

with Esquire

MAGNETIC Milwaukee mocking bird Hildegarde is caroling and cajoling 'em to the gills six eves weekly at the glitterous Persian Room of The Plaza; Arthur Ravel and his orchestra are her musical liegemen. Tuesdays this glovely charmer is broadcasting, so no show here—just dinner dancing to the melodies of Mark Monte and his Continentals . . . Impressed by the grandiosity of the tonsorial facilities which certain exclusive spots maintain in their basements, beau-gester Nicky Quattrociocchi of El Borracho has installed an illuminated barber-pole sign beaconing the way to the men's washroom, accompanied by a List of Prices: Haircut $3.80, Shave $19.72, Shine $20.00, Manicure $9.37. We fear he's kidding.

HIGHER mathematicians are getting groggy figuring the number of coconuts, leis, new issues of grass skirts, and so on, that the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room has made history with since it opened in June 1937. Still doing capacity, this guitar-crooned chunk of exotic atmosphere has had four times as many patrons as there are people in all the Isles of Hawaii. Managing Director Charley Rochester is beginning to wonder if he's running a hostelry or the National Hibiscus Company.

JUDGING by the rafts of brand new civilians who make the Henry Hudson Hotel (353 West 57th) their NYCHQ, that handsome hunk of hospitality with terraces that looksee Central Park and the Hudson River, didn't hurt its future any in going all out for the Armed Forces. Looks as if manager John Paul Stack would have to build an annex to take care of the goodwill overflow . . . At the superb-chowed Versailles (151 East 50th), where maestros Maximilian Bergere and Pepito Lopez swap bandstage honors, and eye-soothing Ver-Sighs are on parade, top spotlight news is Carl Brisson, vocal authority on amour topics.

RIBS REJOICE over those celebrated oyster stews at the oyster stewdio in the caverned depths of Grand Central Terminal . . . Town's deftist heckler-destroyer: Dorothy Ross, dittying in a witty vein all her own, which is far from your stately Aunt Mabel's, at the "23" Room of the Hotel George Washington. Anyone who hasn't hearkened to Miss Ross's bee and flower ballads isn't nightlife-literate . . . Tall personable Vaughn Monroe, his band, his singers, and his own barytonology, are back at the scene of his original leap to fame, the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore. Ravers are declaring that this is the "Century of Vaughn Monroe."

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

"And mother, best of all, he already smokes London Dock Tobacco"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

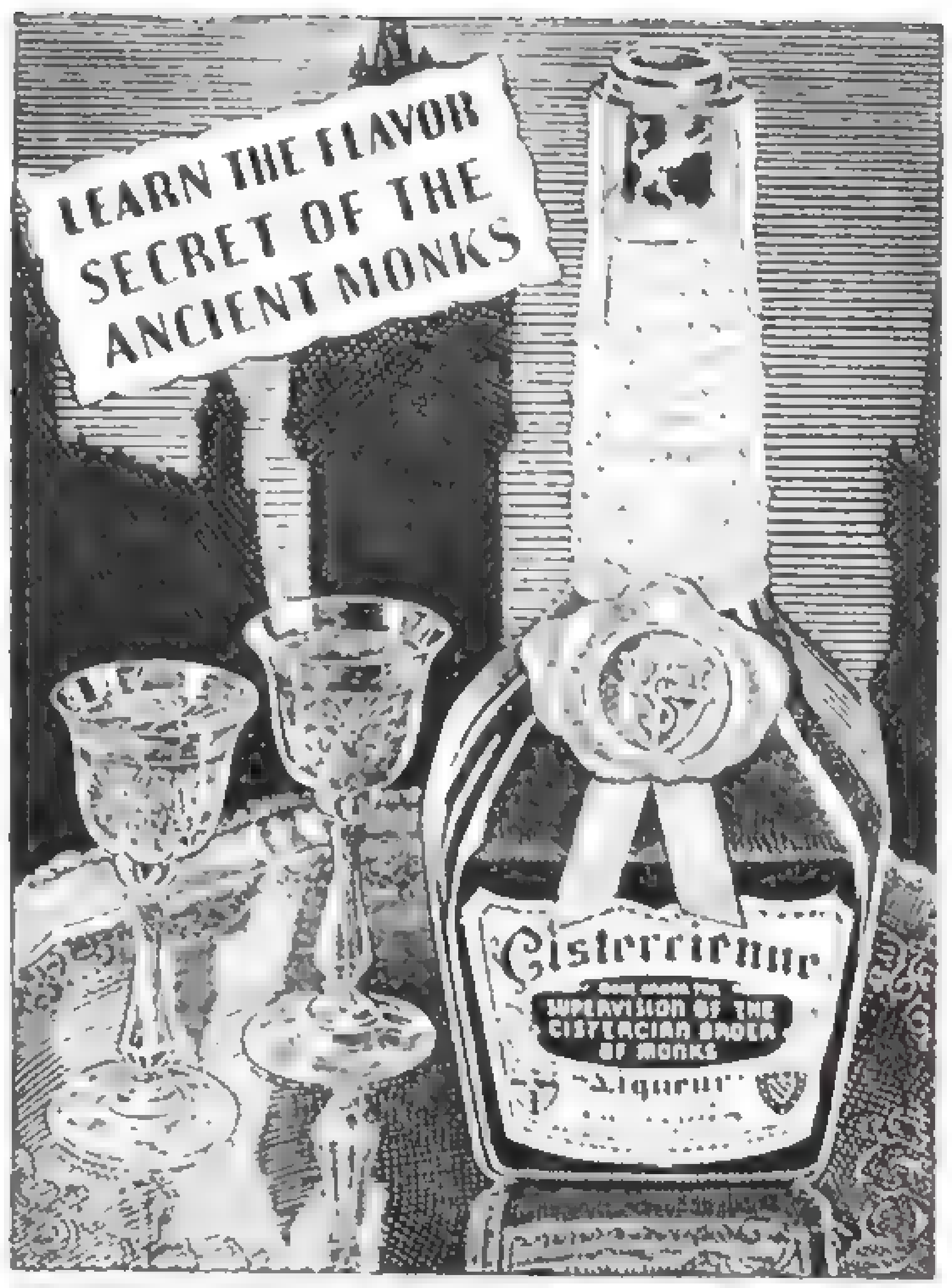
2 Ounce Package 40¢

$3.00 per lb.

Sample? Send 10¢ to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis 2, Mo.

London Dock
Smoking Mixture

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852


LEARN THE FLAVOR SECRET OF THE ANCIENT MONKS
Cistercienne
MADE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CISTERCIAN ORDER OF MONKS
Liqueur

Since the Year 1620

Cistercienne Liqueur

A delicious after dinner Cordial

Made under the direct supervision of the Cistercian Order of Monks, and bearing the original seal of the order.

86 PROOF
A PRODUCT OF THE U. S. A.

SCHRANCK & SHAW, INC.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Murphy's
SYRUP

PURE CANE SYRUP

From the Deep South

Old-fashioned full flavored open kettle syrup made from pure juice of Louisiana Sugar Cane. No sugar extracted; no chemicals added. A delicious gift. **$2.25 for No. 10 Can**
$1.60 for No. 5 Can
Delivered. Write for Case-lot prices.

JOHN R. MURPHY
Box 3357X, Q. Station, Shreveport, La

A tempting Christmas treat

TO *Give* TO *Serve*

BERKE'S
Americana
FRUIT CAKE
with Rum & Brandy.

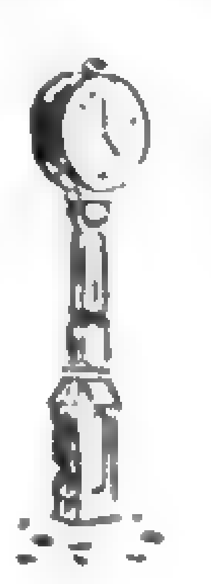
The climax of the Christmas dinner... the flavorful favorite of the Christmas Party ... is delicious, old-fashioned Americana Fruit Cake. It's chock full of luscious fruits and crunchy nutmeats, spicy rich and moist with real rum and brandy! Americana is s-l-o-w baked for lasting freshness by Berke, master cake bakers since 1894.

Packed In Colorful Double-Use ALL-METAL CAN and Overseas Carton

2 lbs. . . . . . $1.95* at Better Stores

*Established Ceiling Price—F.O.B. Brooklyn

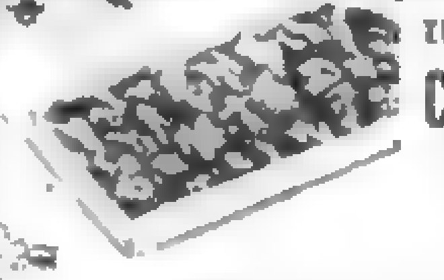
BERKE CAKE CO., INC., BROOKLYN 6, N. Y.



meet
"under the clock"

Enjoy your cocktail in the quiet of

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th St., New York



THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT!
CHOCOLATE COVERED TOASTED ALMONDS
direct from California

Yes—the most delicious confection you or your friends have ever tasted! Choice [illegible] almonds, gathered from sunny California orchards—toasted to a golden brown perfection—and hand-dipped in rich creamy pure chocolate! Order yours today!

pound box $2.00 postpaid
SEND FOR YOUR FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOLDER

PROMPT DELIVERY
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded!
ORDER NOW! Send coupon, or write . . . enclose check or money order

Shipped postpaid anywhere in the United States

The Country Store
of Beverly Hills
Box 551-0 Beverly Hills, California

THE COUNTRY STORE
Please send me ___ boxes of your chocolate covered toasted almonds at $2.00 per pound.

Box 551-0 Beverly Hills, California
Name ___
Address ___
City ___ Zone ___ State ___

"Good will toward men"

. . . a toast for all the world

A reality the World must maintain.

Jamaica Rums

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A·1

SAUCE

There's nothing quite like it

An international Sauce of satisfaction for over 100 years!

Ask for A·1 Sauce when dining out. Order A·1 for the home table.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

Backstage with Esquire

Stanley Walker

STANLEY WALKER has been chiefly known (by us, at any rate) as an old New York newspaper hand—he was city editor of the *Herald Trib* for eight years—and the author of such diverting and urban recollections as *The Night Club Era*, *City Editor* and *Mrs. Astor's Horse*. However, in submitting *Twilight of a Cowman*, page 108, he claims descent from a rugged line of cattlemen, plantation owners, Indian fighters, and squirrel shooters. Born on a ranch in Lampasas County, Texas, he worked as a teamster, cowhand, sheepherder and with threshing crews, and boasts he was known in the ring as Featherfoot and The Narrow Gauge Kid, because he was light on his feet and had no hips to speak of. Bear-baiting and puma roping, it says here, are his favorite pastimes. His most recent book was "a biography of the unterrified statesman, Thomas E. Dewey," published last year. His favorite character in American history: Col. Guy T. Vishiniskki, the efficiency expert.

Dorothy Hart
Photograph by Jon Abbot

DOROTHY HART, listed as a model for the Conover Agency on page 105, doesn't work there any more, and Esky, who was never one for depreciating his exploits, is crowing fortissimo. The story is this: Mary Pickford has selected Miss Hart for the stellar role in a forthcoming movie, *There Goes Lona Henry*. And where did Miss Pickford find the beauty with the fresh, candid look? We don't mind telling you: in the June issue of Esquire. The line forms at the newsstands, Producers, and no crowding, please.

AT THE TIME we purchased Kenneth Kraft's satirical *We Made It Out of Odds and Ends*, he admitted he would soon be putting his whimsy to practice by swinging his hammer in a new Manhattan apartment. He says: "I talked my wife into marrying me by telling her I was the funniest man I knew. We write a good deal of stuff together, and when she laughs at my stories I know they're funny. She doesn't laugh often."

Lt. Cdr. Karl Baarslag

THIS MONTH'S WINNER of Esky's badge for occupational versatility is Lt. Cdr. Karl Baarslag, USNR, who, "after reading more Jack London and Josiah Flynt than is good for boys already bitten by wanderlust," was a common laborer, hod carrier, railroad construction worker, surveyor, railway mail clerk, seaman, postal clerk, and, finally, for over twenty years, a radio officer. In '41 he was ordered to active duty with the U. S. Navy. His home, when he lights, is in Miami, where he has stowed his wife and three-year-old son. He is the author of *SOS to the Rescue*, *Robbery by Mail* and *Islands of Adventure*, "a dufflebag collection of various faraway little-known and seldom visited romantic islands." On page 102 he reminisces about *The Era of the Cigarette Card*.

Wayne Kearl

WAYNE KEARL, begetter of *The Measured Mile* (page 118), was born, fittingly enough, on a train, en route for Edmonton, Alberta. Reared on a ranch, he studied at Brigham Young University, returning to Canada at twenty to be editor of the *Cardston Weekly News*. He was doing nicely until editorial bravura caused him to refer to a local political orator as "a puff of wind, nothing more." It turned out the politician had a large and loyal following. Kearl returned to Utah and the University. Then a young lady urged him to take an audition for radio, and as he says: "When I got the job, the least I could do was to marry her."

Dan Cushman

WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN, Dan Cushman began his writing career as correspondent for a Great Falls daily in his home town of Big Sandy, Montana. He reported the news with such candor that the local Lions Club passed several rousing resolutions against him. Graduating from the University of Montana during the depression, he turned his hand to prospecting. And while he never struck gold, he did gather much of the background for his current story, *A Lesson in Siwash*. He became in turn a geologist's assistant, newspaperman and writer. Now, at thirty-five, he has a couple of small children and a dream in which his typewriter, a log cabin and one of the West's finest rainbow trout streams all play a part.

AN ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR at the University of Tennessee, Maurice Baudin, Jr., has relayed to us an odd little sequel to his first Esquire story, *The End of Indian Summer*: "One of my students, who had engaged to write a short story for theme credit, spent two weeks in a state of creative postponement. Then, the night before the deadline, he flung himself into agonizing composition. A fraternity brother assured him his story smelled to heaven, that obviously he needed drastic aid. The brother offered to provide a story, the property of the fraternity file, that had been used on previous occasions and was usually good for a grade of *B*. The suffering one leaped to swallow the bait, sat up all night copying the strangely unsullied ink copy that was given him, and the next morning handed me, unaltered save through clerical haste, *The End of Indian Summer*."

Bill Stern

BILL STERN, whose impassioned descriptions of many a Rose Bowl and Army-Navy game have kept fireside fans quivering at their radios, is Director of Sports for NBC. Aside from football he covers tennis, crew racing and boxing with equal aplomb. He was a three-letter man at Pennsylvania Military College, and has held sundry jobs in the entertainment field, the oddest of which was digging postholes on the RKO lot in Hollywood.

"WHEN I WAS SEVEN," Dick Brassell writes, "an accident took away three fingers of my right hand. My father was determined that I would never be handicapped by my loss. He taught me to handle a shotgun and a rod and reel; we hunted over Florida, Alabama and Georgia, with time out for schooling at the Universities of Florida and Georgia. One summer while working the bay as a fishing guide, I acquired Spot (*My Best Trainer*). I have since owned innumerable pointers and setters but Spot is still king-bee, with everything under control around our house and woods. His story is the first brick to be laid away toward Brassell's Sports Emporium. That will be the best darn spot in America for tackle, tales, guides, maps and game. Until then Spot and I sandwich my job of aircraft mechanic in Pensacola between fishing and hunting forays. Hya, Spot!"

Victor Polzer

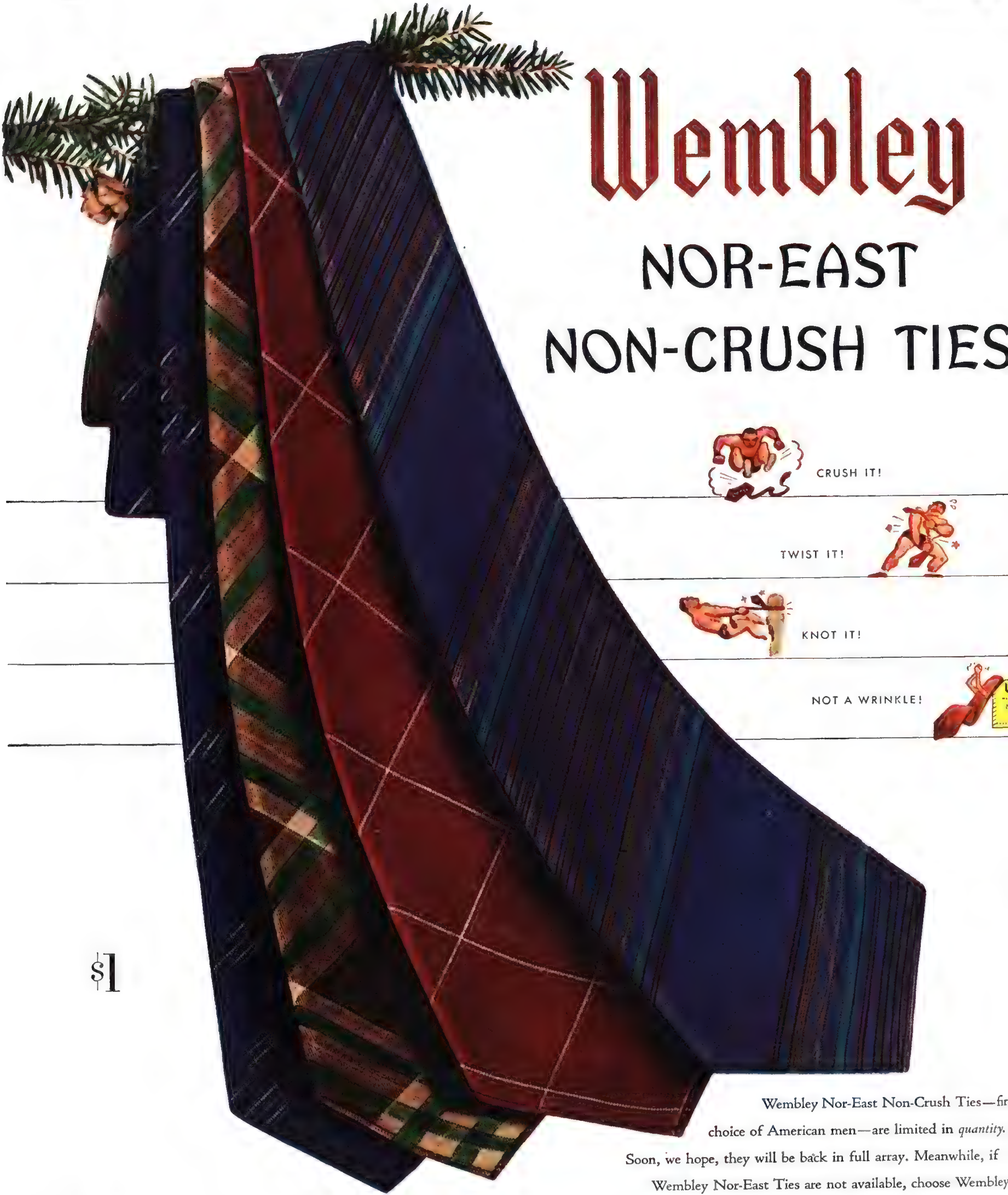
VIENNESE-BORN VICTOR POLZER is a librarian and cataloguer for Schulte's Book Store in New York City. He writes: "The idea of *Bargaining for the Hapsburgs* came to me in a Carinthian summer resort, frequented by members of the Austrian and Hungarian nobility. Peacefully among them, there lived an ex-commissar of the short-lived Communist regime set up by Béla Kun in Hungary after the first World War. The contrast struck me, and my story was written in a single night—from dusk to dawn." Mr. Polzer was a newspaperman in Vienna and his travel articles favoring an independent Austria, along with some interviews with Thomas Mann, were not calculated to please the Nazis. He left Austria in 1938 and immediately upon reaching New York harbor signed a 'Declaration of Intention' to become an American citizen.

For a Man Who Plans Beyond Tomorrow
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO·ONTARIO CANADA DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Wembley

NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH TIES


CRUSH IT!
TWIST IT!
KNOT IT!
NOT A WRINKLE!

$1

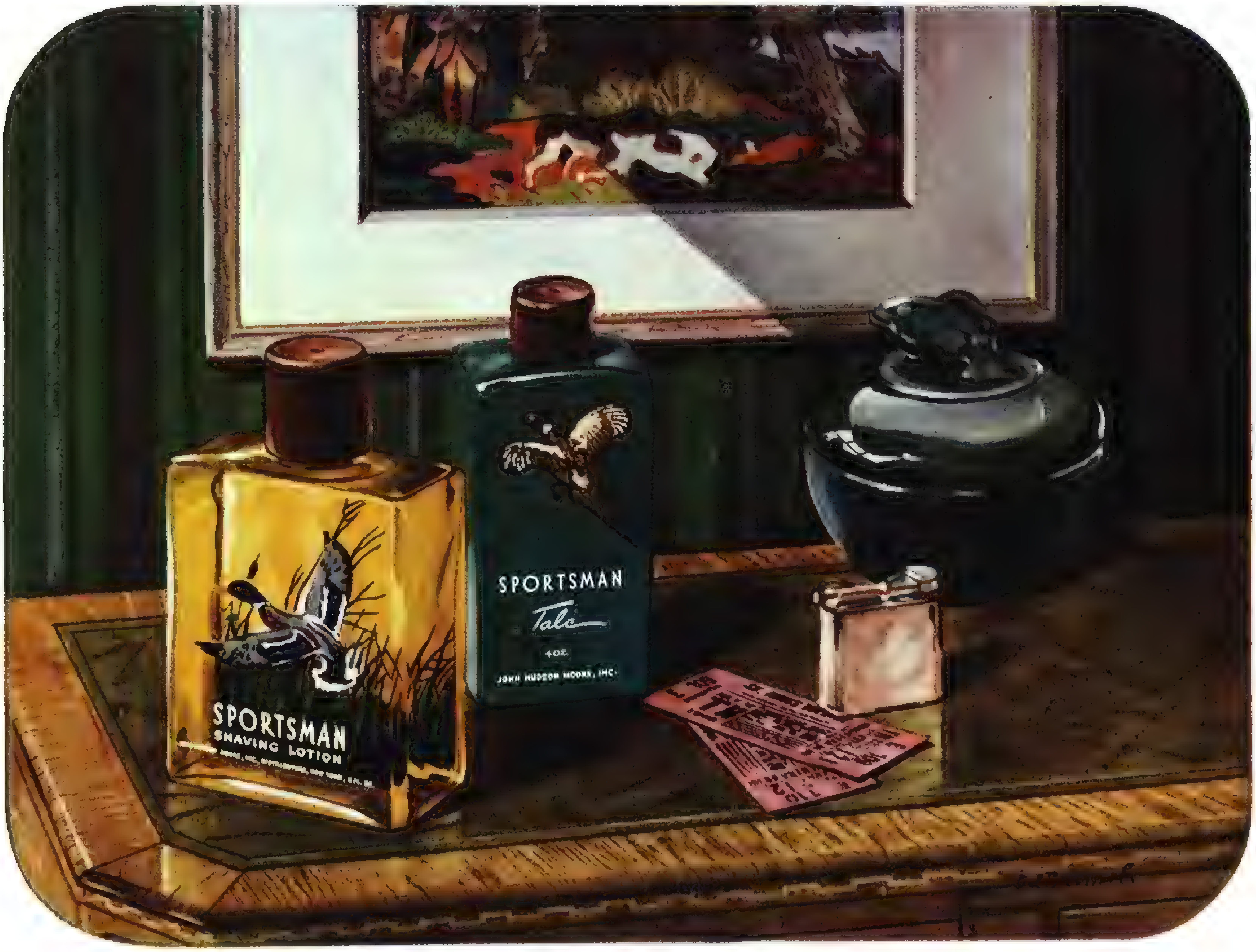
Quality far beyond the price

Wembley Nor-East Non-Crush Ties—fir
choice of American men—are limited in *quantity.*
Soon, we hope, they will be back in full array. Meanwhile, if
Wembley Nor-East Ties are not available, choose Wembley
good-looking Murrytown Ties for happy Christmas
giving. See them at better men's stores everywher

COPYRIGHT 1945, WEMBLEY, INC. NEW ORLEA

Just the ticket for his Christmas

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE • DECIDEDLY CORRECT


SPORTSMAN
SHAVING LOTION
SPORTSMAN
Talc
4 OZ.
JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC.

Sportsman

GROOMING ESSENTIALS

In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists: Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, *4 oz.*, $1.50; *8 oz.*, $2.50. Talc, 75¢, $1. Shaving Bowls, $1.50 and $2.50. Sportsman Gift Packages $2.25 to $10, Plus Tax.

Only At Better Stores

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC. • 663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Coming right up
with the makings of a matchless good time!
The gardenia's snowy perfection . . .
the superlatively smooth, mellow taste of PM.
Here's beauty and quality and jollity . . .
Pleasant Moments coming right up!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Since Horace Greeley's day horseplay has been the mad journalists' favorite sport

More Fun Than Anybody

by **DARRELL HUFF**

There is a special kind of fertility about newspaper city rooms that makes them a lush breeding place for ingenious practical jokes. The collector of this lusty form of humor inevitably finds his choicest specimens in journalistic settings

It's natural enough, of course; where, but in a newspaper office, could you discover so many uninhibited men sprawling in bored inactivity between periods of fast and frenzied labor?

It was during such a quiet period on a Midwestern daily that a reporter named Johnson was fiddling with a screw driver and other tools kept in his desk as a hangover from an apprenticeship as typewriter mechanic. As our man studied an empty typewriter at the next desk, inspiration seized his idle brain.

"Where's Joe?" he asked another reporter, gesturing toward the unused typewriter.

"He's covering the opening of that new north-end brewery."

"And what condition will Joe be in when he comes back to write his story?" Johnson asked. But he already knew the answer.

He set to work on the absent reporter's typewriter, removing typebars and putting them back in haphazard fashion. He did not tamper with the keyboard.

Joe turned up a little later and wobbled merrily to his typewriter. Feeling true inspiration working within him, he rapidly pecked out a paragraph. Then he looked at it.

"Migosh!" he shouted. "Something's gone wrong."

Ripping the copy from the machine he tried again. Then he blinked at the jumble he had written, shook his head sadly, and beckoned to Johnson. "Look at this, will you?"

With studied innocence Johnson ran his eyes over the gibberish.

"Sounds like a pretty good lead," he offered judicially.

"You mean you can read it?" shouted poor Joe.

"Sure," said Johnson. "Why not? It's about the opening of the new brewery. A pretty good lead."

"They musta needled the beer with wood alcohol then," mourned Joe. "I can type swell, but I tell you I can't read a word I write!" And he walked unhappily away.

Johnson returned the typewriter bars to proper order that night. And Joe, he quit drinking—beer.

PARIS
CHEZ ROUGE
DEDINI

"My mother warned me about girls like you—and my father also gave me something to think about"

Practical jokers have haunted newspaper offices for a long time. In H. L. Mencken's early newspaper days in Baltimore, a particularly fierce local politician was an unwitting accomplice in the standard gag used to initiate new reporters into the ways of city rooms. The politician was a Confederate veteran and also a fabulous misogynist. The greatest concentration of this major's hatred for everything female was reserved for a prominent do-gooder, a woman active in civic affairs.

Since the woman was unmarried and the major was known as a bachelor, novices found nothing out of the way in being assigned to interview the major about his forthcoming marriage to her. A reporter who weathered the major's roars and came back for another assignment was deemed good newspaper material.

Of even earlier vintage is the prank inspired by the great Horace Greeley's absent-mindedness. It was Greeley's custom in those shears and paste-pot days to clip masses of items from other periodicals for later reference, and then file the clippings by the simple device of pinning them to his coat lapels.

One day the editor went to Hitchcock's Restaurant, bearing a stack of newspapers. Now Hitchcock's in Park Row was an eating place without a menu. You simply sat down, consumed what was put before you, then paid as you left. On this day Greeley worked away behind his newspapers, ignoring the food the waiter brought.

At another table were William Millburn and some friends, all from the rival New York *Herald.* From time to time, by agreement, each one detached himself from the table and slyly stole a dish from Greeley's table. Eventually the lads from the *Herald* had eaten all Greeley's fare and returned the empty plates.

Greeley, his lapels covered, finally tossed his papers aside and regarded the littered table. He saw the empty dishes with mild surprise, dabbed his lips with a napkin, and left, having paid the cashier.

Millburn's story of the trick appeared in the *Herald.* The *Tribune's* great editor replied in an editorial calling the tale "a vicious libel, this canard concerning my alleged absorption in work to the exclusion of mundane needs . . . I solemnly aver that I not only ate my full meal at Hitchcock's, as any other normal citizen might, but actually ordered and enjoyed a second portion of beans."

It was in an office where another form of journalism is practiced that a telephone booth was torn out by its roots just for fun. It seems Editor Harold Ross, seized by a momentary qualm of efficiency, ordered a pay telephone installed in the *New Yorker* offices. Personal calls by members of the staff were to be made only from it, he announced.

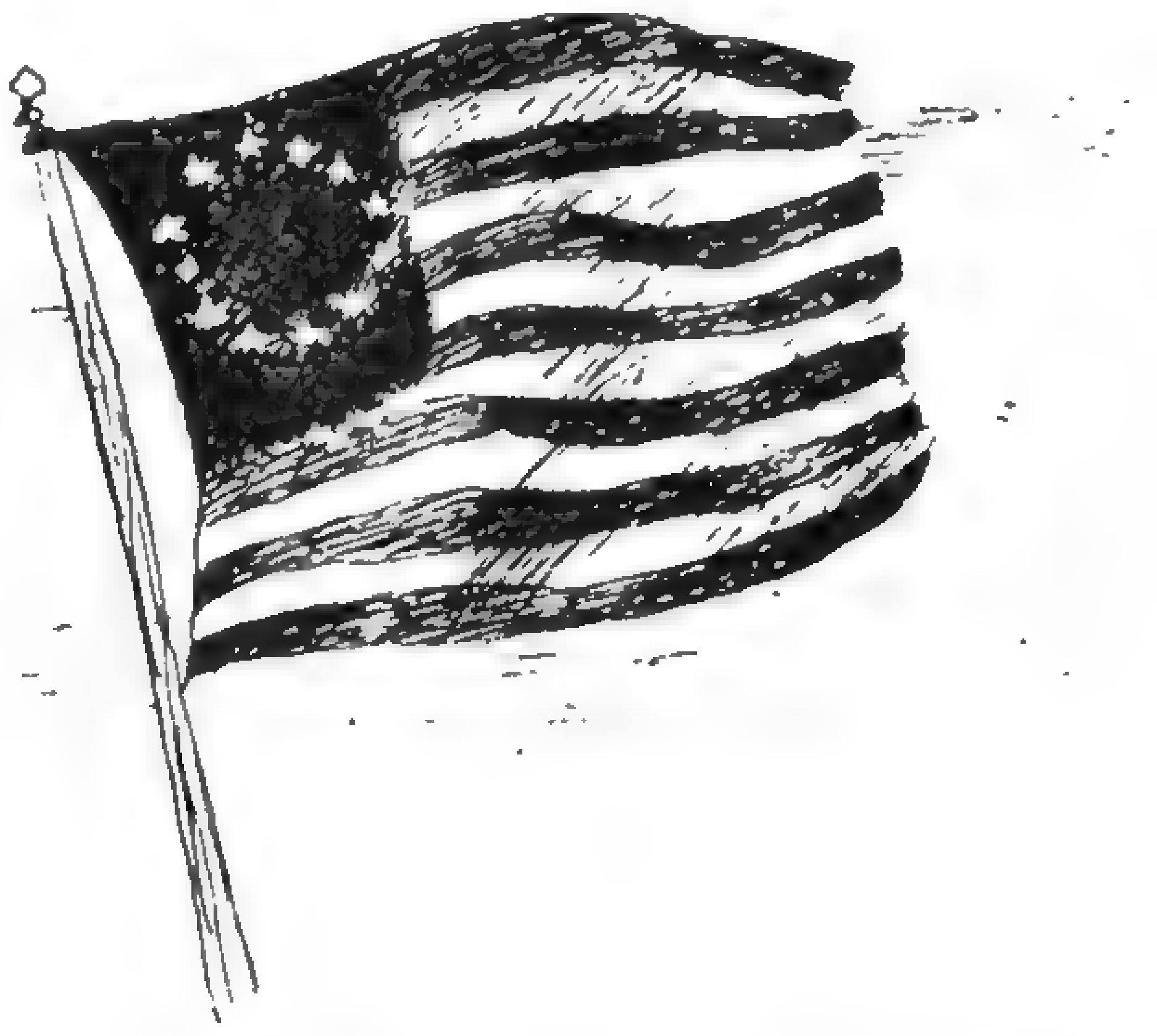
New Yorker editors are an untrammeled lot and this was altogether too much for James Thurber and a couple of other rebellious characters.

When Ross turned up at the office the morning after installation of the pay phone, he found the thing in his own office. Torn from the wall, its brackets dangling, it reposed there on the carpet, door side up. And supine within it rested Thurber, his eyes blissfully closed, his arms folded across his chest. Clasped in one languid hand was a lily.

The booth was removed that same day and no more was said about telephone calls.

The advertising director of a major monthly had this effective gag handed him with no real effort

The Ordeal of John Paul Jones



Recounting the sea duel when the great captain stood on his sinking ship and said: "I have not yet begun to fight"

by FLETCHER PRATT

One of the sorriest warships that ever sailed under American colors was the *Bonhomme Richard*. Captain, John Paul Jones, out of l'Orient, France, in the Fall of 1779 as flagship of a squadron of five, for a raid on the commerce routes near the British Isles. She had been built as a kind of luxury liner for the trade to India many years before and since laid up on a mud flat because her timbers were so rotten she was expected to founder at sea on the next trip. When Jones took her over because she was the only ship that he or his friend Ben Franklin could get, there was very little that could be done about structural repairs. But he did mount forty guns aboard her before setting sail with a crew of adventurous ragamuffins, ex-privateersmen and all sorts of Americans-in-Europe whose records would not bear too close examination. He took with him also forty men of the French Regiment Touraine, who were to serve as marines.

All but one of the other ships of the squadron were French, and they sailed right up the east coast of England to the Orkney Islands, for Jones was one of the boldest officers alive and believed that if you really wanted to make the enemy uncomfortable, you had to attack him close to his home. The squadron made a rich haul of prizes, and since the sea-customs of that age allowed all hands to share in the proceeds, everybody should have been feeling rich and happy as they turned south again toward the very headquarters of King George III's seapower. But they were not happy. Two of the captains had already left the squadron after violent quarrels with Jones, who does not seem to have been an easy man to get along with. It is recorded of him that he used to kick one of his lieutenants "in the breech" and bang the others over the head with his brass speaking trumpet when he became really annoyed. He tried to make up for it by serving wine in the cabin later and by entertaining them with conversation which was described by those who heard it as fascinating. Unfortunately, one of the remaining captains, Landais of the *Alliance*, was insane, and signified his intention of doing for the American captain if he got the chance.

On September 23 they encountered a big convoy from the Baltic for England. It was under the escort of a new and very fine frigate, HMS *Serapis*, 44, Captain Richard Pearson, and a big corvette, HMS *Countess of Scarborough*, 22, which immediately made for the little American squadron. The corvette paired off with one of Jones' consorts, *Pallas*. They fought a one-hour battle that would have ranked as one of the most desperate in naval history had it not been overshadowed by the still more terrific encounter between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*.

At the first contact in the early evening the ships were side to side and some little distance apart. The battle opened as an artillery duel, which was of Jones' seeking, since he did not wish to bring his rather pick-up crew to close quarters with the better trained British seamen. In a previous battle he had well beaten a British cruiser with the guns before closing in. This time his tactic did not work out; at almost the first exchange two of the six long 18-pounders on the gun deck of his ship blew up, killing the gunners at the other pieces, as well. They were the best cannon he had had and their loss left him inferior in gun power at somewhat the proportion of two to three. The rapid, accurate fire of *Serapis* soon made the difference even heavier, knocking nearly half of *Bonhomme Richard's* main-deck guns from their mounts or killing their crews, setting the ship on fire and hitting her so heavily along the water line that she was only kept afloat with pumps.

Captain Pearson perceived he had the game in his hands and as his own faster ship gained slightly on the American, he brought her 'round in the maneuver called boxhauling in order to get across *Bonhomme Richard's* bows and rake her into surrender. But Jones was not done yet; as the British ship came sweeping 'round, he luffed up sharply just outside the circle of her motion. A lucky puff of wind caught the *Richard* and pulled her ahead so that she struck the *Serapis* on the port quarter. Jones then forced his jib-boom well over the enemy's rail and into her mizzen rigging and the two ships swung together side to side and bow to stern.

The jib-boom snapped but at the same moment *Serapis'* anchor caught on the American's quarter and held, with Jones detailing his French marines to kill any Britisher who tried to cut it loose. Now began that three-hour battle, one of the wildest in naval history, *Serapis'* well-served guns cutting *Bonhomme Richard* to pieces below the main deck till she was all one hole down to the water line, while the American sailors, driven from their own guns, shot and threw grenades from the tops down onto the upper deck of their enemy.

Toward ten o'clock Jones' gunner yelled for quarter; the captain brained him with a pistol butt and shouted his famous defiance of "I have not yet begun to fight." It would be just after this when an American midshipman crawled out along a yardarm to drop a grenade through a hatch into the vitals of the British frigate to ignite some powder charges that killed forty men and set *Serapis* also afire. But the Britisher still had all the best of the gun duel, and about this time crazy Landais brought his *Alliance* under the bows of Jones' ship and fired into her, killing a lieutenant and several men on the forecast. Toward ten, an American deserter crawled through a porthole from ship to ship to inform Captain Pearson that his adversary was slowly sinking in spite of the pumps and was on fire in no less than five places.

The British captain called all hands from the guns to board the American and make the victory secure. It was the crisis of the battle, the crisis the artist has caught here, looking aft along *Bonhomme Richard's* gangways toward the quarter-deck where Jones is standing. He was the only man on the two ships who did not believe he was beaten. He called his own crew from decks and tops to meet the British at the bulwarks. At this point it became clear what the grenade-throwers in the tops and the deadly riflemen along the decks had accomplished; for the British boarders were too few and too weak to make the grade. They were shot down or cut down where the ships joined, and as the Americans began to pour onto *Serapis'* deck hot at their heels, Captain Pearson hauled down his flag in surrender.

The bad tempered, indomitable captain who had forced his crew to victory began transferring them at once to the beaten British ship and at mid-morning the old *Bonhomme Richard* sank under his feet. King George III knighted Pearson for his valiant defense against an enemy weaker than himself. When Jones heard of the honor he remarked, "Faith, I hope I may meet him again. I'll make a Baron of him."

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

Anton Otto Fischer has been sailing on oceans or painting them since he shipped before the mast at sixteen. Now in his sixties, he's a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard Reserve. It happens that none of his famous marine canvases include that great salt, John Paul Jones, so he sailed into this painting with enthusiasm. He studied old prints for uniform details, but concluded "in battle the sailors wore almost anything . . . like our men today." Finding no two similar portraits of Jones, he made up his own version of the admiral. Jones dominates the scene, by standing alone. And says sailorman Fischer, "I composed the picture so that the figures of the men would be like a violent wave breaking onto the deck of the *Serapis*."

GREENE

Show us a refugee from the dance floor and we'll show you an asset to society, a man who lives in transparent innocence and at peace with his mate

Shall We Dance?

by HERB GRAFFIS

A MAN exhausts much of his energy and many of his years in earning the privilege of sitting on the sidelines of a dance floor while others wag their hams romantically to the rattle of the rumba.

This liberty from the clutches of jiggling females is dearly purchased. It can be preserved only by eternal vigilance. This priceless peace has been lost in moments of carelessness by gentlemen who once were content to sit quietly and suck on drinks. When fried enough their ceiling and visibility became zero, and they were immune to psychoneurotic upsets promoted by the art of the frères Dorsey, Goodman, James or some tawny character known as Rocking-bottom Bozo, the Beale Street Bach.The refugee from the dance floor cost nobody any entertainment tax and didn't give a damn whether or not Jim Petrillo is a dictator. He was and is an asset. His life is simple and innocent.

While the light fantastics must spend almost every night under the lash of terpsichore, the man who doesn't dance can stay home often sleeping off the last chapters of a hangover. No moll keeps dragging him from night club to night club covering more territory than a congressman on a taxpayer's junket. In the days he can walk around erect with the firm, springy tread of a gentleman whose arches have been strengthened by setting-up exercises on a bar rail or the rung of a bar stool. His confident posture isn't humpbacked in the loop of an Argentine horseshoer or dance demonstrator.

When you mention Paul Draper to the man who doesn't dance, he believes you are thinking of Paul Waner, and inwardly laments that a person can spend 25 years acquiring a lifetime batting average of .333 and then have his name so quickly forgotten. Veloz and Yolanda to him are a couple of Cubans the Senators brought up when they were having trouble getting nine draft-proof players.

When the man who doesn't dance goes out with his wife in the evening at the gay spots no headwaiter fawns on him or with studied carelessness extends a paw in position to receive folding currency. No dance-band leader gives him a welcoming eye. That is okay with our hero. He would prefer to take his Old Lady to a steak house where the only boogie-woogie music effect comes from one of the waiters going into a nose dive with his bomb bay full of dishes.

Furthermore, no lissome female awakes from her dance-floor dreams on another guy's shoulder to flash him a glance of friendship and stuff. Thus he avoids an evening of explaining to his spouse. That dear woman is certain an elephant can outdance her husband. Hence when the cab driver lugs the limp husband up to the front door and his spouse gets a sniff confirming her hasty identification of the exhibit as her own true love, she has no devastating suspicions.

But when a dancing husband is hauled home, seeping at the pores, what a going over he gets Some atavistic instinct of women makes them believe that a gentleman in the grasp of a dancing woman has no more of a chance than a plump and mentally backward young goat has after a boa constrictor has tied three or four boa knots across his torso.

Consequently the hoof-shaking husband, arriving at his maison in no condition to protect or alibi himself gets an exploratory treatment more thorough than the Mayo clinic ever gave. And the odds are—according to extensive research—999 to one that the guy has rouge on him somewhere.

Next to gunpowder, rouge has caused men more trouble than any other invention. Some will put rouge first and make a convincing case for it. As many an unfortunate man can testify, rouge can penetrate several layers of clothing and, like dandelion seeds, float through the air with the greatest of ease for several hundred miles to come to rest on the shoulder or lapel of a gentleman's coat. In fact there is no limit to which rouge won't go to get a guy into trouble.

Hundreds of American husbands have left home and taken residence in Tibetan monasteries after attempting to account for rouge stains on their apparel.

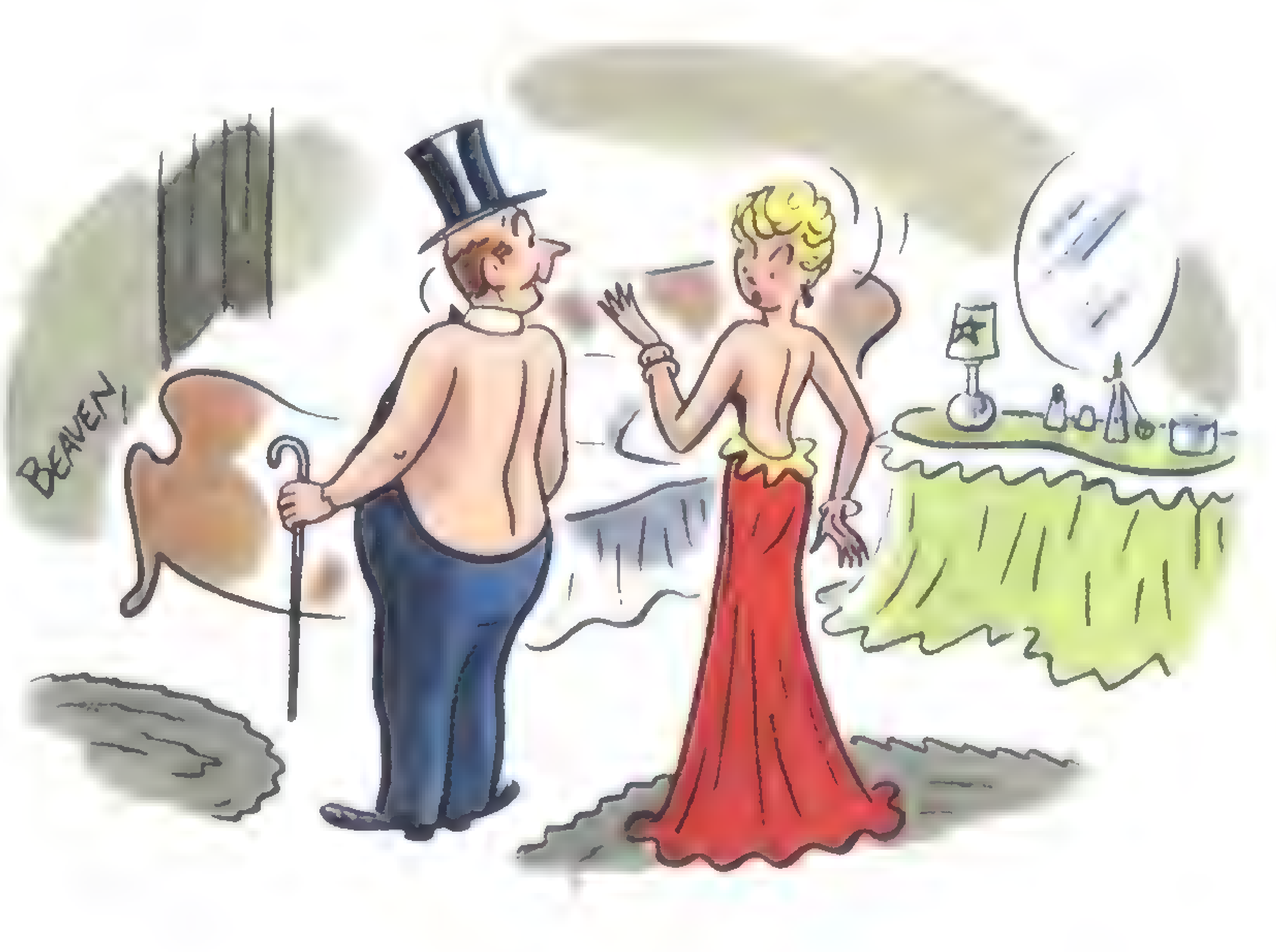
A Tibetan monastery is reputed to be the one place in the cosmic system where a gentleman cannot pick up rouge remnants. There is no place in the United States, certainly, where a man is immune to having practically a rash of rouge break out on him, regardless of how careful he is of his associations.

In addition, rouge is almost impossible to eradicate. Night club scientists have tried separately, and in all possible combinations, each of the 85 toilet items kept on the shelf of a night club privy by the tip-supported pro of the department. Soap and water and saliva only spread the rouge so, likely as not, the experimenter with these simple means finishes with the rouge transferred behind his ears or to some other spot where he can't see it and the little woman can't miss it.

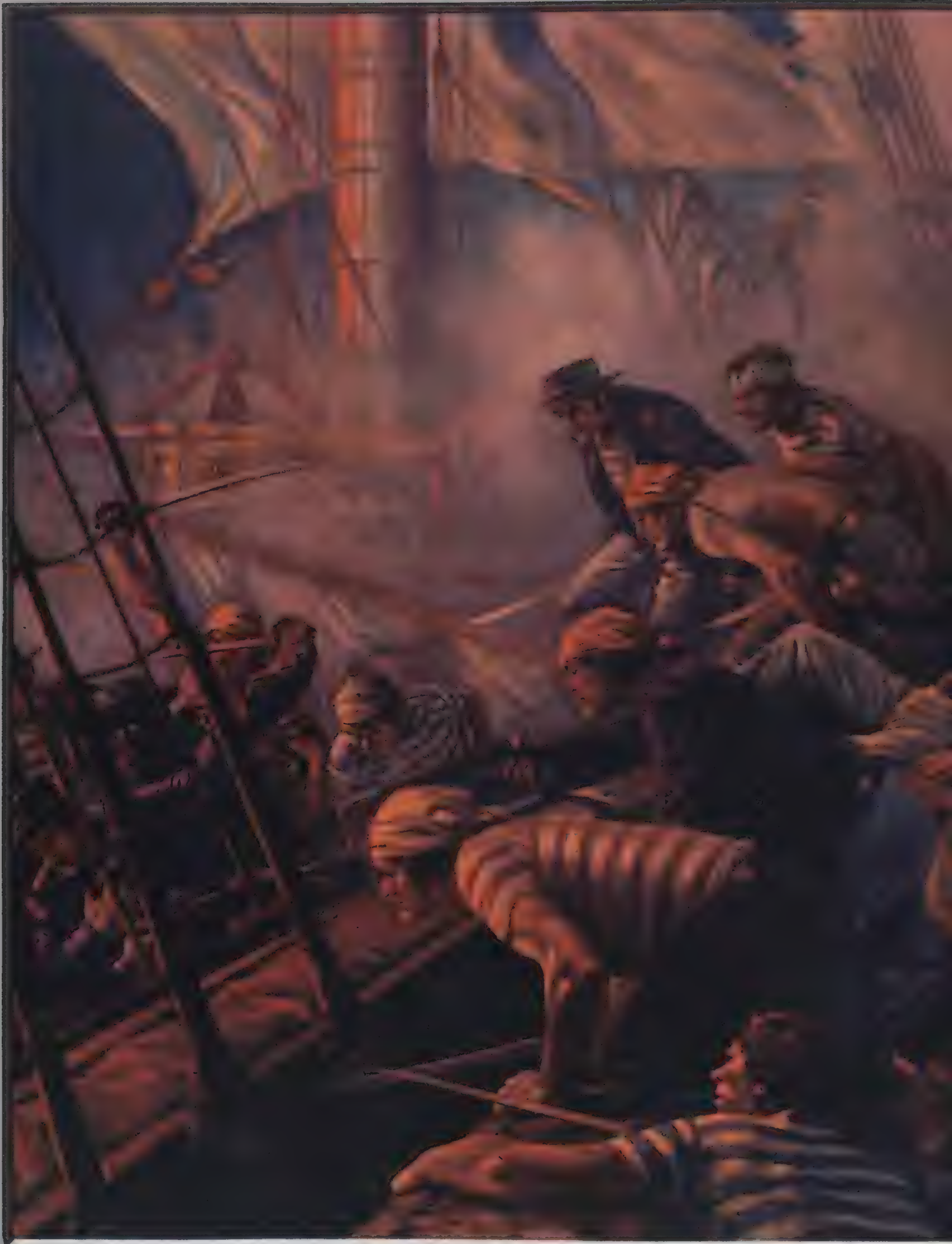
Probably the worst mistake a gentleman can make in trying to protect himself against the damned spot of rouge that would the multitudinous seas incarnadine is wiping it on his handkerchief and throwing his handkerchief away. This practice accounts for 36.72% of the total volume of handkerchief replacement business in the United States. But it is a futile procedure. A gentleman's handkerchief containing a rouge stain is like a drunkard's faithful dog; it will follow its owner to the grave.

Careless fellows have thought that all there was to escaping rouge stains was to have handkerchiefs done by hotel laundries. They have returned home completely unconscious of the fact that regulations of hotel laundries call for putting arrows, fists and other dingbats in indelible ink on the hems of gentlemen's handkerchiefs calling attention to the rouge prints. As though the rouge would escape the keen eye of the manager of the domestic department of criminal investigation!

The only security against bum raps for *(Continued on page 263)*



"I'm ready, Dear"



© ESQUIRE, INC., 1944

THE ORDEAL OF JOHN PAUL JO

(Crew of the Bonhomme Richard *repelling boarders from th*

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ES

ONES *by Anton Otto Fischer*

e Serapis, *September 23, 1779*)

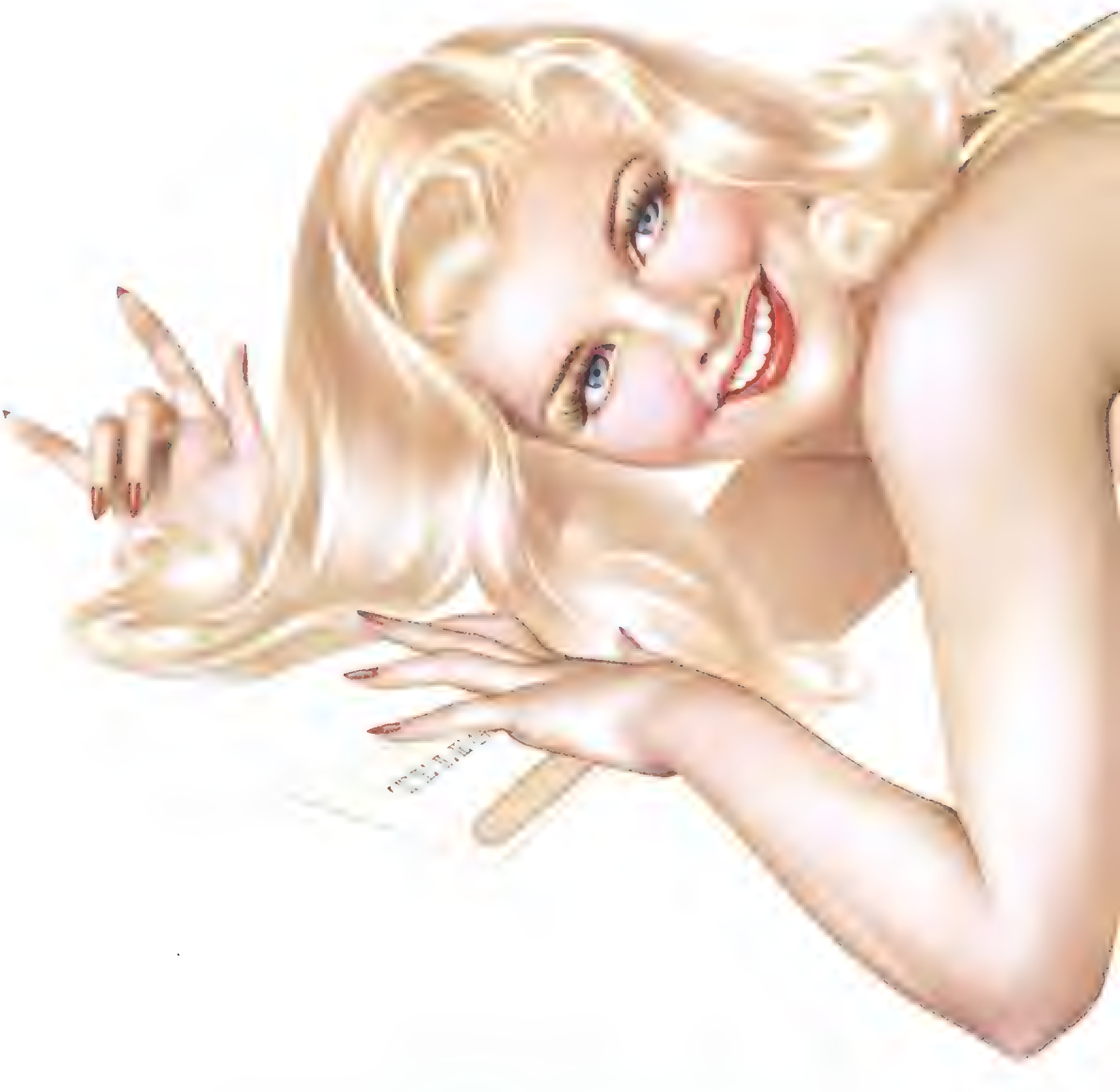
SQUIRE

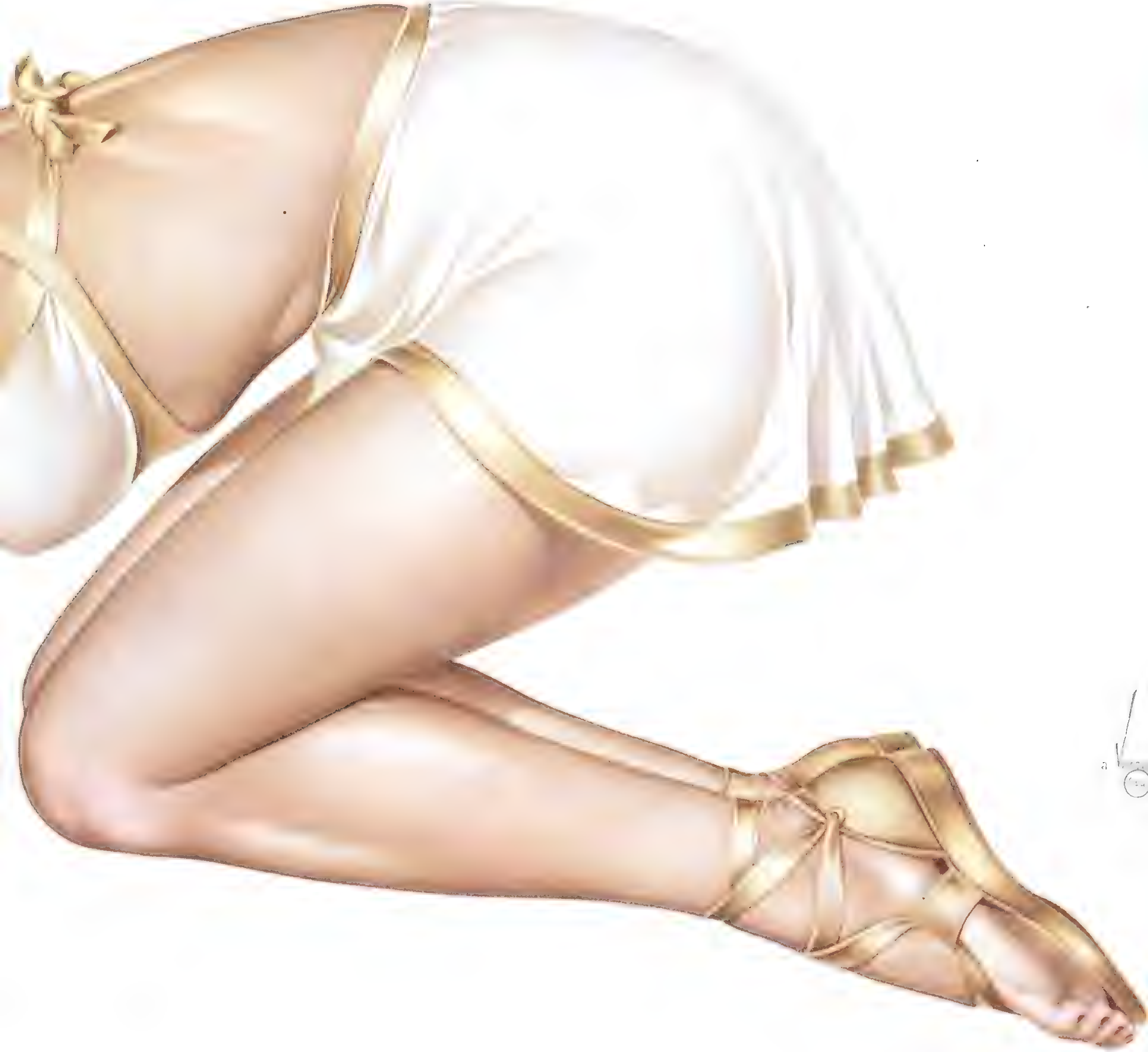
Christmas Tidings

It's funny that a simple telegram
Can hold the key to all my happiness,
But that's the way it is—the way I am—
The reason isn't very hard to guess,
For Jim is coming home to me again
And Christmas will be lovely as before,
And all the weary loneliness and pain
Will vanish as he smiles at me once more:

I prayed for this, and now that it is here,
I know that I will never let him go,
That we can look to many a happy year
When wreaths are hung and Christmas candles glow;
When laughter and contentment fill our days
And peace on earth is not an idle phrase!

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack





Until that bitter day the Stone gave up its secret, the lost and homeless of the earth knew one place to call their own

The Beggars' Stone

by GERALD KERSH

THE monotony of the plain becomes so heartbreaking that you would thank God for the sight of a withered tree. The land lies flat. The road forks and runs away into the unknown distance. Look east, look west: there is nobody; nothing but dust and grass and a dry, melancholy wind which twists the clouds into tortured shapes. The plain is mournful and legend-haunted. Dig in it and you may find strange things—skulls scored with scars, bits of metal, defaced coins, weapons which, at a touch, fall to green powder. It swallows men like a sea. The Tartars passed this way, with the flat-faced riffraff of the Bad Lands. "Where my horses' hooves have passed no grass grows." But grass has grown: the grass always wins in the end, and it covers everything, humbly bending before the wind, but savagely clutching the earth with its roots—bitter, gluttonous Puszta grass, that devours the soil.

I say the road forks, and is terribly lonely. But a few paces away from the point at which it divides there stands a stone, incalculably ancient, roughhewn into a rectangular shape, burying itself by its own weight . . . "digging its own grave," as they say in these parts. It used to lie flat. Now it stands erect. In the place where it used to lie there is a deep hole. Grass has begun to encroach on the stone itself. The hard, pale surface sprouts sparse tufts like an old man's chin. These tufts somehow make the stone look older. By moonlight, they give it an appearance of something grotesquely like life.

Three sides of the stone are marked with inscriptions. Bend sideways and you may read initials, names, and broken phrases in all the languages of the earth. . . . J. H.; M. B. HUNYADI; several crosses; "GOD WILL PUNISH THEM," in ancient Slavonic. In one corner somebody has laboriously hacked out a heart and an arrow. Roman, Greek, Russian, Tartar, Georgian—all alphabets may be found there. There is even the name of one FA'OUZI, beautifully carved in curling Arabic. To whom did these names and symbols belong? Only God knows. The time will come when even these desolate marks will have been rubbed away by the rain and the dust, and then there will be nothing but the tired old stone, imperceptibly disintegrating atom by atom in the loneliness of the plain at the fork of the dreary road.

Why was the stone dropped there? For centuries nobody knew. Tramps used it as a seat, a bed, a kitchen and a meeting place. The friction of their bodies alone had worn little hollows in it. Their weight had helped to press it down. Their names were cut into it. They had nothing but names to leave. Some of them, no doubt, were so poor that they had no names. Men and women who lived and died up and down the interminable roads of Europe; people beyond society; lost souls; the forgotten of God; men without hope; eaters of garbage; beggars for charity; people who lived on their sores and deformities; bear trainers, lone bandits, wandering musicians and contortionists—they all rested on that stone, left their marks if they had marks to leave, and went their ways to their unknown graves.

The plainsmen call it The Beggars' Stone, to this day.

One evening in 1906, two men met at the Stone. The first had only one leg. He was a short, squat fellow, wrapped in rubbish, crowned with a cowman's round hat which pressed his ears down, and bearded until he resembled a grey, mildewed vegetable rather than a man. The other had an air of crime and misery. Life had crushed him dry and flat, like a grape in a press. His face was a Rosetta Stone of bygone violence—it bore the cuneiform scars of a hatchet, the hieroglyphics of a knife, and the queer marks of broken glasses. People had tried to kill that man. He was beyond hope and fear.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening."

"Cold."

"Bitter," said the one-legged man, nursing his stump.

"Come far?"

"Far enough. And you?"

"Far enough. Where are you heading for?"

"Buda, maybe. You?"

"Maybe Buda. What's your name? They call me Bicskas."

"Probka." The one-legged man sighed. "Well, the Stone still lies here. Many's the night I've slept here."

"Me too. See that dent? It fits my head. It might have been made for me."

"Nice soft stone," said Bicskas, grinning. "It's kind of them to let us have even this much. Ha! A stone. I see you pick the south side. You're no fool. You know the ropes. Good. Have you got any food?"

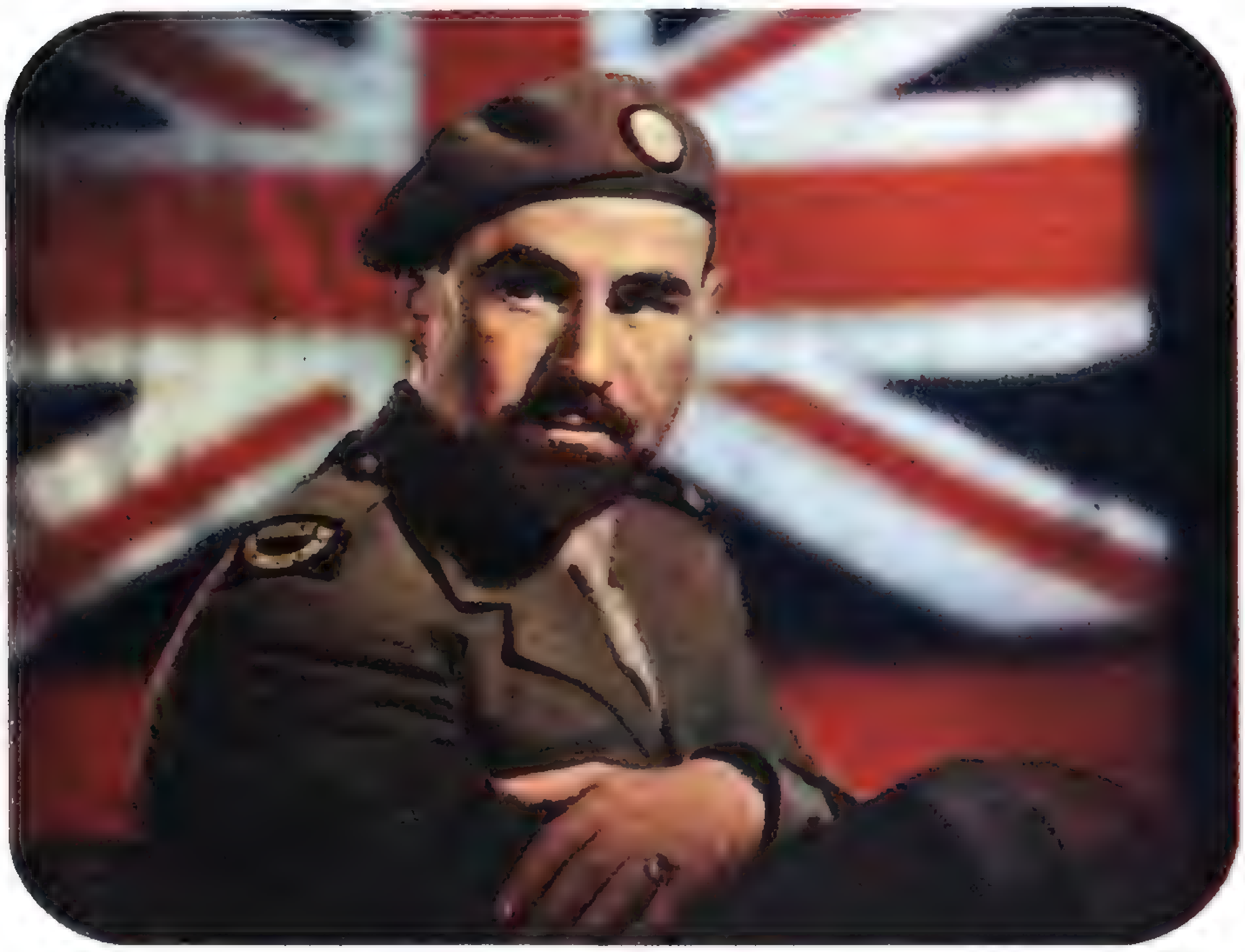
"I've got some bread," said Probka.

"I've got some bacon," said Bicskas.

"I've got some wine." Probka pulled out a bottle.

"We can have a banquet," muttered Bicskas, grinning again. "Look at this." He displayed the stumps of five cigars.

"Things were not always (Continued on page 304)



An Impression of Gerald Kersh

This British author of stories with a cosmopolitan flavor is, in fact, half Russian. Born in Teddington-on-Thames, in Middlesex, he was by his own confession a dour child, an unwilling student. After secondary school he made his living as a baker, night-club bouncer, wrestler, debt collector, traveling salesman and member of the Coldstream Guards. This diverse background shines through the stories which he types or dictates rapidly without rereading until they reach galley form. In 1943 Kersh became a correspondent for the U. S. War Department. Among his recent books, The Dead Look On *is a novel about Lidice;* Brain and Ten Fingers *depicts the courage of the Yugoslav guerrillas. He has a way of making madmen seem credible and outcasts seem important as you will find in his current story,* The Beggars' Stone.

HARMONY HONEY I

A four-page medley of
early ballads and some modern misses
who call forth a whistle as
well as a song.

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Oh, don't you re-mem-ber sweet Betsy from Pike, who
crossed the big mount-ains with her lov-er Ike, with
two yoke of cat-tle, a large yel-low dog, a-
tall Shang-hai roost-er, and one spot-ted hog
Refrain
say-ing good-by, Pike Count-ry, Fare-well for a while; We'll
come back a- gain when we've panned out our pile.

reprinted from The American Songbag, compiled by Carl Sandburg, copyright Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927

The Little Mohee
HARMONY HONEY
The sun was fast sink- ing
far o- ver the
sea, as I wandered
a- long with my
lit- tle Mo- hee.

reprinted from Lonesome Tunes,
copyright H. W. Gray Co., 1916

Adelita

HARMONY HONEY III

A - de - li - ta's the name of the
la - dy . . . Who was mis-tress of
all my pleas-ures here . . . . Nev-er
think I can come to for -
get her, . . . Nor to change her for
an - y oth- er dear . . . . .

reprinted from the American Songbag, compiled by Carl Sandburg, copyright Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927

My Pretty Little Pink

HARMONY HONEY IV

My pret-ty lit-tle Pink, I
once did think that you and I would
mar-ry, but now I've lost all
hopes of you, and I have no
time to tar - ry.

reprinted from The American Songbag, compiled by Carl Sandburg, copyright Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927

Tadeuz was a man of good will and a lover of his fellows, and he couldn't imagine anyone taking advantage of him

Tadeuz and the New Year

by GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN

Through the front window of his cottage Tadeuz watched the snow granules sifting down. He sat in his working clothes. Beside his chair, on the floor, was his lunch pail, paintless and polished and dented (the same pail Anna had given him when he'd taken his job at the mill—almost as soon as they'd arrived from Poland many years ago). On the davenport were his mackinaw, his woolen cap and his mittens. The seven o'clock mill whistle had blown almost two hours before, and here he sat, staring out of the window.

His daughter Toni came from the kitchen and stood before him. "Papa, stop sitting there like that. You'll make yourself sick."

Tadeuz looked at her vaguely and with habitual tenderness. Sixteen she was already, and looking every day more like her mother Anna (Anna, safe in the arms of the Virgin Mary these eight years).

"You mustn't just sit, Papa; it's bad for you. Everything's all right and you know it. Everybody had a good time."

His lips moved as though he would say something, but no sound came past them. He turned from her and began staring again at the falling snow. Toni knew that it wasn't any use. She went back to her duties in the kitchen.

Tadeuz was a kindly man. He was a lover of his fellows; a man of good will. All of his adult life he had spent working at the rail mill, smoothing off the roughness of the rails that the blunt saws had made. The din of his grinding wheel had impaired his hearing somewhat, and the goggles he had to wear and the flying sparks had dimmed his vision. But it had been a good life that he led, for he had been as happy a man as could be found.

Somewhere inside the being of Tadeuz a record had played incessantly, and he was ever conscious of the message of that tireless disc. The record was a tabulation of his more important gifts: the love of his dead wife Anna; the love and the beauty of his one child, Toni, whom he had raised with such care; his citizenship papers; the many good friends in the mill and out of it; the cottage (now almost completely paid for); a little money in the bank; his yard in which he raised beets, tomatoes, radishes and dahlias in summer. Even if he awoke for a few minutes in the night, always there was the record playing dependably away with its warm assurance.

Of course Tadeuz could not count all of his gifts, for he was a man to say thanks for a bursting bud, a single snowflake, or the first slapping drops of a quick summer rain; a fingernail-paring of moon, or a brown leaf rocking slowly to earth.

A pale sun filtered through the steel-mill fog, the snow stopped falling, and very soon people up and down the street were out clearing their sidewalks. Toni was out shoveling too. She paused a moment and looked at Tadeuz behind the window. She pushed her red scarf back off her forehead with her wrist and waved to him. He thought that he smiled and nodded his head. Anyhow that was what he had felt like doing.

Young Steve Domkowski came down the steps of his father's house across the street.

"Happy New Year, Toni," he called over; "I didn't get to see you yesterday, so Happy New Year *today*."

"Happy New Year to you, Steve," she called back. She leaned on her shovel after Steve had walked off. She was frowning, but when she saw Tadeuz looking at her, she smiled at him too brightly.

This was the second day of the New Year. Yesterday had been the first. Tadeuz told himself firmly that he would hold the happening of yesterday against no one. The foreman always said, "A little horseplay is good for the morale." Morale was something Tadeuz could never comprehend, but it must surely be a good thing because the foreman was very cheerful when he talked about it. They were all nice boys at the mill. It was only natural for them to play jokes. Tadeuz was not resentful. He held no grudge.

A week ago there had been a mimeographed slip of paper in his pay envelope:

> *Time Clock* No. 1901
> *Because of service in excess of* 25 *years with the Company you will receive a Turkey on December* 31. *Present this voucher at Tool Crib* 56 *during lunch period. Voucher will also serve as package pass through Main Gate.*

That evening when Tadeuz came home he said to Toni: "Always we went to other people's houses on New Year's Day. Now they will come to this house. Before, you were too young to cook a big meal. Now you will show people you are a lady."

Toni had been delighted. She'd clapped her hands.

"I'll get Steve's mother to help me with the turkey," she said. "All the other things I can have ready before."

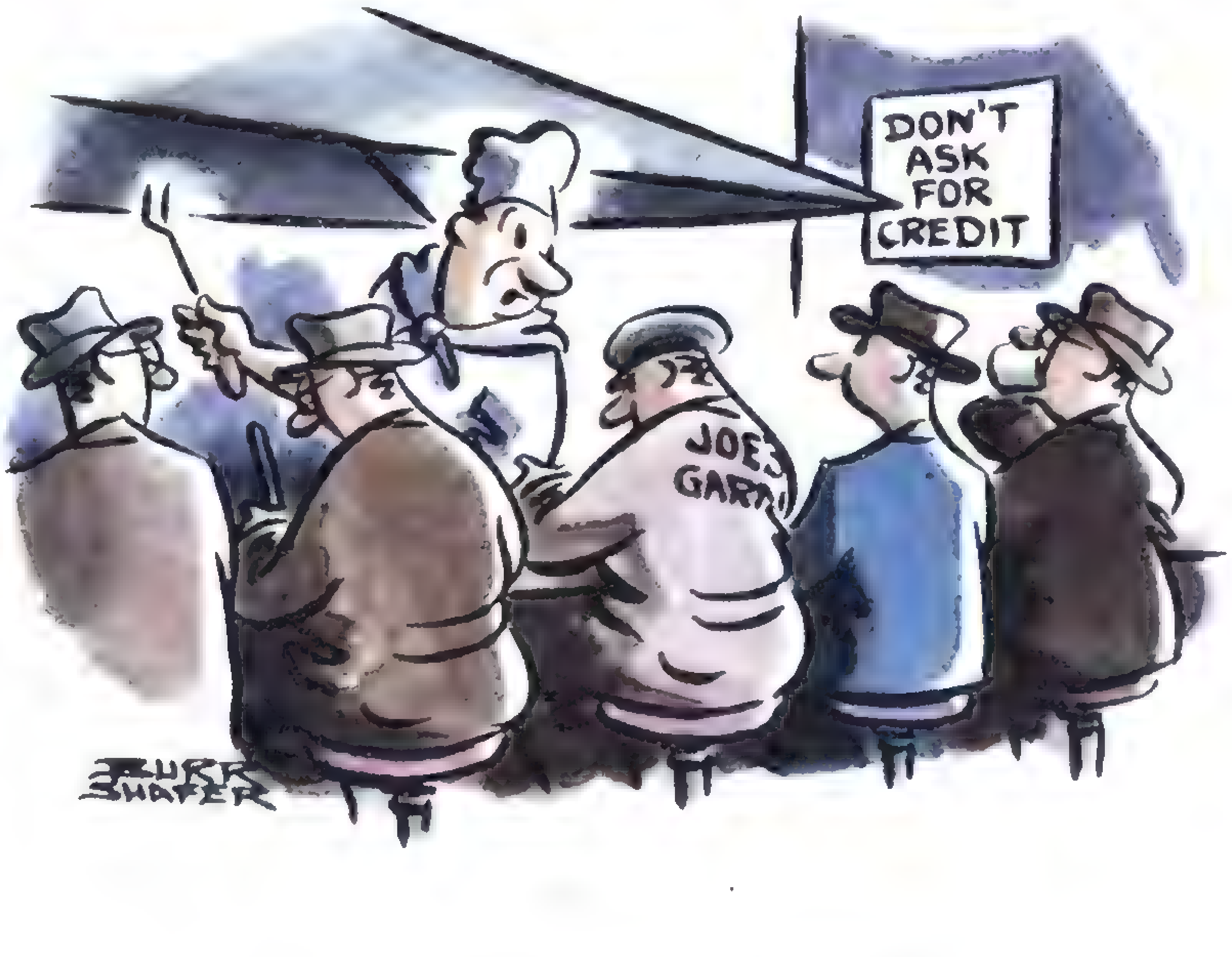
The day after Tadeuz received the notice he stopped the foreman. "How big you think the turkeys'll be for the twenty-five-year people?"

"They'll be whoppers," the foreman said; "the biggest turkeys you could buy and still have them tender."

"You telephone the people before they buy their own turkeys," Tadeuz said to Toni that evening when they were through eating their dinner. "Telephone them right now." And he stood over her chuckling as she did, and as one family after another accepted the invitation.

During the pre-New Year's week, Toni wore herself out, but both she and Tadeuz felt that it was well worth it. Tadeuz was so happy that every once in a while he'd notice that his eyes were wet. The sparks that flew from his grinding wheel lost their prosaic glow and took on a festive brilliance. Toni was a woman now, and everybody would see for himself what a good job he had done in raising her. He almost felt like dancing on the steel-sheathed floor in his heavy work shoes with their metal safety toes.

On December 31st, Tadeuz presented his (*Continued on page 227*)



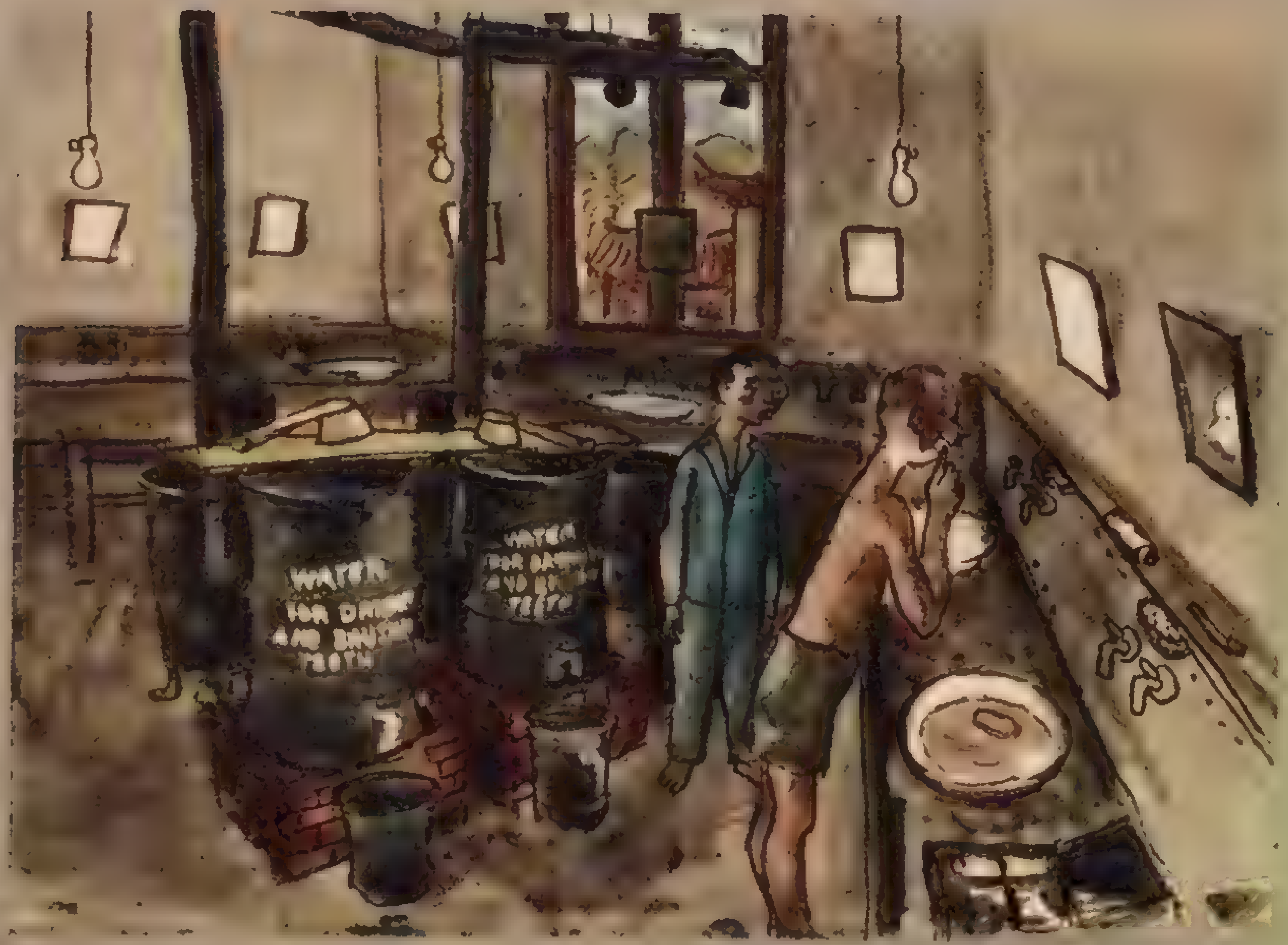
"You want onions on that squab?"

定好

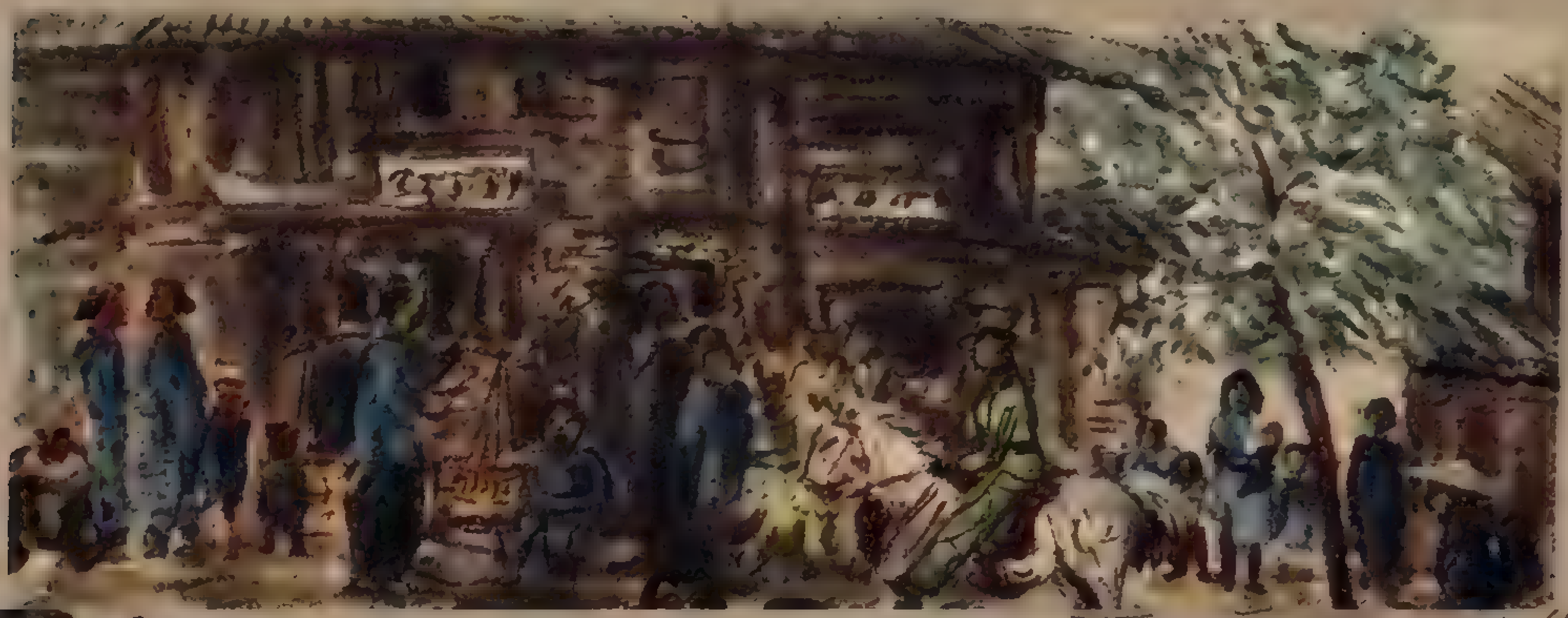
(Ding-how!)

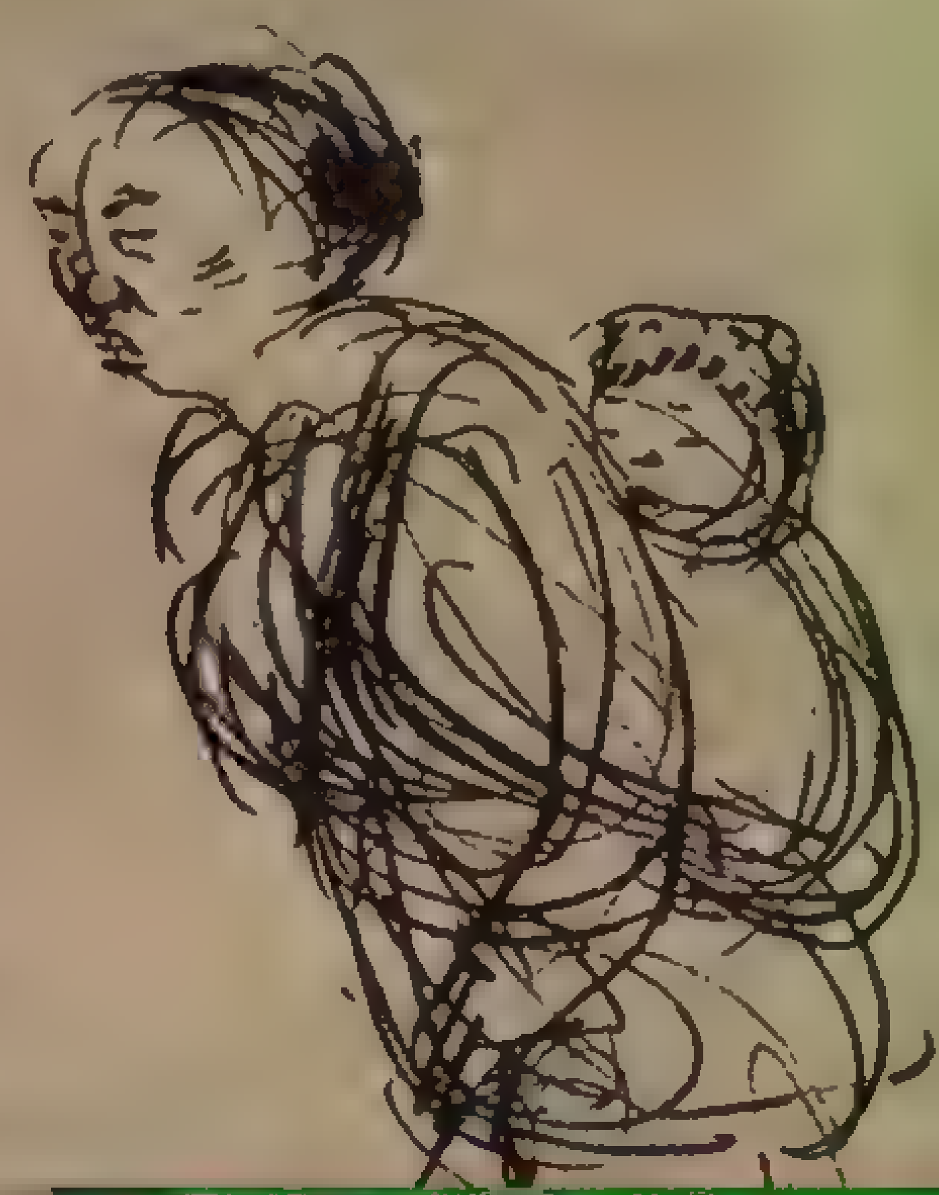
Split-second impressions of China by Howard Baer, artist war correspondent

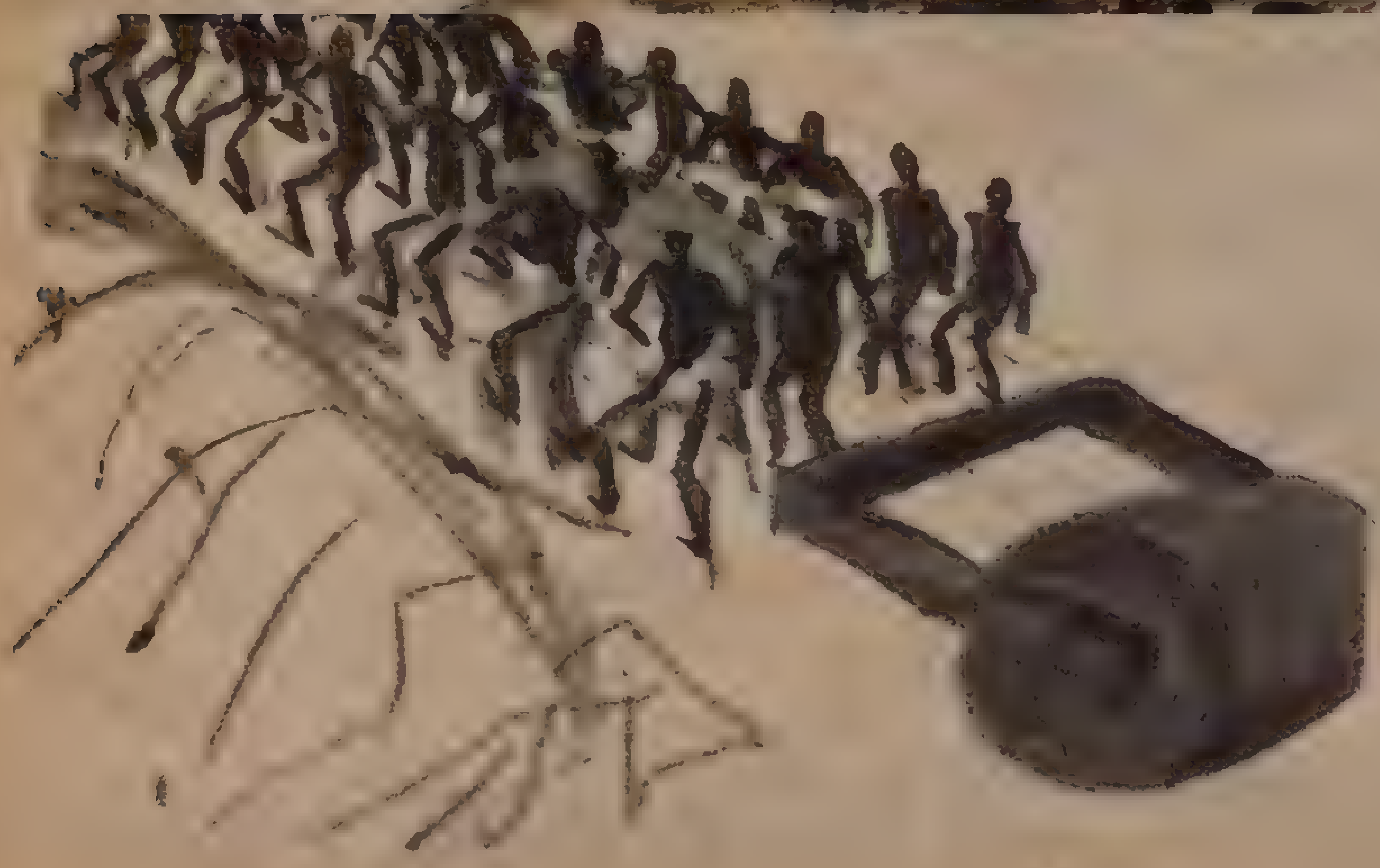
THESE sketches were done by Baer in moments snatched from his assignment of recording the work of surgical units of the Army Medical Corps in CBI. Baer spent six months in China, Burma and India, living with medical outfits at the front, painting the story of the wounded from battle to base hospital. The sketches on these pages glimpse the night and day life of China in wartime. "Ding-how, with a thumbs-up gesture, is the Chinese V sign—the hello of East to Western allies," says Baer. "—good luck."

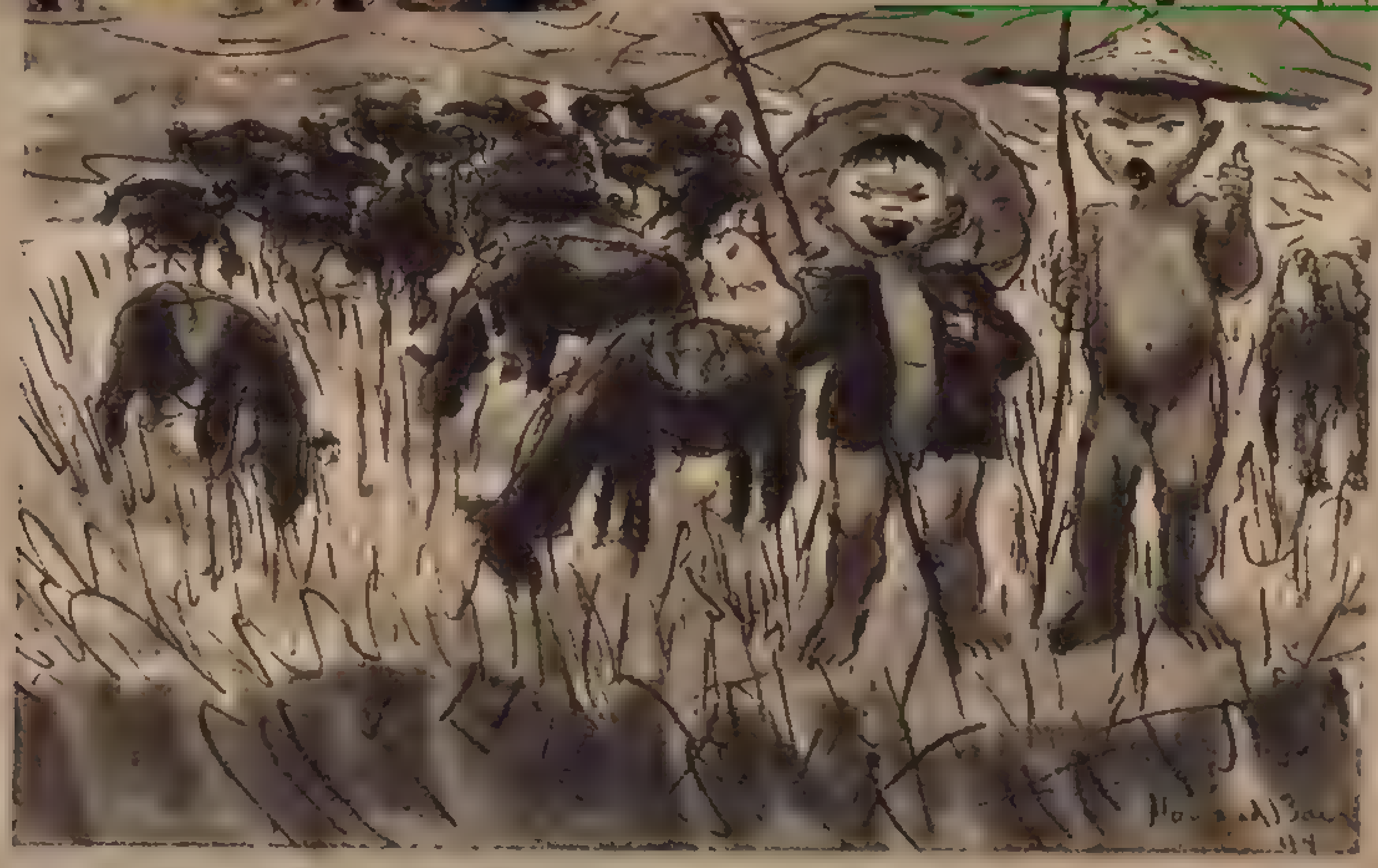

WATER FOR DRINKING AND BRUSHING TEETH
WATER FOR DRINKING AND BRUSHING TEETH

Washroom in troop hostel, Kunming

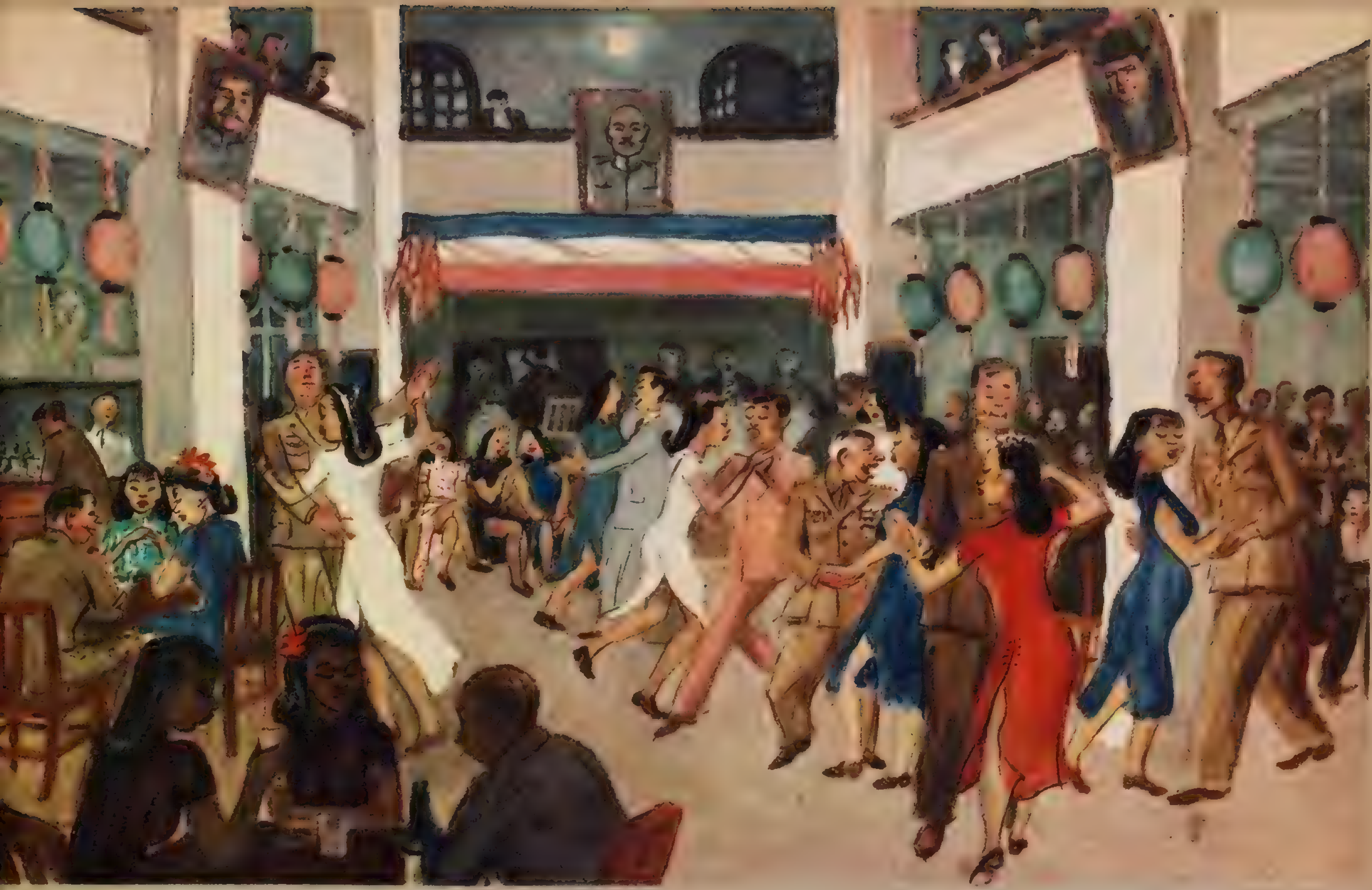




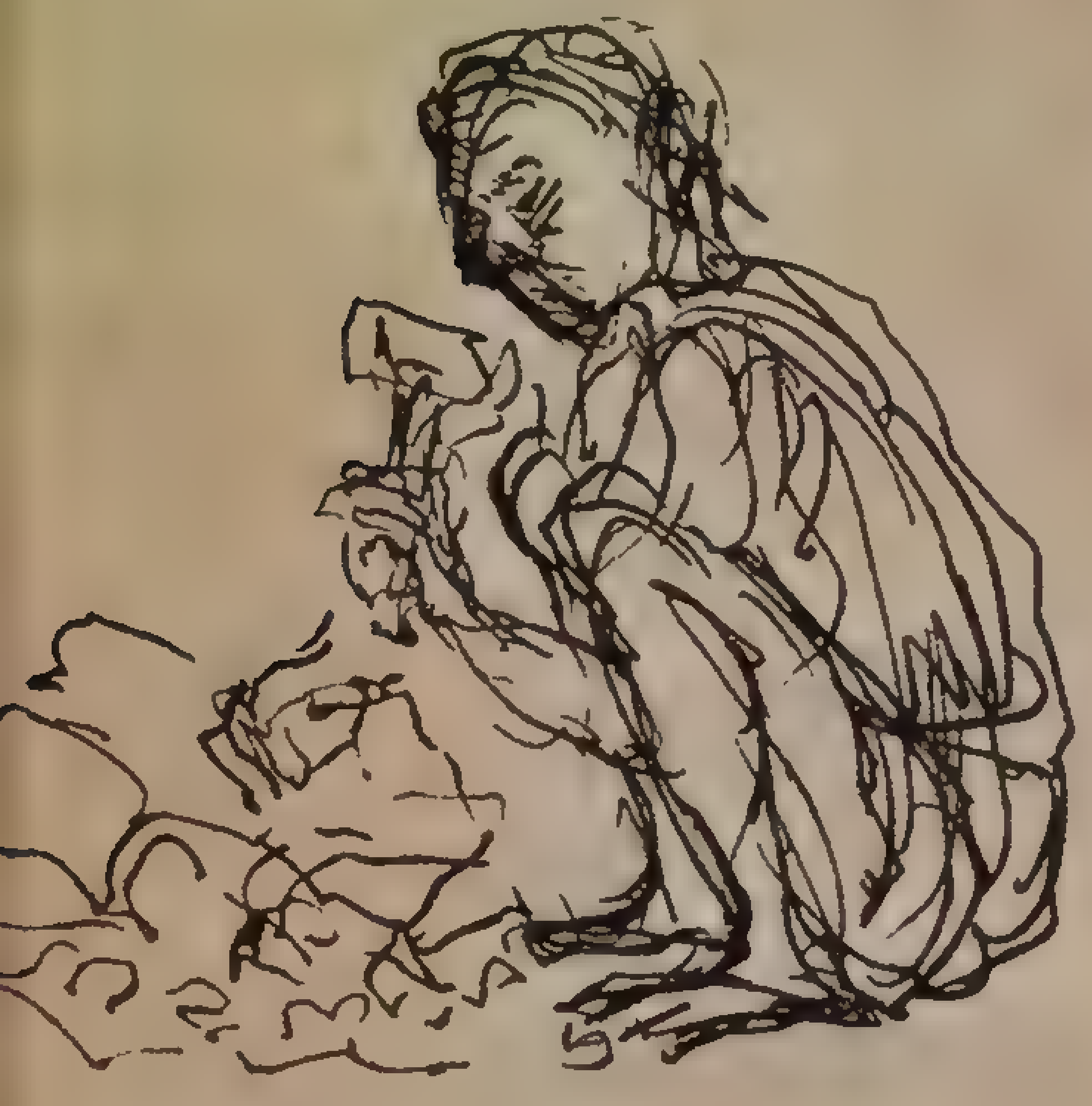




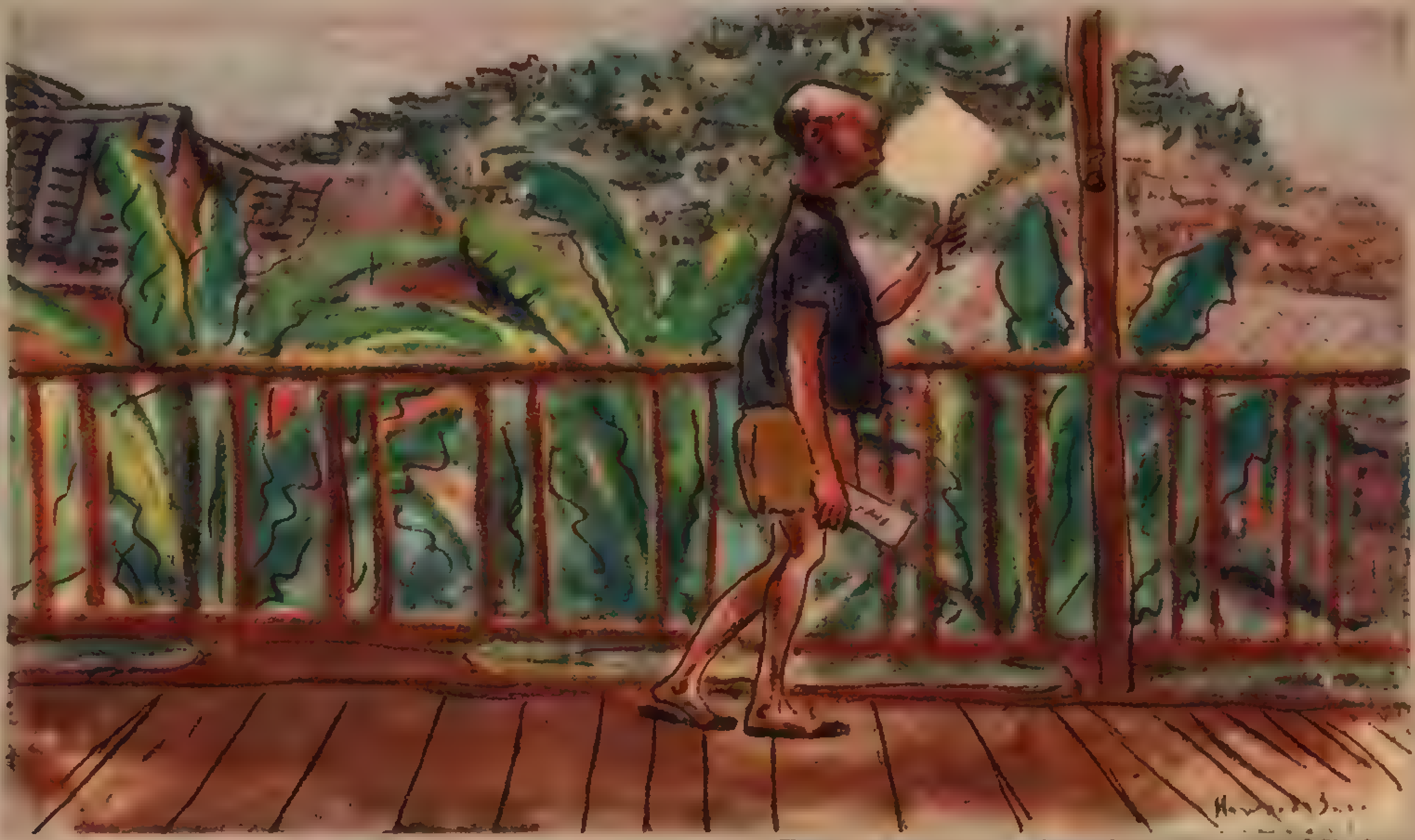
Young China giving the Ding-how



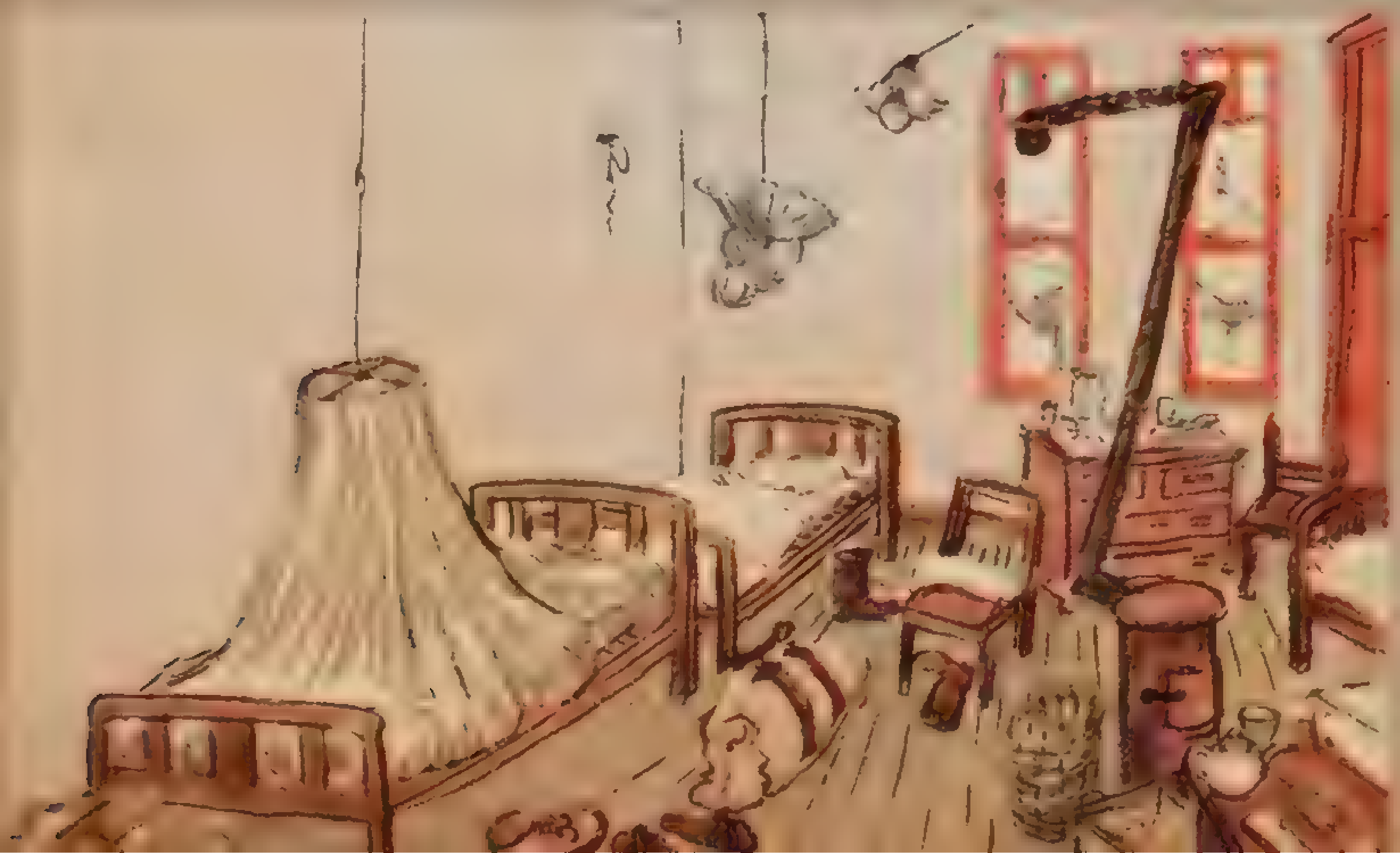
United Nations Club, dance hall in Kunming



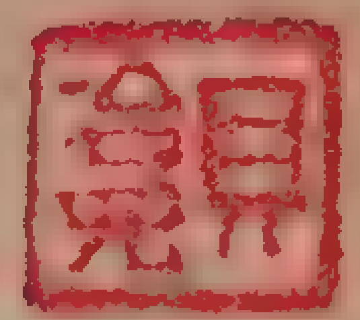
Kunming quarters shared with Australian correspondent George Johnston



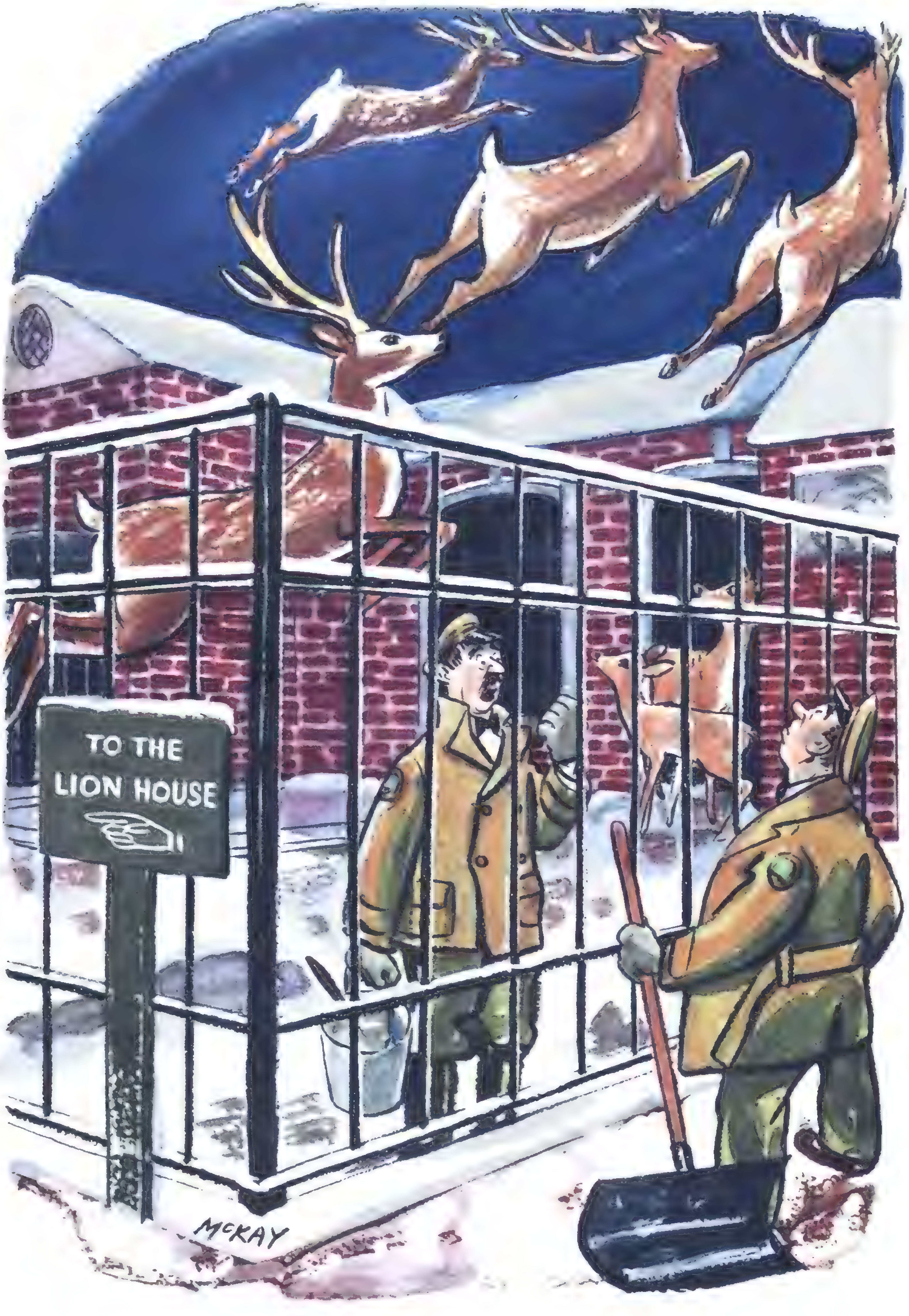
Press messenger, Chungking, on a 130°F. day



Chop



(Chinese for Baer)


TO THE
LION HOUSE
McKAY

"I don't know where they go, but it happens every Christmas"

Brushes with Valkyrie, a knife thrower and a colleague's wife made a confirmed fiddler of this student of jurisprudence

The Terrors of Law

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ERDOES

Notwithstanding my deep respect for the achievements of jurists in the fields of crime, politics, lobbyism and tax delinquency I don't exactly know why I studied law, having developed an early phobia against the legal profession. My family thought that I should win an academic degree and the study of law gave me a legitimate excuse for doing a great many things, such as fiddling, traveling, writing, loafing, which I preferred to the dismal vagaries of jurisprudence. In Central Europe a law graduate is called "doctor," and many European jurists stick to the confusing habit of writing "Dr." in front of their names, even in the United States where a doctor deals in the manifold aberrations of body and mind, but not the legal one. When I came to this country, some people persisted in calling me "doctor" which caused bystanders to take me aside and ask my medical advice, one young lady going so far as to remove part of her dress so I could put my ear to her ribs and listen to her bronchitis.

I studied law at the Czech and the German universities at Prague, in the late 'twenties. The Czech University Law School was a modern progressive institution, lacking the scholastic patina and the fossil traditions that went with Prague's German University Law School. The Charles University in Prague was founded in 1348, and since then nothing has been added to increase the comfort of its students. Everybody knows that the Middle Ages were not marked by an outstanding degree of personal hygiene. Large sections of the citadel-like building walls were missing and strange, highly poisonous varieties of mushroom grew between the ramparts. The floors were stony and so were the faces of the professors. Water dripped from the ceilings. The stairway leading up to the classrooms had large, moss-filled cracks. There was a legend that several undernourished *legum baccalaurei* had fallen into these cracks and were never heard of again.

With the exception of a few students who, like myself, had enrolled for a couple of semesters because we wanted to listen to such luminaries as Professor Ludwig Wahrmund, great man of ecclesiastical law, or Professor Otto Englaender, one of the country's leading economists, the student body consisted of young men whose conceptions of human and divine law were somewhat distorted. They hailed from that cursed, wholly superfluous part of Central Europe called Sudetenland. The Sudeten-German students, an outlandish tribe with close-cropped hair and bellowing voices, demonstrated their contempt for what they called "the degenerate intelligentsia" by walking the streets of Prague with naked knees and bare heads, even during cold waves. They wore white woolen stockings, *Lodenroecke*, *Regenmaentel*, and substituted strength of voice for sharpness of reasoning.

We called the Sudeten-Germans the "Orls" (morons), or "Rand-Orls" (*Rand* means frontier) because they came from the dimly civilized, mountainous frontier regions of Czechoslovakia. Their idea of good, clean fun was to gang up on students whose looks or ideas they didn't like and beat the hell out of them. The lynching took place inside the university. The Czechoslovak constitution guaranteed the immunity of academic territory and no Czech policeman was allowed to enter the university, even if he happened to be witness to a murder being committed there.

The Sudeten-German students were reinforced by several *Walkueren*. They wore white woolen stockings, dirndl-dresses, and no hats and took a dim view of cosmetics, permanents and similar displays of "American decadence." I particularly remember one of those Amazons who helped in the premature removal of one of my teeth. She was a robust, athletic female with sinewy arms and ash-blonde hair, good looking, as good-looking buffaloes go. Why I got beaten up, I don't exactly remember, but I think it had something to do with *Weltanschauung*. The beating took place at the entrance to the Seminar for Ecclesiastical Law with the girl playing a prominent part in the free-for-all. She launched her attack with a series of wild, ecstatic cries and vigorously beat her umbrella against my forehead. She had been trained for her role as champion beater of the underdog in a nearby *Turnhalle* (gymnasium) where she spent her evenings with the Rand-Orls between the horizontal bars and rings on the trapeze, horses, springboards and other such devilish apparatus. The Rand-Orls all but lived at the *Turnhalle*. When a man fell from the high bar and broke a couple of ribs he was considered a hero. The victim was carried to a near-by Sudeten-German doctor and the *Kommilitonen* adjourned to a beerhouse where they brooded, interrupted by deep potations, on how to harm the institutions of Czechoslovak democracy.

Naturally the Rand-Orls didn't do so well in the classroom after such beer-abends, but relatively few of them flunked their exams. Many professors believed in the *mens sana*

(*Continued on page 283*)

LACY

Suzi Crandall, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Blue-eyed, blonde Suzi Crandall is one of the lucky girls whom producer David O. Selznick is grooming for stardom. Winner of a "Miss Chicago" beauty contest in 1942, Suzi moved on to Atlantic City and won the "Miss America" title. This attracted the attention of Harry Conover, the models' agent, who disrupted Suzi's plans for college by putting her to work posing for ads, billboards and magazine covers. Suzi left New York for Florida right after her first screen test, wasn't sold on the movies until David Selznick long-distanced her several times. Suzi says, "I don't care for particularly good-looking men, nor do they have to be athletic. I like a man to be a little older than I, and he must be able to talk on more than two subjects." Vital statistics: height: *5′ 5″*; weight: *115 lbs.*; bust: *34″*; waist: *24″*; hips: *34″*.

If a woman dabbles in politics there is only one answer: look for the man

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

by **VICTOR POLZER**

In 1918—I was a Navy lieutenant on active duty in the Adriatic—a bullet hit me in the lung, and after convalescing, I was declared 4F and ordered back to Budapest, where they put me in the Hungarian section of the Austro-Hungarian Navy Department. The war was nearing its end and a number of important documents passed through my hands. Mutiny occurred more than once in the Croatian ports and had to be quashed until the Empire finally went to pieces. With my navy career abruptly cut off, I had to look for another occupation, and I was fortunate in that my father-in-law, Count L. —I'd rather omit all names in this story—was on the board of a large insurance company. He did not retain the position, of course, but he did keep his contacts which opened quite a few of the doors at which I had to knock during those days. Director of Sales, I called myself optimistically; insurance peddler would have been a better title. Well, I too had been what you might term a Count, and my background and training made things a little easier for me. Somehow, my wife and I managed, until the beginning of that episode which engulfed Hungary in blood and horror—I'm referring to the short-lived dictatorship of Béla Kun.

Although the daily fight for a living had taken my interest off politics, the new order brutally forced upon us and the misery of my friends who had been active politically, drove me back into the muddy waters. I joined the Legitimists, a counterrevolutionary party attempting the restoration of the deposed Hapsburgs. Ours was a large apartment; moreover, it had two doors—main and service entrance—and as long as the city provided steam and electricity, we were happily busy at home hatching a new monarchy. This went on until the government set up a general housing control and billeted homeless "comrades" in all large apartments. One night our doorbell rang, and when I answered it, I found myself opposite a doubtful looking couple with such a horde of kids that I was unable to ascertain their number at first sight. With admirable composure, the man said: "We'll move right in."

Communism might be a good thing for people who have collective leanings; as for me, I am an individualist and prefer privacy. The brats were seven in number; their father—Szekeres was his name—expressed it in his inimitable style: "If the devil gets a half dozen, it will still leave one." They ranged from twelve years to six weeks—reason enough for Mr. Szekeres to declare after a while that he would not have his nights disturbed by the howling infant. He did not mind my presence, however, and thus he graciously consented to share my own bedroom with me. My lungs were still suffering from the aftereffect of the bullet. I coughed a lot, sometimes ran a fever, and in consideration for my wife, I had my own bedroom.

It was rather unfortunate that Mr. Szekeres' lungs, too, were far from what they should have been. While I cannot say anything against him personally, I must admit that his ailment didn't do me any good. My fever ran higher and higher, I felt more and more miserable, and as we did not have much to eat except dry vegetables, I had to take to my bed repeatedly. How about my wife, you'd like to know? Well, of course she said she couldn't bear the situation any longer—watching me get worse each day; from morn till night, from Monday till Sunday she begged me to move into her room. But I didn't want to and I refused to give in. At that time, I was terribly in love with her—she really was a beauty, a tall, slim blonde—and since I had kept away from her, I didn't want to nullify the sacrifice I was making by putting her in the dangerous situation—dangerous from several points of view—of sharing a room with me.

Bright and early one morning my wife went out. She did not return in time for lunch. The clock struck two, it struck three—she still hadn't come back. I was worried to death and repeatedly crept out into the hall to find out whether she was coming. The Szekeres woman, in response to my anxious questions, gave some mysterious hints which did not alleviate my fear. All of a sudden, a key turned in the lock, and in walked Ilona (that's my wife's name). Seeing me talking to Mrs. Szekeres, she said, very curtly (that was her way): "Get into your bed at once," and, addressing the woman, "Pack your things. You'll move out of here within two hours." While Mrs. Szekeres just stared at her, I wondered whether she had gone crazy or I was dreaming. One hour later, a message came from the Housing Bureau, ordering the Szekeres people to move to other quarters at once.

"Ilona," I said, asking her to sit down beside me, "how in the world did you do it?"

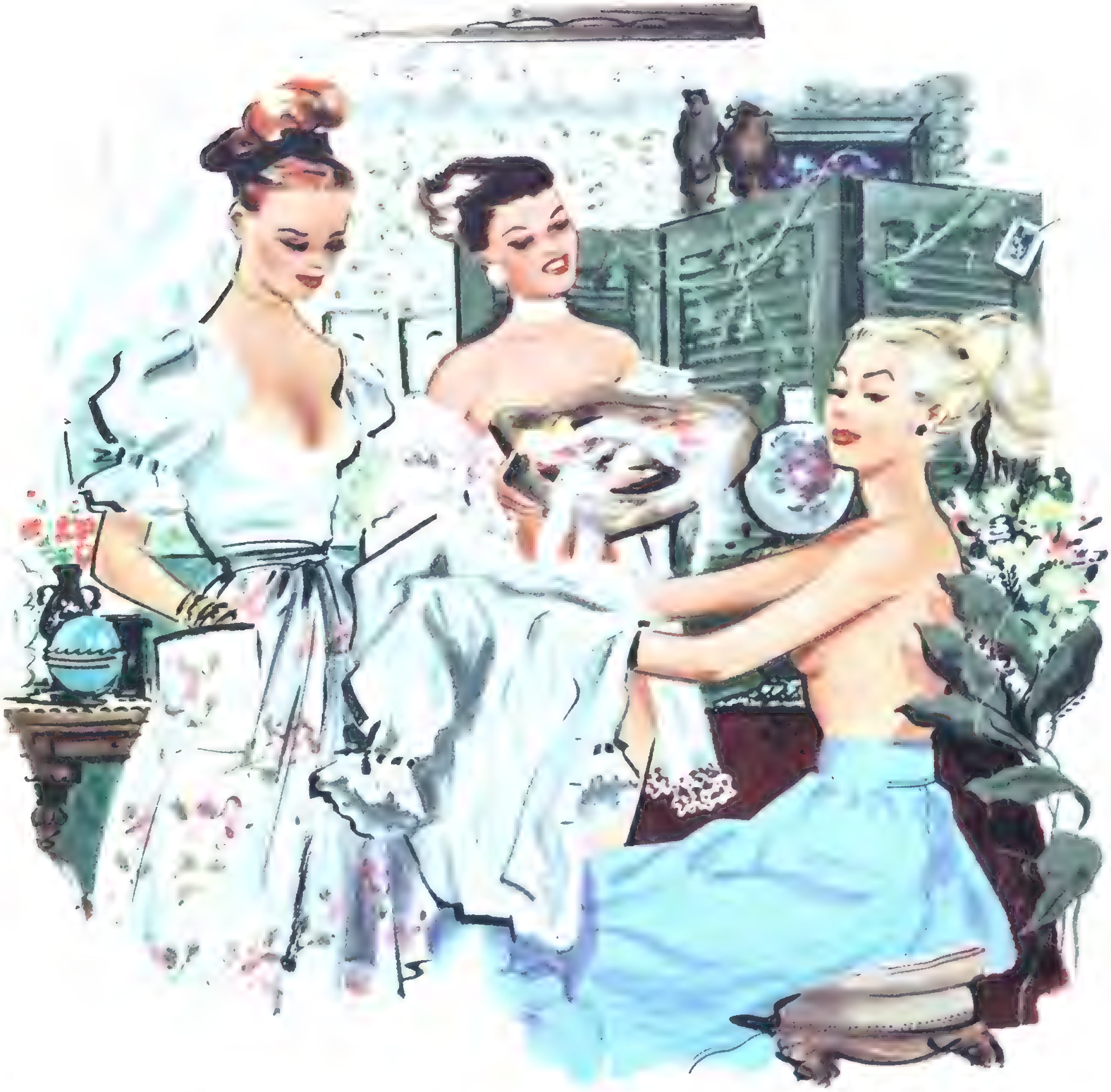
"I spoke to the bigwig in charge of housing control," said she; "whenever I had an argument with Szekeres, he told me to go and lodge a complaint with the Commissar."

"Well, and?"

"I had to wait for hours (*Continued on page 274*)

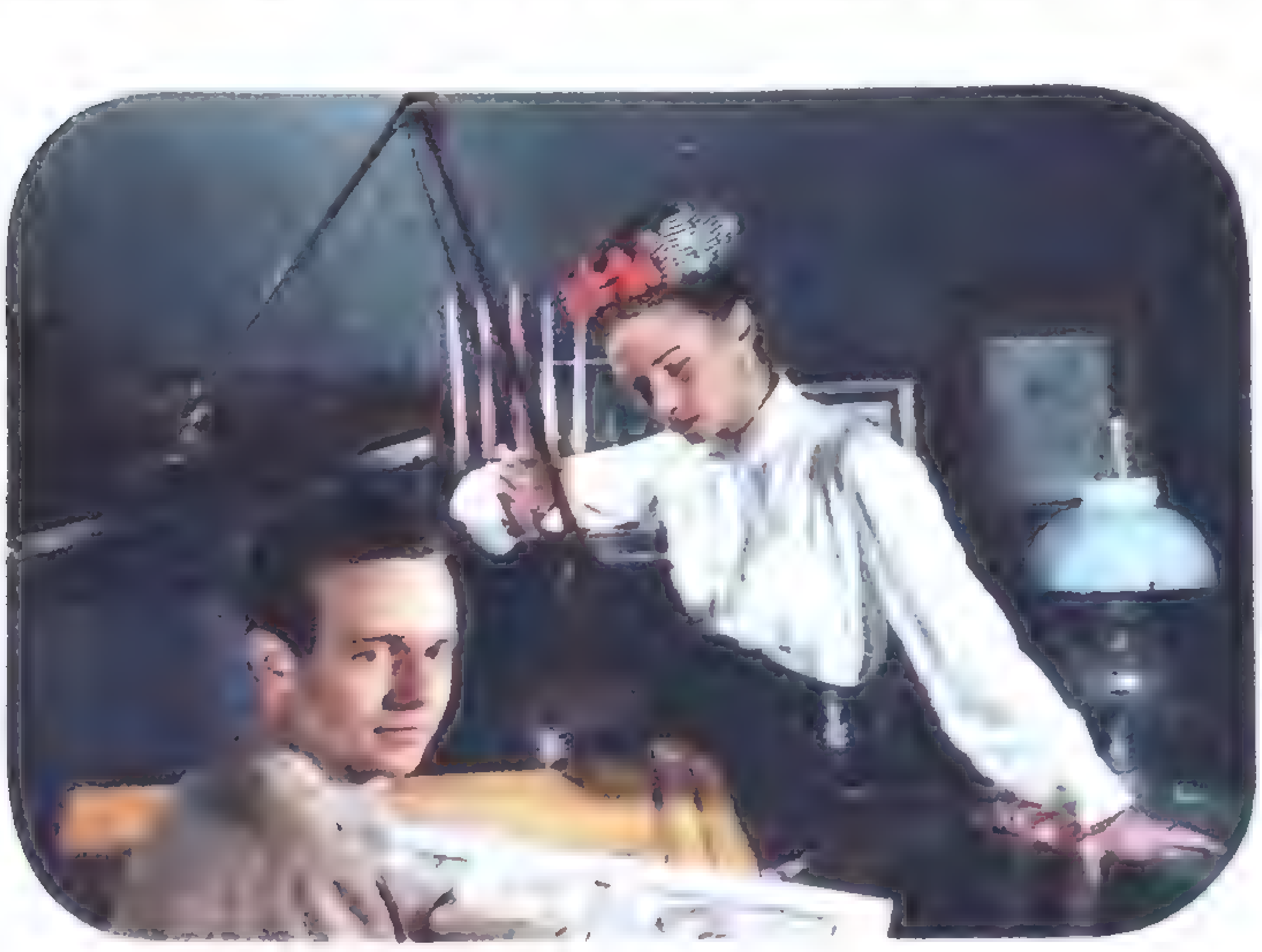
"Who Sings to One Clear Harp in Divers Tones"

When eighteen-year-old Susan Reed first perched on a high stool at Café Society Downtown and sang an Irish ballad in a voice as pure as spring water, it was a shock to the customers of this New York incubator of hot jazz. But red-haired Susie proved the acumen of Barney Josephson, who'll take a chance on new talent. She's never had a lesson on her Irish harp, but she weaves delightful chords and counter melodies which she "somehow hears in her head." Hers are the old Irish, English and American ballads of love and tragedy. Some of them she learned as a child in South Carolina. She's pained when an obtuse fan requests Danny Boy *or other such shamrock sentiment. Her songs are the beautiful, touching truths of folklore. She's finished with school, for Susie and New York have discovered each other. And they love it.*



Mr. Smith Comes to Esquire . . .

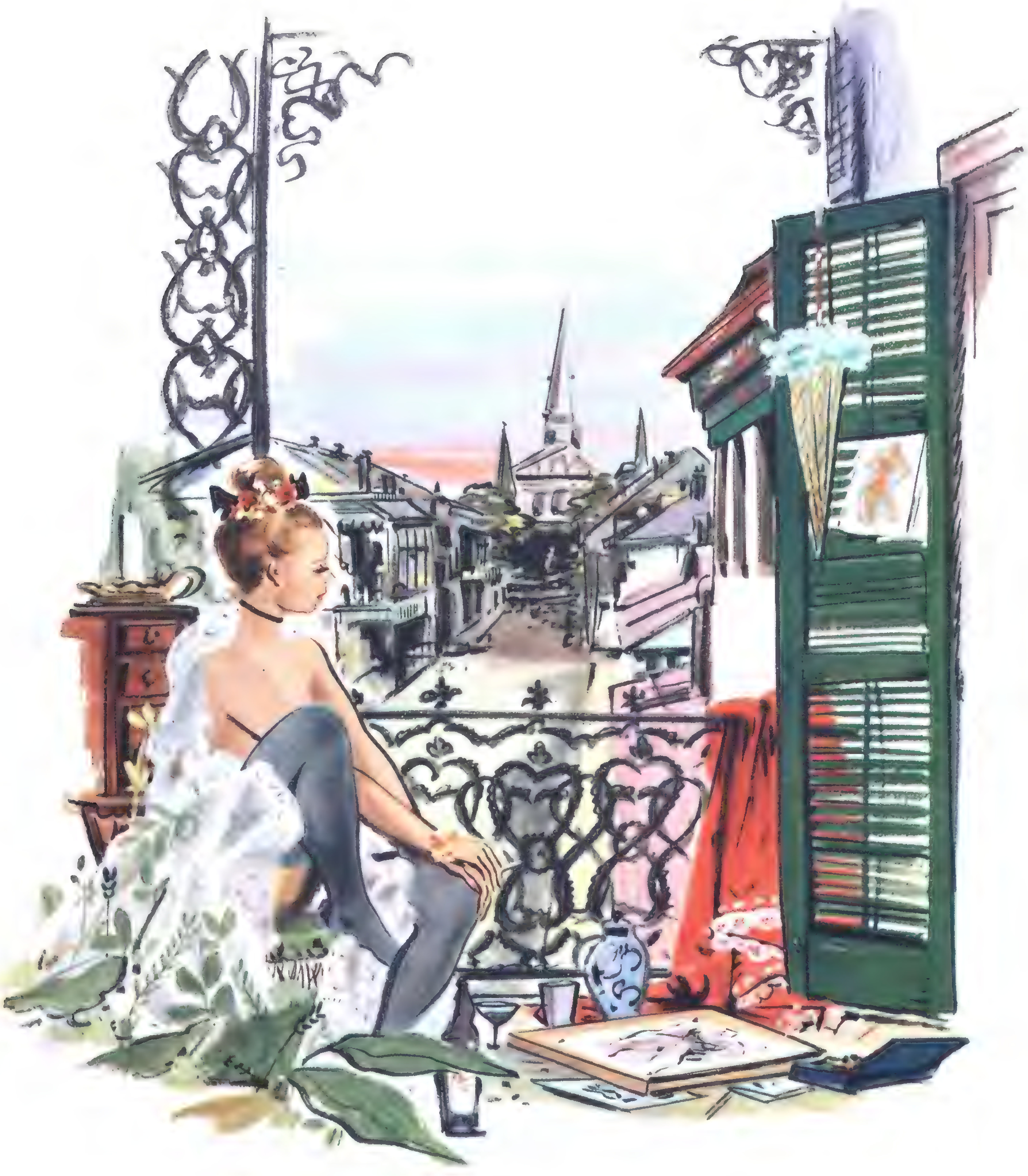
One of the abiding pleasures of publishing is the discovery—from time to time—of a fresh and sterling talent. Thus, it's with an edifying once-in-a-blue-moon feeling that we present here and on the next three pages the first work of J. Frederick Smith to appear in Esquire. And Mr. Smith's arrival brings us a double bounty of pleasure, for *Mrs.* Smith is an artistic bonanza in her own right. Over her maiden signature of Sheilah Beckett, she too curtsies into the Esquire family this month with our cover design of the night-gowned moppet bringing in a flying Santa Claus for a 4.0 landing, and she delivered a sugar plum version of *The Night before Christmas* for the December issue of Coronet Magazine.



On the left, you see this double-threat team in person and at ease. And if you're pondering Mr. Smith's choice of khaki for clothes, it means just what you think it means. Tech 5 Smith will be doing his paintings in off-duty hours until the U. S. Army decides to get along without his paint brush. And Sheilah Beckett will sandwich her art life into the demands of her more immediate career of Army Wife.

At present the Army has Fred Smith in New York illustrating G.I. Round Table handbooks for the Information and Education Section. However, the Smiths have had their share of cross country traipsing since their marriage in 1943 (on a three-day pass). Like a number of compatriots, Fred found himself at Fort Dix in August, 1942. He was first sent to a camouflage battalion at the Army Air Base in Richmond, Virginia. After a dizzying hopscotch from coast to coast the Air Corps grabbed him to work on training aids. From there he moved to his present post.

When Fred Smith first showed up at Esquire, seeking some assignments for men's fashion illustrations, he had a couple of these paintings under his arm as samples. We took one look and said, "Samples, hell! Forget about fashion . . . we want *these*!" And we did a double take on this shy young man whose sensitive features might casually be mistaken for youthful naïveté. Esquire has always held an open door for artists and photographers who

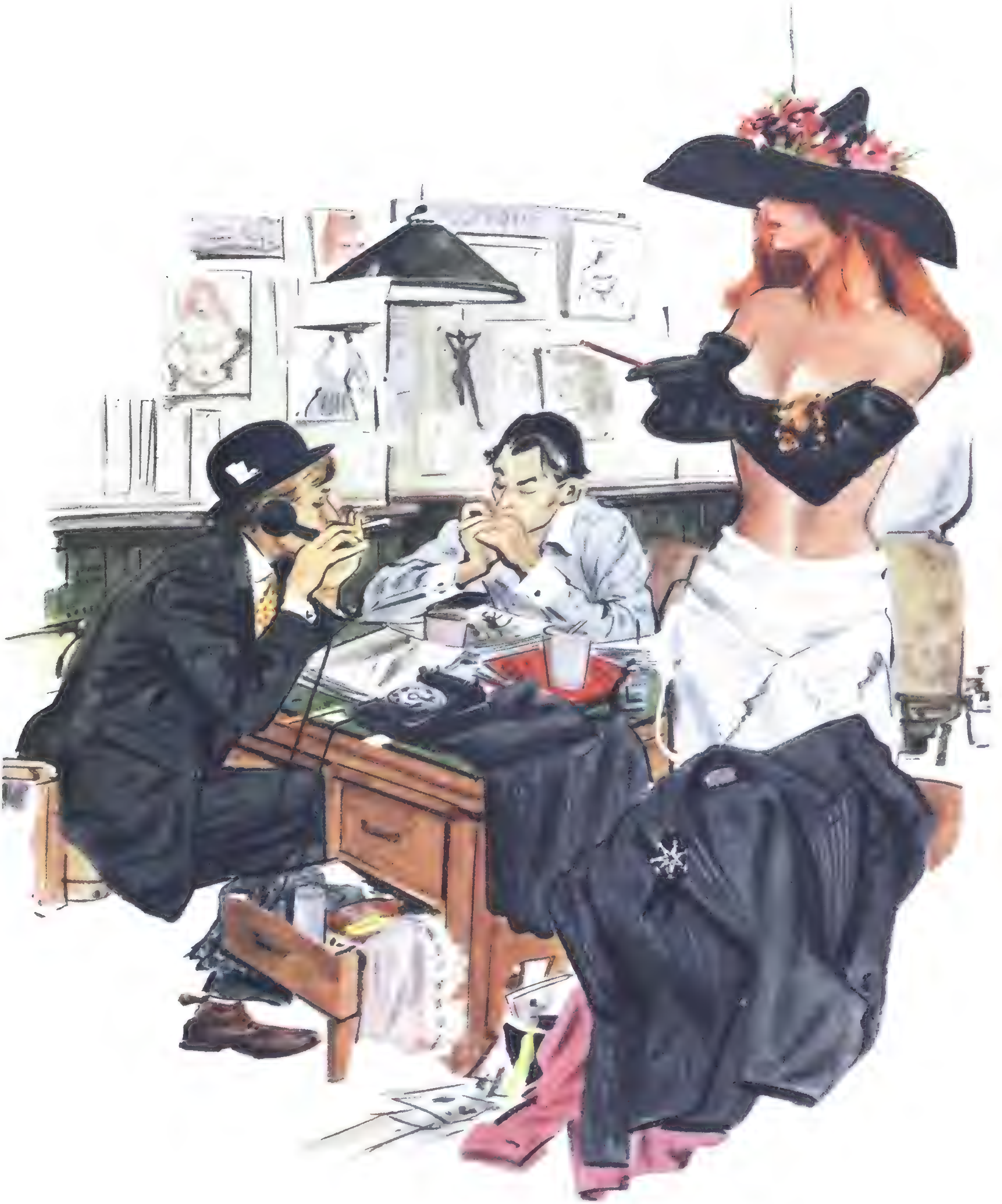


can interpret the multi-sparkled charms of femininity, but this time something unique in our experience walked in.

There are many characteristics of Smith's work adding up to the delicious effect of his paintings. Perhaps first of all there is the quality of the unposed, caught unaware. Sort of a candid camera intimacy. With an indulgent humor he sees a piquant awkwardness in the way these young hoydens sit and stand when they feel no eyes upon them. He considers himself above all a reporter, and he maintains that anyone can enjoy these visions of unguarded grace if he'll just look around and keep his eyes open. Fred's inspiration has been all the girls he has noted under his eyelashes throughout his twenty-seven years, as they went about their little lives. And a strong inspiration begins at home, because those who know Sheilah quickly sense a flavor of her *gamine* appeal in Fred's work.

Another element which he handles with superlative skill is contrast. Take, for example, the scene in a burlesque casting office opposite. The enormous hat and long gloves emphasize the allure of the showgirl. But more than that, you glimpse under the hat brim the most divine profile this side of heaven, and are struck by the glory of her beauty shining against the sordid office surroundings and the cynicism of the hard-eyed men. In line with his contrast technique, there is also his preoccupation with textures. You can see this on the first page where the crisply starched blouses and petticoats are opposed to soft, smooth skin. It's a style of paradox.

He gives ever-loving attention to detail. Such amusing, realistic touches as the gay parasol on the screen in the picture above, and the bottle left from the night before . . . the empty coffee container on the desk in the picture opposite, and the tab on the back of the

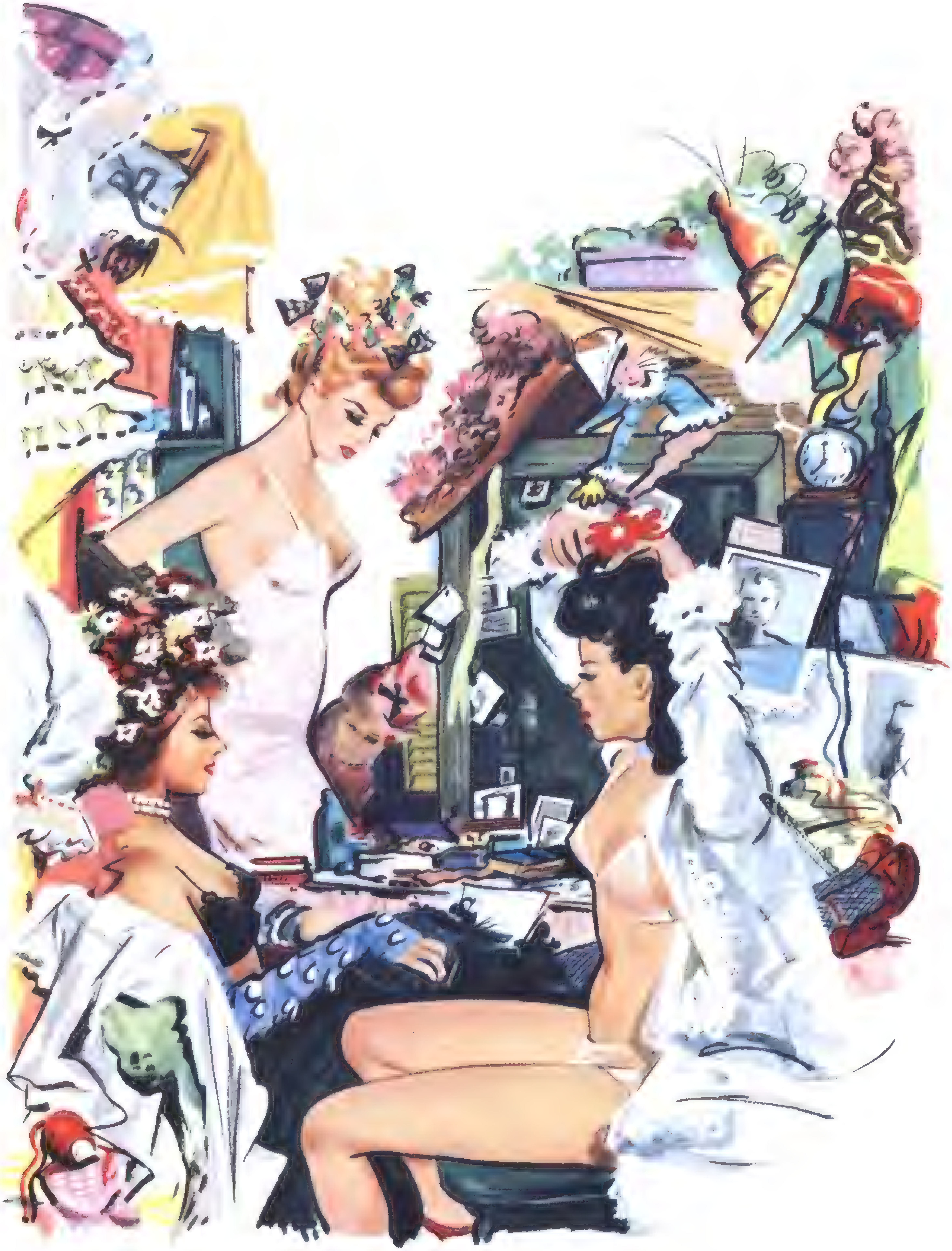


man's "Congress gaiters" shoes. He likes to give a high style Victorian background to his distinctly modern young ladies because it's so "paintable" with its curlicues and disciplined ornateness.

As to his color, Smith says, "Color is probably the most personal mark of an artist and the most evocative of mood." His own subtle tones, so clean-cut yet integrated, he can't explain except to say, "That's the way I see things." He works with gouache on Bainbridge No. 80 drawing board. This is an inexpensive, thin board, which won't take much roughing around—and no erasing—but gives a luminosity to his colors that satisfies him.

Like most artists, Smith has been drawing as far back as he can think. He was born in Pasadena, and when he was five, his family moved to an orange ranch near Covina, California (the comic-strip hometown of Harold Teen). Here he finished high school, his major interests being his jalopy and the dresses he designed for local belles. These designs he remembers, wincing, as "things no one could possibly wear." Entering the annual Walt Disney competition, he was awarded a scholarship to the Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles. He thought he wanted to study costume design but soon switched to a fine arts course and made illustration his field.

After Chouinard he headed east by bus in 1938 with a fellow painter to New York—Mecca of the creative and ambitious. True to pattern they rented a studio in Greenwich Village. His buddy settled down to Paint, but Fred was out exploring the city for many nights and many days . . . the jazz caverns of 52nd Street, the art galleries of 57th, magic Fifth Avenue where it seemed the elegantly lovely creatures paraded for his special enjoyment. He finally calmed down, worked up some samples, took them around



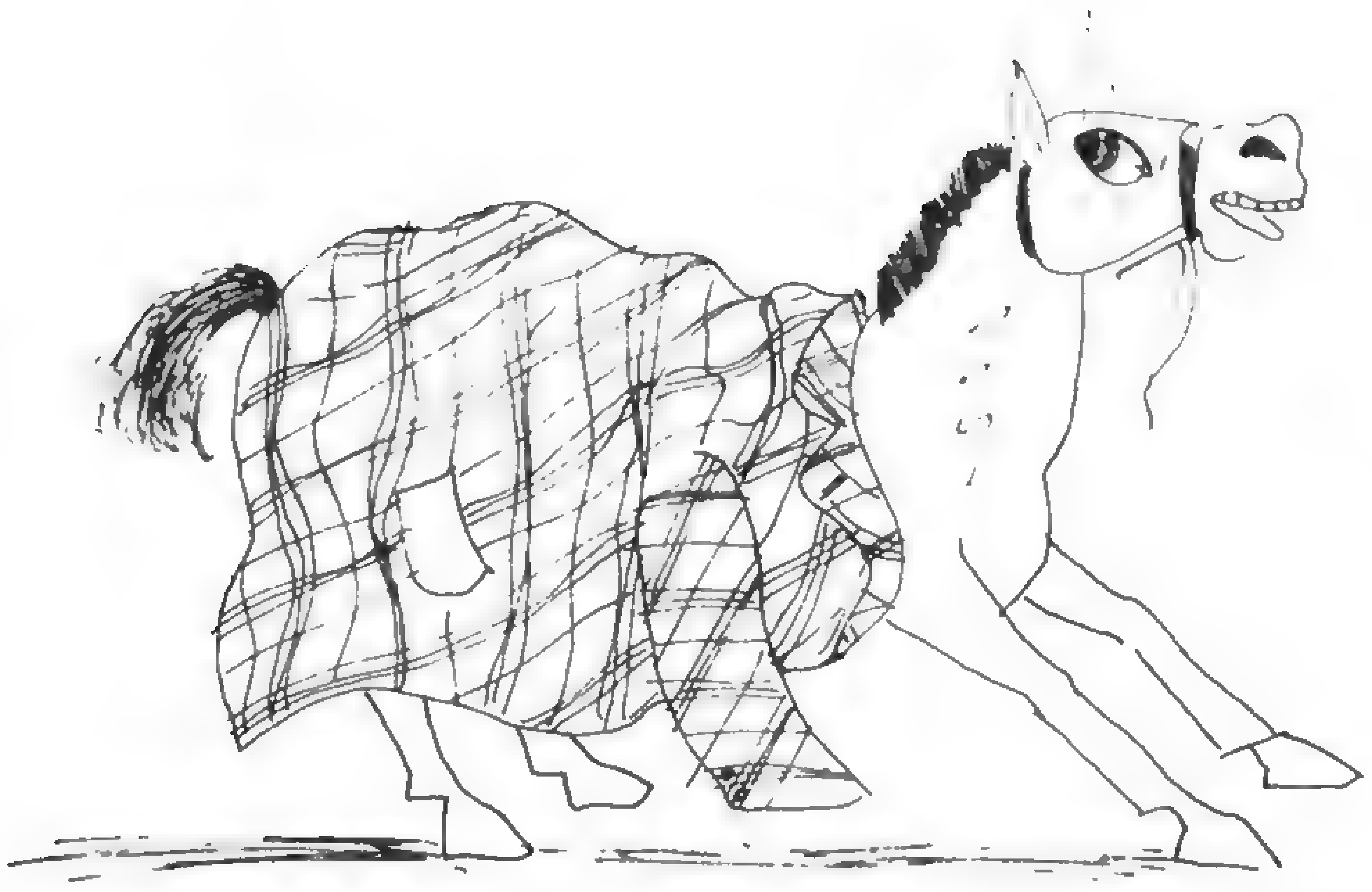
to the advertising agencies and listened to the constructive criticism of art directors. "That's when my real education began," he says. He was attached to a large illustrating studio when the President favored him with greetings.

Sheilah Beckett also came out of the West, in a roundabout way. She was born in Vancouver, Canada, and as a child spent several years in Ireland. Here she absorbed that fey whimsy and unshakable belief in the Little People that enchants her drawings. Completely self-trained, she did fashion drawings in Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles until she began to get more and more orders from New York publishers for children's book illustrations. She also has illustrated a collector's edition of Gilbert & Sullivan, for which she spent a year in London doing research at the Savoy Theatre.

There's no professional friction between this pair since their work is so different and each is outstanding in his specialty. In fact, they admire each other's work extravagantly. Despite a hands-off policy regarding the drawing board hours of their lives, they value each other's criticism. The one rule of the game—no forced compliments or phony politeness in discussing their art.

Nor is Sheilah jealous when some pert young party clacks by on her high heels, with her chignon bobbing, and Fred murmurs ecstatically, "Isn't she wonderful?" She understands that he is thinking of his Bainbridge No. 80 and that she needn't think of Reno. Nor is she jealous of the darlings who come to life under his brush. Not even when he admits, with a wise smile, "*Of course* I'm in love with every one of them."

Such talent as the Smiths' doesn't grow on bushes. It's really one for Ripley, finding two on the same family tree. ⫵



Of heroes in high school, the lost overcoat, radio's saving grace and breaking it off with a certain lady

This Man's World

by PAUL GALLICO

RETURNING G.I.S, sailors and marines discharged from the service and preparing to resume civilian life will have had a nasty shock the first time they opened the closet door and fingered over the old wardrobe preparatory to resuming cherished garments and old habits.

Oh, not that everything wasn't in apple pie order, brushed, mended, pressed and creased, but it's six-two and even that the little woman succumbed to temptation during their absence and disposed of the favorite winter overcoat or benny.

Oh, there will have been a fine new one there to take its place, surprise, surprise, something fancy and glittering with newness, shiny buttons, box shoulders and a belt in the back, and what the hell good is it? You tell me.

What is it about a woman that she cannot keep her dear little hands off a guy's benny once he has got the garment properly aged and seasoned? Why is it that just about the time you have grown to love it for itself she begins that propaganda line, "Darling, when are you going to get yourself a new overcoat? You look simply awful in that old thing. You've had it almost eight years now. Mr. Slappinpuss, our neighbor, just got a new one and he looks *so* distinguished when he goes out in it."

From then on it's a campaign to get the loyal old benny away from you. Hell's fire, a winter overcoat doesn't begin to get really ripe under eight years. It takes time to acquire the patina and aroma that makes it a part of you, your very own. It takes time to get it out of the shape the cutter designed, and into the shape where it clings to you like a brother. It takes time to scuff and tear the material, cauterize it with cigarette ends, disinfect it with spilled Scotch and beer, and weather it with rain, snow, ice and mud. It wants to have been caught once at least on a nail and patched. The lining of one sleeve should be frayed so that once in a while you get your fist into the wrong hole and have something to cuss about while you wrestle yourself out. It wants to smell of old pipes and tobacco crumbs, mothballs and you. And just when it begins to reach those stages and starts on the final lap of desirability which it attains when it can stand up all by itself without you in it, *that's* when the little woman takes it away from you.

I know just how the boys will feel, because I had a very fine one I owned for twelve years that looked as if it had been made out of an old horse blanket and that came when I whistled. It weighed a ton, fit me like a piece of old sacking and was my pal. When I got inside it, took a half hitch in the belt and turned up the collar, I looked like a hairy mammoth in need of re-upholstering, but by God, I was warm and I was happy though the storm winds did blow and the thermometer cracked the zero mark.

Well, last Christmas she gave me a new benny for a present and got the old one away from me. The new one is a beauty all right, of Melton, or blue cheviot, or something warm as toast, light as a feather and smart as an Esquire illustration, and I hate its guts. It and I are total strangers. It keeps me warm, but it doesn't do it with love. It knows it's much too good for me, and acts accordingly. It only goes out on Sundays if the weather is clear, can't stand the smell of cigarettes and moans plaintively if I go to stand at the bar and toss a quick one. Or maybe it's the Missus who moans. It is a snob from its beautifully tailored collar to the end of its elegant drape. When I don it, it keeps the wind out all right, but there's a chill in my heart all the same. I miss my lousy battered old benny, who loved me for myself. I know where it is, but I'm not even allowed to go call on it.

It is the same with hats, but then you all know *that* routine, how hard we work to get them aged, stained and shapeless and how as soon as we have broken the spirit of a hat and made it fit to wear, the helpmeet steals it or hides it or presents it to the ash man.

Why do we let them do it to us? When are we going to revolt? Are we men or are we mice? You said it brother. Squeak, squeak. Anybody got a piece of cheese?

Guys With Guts

THERE was a fascinating picture of pure courage in the papers not long ago. It showed a kid in a soldier's uniform, wearing the badge of the combat infantryman and a couple of rows of ribbons on his chest, sitting at a desk in a high school classroom. He appeared to be surrounded by girl students, but it is to be assumed that there were other boys in the class as well.

It is obviously a posed picture from the pile of books on the desk and the kid holding a pencil in one hand and supporting his head leaning on his elbow with the other, and that's all there is to it.

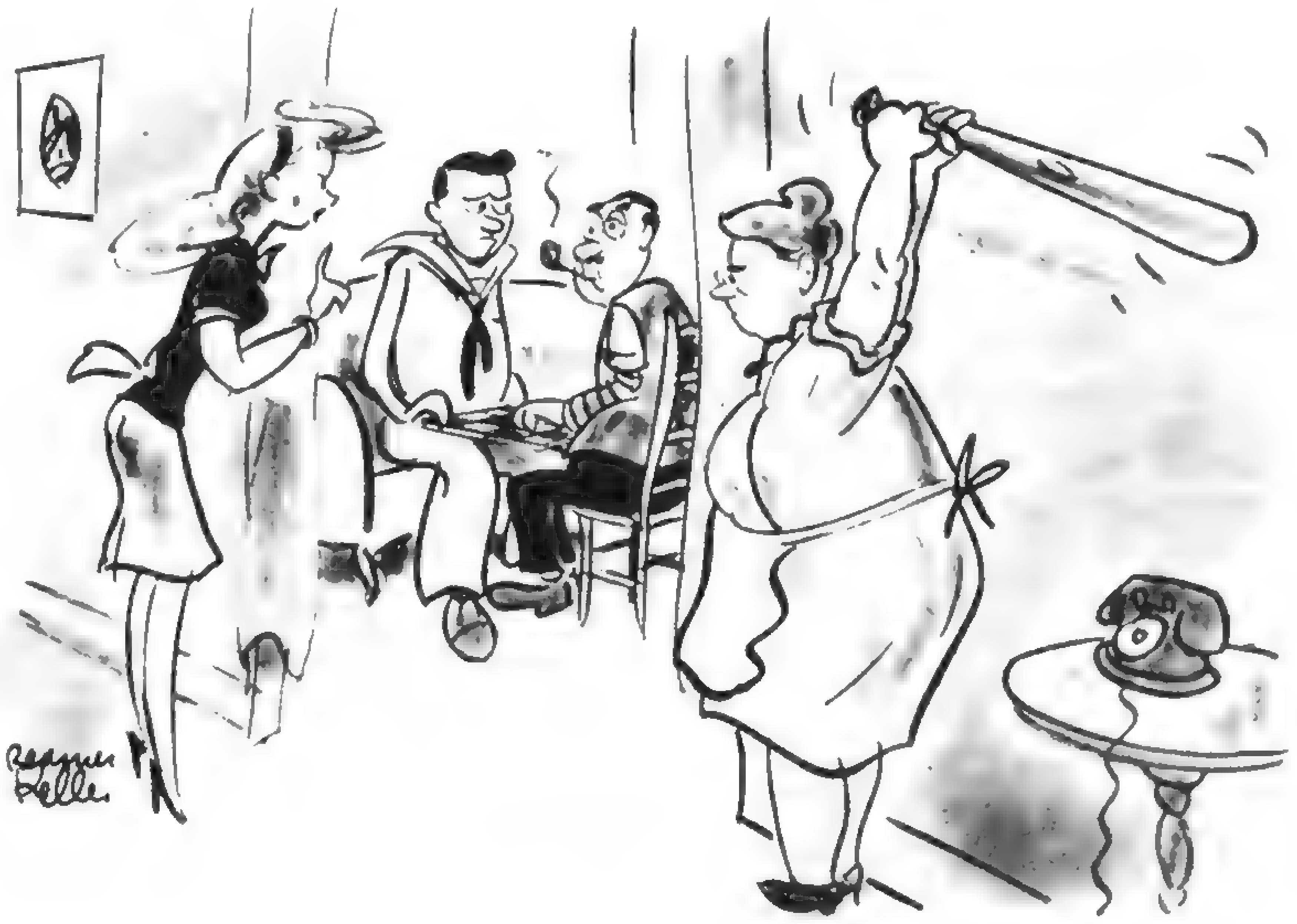
But the story isn't a phony, it's real enough. The caption read, "Private First Class Gino Merli, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, tries to concentrate on his lesson in Blakely High School, Peckville, Pennsylvania, where he is completing his senior year. He is still taking periodic treatment at England General Hospital, Atlantic City."

Now, you may ask me, what am I getting so excited about, and I will say I am excited about a good-looking kid with the sense, the guts, the decency and the ambition to go back to school after he has come home a war veteran and one of the nation's top heroes.

The ribbon of the Congressional Medal of Honor says out loud that the boy has plenty of moxie and when the going got rough, thought of others more than of himself and moved in throwing lead. But it calls for a different kind of heart and courage to resist the temptation to become a "Vet" imbued with the idea that the country owes him his future living for his heroism. It could happen to a young guy. It is happening to many.

Or there is the other angle of the kid

(*Continued on page 240*)

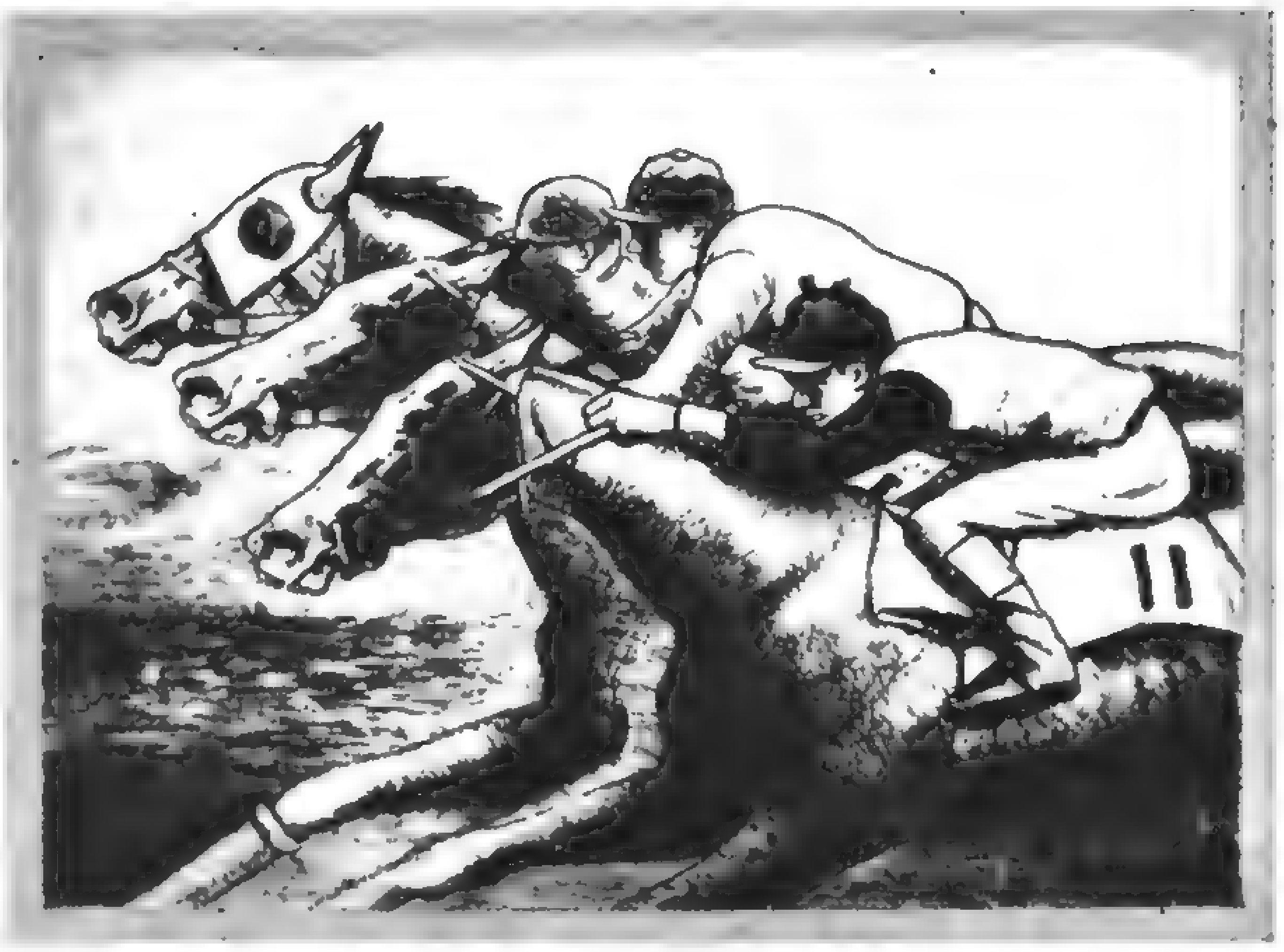


"Dad, you're wanted on the phone"

How Paddy Barrie "improved the breed" of horses and baffled the Pinkertons

Rembrandt of the Race Tracks

by ALAN HYND



TOWNSEND

When, in the year of 1926, a dapper, beady-eyed, undersized Scotsman of thirty-eight named Peter Christian Barrie drifted to Minneapolis and opened what appeared to be a riding school, the whole course of horse racing in the United States was destined to undergo major changes. Paddy Barrie, as the little man was called, had been run out of England (where he had successively been stableboy, jockey and trainer) for ringing race horses, or, to put it another way, for painting and otherwise doctoring up thoroughbreds and running them as plugs with bad records, thus mopping up on highly favorable odds. And now, in 1926, with the Minneapolis riding school as a blind for his real activities, Paddy Barrie was all set to apply his peculiar gifts to the American turf world.

Paddy was a perfectionist; he had to be no less, if the ambitious program he had blueprinted was to be successful. He scorned other practitioners of the art of ringing (and it *was* an *art*), particularly the inept hacks who had so little faith in their paint jobs that they feared a rain squall at post time. After years of costly and time-consuming experiments, the Scotsman had come across a certain brand of imported dye, ranging in color from platinum to black, that retained its efficacy for at least a month regardless of water, sweat and heat. Moreover, he had discovered a bleach with which he could reproduce a white star on the forehead of a pure black horse and endow a thoroughbred with as many white ankles as any given candidate for a glue factory.

Paddy, who had spent five years casing American race tracks, was alert to the fact that the stuffed shirts who acted as judges at certain meets suffered from severe cases of astigmatism or reasonable facsimiles. Nonetheless, he mapped his future operations on the theory that every judge had eyes in the back of his head. Many a good paint job, the ringer knew, had counted for naught when a suspicious stare had been focused into a horse's mouth. The condition of an equine's teeth and gums is, like the rings in a tree trunk, a barometer of age, so Paddy had become something of a horse dentist. He could clean the teeth of nags, or discolor them, depending upon the condition he wished to simulate, and he had made himself remarkably proficient at slitting gums and filing molars.

"We're going to elope right after this race"

Some horses, Paddy had observed, held their tails high, so he experimented with the tails of a few guinea-pig plugs at his Minneapolis front and came up with the discovery that if he put a pinch of ginger under a tail that hung low, the ginger produced an irritation that caused the horse to hold its tail unnaturally high. If Paddy wanted to produce a lop-eared horse, he could do so by slitting a small tendon under an ear. He even went so far as to produce distinctive markings on the lips of horses by means of a tattoo needle.

When Paddy was set to go, he contacted some gentlemen in Chicago who were associated with Al Capone in the beverage business and informed them that he, of all the people in the world, could show them a sure-fire way of beating the races. Since the Chicagoans were not averse to any financial investment that would return them 1,000 per cent on their money, they went to Minneapolis to see just what it was that Paddy had to offer.

Paddy, operating with the showmanship and aplomb of a master of ceremonies, brought out a horse of distinctive markings and characteristics. He requested the visitors to take careful note of the animal, which they did, and then he led it away. In a little while he appeared with a second horse. "Notice, gentlemen," he said, "how similar this horse is to the other one."

"That," said one of the gangsters, "is the same goat what you just had in here."

"Oh," said Paddy, "but I beg to differ with you." Paddy got the first horse and put it alongside of the second one and the two beasts looked as much alike as identical twins. The Chicagoans agreed that Paddy had something that they had never seen before, so they requested further details.

Paddy explained that he needed two horses of the same general physical proportions, and hastened to add that he had two such animals in mind. One was a horse named Kalakaua, which was owned by a Chicago physician and which had just done a short mile at Tijuana in a minute and thirty-six seconds, and the second was a bum named Bobby which was cleaning up the clover on a farm outside of Springfield, Illinois. It was Paddy's idea that the gangsters purchase both horses and that Kalakaua be kept under wraps while Bobby was sent out to build up an unimpressive record for himself. Then, when the good horse was rung for Bobby, the gangsters would take the bookies to the laundry and pay Paddy a percentage of their take.

The booze-and-murder men, rubbing their palms together, agreed. The plug, under the name of Bobby Dean, quickly established himself as one of the lengthier of the long shots. Then it was decided to ring Kalakaua for Bobby Dean at Washington Park, a Chicago track, on Labor Day of 1926.

Bobby Dean himself—a dark brown animal with a white foreleg and a white star on his forehead—entered the confines of Washington Park through the regular channels and underwent the usual inspection. Kalakaua, too, entered quite openly—his natural, light-bay self—as a stable mate of Bobby Dean, since even Capone's boys had found it impossible to slip a horse into Washington Park unnoticed. Paddy was, therefore, obliged to do his work in a stable right at the track, where there was constant danger of snoopers.

The gangsters took precautionary measures by way of stationing a man who played the accordion right outside of the stall. While Paddy worked, the musician kept an eye peeled and if anybody approached the stall he began to play, and the music was a signal for Paddy to interrupt his ringing work and throw a blanket over Kalakaua.

All went well, except that the track was heavy on Labor Day and Kalakaua was not a particularly good mudder. He did show, however, and the odds against Bobby Dean were high enough for the gangsters, who had got down across the board, to make a profit.

The original Bobby Dean and the ringer were quickly shipped out of Chicago. Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, which protected Washington Park, became suspicious, however, that a nag with a record such as Bobby Dean's should have shown such a sudden reversal of form as to have come in third in a first-class field. Somehow or other, Paddy got wind of the fact that the Pinks were hep, so he decided to lie low for awhile, at least so far as concerned ringing.

Certain New York underworld characters had learned from professional associates in Chicago about Paddy's Labor Day job at Washington Park. A man as clever as that, they decided, was worth tying up with. So some New York gangsters set up a second experimental station for Paddy near the Lake County Fair Grounds outside of Crown Point, Indiana. There, pending the day when the Pinkertons would sufficiently forget about the Washington Park job to permit a resumption of ringing operations, Paddy devoted his talents to the effect of outside influences on the speed of horses.

Back in the twenties, gangsters were taking up improvement of the breed in a big way, and running stables of their own under respectable fronts. A man like Paddy was of inestimable value to them, particularly if he could, as he claimed, not only speed up a horse, but slow it down. The financial advantages to be derived from a horse that could clip a couple of seconds from its best time were obvious. The monetary gains that would come from slowing up a good horse were just as obvious. If a favorite was sure to lose, the gangsters would merely release the intelligence to bookmakers throughout the country. The bookies could quote attractive odds, and keep the dough that was bet instead of wiring it to the tracks, inasmuch as they knew that they would not have to pay off. Then they would kick back to the fixers a percentage of their take.

BROWNING

Biographer in Bronze

Jo Davidson, "dean of United States sculptors," has probably modeled more noted people than any other man living. His talented and remarkably youthful hands are shown in the study to the left. On the right, the celebrated sculptor at work. Davidson begins work by studying his subjects for their most outstanding characteristics. While they pose he keeps up a steady flow of such lively conversation that they forget to be self-conscious. When asked if he has any esoteric system for sculpturing, Davidson smiled and answered by quoting Andre Gide: "Art is a collaboration between God and the artist; and the less the artist does the better." Davidson is forever looking for interesting heads to model; with smoldering eyes under beetle brows--and a bushy beard--Jo Davidson himself possesses one of the most interesting heads of all.

In Indiana, Paddy demonstrated to his co-conspirators that an injection of half an ounce of laudanum added from two to three seconds to the average horse's mile. A horse with a small piece of sponge stuffed in one of its nostrils, the gangsters observed, usually faltered badly after running for awhile, and a tail braided too tightly threw a horse off its stride and clipped one or two seconds from its speed over a mile. The safest form of insurance against a track record, however, Paddy pointed out, was to walk a horse ten or twelve miles the night before the race, or make it stand in its stall all night before a race, with 150 pounds of oats on its back.

By way of increasing a horse's time, Paddy found that injections of either cocaine or heroin or stiff drinks of whiskey or brandy just before a race were hard to beat. The difficulty was that a trial-and-error period was necessary before it could be determined which of the two dopes or hard liquors made for the most speed in a particular beast. Moreover, it developed that some oat-burners became such drunks or dope fiends that they showed a disinterest in running without a slug or a needle.

For four years, following his Crown Point experiments, Paddy traveled the length and breadth of the land under assumed names, either slowing down or speeding up gangster-owned horses. Sometimes as much as a million dollars would be bet on a horse that Paddy had fixed up for either a positive or a negative showing, and the Scotsman's take was often as high as ten thousand dollars on a single drugstore race, as this particular specialty of his was called.

The Pinkertons, who by 1930 were protecting most of the big tracks in the United States, were never quite able to catch up with Paddy, although they felt in their bones that they would someday. Time after time, the Pinks would find that some thoroughbred had put up a remarkably poor showing, or that a goat had run far over its head, and a man answering Paddy Barrie's description was usually in the background.

Barrie, who liked high living, spent money almost as fast as he made it. He plunged in the market and on races that weren't fixed, and the result was that no matter how much money he made, he was always in the need of more.

In 1931, Paddy, cloaked under the monicker of P. Christie, and financed by the underworld, purchased from the stables of Marshall Field III, the Chicago merchant, a thoroughbred called Aknahton. This was a three-year-old colt—light chestnut in color and with four white feet—which had, on many occasions, done six furlongs in a minute and twelve seconds, and a mile in a minute and thirty-eight seconds. Aknahton was, therefore, an ideal steed for ringing purposes, especially when masquerading as a quarter-to-five derelict by the name of Shem, which Paddy had also acquired. Shem was a two-year-old chestnut gelding with white hind legs who had once shown considerable promise, but who had lately been embarrassed every time he heard a stable boy quote the price of oats.

The ringing of Aknahton for Shem was set for Havre de Grace, Maryland, for October 3, 1931. The two horses were introduced to each other by Barrie on the last night of September near the Aqueduct track on Long Island. They were led into a motor lorry for the trip to Maryland. Paddy did his painting and bleaching in the lorry with the aid of lanterns during the overnight trip from Long Island to Havre de Grace.

At one point in the journey the lorry went over a hole in the road and a swinging lantern struck Aknahton in the forehead. The frightened horse gave Barrie a glancing stomach blow with one of its hind hoofs and Paddy was out cold for an hour. Although he was in excruciating pain when he recovered consciousness, the artist in him predominated and he finished the ringing by daybreak, even to the extent of knocking a year out of Aknahton's mouth.

Always striving to improve his handiwork, Barrie gave the spurious Shem, whose opening odds were 5½-to-1, a shot of a new speed formula—a blend of heroin, cola nut extract, glycerine, digitalis and strychnine—calculated to do more to improve the breed in the space of five minutes than three generations of carefully-supervised mating in the blue-grass country.

Byzantine—owned by the late Mrs. Payne Whitney—was a 14-5 favorite in the race in which Aknahton was entered as Shem. Jockey R. Leischman, who was up on Aknahton and who was acquainted with Shem's form, was perhaps the most astonished man at Havre de Grace that day when, after the ringer got away in fifth place, it began to shoot ahead like a projectile. It left Byzantine and half a dozen other thoroughbreds back in the dust and won going away. The startled jockey, upon dismounting, couldn't talk for a while. When he found words, he said, "So help me, I thought I was in an airplane."

As it happened, Jack FitzGerald, the noted handicapper of the New York *Morning Telegraph*—a bible of the racing world—was present when the horse called Shem exhibited such stunning and unexpected class. Moreover, Fitz was at the betting windows when a notorious New York gambler who never bet on anything that wasn't fixed, collected 130,000 dollars on Shem. Fitz put the blast on the race in the *Telegraph* and Paddy and the two horses holed up in some stables right in New York City. Paddy put some body English on his ringing specialty and fixed (*Continued on page 292*)

Ice covered the Fortress' wings and its gas needle banged ominously against zero

Snow Over Millinocket

by ROBERT GOLD

KNIGHT

The dim, colored lights within the instrument panel fused into a queerly-tinted glow gleaming over the board, the controls and the faces of the two men who sat silently listening to the muffled roar of their engines, feeling in their hard-cushioned seats the steady vibration of their plane.

Snow mixed with sleet streaked the glass in front of them. They could hear the ice pellets, the constant scratch and bounce over the glass, but it was the snow that held them. It was the thick, white pouring fog pressing against the glass, surrounding and isolating them in the night of the sky.

"Pilot, from navigator." The pilot lifted his microphone with a heavily-gloved hand as the metallic tones cut over his headphones.

"What is it, Sam?"

"Can't you try once more to get above this stuff?" the navigator asked. "If I had one minute at the open sky . . ."

"If I had winged shoes, I'd walk downstairs . . ." The pilot smiled grimly. "It's no good, Sam. There's no telling where she leaves off, and we picked up ice faster than we could get rid of it. The cards just aren't running our way, Sam. We have to stay down here . . ."

He let the mike down, pulled slightly on the wheel as the needle moved in the level indicator.

His breath was frost on the frigid air, but his inner clothes were wet with perspiration. It's nerves, he was thinking.

"How's the gas, Mack?" he asked. "What have we got?"

The co-pilot shook his head slowly. "An hour . . ."

His hands were steady on the wheel, his eyes clinging uselessly to the curtain ahead of the pulsing plane, and he talked with a tense, casual voice. "I told her I would write as soon as we pulled into Presque Isle. She'll be waiting for that letter. She'll wait a long time, Mack . . ."

The navigator sat before the board within his little alcove, and his lips were tight and bitter. His fingers played irritably with the futile sextant in front of him. Where were they, damn it, where were they! He stared down at the pinned chart. A fine navigator . . .

He thought of the line squall that caught them, spun them around in a snowbound sky and left them lost and blind . . . damn the meteorologists who hadn't plotted a frontal passage . . .

The time was going fast, and he knew he could do nothing, and the knowledge was bitter tasting.

"Radio, from pilot."

The corporal flicked his switch. "Yes, sir?"

"Anything cooking, Johnny?"

"Nothing but static, sir," Radio was young and he licked dry lips as he talked. "I'm trying to pick up a range, but . . ."

"Okay, Johnny," the pilot's voice was calm across the phones. "Keep trying. If we can pick up a bearing, we'll have steak for breakfast . . ."

Johnny switched his mike back to the antenna, his gloved fingers edged around the radio dial before him, and the storm static swelled into his phones.

"Presque Isle Army Airways," he called, "this is Army 219. Over." There was no response but the bursting atmospherics.

"Manchester Army Airways, from Army 219, give us a long call, over . . ." Nothing . . .

"Any army airways station, any army airways, from Army 219, do you read us, over . . ." He knew it was useless. The storm was an impenetrable barrier.

Three enlisted men squatted on the floor near the radio panel, silently watching and listening.

"Well, boys," the crew chief commented cheerfully. "I can tell you one thing definitely. We are either over water or land, anywhere from Connecticut to Nova Scotia."

"If you was not a sergeant and useful sometimes, I'd paste you in the puss for that bright remark," one of the two gunners told him.

"I've got grey hair, too . . ." the chief reminded him gently.

Radio was moving his dial, his face wrinkled with the concentration given to his phones. Somewhere behind the stuttering noise of the sky there seemed to be—

"I've got it!" he shouted, and the men were instantly quiet. "Presque Isle—" Johnny yelled. "I've picked up the range!"

He didn't have much of it, a faint broken signal occasionally surging through the static, but he could read the identification, so most likely he could read voice . . .

"Presque Isle from Army 219," Johnny called. "Go ahead."

There was no reply. The men stood up, moved close to the panel. They also knew how fast their time was running out.

"Presque Isle, this is Army 219, Mayday, Mayday!" Johnny broadcast urgently, but there was no answer through the blasting electrical currents.

"Pilot, from radio," he switched his mike.

"Go ahead, Johnny," the pilot answered.

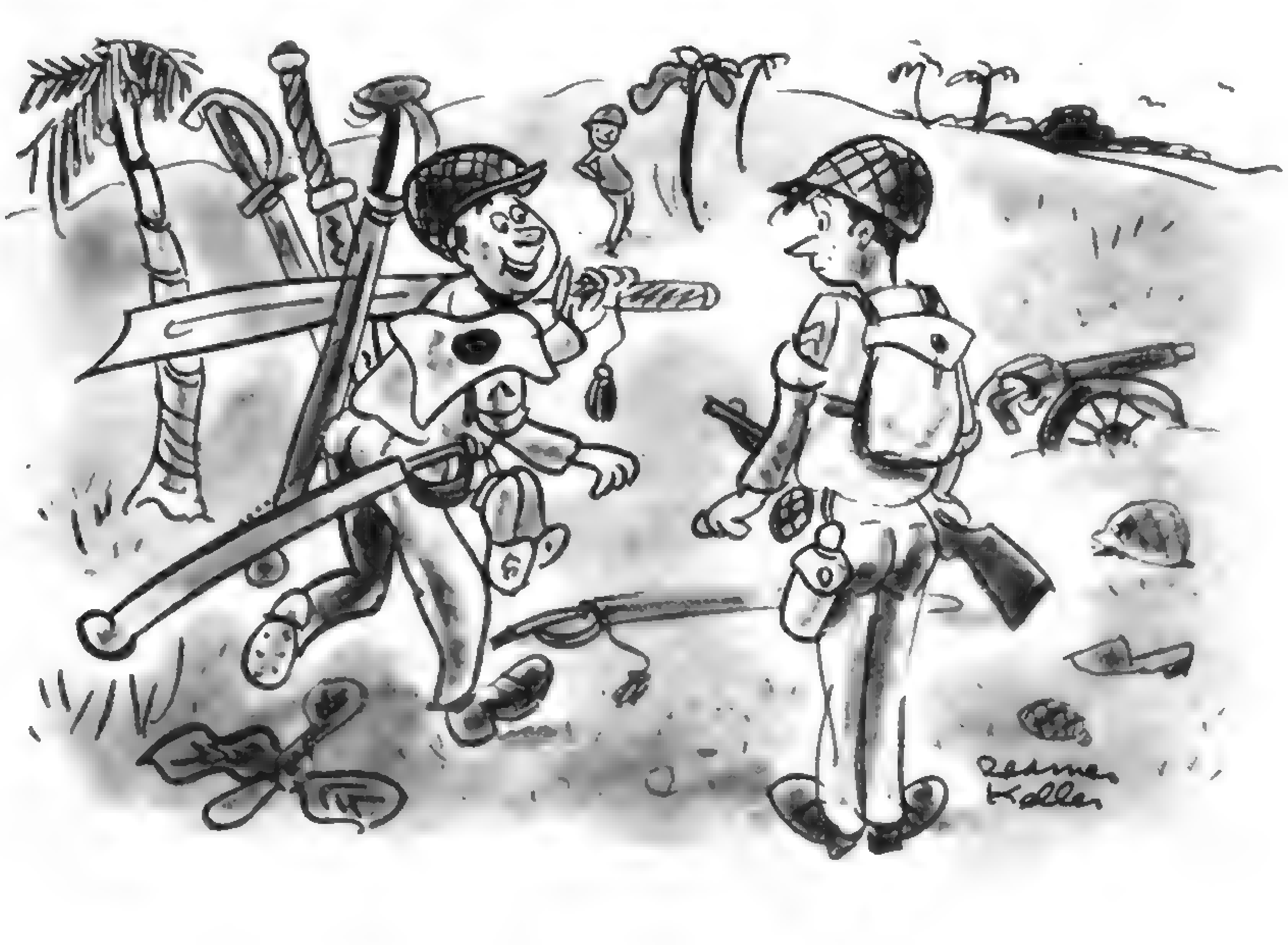
"I pick up snatches of the Presque Isle range," Johnny told him, "but they don't respond. They don't read me."

The pilot hesitated, then came back briskly. "How about CW, Johnny? Try code, that may go through . . . it had better. It's our last chance, Johnny . . ."

Johnny pushed his microphone away. He pulled off his glove and switched his hand key onto the line. His fingertips played on the brass, and the modulated tones of his signal sang inside his phones as the Morse code crackled across the wave lengths.

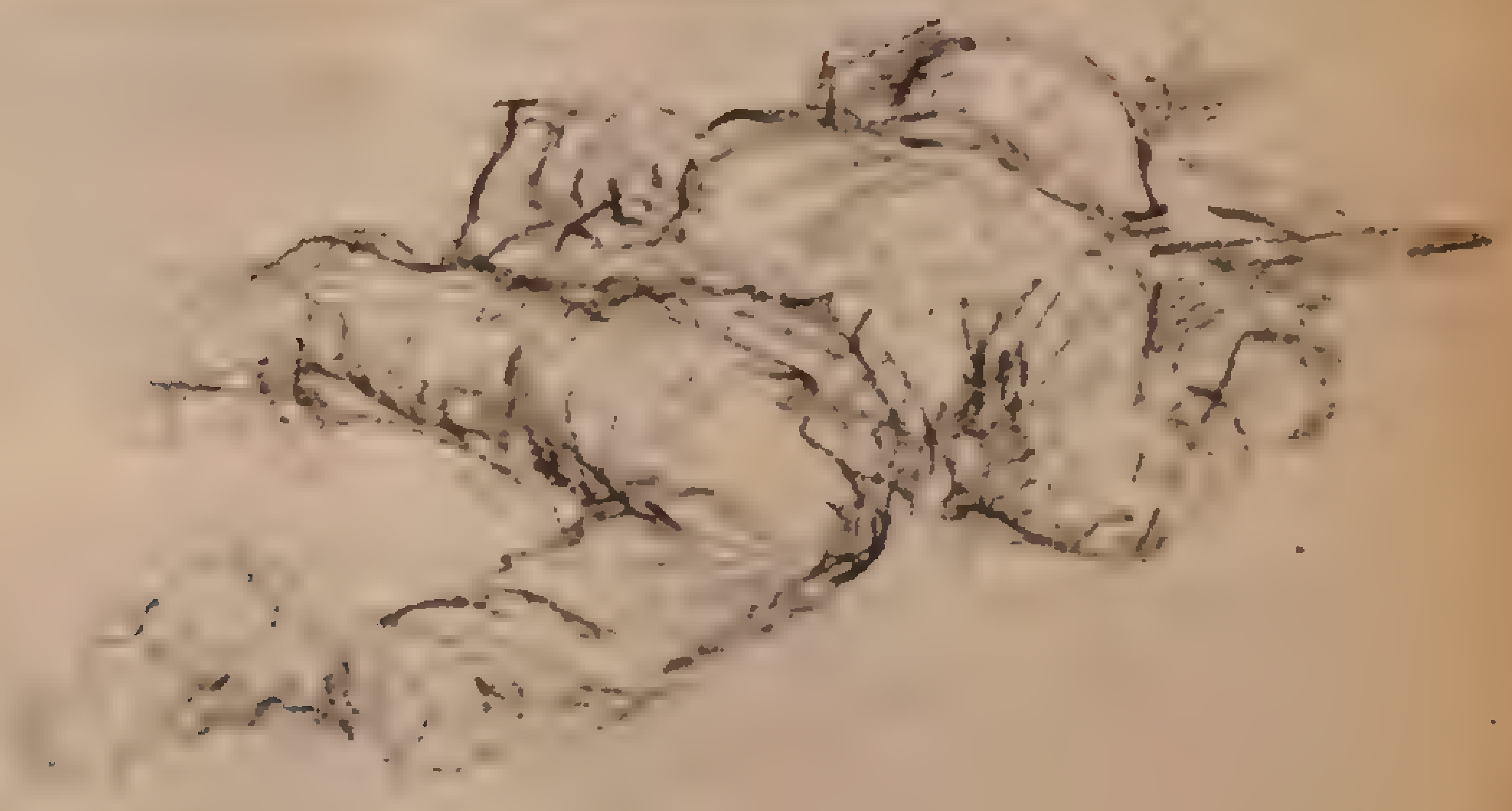
"Hasn't anybody got a radio on!" the gunner asked bitterly. "Isn't anybody listening for us . . ."

The distant mountains were white hills sparkling under the faint starlight. The firs along the far edge of the field stooped beneath the weight of the crystals they carried, and (*Continued on page 251*)



"Now that I'm discharged, I figure my wife can always use them for bridge prizes"

A Sister of the Sacred Heart offers her prayer for a hero.



Shrine at Tarawa

Honoring the brave Marines who turned the tide of war in the savage battle of Betio

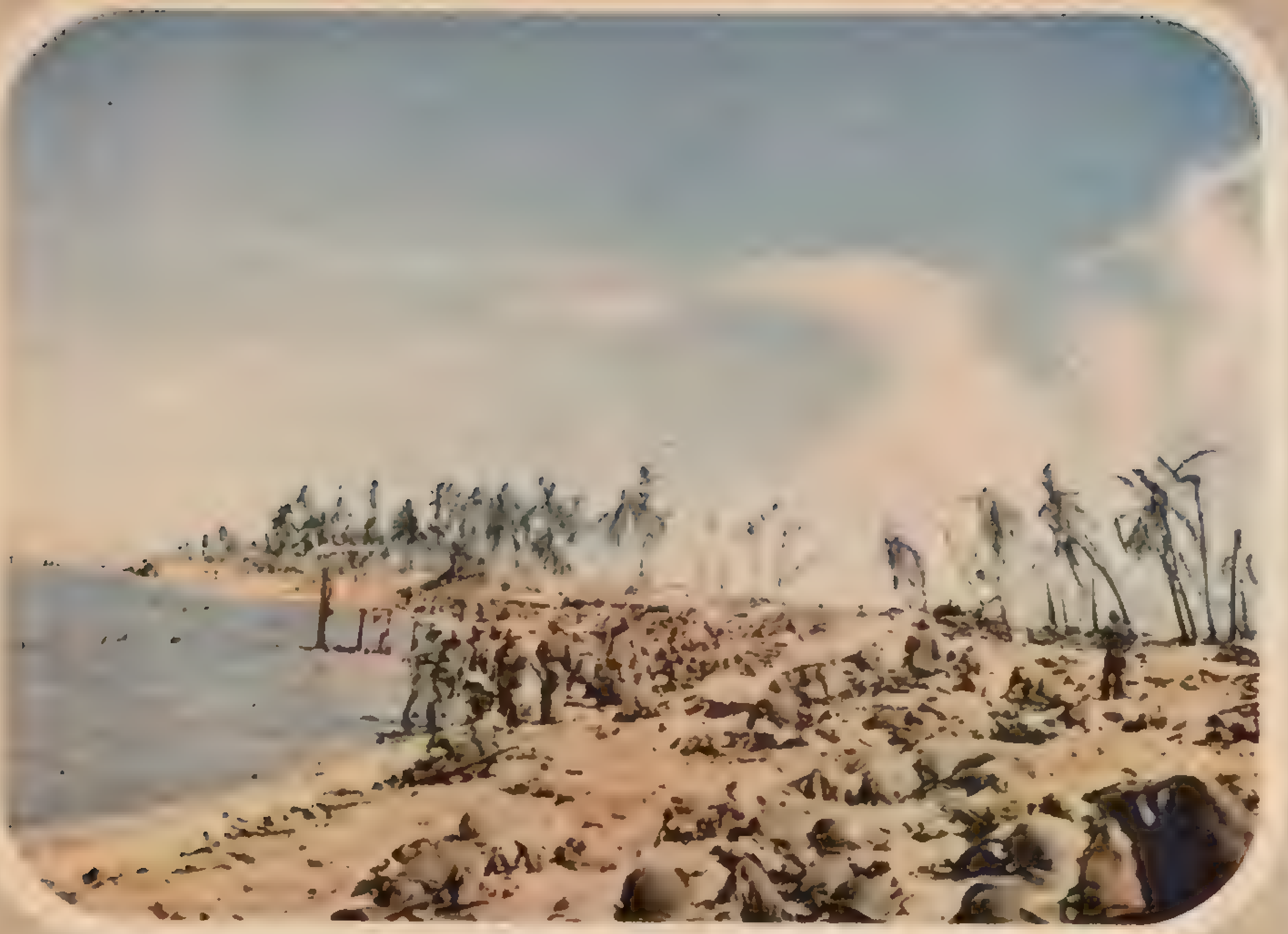
by FRANK X. TOLBERT

Our war with Japan was fought in the vastness of Oceania and Asia. Never before had there been such a big arena for a war. And yet we think that the military historians may agree some day that the pivotal engagement of the whole Pacific conflict was enacted two years ago on a battlefield scarcely larger than an average parking lot in Dallas, Texas.

The name of this battlefield is Betio, and Betio is an islet in the Gilbertese atoll of Tarawa.

Before the Japanese came in 1942, Betio was a lovely place. The tall coconut palms grew thickly in the narrow limits between the blue and white surf and the jade green waters of the lagoon. The Japanese brought gangs of Korean laborers, batteries of eight-inch Vickers guns which they'd captured from the British at Singapore, much other armament, and tons of concrete and steel. With these ingredients they fashioned an island fortress which they believed could turn back any attack the American devils might throw at it.

Before the Battle of Betio (or Tarawa, if you wish), our side



The battle-scarred beach at Tarawa.

had won in the Solomons and in New Guinea and in sea fights. These actions stopped the Japanese thrusts for Australia and New Zealand. But, in our first counteroffensive, we were moving at a dishearteningly slow pace. It seemed that we'd have to fight for a decade even to get in medium bomber range of Tokyo. From the Solomons and New Guinea jungles, Tokyo looked as far away as the man in the equatorial moon.

At that time Tarawa was the most formidable outpost on the eastern fringe of the defenses which the Japanese had set up to guard their stolen Pacific empire. Also, it was a base from which the enemy harried our lifelines to the Southwest Pacific.

So when the Second U. S. Marine Division captured this mighty Japanese bastion in four days of savage fighting (November 20-23, 1943), all of the physical and psychological aspects of the Pacific War were changed.

And we say that Tarawa was the pivotal battle of the whole conflict because it opened the way for the short-order but sanguinary triumphs that have carried us up the ladder of the archipelagos to the Japanese homeland and victory.

First Japanese pre-World War II territory to fall was Kwajalein atoll in the Marshalls group. This strongly fortified naval base and airstrip was cleaned out February 8, 1944. Eight days later Eniwetok, another key atoll in the Marshalls, was in the bag. With these bases secure the Marines and the Army prepared to move into the Marianas. Saipan was attacked June 14 and resistance ended July 8. Next was Tinian, which fell in eight days. Guam was assaulted July 20 and completely won by August 9. The Palau islands were on the road. The Palaus are called by Nippon poets, "The fire-hardened point of the Japanese sword." On September 15 the Marines landed on Pelelieu. Fortifications were the toughest since Tarawa, but before October 5 nothing was left but the mopping up. On up the ladder to Iwo Jima, only 760 miles from Tokyo. The assault was February 19, 1945. Raising of the American flag on Mount Suribachi February 23, was one of the high points of the war. The island was marked "secured" on St. Patrick's day. Next was the leap to Okinawa, in the 400 mile zone, and Okinawa fell June 20.

And from Okinawa the bombers flew in clouds over the home islands of Japan. They flew because the bloody journey up the island bases started at Tarawa.

The Battle of Betio—the picture of the Marines wading in over the lagoon reef under murderous fire and attacking the thick-walled pillboxes—captured the imagination of the world.

The name of Tarawa has a sound like a blare of trumpets and a ruffle of drums. And soldiers everywhere spoke of Tarawa and compared it with the most gallant actions in military history.

For a few months after the battle, Tarawa was important as one of the bases of operations for our adventures in the Marshalls.

Now, two years later, Tarawa is not important—as a base. Now it's an ugly place. The battle left Betio almost denuded, gleaming nakedly white in the sun and with white dust rising in the trade winds, like the vapor trails from a flight of bombers.

Right around the airstrip at Betio, it's like most other efficiently operated stations in the blue loneliness of Micronesia.

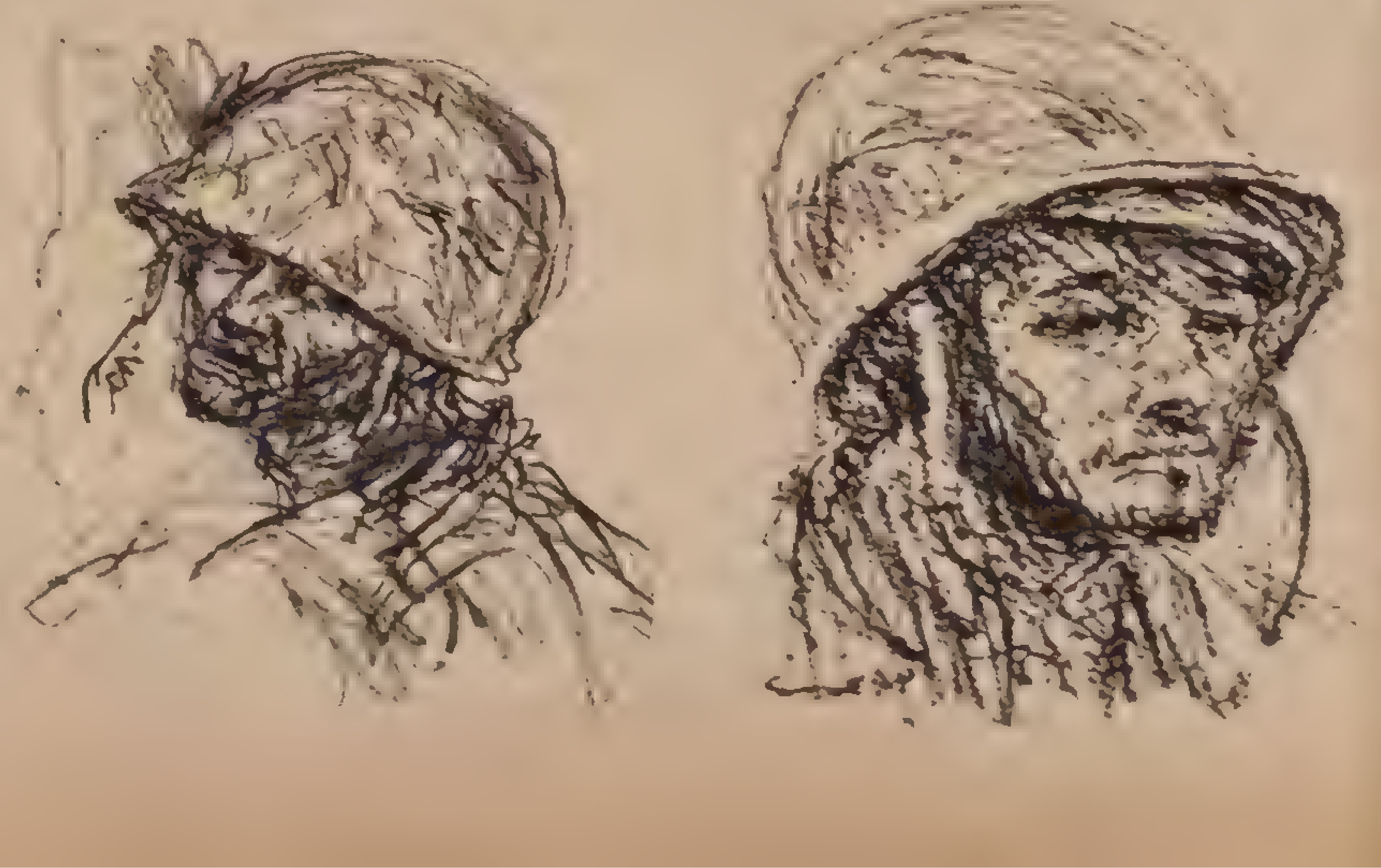
Getting away from the airfield, Betio is something else. It is a shrine—not a usual, tidy sort of hallowed place—but a shrine in a chaotic setting. Partly, this is because the war has moved so swiftly there has been no time to clean up the place. And, once on a visit to Betio, we heard some soldier call it a spooky junk heap.

The few remaining palm trees wave their brown fronds, like witches' hair, in the wind. The beaches are littered with the debris of war: fire-blackened American and Japanese tanks; amphibious tractors which are shell-pocked and parked just as their gallant dead crews left them; American and Japanese helmets eaten by rust; pieces of Garand and Arisakia rifles; rotting web belts and pieces of rifle slings; Kerin and Asahai beer bottles, sake bottles and whiskey bottles; shattered oil drums.

The hulk of a Japanese tramp steamer still rides, uneasily, in the lagoon. She was caught on a reef when the American attack began. Nip snipers swam out in the dusk of D-day and operated from the hulk, causing many casualties before they were erased.

The last time we visited Tarawa, a Gilbertese boy named Geeko paddled us out to the hulk in his outrigger canoe. But the old ship was rocking so much on the reef that we didn't scramble aboard.

Geeko, who is an athletic boy of sixteen with a missionary education and a trace of British accent, told us that Betio is a haunted



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. MARINE CORPS

A Marine pilot drops a wreath for a fallen comrade.

place, or rather it has been since the American conquest.

Geeko sees one particular ghost every time he gets out of his grass fale after dark.

"Sapanese admiral!" said Geeko, explaining that the ghost he saw was that of Rear Admiral Shibasaki, commandant of the 4,000 elite Japanese troops who garrisoned Betio. Geeko said that the ghost was dressed in a blue naval blouse and a red loin cloth, which the boy declared was just the costume the admiral always wore when he made informal inspections of Tarawa's mighty defenses in the days before the Americans came.

Admiral Shibasaki, before he became a ghost, is supposed to have said that Betio could not be taken "by a million men in six months."

The Second Marine Division slew or captured all of Shibasaki's men and took Betio in four days. But looking at Betio, even today, you can see where Admiral Shibasaki had many reasons for confidence in his fortress.

His 4,000 picked troops were in fortifications as stoutly and cleverly constructed as any ever devised by man. And he had 1,000 Korean laborers to keep things in repair. He had the eight-inch Vickers to keep warships at a distance. He had tank traps and barbed wire in the surf and the lagoon. And the treacherous reefs were his great allies. They turned back much of the American landing craft and the Marines had to swim in and wade in before they could even get down to the business of fighting the entrenched Japanese.

The only thing that Admiral Shibasaki underrated was the courage of the American Marines—like our friend, Platoon Sergeant I.D. (Kapu) Ball, for instance, who went about Betio throwing grenades into pillboxes and then going into the dark holes and killing the surviving Japanese.

The admiral in his worst sake-dreams never thought that Platoon Sergeant Ball, and thousands of others like him, would be coming after him.

Betio is two and one-half miles long and 800 feet across at its widest—mostly it is very narrow, especially at its southeastern end, where the Japanese made their last stand. On this tiny acreage of white reef sand almost 1,000 officers and men of the Second Marine Division are buried. There are 37 Marine cemeteries on the narrow islet. Some of them are only one- and two-man plots and some contain hundreds of graves.

You can look at the cemeteries and tell where the fiercest fighting took place for, for the most part, Marines were buried where they fell.

One unidentified boy lies in the calcareous sand on the top of a huge blockhouse. He'd fought his way to the top of this sand-covered blockhouse and he'd gotten some demolition charges inside and killed most of the Nip defenders before a sniper in an adjoining fortification shot him. And now this unknown Marine sleeps on the top of the blockhouse he conquered, and the white cross over his grave is silhouetted triumphantly against the sky.

Another boy, with the vines and flowers growing on his grave, is buried between two pillboxes, one of which he was trying to destroy with grenades when he was slain.

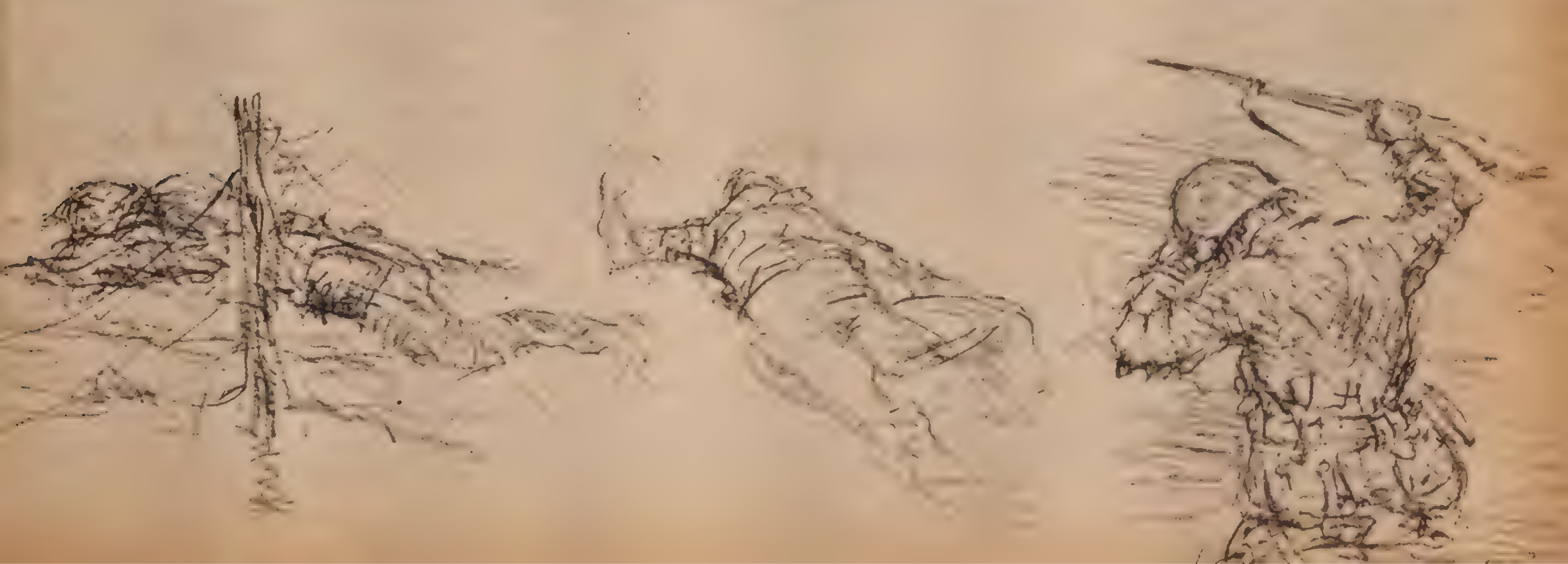
There is a place called Resistance Point where about a hundred Marines fell, trying to get the Nippers out of an unusually strong place. The graves of these brave men can be found all over Resistance Point, at the spots where they died in their assaults on the blockhouse.

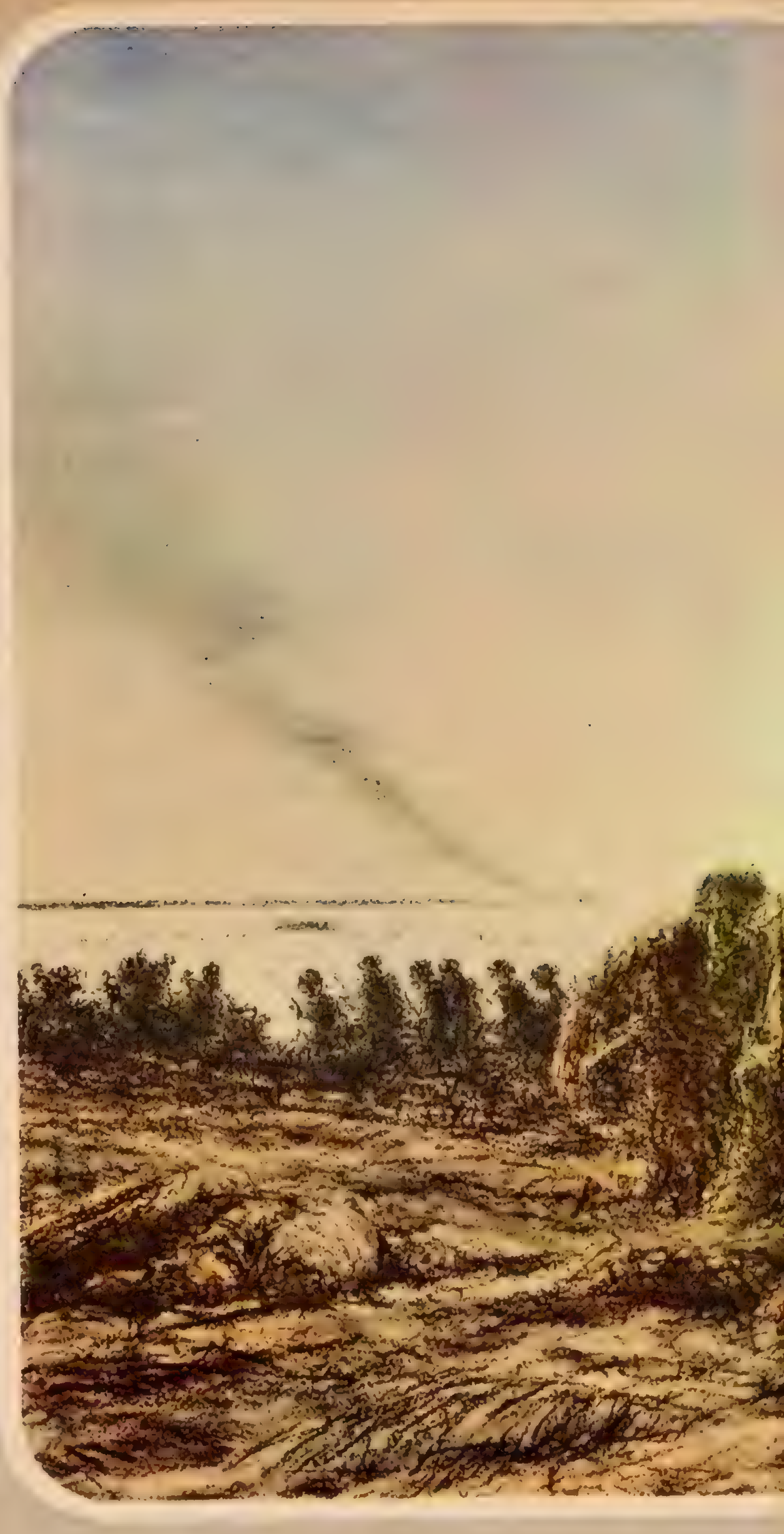
There is the grave of a tankman near the airstrip. Near by is the wreckage of his tank and you can still see the gay, brave signs painted on the tank's corroded sides.

There are solitary graves all along the airstrip, and planes now taxi by the crosses on the way to the southwestern part of the islet to start a take-off.

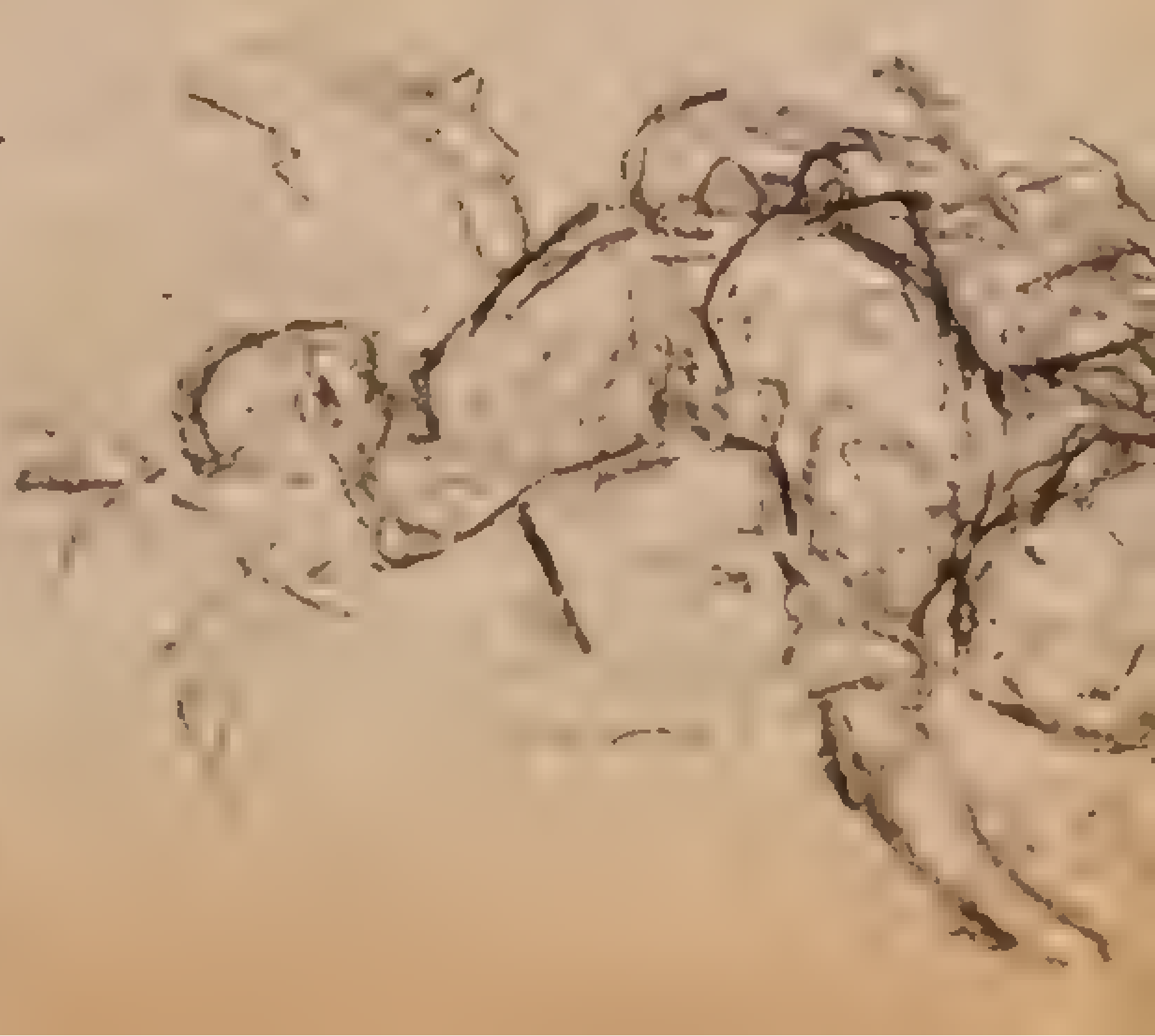
Naval construction battalions built the cemeteries and these Seabees have been tending and beautifying them ever since. The thoughtful Seabees have protected the graves, even the single ones, with frameworks of coconut logs. Each grave is marked with a white cross on which is inscribed the dead Marine's name and rank, when this information is known. Helmets of the fallen boys lie on many of the graves and the green and brown camouflage cloth of the helmet covers are turning to white in the powerful equatorial sun.

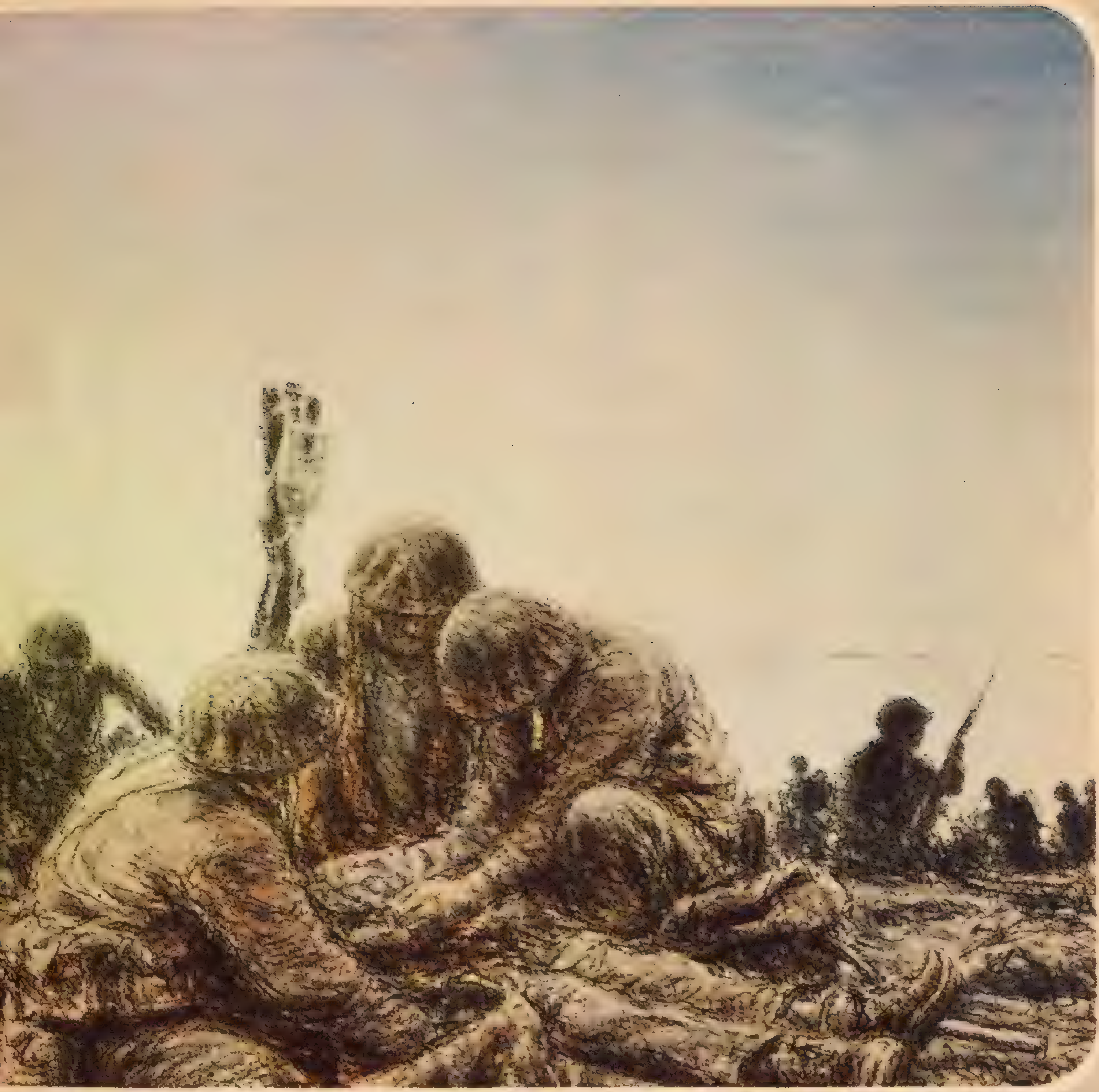
At the entrances to the larger cemeteries, there are huge crosses of brown-stained wood. And there are wooden plaques, decorated with copper Marine Corps emblems and copper lettering. On one of these plaques is a poetic tribute to the men of the Second Marine Division, written by an anonymous Marine or Seabee:





The toll was heavy during the Battle of Be and many of the wounded were treated on ground where they fell. In the foreground of painting, a Marine, too near death from los blood to be taken at once to the hospital s receives the precious Red Cross blood plas





PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES BY KERR EBY FOR ABBOTT LABORATORIES

"So let them rest
On their sun-scorched atoll
The wind for their watcher
The waves for their shroud
Where palm and pandanus
Shall whisper forever
A Requiem fitting for
Heroes so proud."

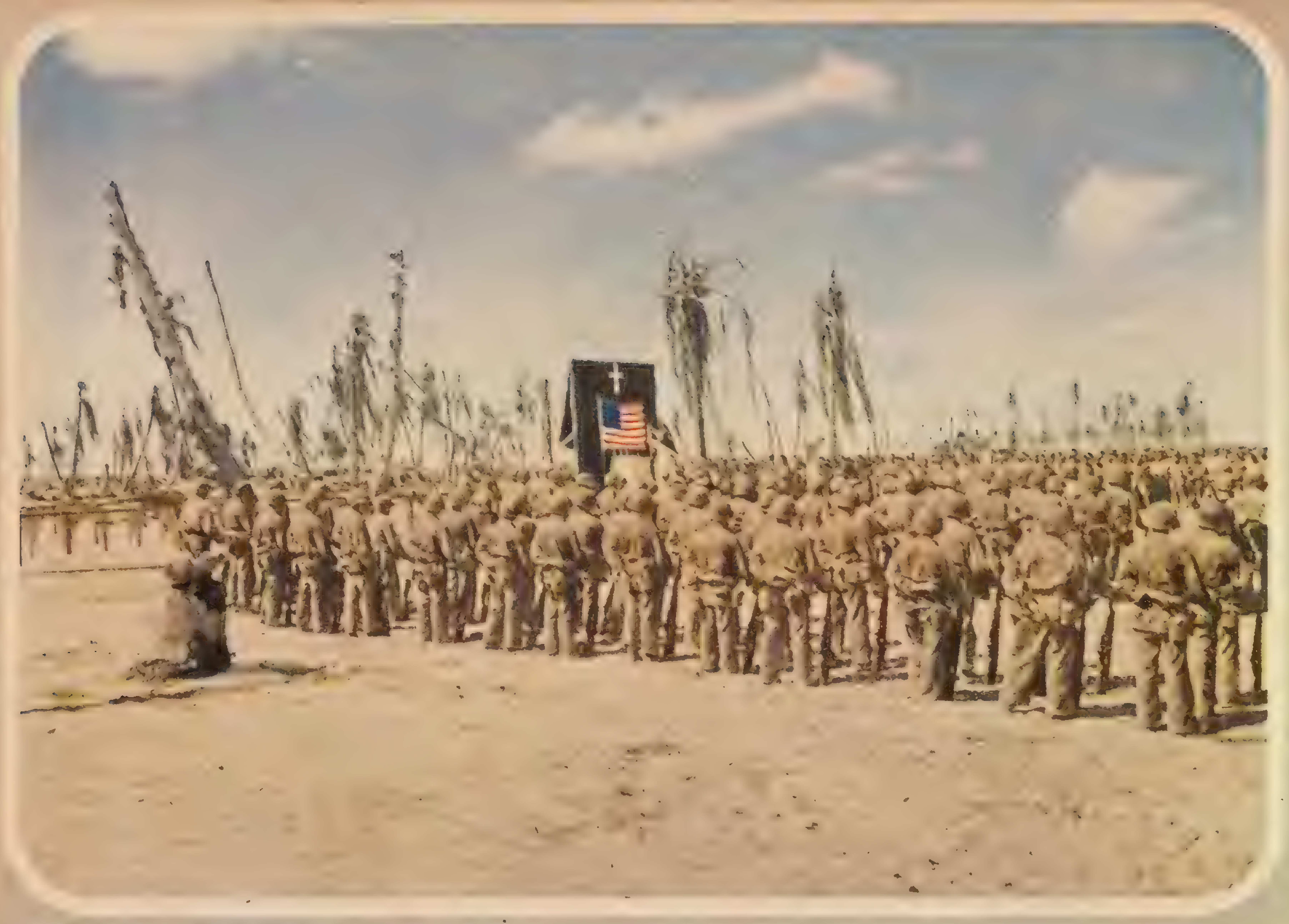
A bearded and bespectacled Seabee named Jack Varnum of Reno, Nevada, was directing the maintenance of the Marine cemeteries the last time we visited Betio. Jack was doing a very good job. He has a little nursery near the largest of the burial plots. He works at transplanting native flowers and vines to the graves. You can get a wreath to put on a grave at his nursery. Varnum has native assistants who keep the cemeteries in good shape.

Dozens of Marines, soldiers and sailors stop off between planes each day and walk over Betio. Most of them sense that Tarawa is a shrine. They stand with heads bowed in the cemeteries and some of them leave wreaths, made in Varnum's nursery or made by the Gilbertese women at the upper end of the atoll.

Also among the "tourists" on the battlefield may be seen British officers and Australian and New Zealand soldiers and, sometimes, the grey-habited nuns from the Catholic mission on the near-by islet of Bairiki.

The best way to look over the island and to get an idea of how the battle progressed is to start at Red Beach Number Two, where the first landings were made near the big pier on the lagoon side, and then move westward along the lagoon shore. After that you can continue around the island, counterclockwise.

At Red Beach Number Two, just across the road from the pier, is the tall palm tree from which the first American flag was raised. Also near here is site of the first Marine command post, set up by



Marine survivors attended the ritual of Mass.

Colonel Dave Shoup, combat team commander, against the wall of a Nip blockhouse.

A cemetery on Red Beach Number Two is the resting place of First Lieutenant William D. Hawkins of El Paso, Texas. They named the airstrip on Betio, Hawkins Field. He was the first infantryman in the Pacific War to have an airfield named after him. There was good reason for this. He and his scout-snipers were destroying pillboxes and installations as if they were fighting a holy war. He was wounded soon after the landing, but he kept on.

Inland about thirty yards is what's left of the Japanese power plant which Hawkins and his men were destroying when the lieutenant was wounded fatally.

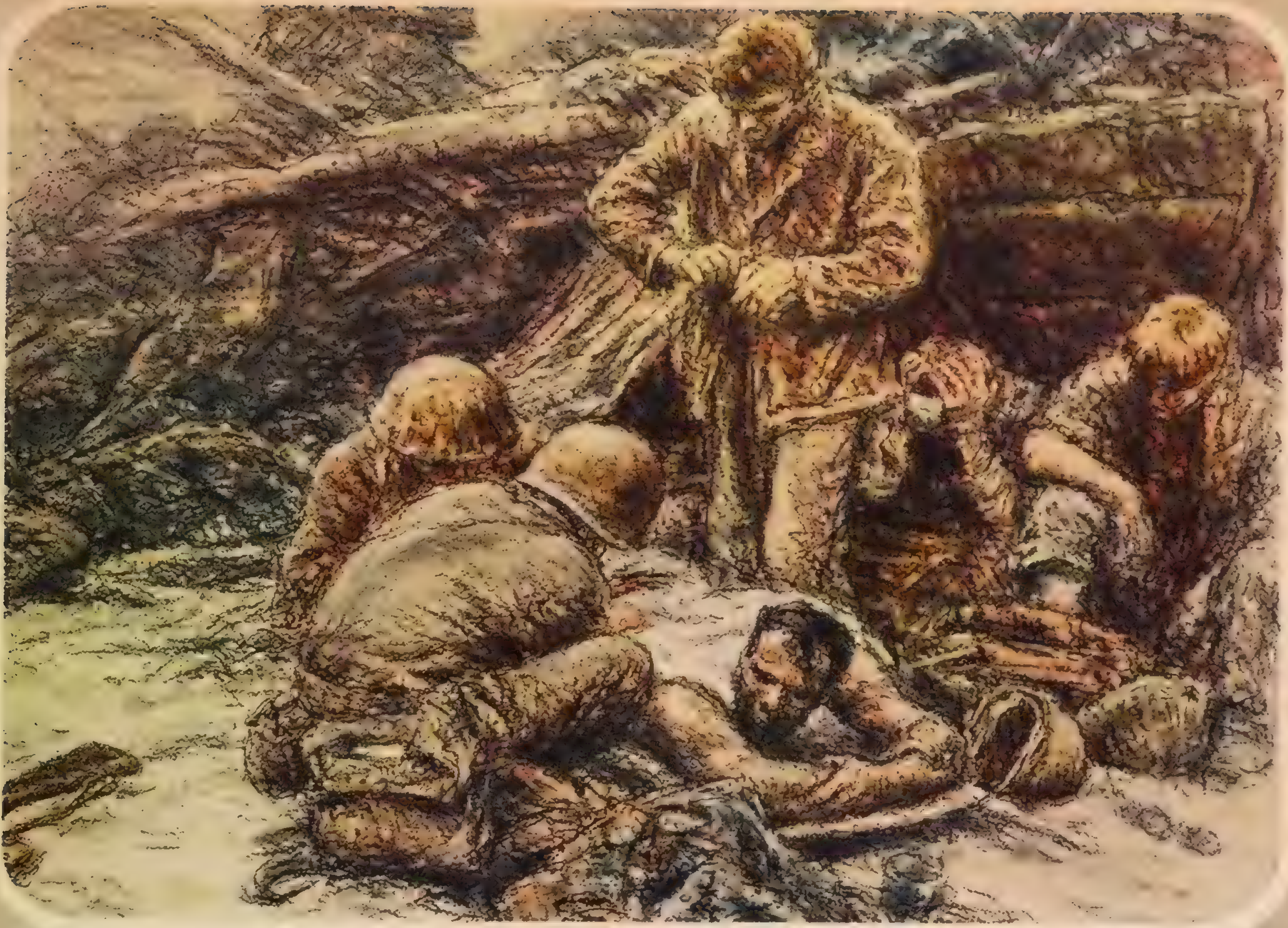
Hawkins got the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously. He hasn't been forgotten, for almost every time a plane comes through, some Marine is sure to leave a wreath on his grave.

East of the pier, on a shallow reef, lies the wreckage of a B-24, just as it crashed two years ago.

The Japanese command post was 200 yards or so westward down the lagoon shore from the Americans' original landings. On the huge mound which is all that remains of the Nip command post, the Tarawa Officers' Club now stands, a big, cool thatch-roofed building. This Officers' Club is the only country-clubbish thing about Betio, though.

The sandy mounds, which were once blockhouses, make good building sites to catch the tradewinds. Tarawa resembles an open cross section of an archaeological excavation, for the Americans are, literally, building on top of the Japanese installations.

It was on the top of one of these mounds that a golfing acquain-



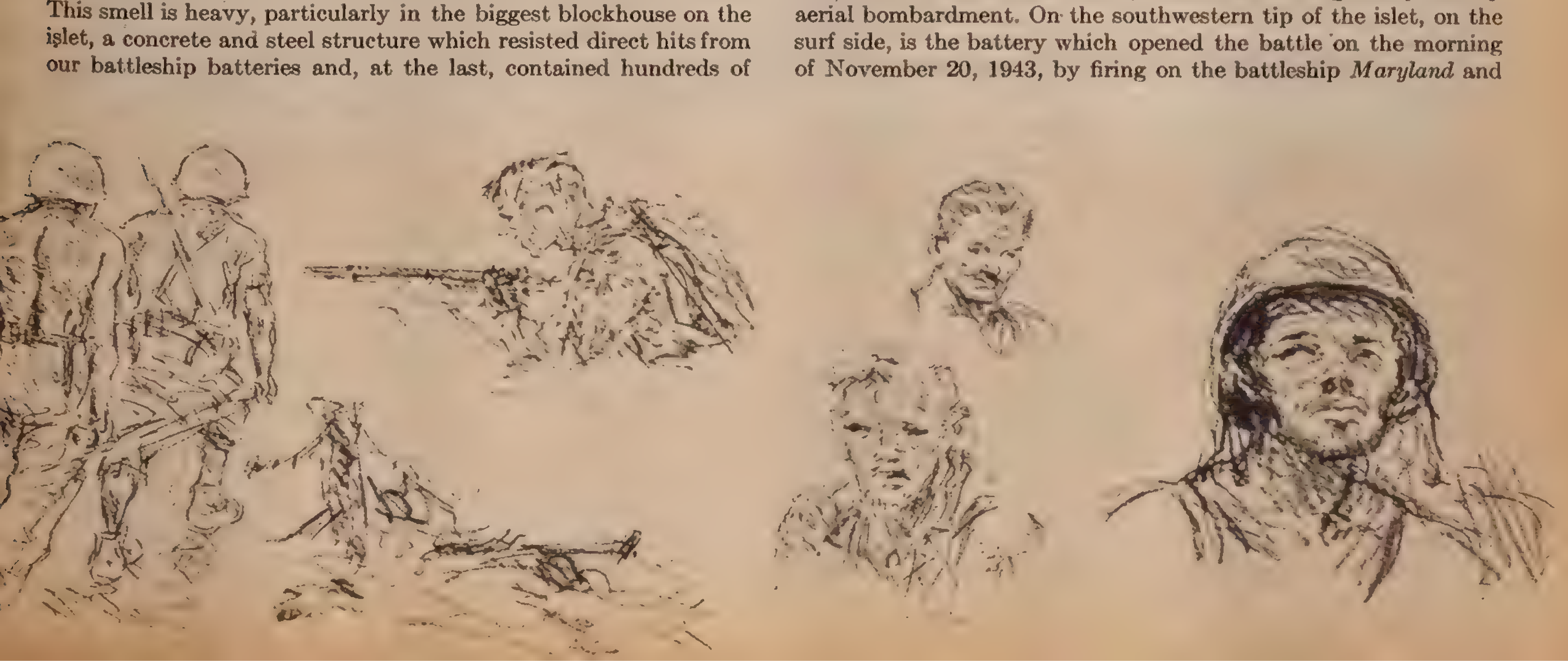
On the firing line, Navy Hospital corpsmen administered first aid.

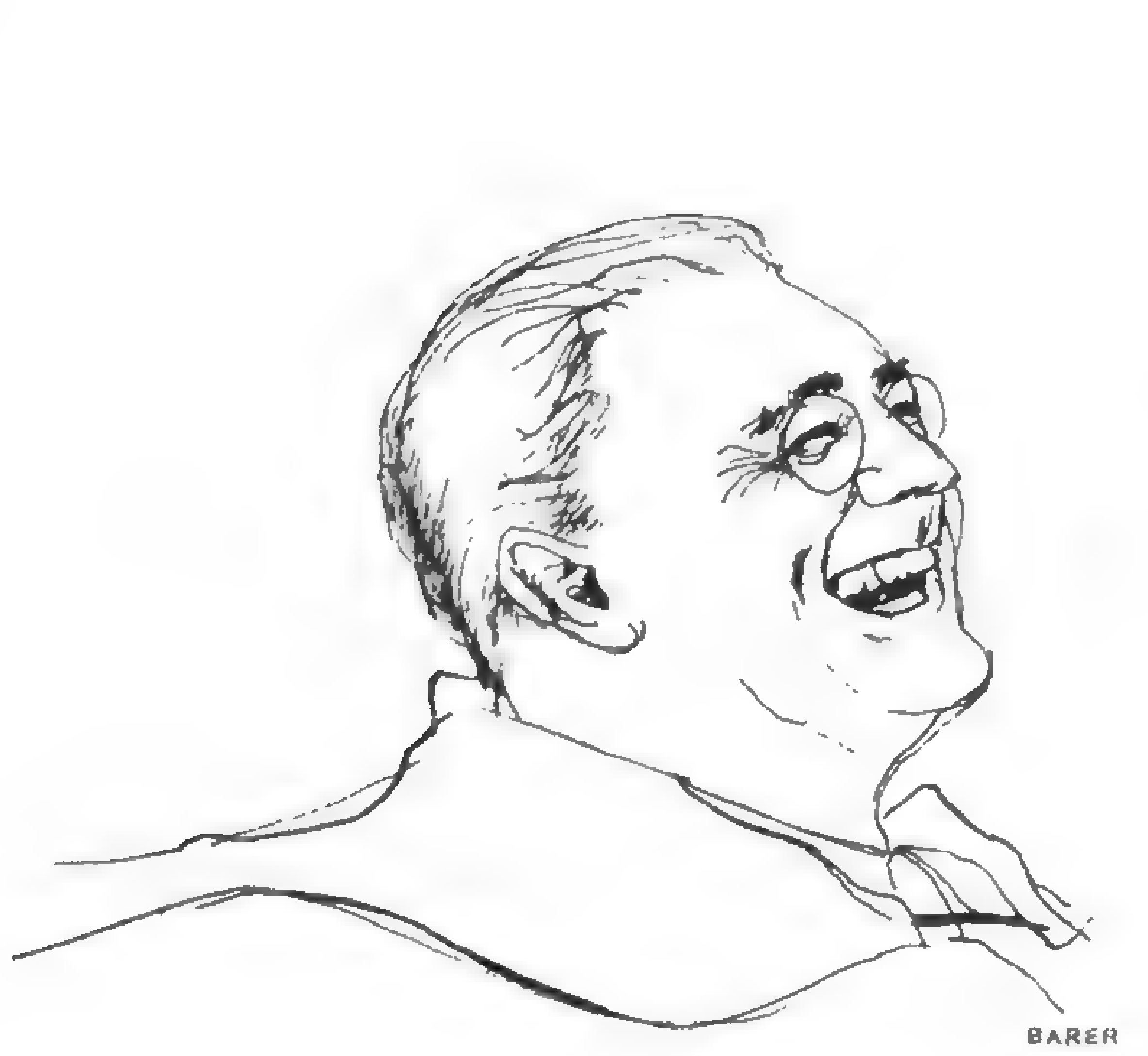
tance of ours, Pfc. Lowell H. Koci of Ames, Iowa, made the best club shot of his life. One of Koci's buddies was pinioned, through the thigh, by a banzai-charging Japanese bayonet man. Koci, a Browning automatic rifleman, was out of ammunition. So he grabbed his BAR by the muzzle, as he would a niblick, and swung with all of his two hundred pounds behind the blow. He hit the bayonet man on the burr of the ear and the Japanese gave no more trouble.

Most visitors to Betio just stick their heads inside the pillboxes and blockhouses which are still open. Then they back out. The sour smell of death is still in these spooky places, after two years. This smell is heavy, particularly in the biggest blockhouse on the islet, a concrete and steel structure which resisted direct hits from our battleship batteries and, at the last, contained hundreds of Japanese who had to be erased by riflemen and flame-throwers. This building was the Nips' command and communication headquarters. Now it's called "The Tarawa Telephone Exchange", and there are offices in the building, despite the smell.

The surf on the seaward side of Betio is still full of the barbed wire and the concrete tank traps. The Nips evidently figured that the Americans would attack from the sea. There, defenses are more elaborate. There's not so much debris on this side of the island.

The eight-inch gun batteries have been left just as they were when they were knocked out by American naval gunnery and by aerial bombardment. On the southwestern tip of the islet, on the surf side, is the battery which opened the battle on the morning of November 20, 1943, by firing on the battleship *Maryland* and





Bereft of their leader in the midst of war, the men knew sorrow and fear

And the Armies That Remained Suffered

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

All that night the lilacs were last blooming in the dooryard, but if you lay asleep you couldn't smell them, you couldn't hear them blowing in the cold wind . . . it cleared up, sometime before dawn.

This is something to recall in a late autumn month and on a day when the bugles are sounding, and rifle volleys; and people stand with their hats off in memory of a certain moment. It is something to remember and I will remember it now and always: a bitter wind in the before-dawn meadows, the high ground between Bedford and Northampton, the bases with their thousands and thousands of people still fighting a war, still working hard to keep the engines hearty—the ones on the ground with their hands greasy with war, and those of us who went into the air still frightened at the memory of the many who had died.

It is a powerful thing to remember: the orderly's steps sounding in the hollow hall; the vague, heavy voice and the hand that tugged and shook at the covers; the voice saying, "It's 7:20 now; Briefing is at 8:30; you can get chow any time," and my own voice, wearily, "Oh, thanks a lot." And the discipline of pushing my body out of bed and climbing down, moving carefully, so that I would not step on Murray's feet; and then realizing, halfway between my bed and the floor, that Murray wasn't asleep in that lower cot, and that he had spent the night on leave in London.

And out to the latrine and the cold water that made the gums tingle and the jaws ache; and a childish satisfaction in knowing that I didn't have to shave; and wondering why an oxygen mask might make your face sore if you had just shaved. And then putting things into my pockets—the little things that most men take with them: a leather folder of photographs, and a medal of St. Joseph of Copercino Who By the Grace of God Did Fly (it was a medal a nice girl gave me long ago, before I had flown any missions at all); and also there was a tiny red horseshoe, a sort of celluloid button off one of my wife's old frocks; and she had said: "Want a horseshoe for good luck?" and I had said seriously, "You're damn right I do."

Out into the wan, wet sunlight, and trampling along down to the corner of the site, and I could not smell lilacs anywhere . . . just chilly grass of an April dawn, the thin green smell of war and England. The sky was bluer now, the sun was yellow coming up; and if the great star drooped in the west, I had never seen it, because I went to bed before ten the night before.

But also there was that brown figure out in the road, moving away from the 422nd site where I was living; and that was funny—to live with the 422nd when I was flying with the 364th. But I did it because of the old days, and because of the people I had known who used to sleep in those same rooms—people long since transmuted into cracklings and clinkers, people nibbled in their fat leather flying jackets, nibbled by icy fish of the Channel or the North Sea, and vanished away by tides and heavy depths until there was nothing left of them now, and even the fish had forgotten them.

There was that lieutenant in the road, and he saw me coming. He hesitated, he turned and waited, he stood beyond the corner of the last barracks, and he wasn't anyone I knew. He came from away out in the wild woodland yonder where there were Nissen huts that had not existed in 1943.

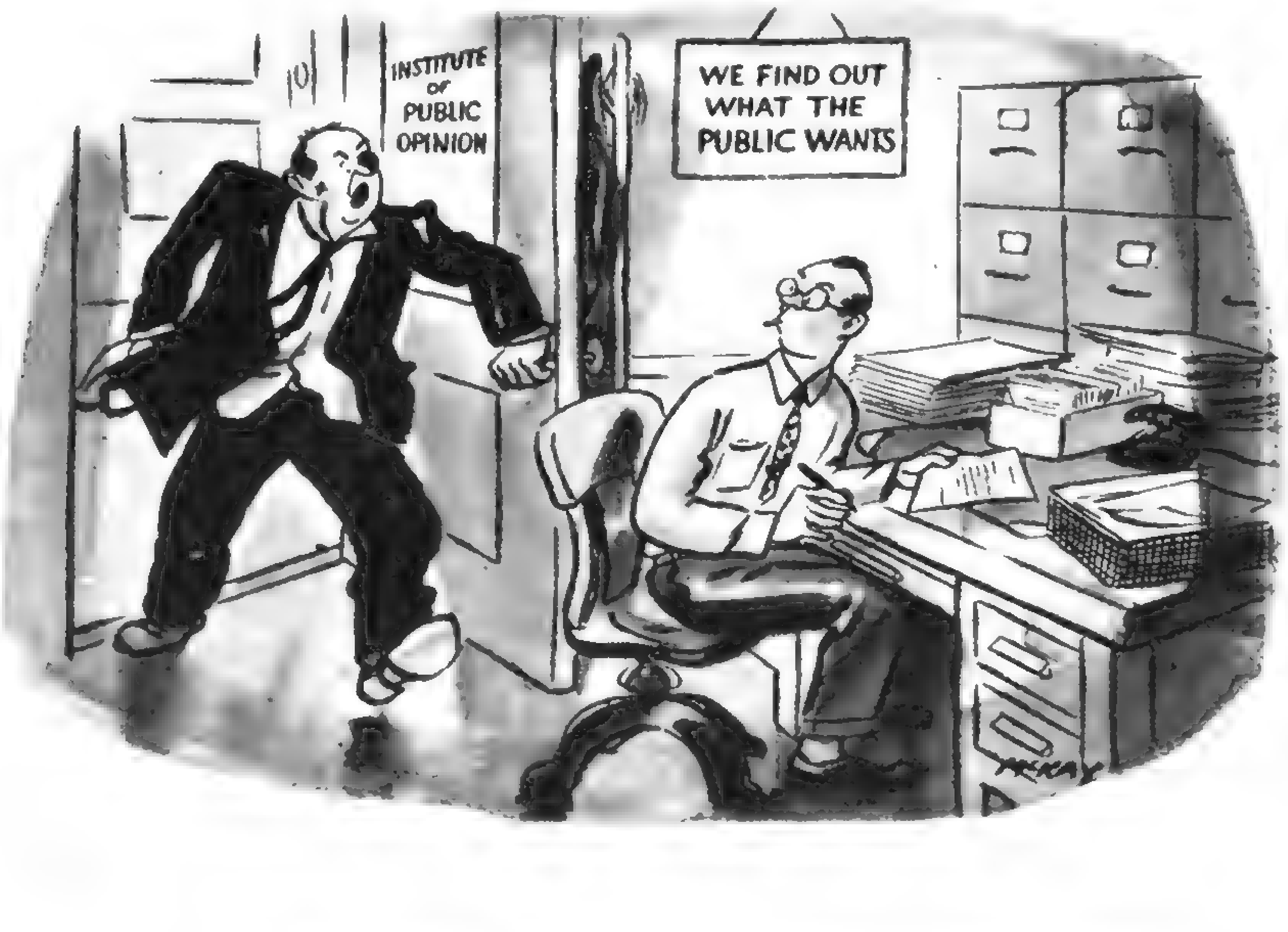
His name was Friedman—Lieutenant Friedman—and he told his name a few minutes later because I asked him for his name; I wanted always to remember the name of the man who told me; and that was funny, too, because if I had heard the news over the radio I would not have cared to know the announcer's name.

There in the road we stood, and Friedman told me. He had his back to the east as he talked, and I could see larks sailing up and down beyond the nearest hedges and could hear their song and the songs of other birds—British birds, the names of which most of us never knew. Maybe they were throstles and lap-wings and nightingales; and they kept singing just as if it had not happened, just as if a man had not died.

We walked down the long road, going north past the officers' club, past water tanks to the mess hall; and we didn't talk much—we just muttered obscene words now and then: the things you say when you see two ships colliding in the air five hundred feet short of home and safety. You say those words when people are washed out vengefully, at the sudden end of a job well done—because they will never be able to look back on their job and realize just how well done it was, how wearying and frightening a task, how important to all future tenderness, all future stability, all dream forever.

People didn't talk much in the mess hall either. There was that box of oranges that came to us miraculously in this plush-lined war of 1945—the oranges we would have bid pounds on pounds for, in an earlier year; but now there were oranges all over the mess hall, waiting for the combat crews: and oranges rolling around in the airplanes, being squeezed flat by the weight of flak suits, oranges being only half-sucked and cast away and neglected because we had so many of them. We stood in line and got our pancakes and the rancid-tasting pork which was dignified by the name of bacon, but it wasn't real bacon. We had our generous brick of butter on the table, and someone kept a fire going in a small stove near by, and we would put chunks of bread right down on top of the stove and let it scorch brown on both sides, and we called it toast.

We ate. We couldn't eat a lot. We went back to the big coffee tank for refills, and I looked at my watch and it was after 8:00. Briefing was at 8:30, so we had better get going. . . . I used to ride down to Briefing with Jonesy, a slow-spoken weatherman from Vermont—a pink-faced, bespectacled weatherman who made everyone laugh by just being the way he was, until he began to command


10
INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC OPINION
WE FIND OUT WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

"I'm through finding out what the public wants!"

RAVITZ

Cook's Tour: Elizabeth Feher

This earthbound angel ready to feed you Hungarian delicacies is Mrs. Elizabeth Feher, photographed at the Magyar-American Restaurant, Inc., 350 East 81st Street, New York City, a modest place where fine flavor is coupled with abundance. An additional virtue is its non-profit policy. One of Mrs. Feher's less complicated creations is called Hungarian Fish Stew. "Dissect four or five different smaller fish, and a piece of a big one into three inch squares. Put the heads, the fins and the tails together with thinly sliced onions in a deep pan, and cover with water. Cook for two hours over a lively flame, and add plenty of paprika. Salt to taste. When the heads and the onions are thoroughly cooked, strain the liquid through a coarse sieve over the fish squares, placed in another deep pan. Throw away the heads and simmer the new dish for twenty-five minutes. Correct the seasoning and place thin slices of green pepper on top of fish."

the respect and attention of crews who found out how much he knew about weather. Jonesy was already gone away in his jeep; so we went out and started to hike—a navigator and a bombardier and I—but we knew we'd have to hitch a ride because the field was too far off . . . we weren't worried; they always ran plenty of regular transportation to the field at such hours.

And we waited at the road's turn and saw a truck coming, and we stood there swinging our arms and blinking at the future, not being able to see it at all. We talked in flat limp tones, we all said we could not believe it; even hearing other people exclaim about the tidings over and over again, we still couldn't believe it.

The navigator said, "By God, why do we have to fly a mission today? By God, it's Friday the 13th!" and then the bombardier said, "Yes, but he didn't die on Friday the 13th. He died on Thursday the 12th." Then we all said, "Why, that's right, it was around ten o'clock last night, our time, when he died."

The hoarse truck stopped for us and we climbed up, we pushed in among solemn faces, the people who could not believe that this was true any more than we could believe it ourselves.

But that truck wasn't going all the way down the line. It let us out at the entrance to our headquarters site area, and then we started walking. I guess we were looking at the ground as we walked, and thinking hard, and saying to ourselves, "But what will happen now? What will become of us?" and then the bombardier said abruptly, "My mother died when I was only five years old," and we all knew what he meant and what he was thinking, but we didn't say anything ourselves.

We only said it in our hearts . . . no more the strong, round voice, no more the jaunty hat and cigarette, no more the easy laugh for the photographers; no more the slow figure helped upon the stage; no more the great boss, the captain, the broad-faced admiral, the personality guy; no more the mighty priest to whom we entrusted our salvation; no more the name enemies hated and shot out in three hissing syllables like a Teutonic curse. O no more the red-hot comet, the core of our little universe—the force, the energy that ionized an admiration or a hatred in every breast. And here it was Friday the 13th, and we were flying a mission just like any other day, and we wondered what the score would be.

We were all looking down at the ground as we walked, and I guess I was walking a little ahead . . . because they came right out into the road in front of me—three pairs of legs marching steadily, and one pair were officer's legs and the other two were GI's. They held their steady military pace for forty or fifty steps ahead of us as we walked, and then they wheeled to the right.

The officer halted and stood there while the two MP'S marched mechanically down the middle of a cinder path bordered with little stones. We could see they were headed toward the flagpole . . . all of us in the road automatically quickened our pace. We were going to try to get out of range, so that we wouldn't have to stand at salute the moment the MP's got to fooling around with that flag.

And then in the next breath we realized simultaneously why the MP's were going to fool around with that flag . . . this wasn't *Retreat* . . . they wouldn't be sounding *To the Colors* or any of that stuff, the way they did every evening when we went to school at Bovingdon. No, they were going to do something quite different; and none of us had even seen them do this peculiar job with the flag for such a peculiar reason before.

We stopped, we were facing toward the flagpole, and we could feel our heels snap back and our shoulders stiffen; and, while their officer watched, the two MP's went to work on the halyards. They brought the flag all the way down, then they spread it out. The light morning wind caught the bunting for a moment and held it like a picture-book flag, and then they ran it slowly to the peak of the pole and brought it down halfway and tied the halyards.

No audible word was spoken. No order was given. And yet, watching with frozen gaze past the pole and the red and white stripes and the stubborn faces of the MP's, we could see that all life was suspended in the area. Trucks had stopped, the boys had stepped down and discarded their bicycles, the boys coming out of huts beyond the road had all solidified. They had turned to stone, as we people in the road had turned to stone. Sharp edges of their hard palms were bent like iron at their foreheads; and so we stood and watched, and tried to guess at what this might mean to the future and to the present; but we couldn't really guess at anything.

Officers were crowding in the hall outside the interrogation room where they gave us our briefing, and I found my pilot there—a boy named Chicken Kuhl, from Washington, D. C., and his co-pilot, Bob Law from Springfield, Missouri. While we waited the main talk was about this new guy in the White House.

What would he be like? What would he do? How trustworthy was he? Some joker kept reciting a lot of stuff about how many million dollars the Kansas City machine had cost Missouri; but I don't remember how many million he said. Still we took him up on it, whether we knew much about Kansas City politics or whether we didn't. Mostly we didn't.

Then the door had opened and we were filing in, and they were handing out the pilots' flimsies at the door, and I got one. I always took a flimsy but I didn't know what half the stuff on those little sheets of paper was about. Mohawk Baker Leader, and Mohawk Baker Low, and Mohawk Baker High and all that material. Authentication: Pepsi . . . First Division Recall: Flashlight—Pat—Aunty—Corncrib. . . . There were plenty more: three pages of mimeographed words and figures, but right then we weren't paying much attention to the flimsies. We were looking instead at a huge map with a red ribbon traced across the North Sea and across the Netherlands, all the way to a target called Hagenou.

And these weren't like the missions we had in 1943, when heaven knew who or how many would come back; or—out of those Forts which came back—no one knew who or how many would be lifted silent or squeaking out of the airplanes, and wound in grey blankets and carried away on the meat wagon. These were comparatively easy missions now. There wasn't much flak and not many fighters, although a bunch of Jets had hopped our low squadron the Saturday before, when we were coming back from Wesendorf.

Also there was the normal operational hazard of having about seven fields in the same traffic pattern; and it was all right to be told to take off in a heavy fog and do a ninety-degree to the right at the proper moment, but we never felt quite confident that those guys from the 92nd Group were going to make their ninety-degrees to the right as they came swishing up in the opposite direction, and probably they felt the same way about us.

Anyway, it was one more mission to fly, and we were glad we didn't have to go to Czechoslovakia's borders or the edge of the Alps; but still it was Friday the 13th, and still a man had died in Georgia the night before, and none of us was feeling too cocky.

O nevermore the cute fellows doing imitations of a radio broadcast and saying, "Mah friends"; and none of the gossip about Elliott's wives or Madam Perkins—that would all dry up and blow away . . . and who would make a wisecrack (*Continued on page 307*)

Around the century's turn, schoolboys vied with one another in acquiring and trading these bright bits of Americana

The Era of the Cigarette Card

by **KARL BAARSLAG**

OLD STEEL ENGRAVING

EVERY American over thirty remembers the colorful little cigarette cards distributed with such a lavish hand by the fiercely competitive tobacco companies between 1886 and 1915. Virtually every boy for almost three decades not only avidly collected and treasured these gaily-colored and educational little pasteboards, but generally, in order to complete some highly-prized set, conducted an exchange with all the shrewdness and persistence of a Yankee horse-swapper. "Pitching" and other forms of boyish gambling with these cards were also quite popular wherever small boys congregated. Fathers, older brothers, and men friends were constantly pestered to buy certain brands of the then-not-yet-too-popular "coffin nails" so that some new issue of baseball players or prizefighters might be quickly acquired and proudly shown off to one's envious and less well-endowed playmates. Male relatives who spurned the "effete, newfangled" smoking innovation from Europe to cling to their more virile pipes, cigars, and cheek-filling cuds of chewing tobacco were sourly regarded by all their small boy relatives as totally useless spoilsports and enemies of progress in general. Most cigarette smokers were honor bound faithfully to save all their cigarette cards for some favored protégé and many a boyhood heartbreak ensued when some trusted cigarette card patron forgot to save his cards, moved away or, unkindest cut of all, forgot his vows and transferred his patronage to some other boy.

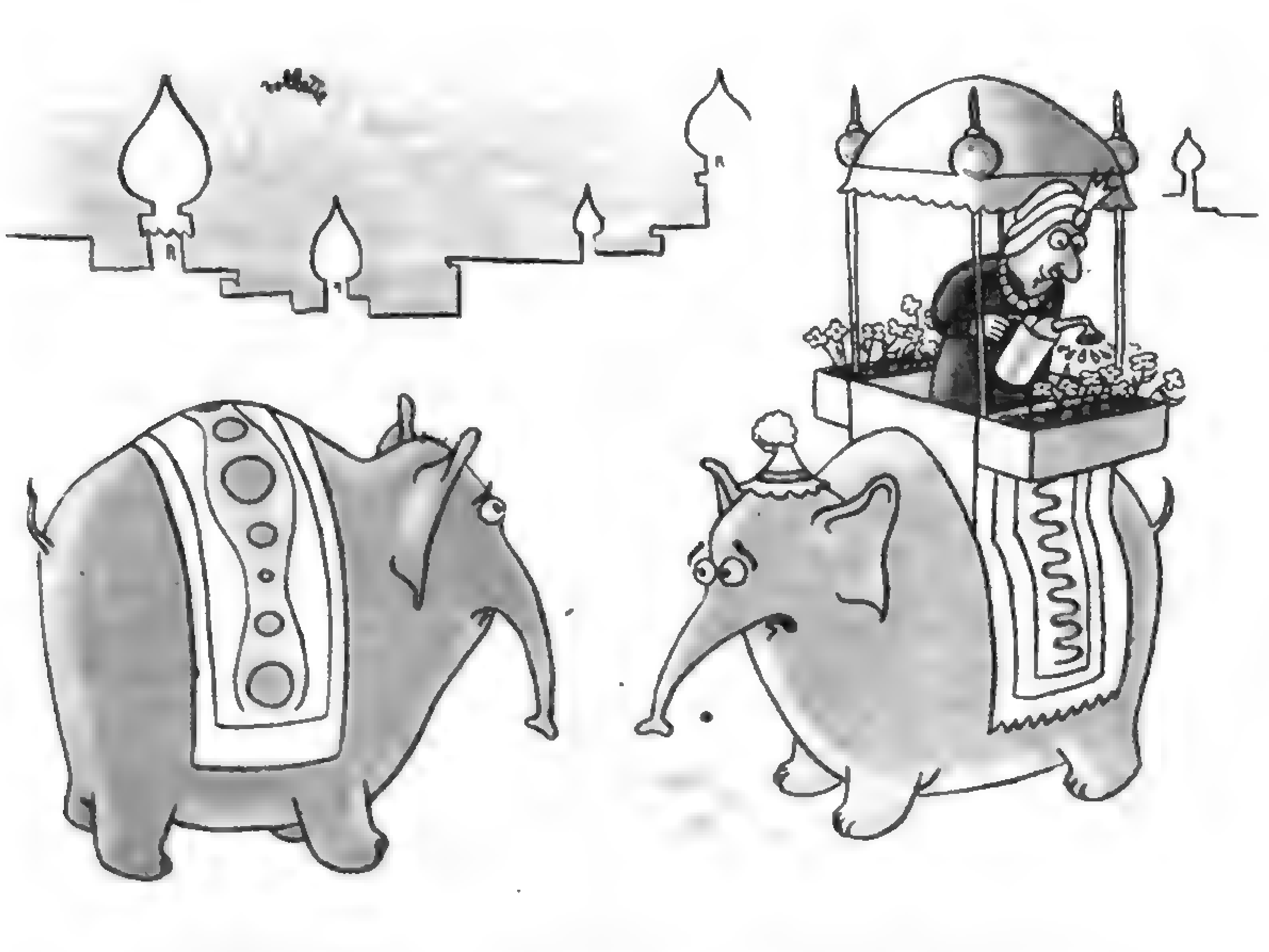
Boys who had no cigarette-smoking relatives were perforce reduced to cadging them from casual acquaintances or to haunting the front doors of cigar stores after school hours and on Saturdays, frequently missing meals, in order to waylay strangers emerging with fresh packages of cigarettes containing the precious cards. Bigger boys and bullies chased away the smaller fry who might have what they considered the temerity to poach on what were deemed private hunting preserves. Most schoolteachers regarded the cards as the bane of their existence and a menace to education. Small boys under the malevolent influence of the pernicious cards generally lived in a happy mental daze of complete preoccupation and most teachers were inclined to write them off as hopelessly uneducatable. Teacher zealots, particularly those with a strong phobia against cigarette smoking, hunted down and destroyed the harmless little cards with all the fanatical fury of Middle Ages religious bigots pursuing a heretic. It was generally highly risky to bring such cards to classrooms as the danger of having them seized and destroyed by some lynx-eyed schoolmarm was a calamity too awful even to contemplate.

Like tobacco, cigarette cards were purely of American origin. They first appeared in about 1886 as simple black and white or sepia photos of dancing girls and actresses. The first cards bore no identification or descriptive data. The blank backs were such an obvious free advertising medium that manufacturers began to adorn them with the names of their companies and a few lines extolling their other tobacco wares. Under the pressure of keenest competition in pushing the use and sale of the still dubious European importation, the little cards soon blossomed out in vivid original colors illustrating, generally with a high degree of authenticity, every conceivable field of human interest and knowledge ranging from Arctic explorers and exotic foreign scenes to American baseball players and prizefighters. Cigarette manufacturers who had futilely spent hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to popularize their unsalable importation from Europe now tried to outdo each other in thinking up new and attractive issues, and card collectors were soon swamped with whole series depicting Indian life in the 60's, foreign princes and oriental potentates, American fishes, tropical birds, the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome, yachting colors of the world, Aesop's fables, cowboy life, great land and sea battles of history, famous American homes, lighthouses along our coasts, foreign uniforms of every known civilized and semi-savage country, and pretty foreign girls in authentic native costumes holding aloft the flags of their respective lands, to mention only a few sets. Most sets averaged fifty to one hundred cards with a few going as high as nearly six hundred so that completing a set was not always a simple matter. Eager adult collectors during the heyday of this now forgotten hobby sometimes paid as high as a dollar or even more for some particularly elusive, desired card.

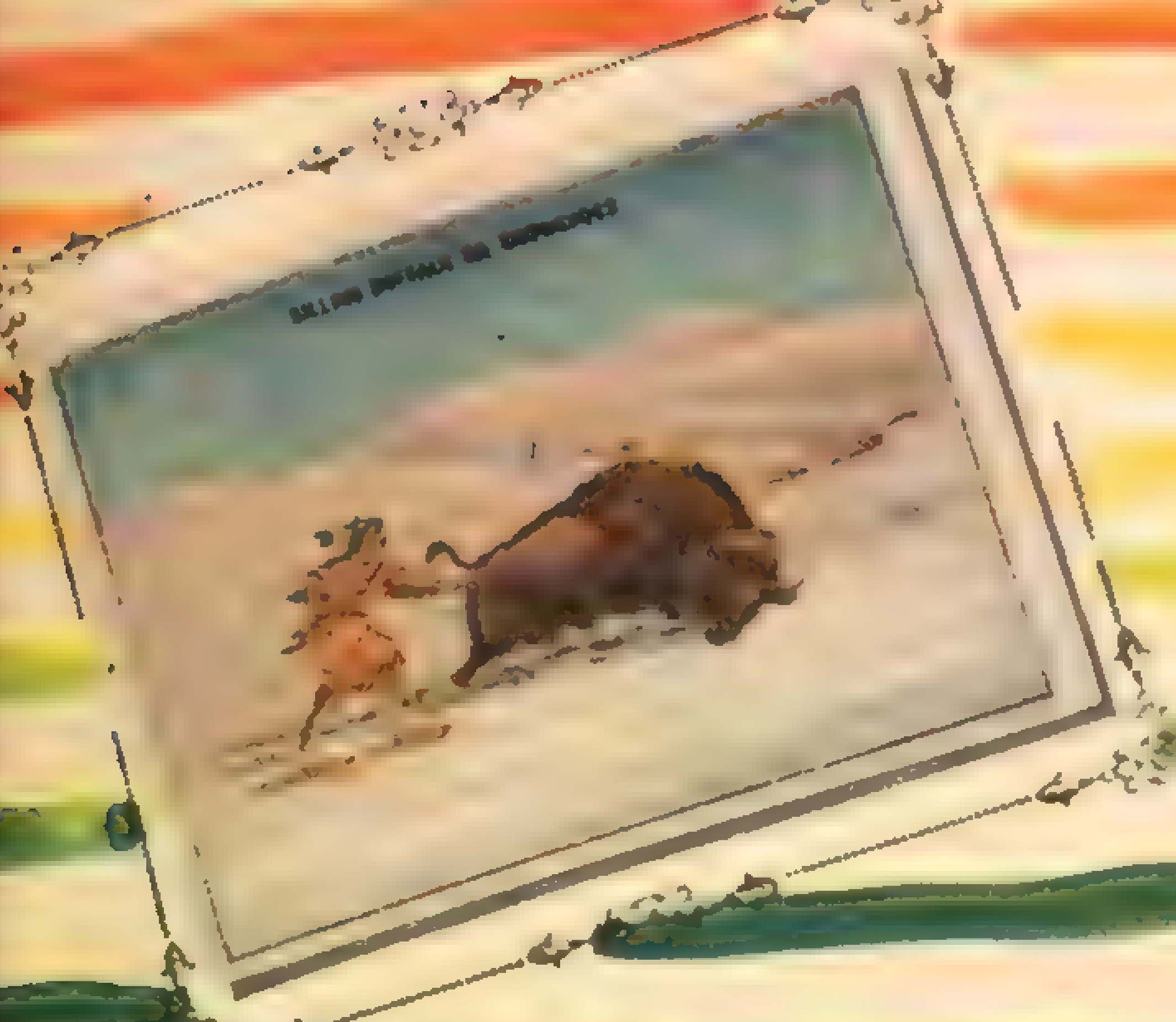
In the days before radio, talking movies, automobiles, expensive and high-pressure toys, and other high-priced recreations of modern boyhood, American boyish hobbies were relatively few and simple. Marbles or "migs" really came under the heading of sports and was naturally seasonal although collecting and swapping "smokies," "snotties," and "catseyes" might have been considered a hobby. Stamps were still under heavy suspicion of being sissy and, needless to say, were beyond the slim pocketbooks of poor boys thirty years ago when even a nickel was still "big money" and children never saw dollar bills except in the hands of adults. The present so-called "comics" of mayhem, sadism, and inane absurdities, now almost a national industry, were still in their innocent and unsophisticated infancy. Coins, birds' eggs, butterflies, and similar dubious highbrow hobbies naturally never offered any serious competition to a hobby which could be carried around in one's grimy pockets and displayed on shortest notice. A good pocketful of prizefighter and baseball player cigarette cards was the *summum bonum* of every American boy thirty and forty years ago radiating as it did a comfortable sense of well being and ineffable bliss unequaled by any other boyhood treasures, no matter how rare or expensive.

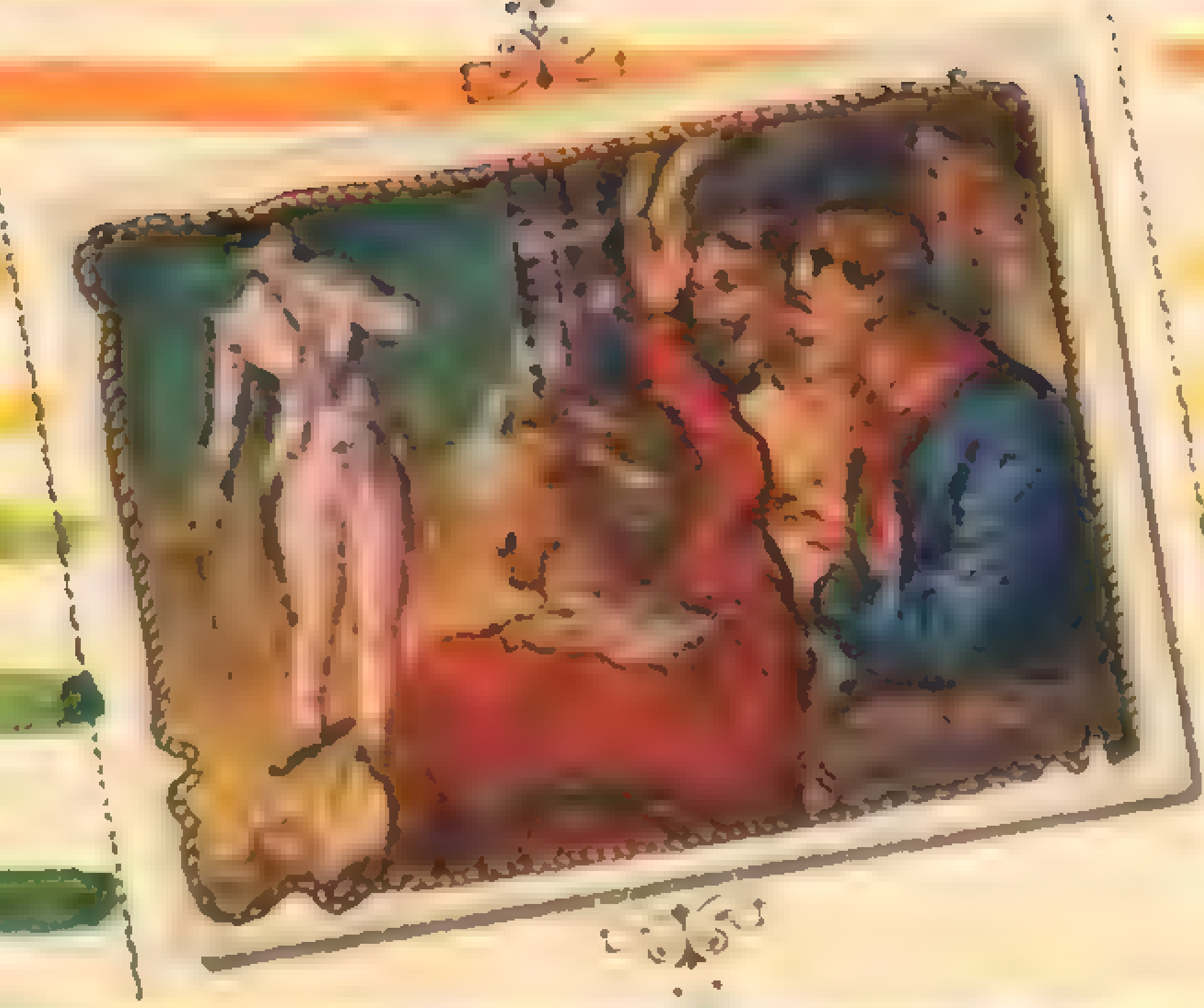
The backs of the cards carried considerable descriptive or biographical matter which in a series of fifty or a hundred cards really totaled up considerable educational mate-

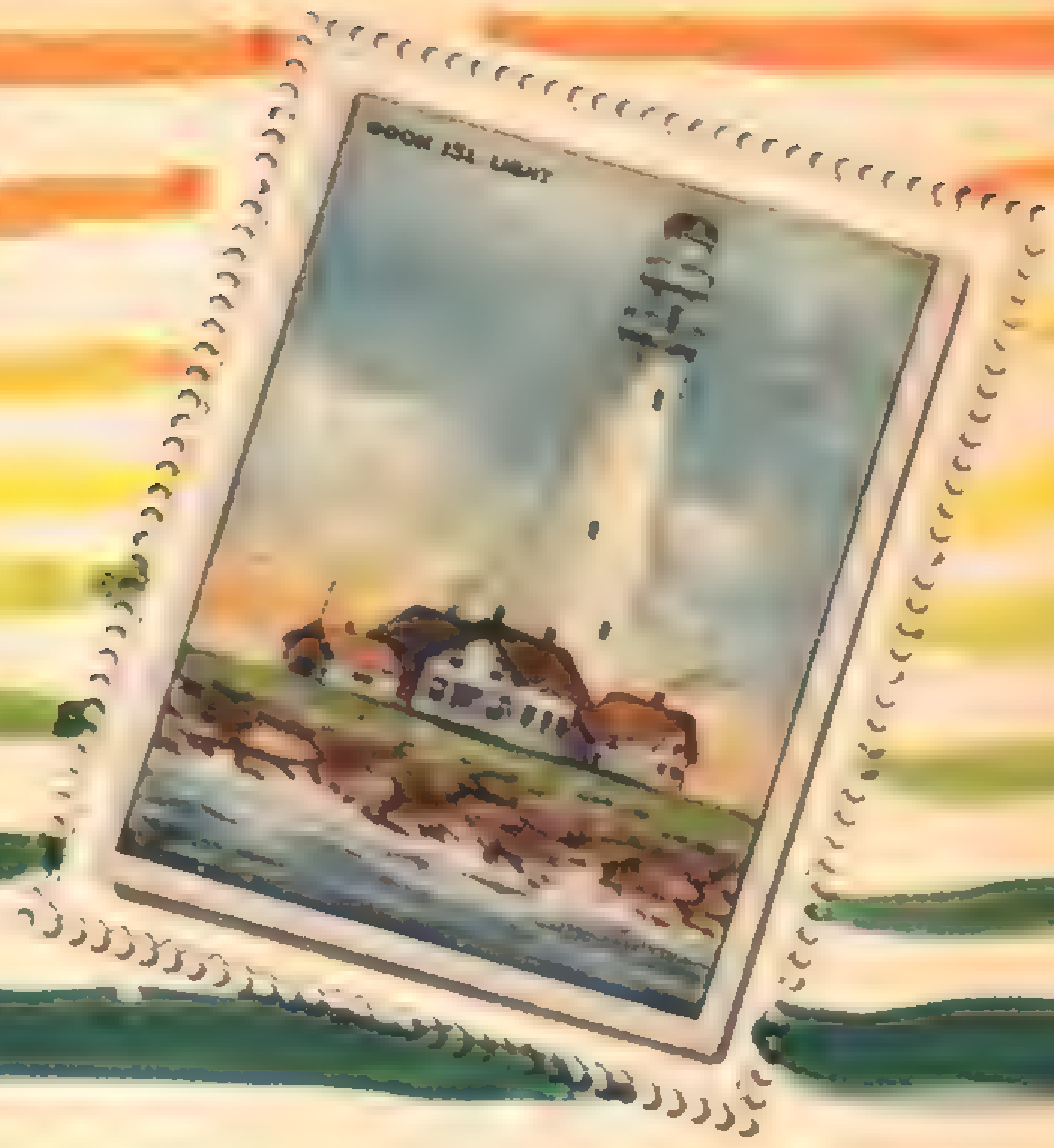
(Continued on page 300)



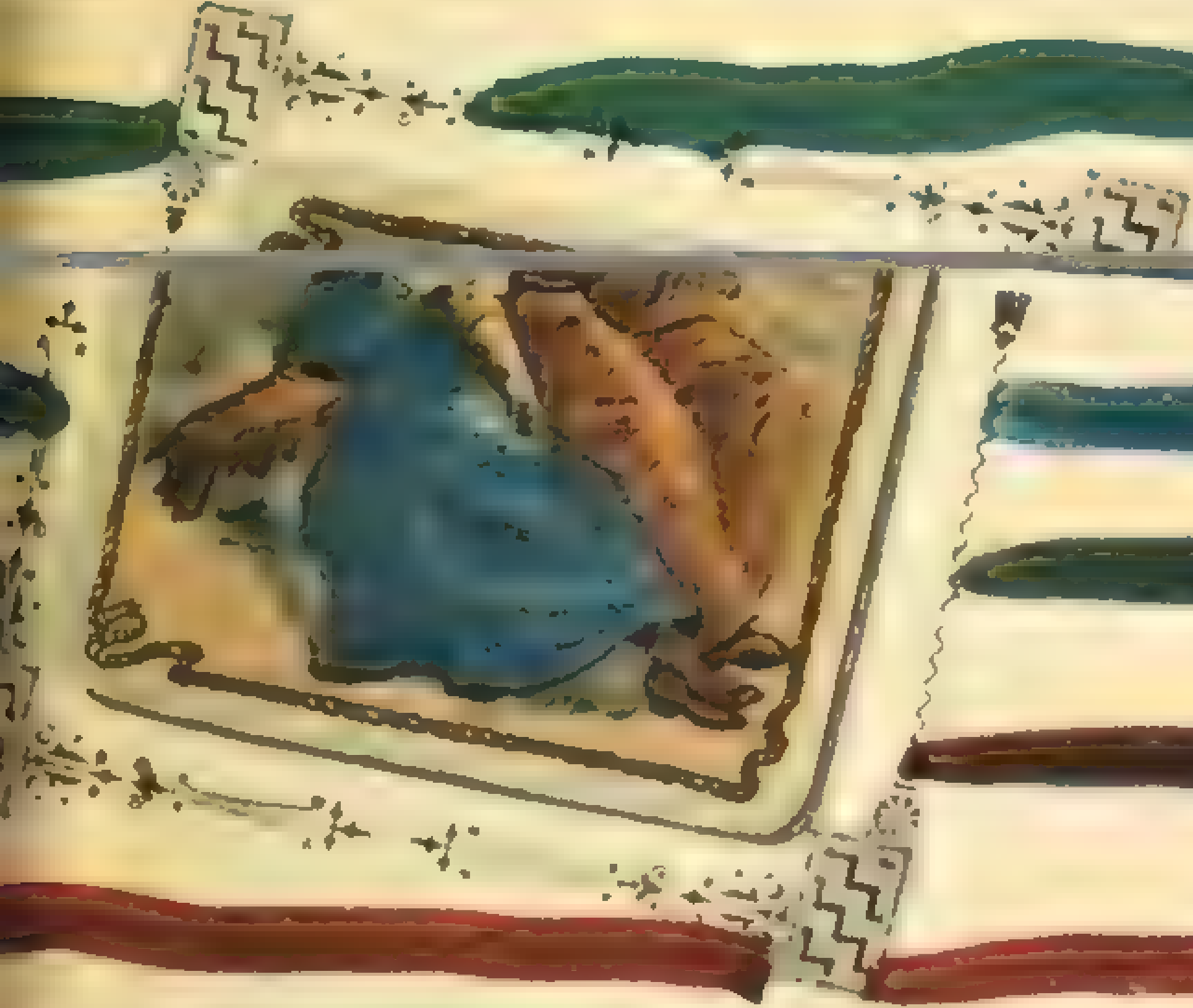
"As if I haven't got enough junk to carry—now it's window boxes!"

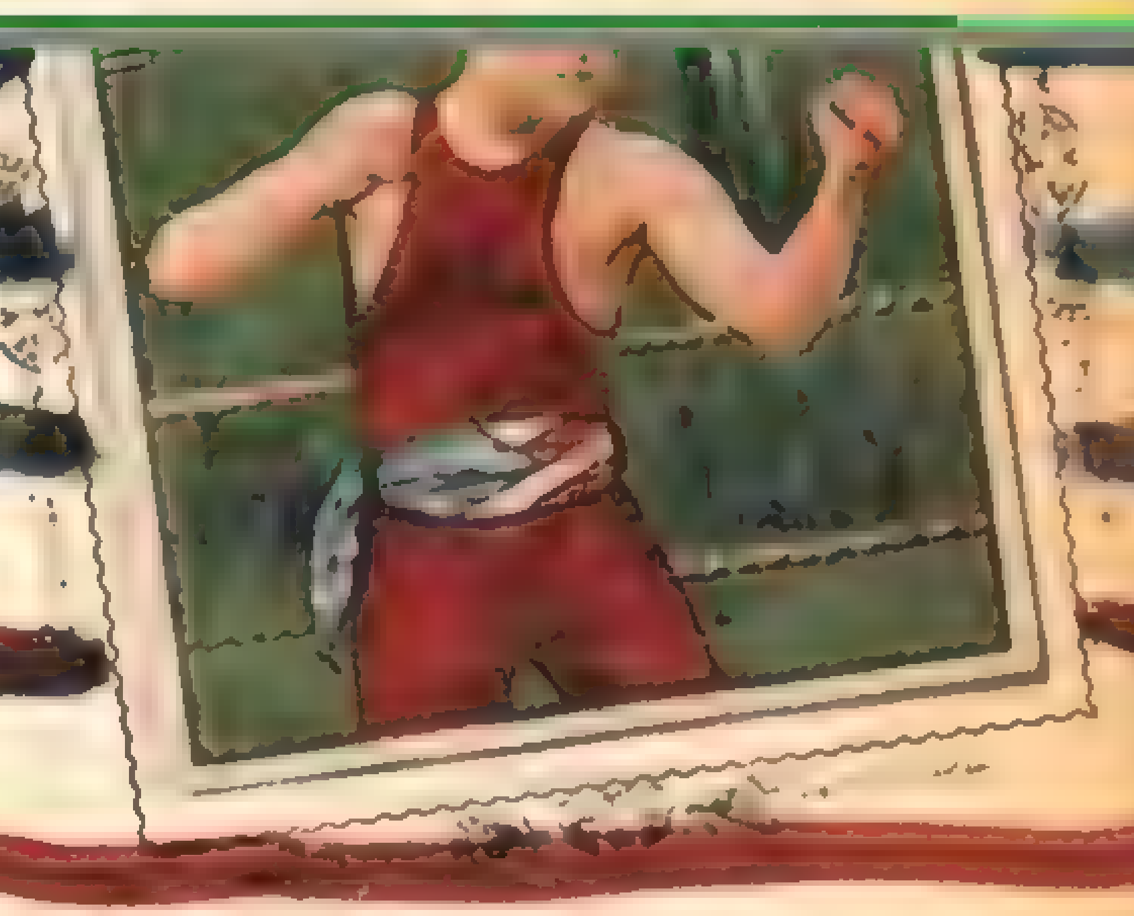






BOON ISL LIGHT

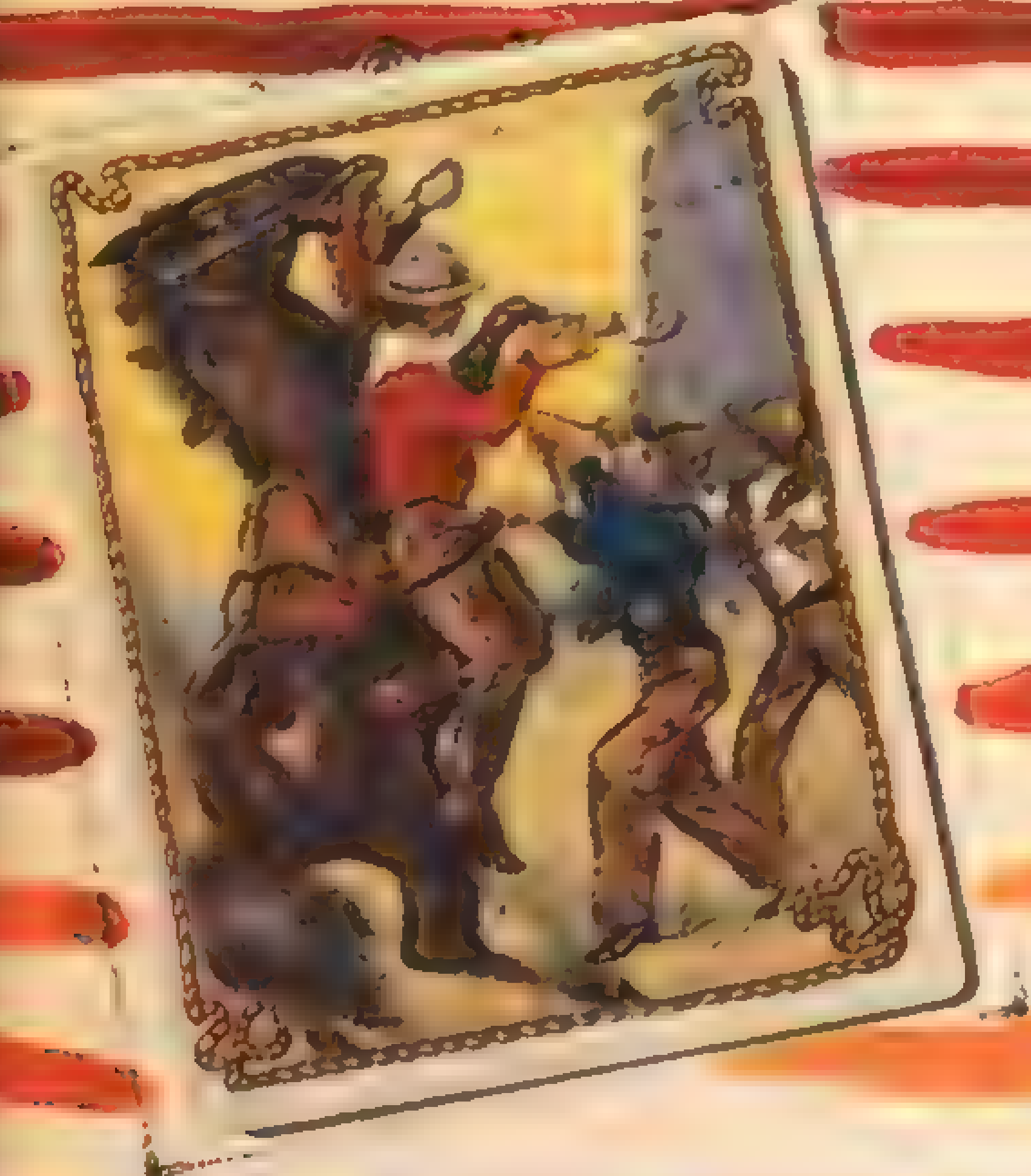


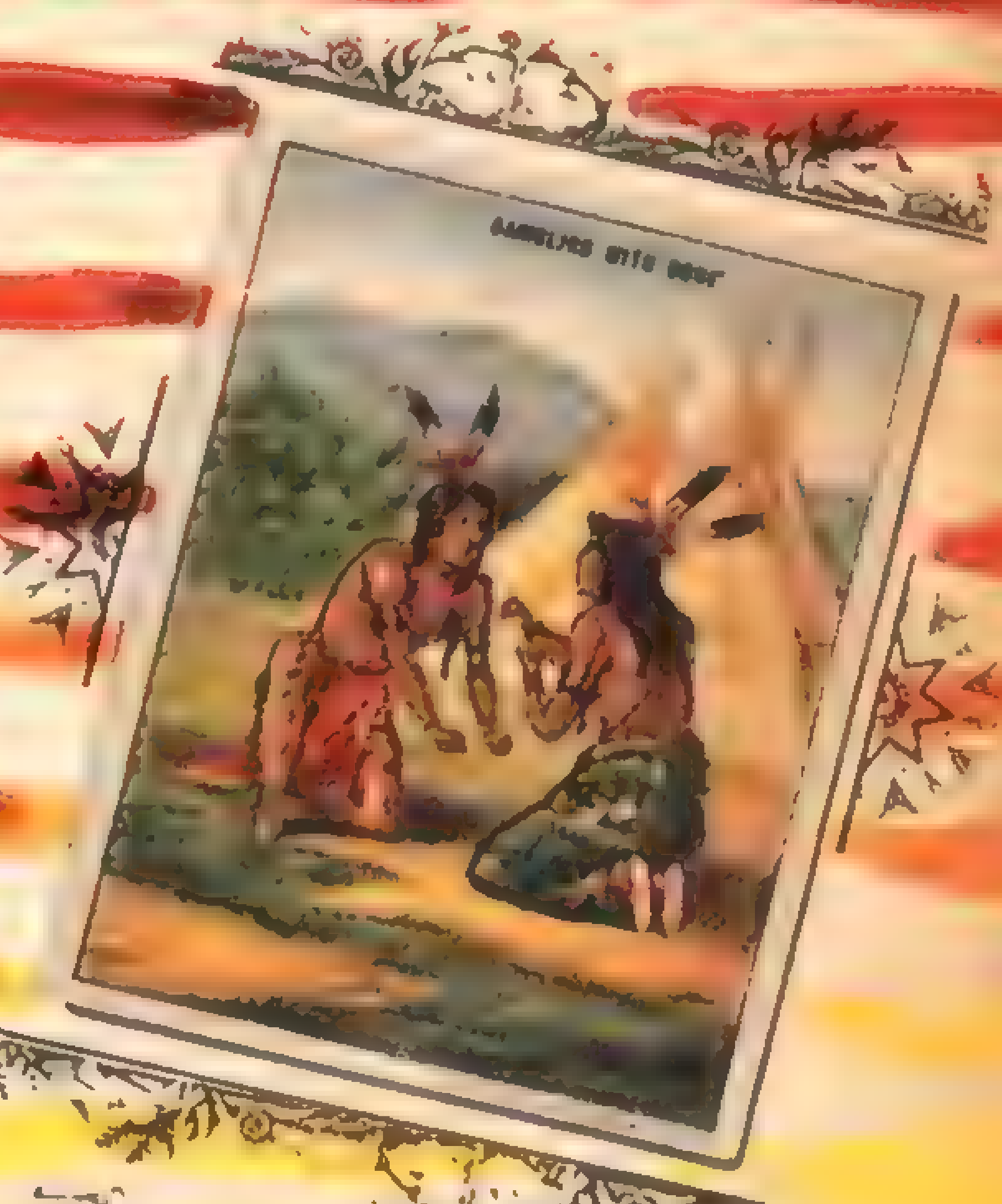


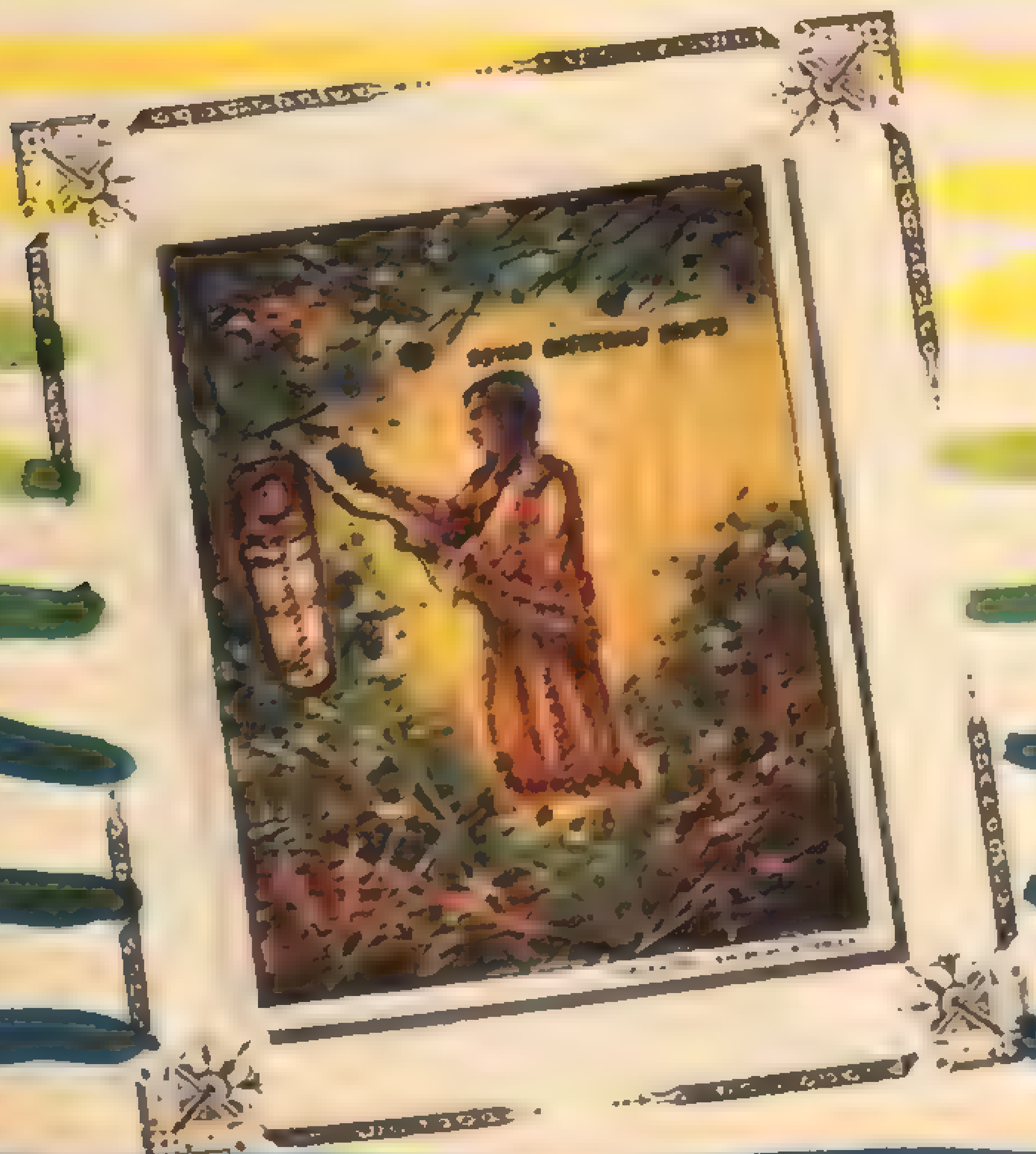
PARADISE

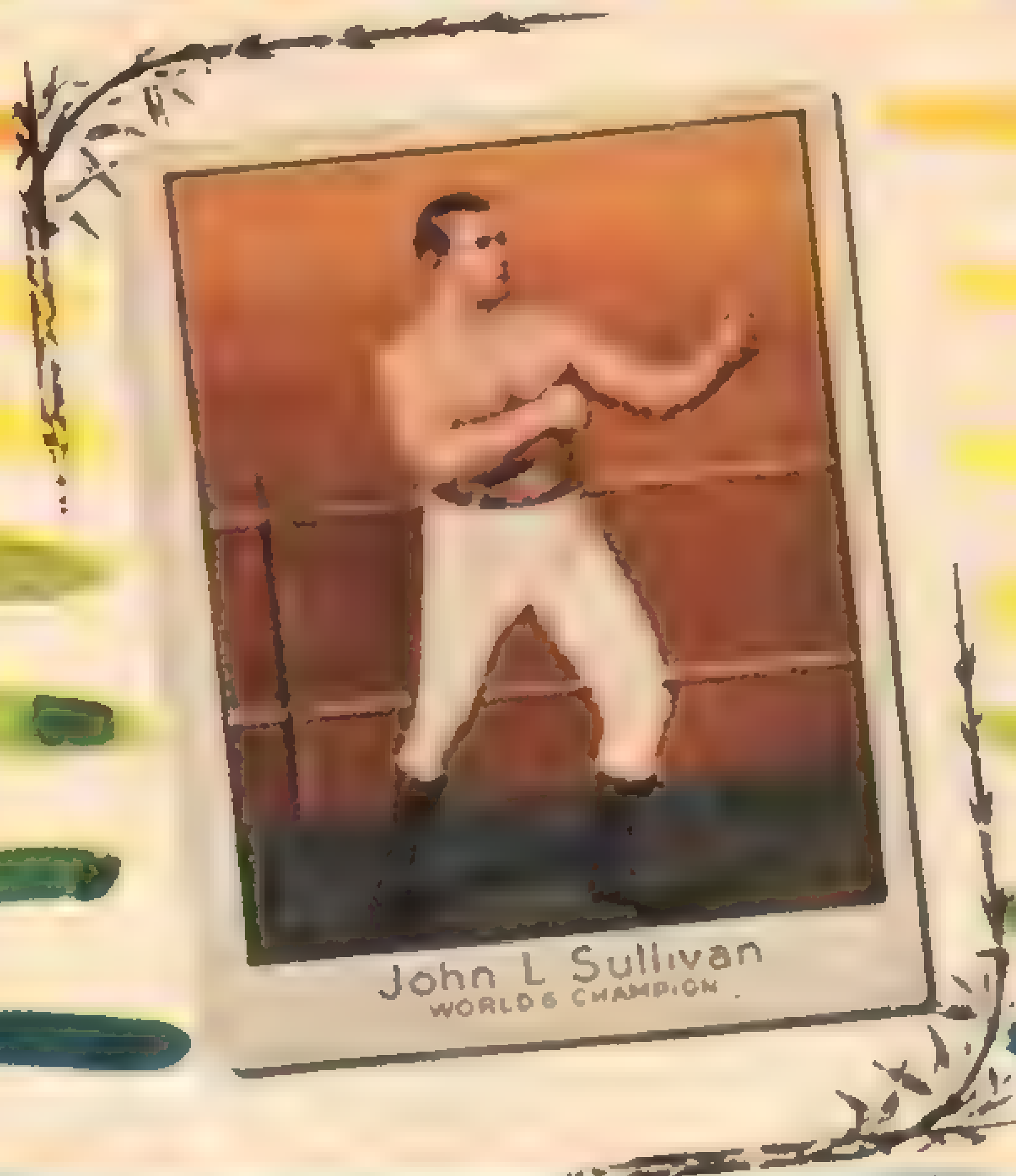
1886-1945

On four pages Esquire assembles choice examples of old cigarette cards, the collecting craze of the early 1900's. Given away by wily manufacturers, one to a pack, the cards brought the desired zoom in sales, as well as a certain gaudy glamor to the daydreams of small boys who vied fiercely to build prize collections of the precious pasteboards by begging, barter and bribes. Esquire adds three moderns to the originals of yesteryear.

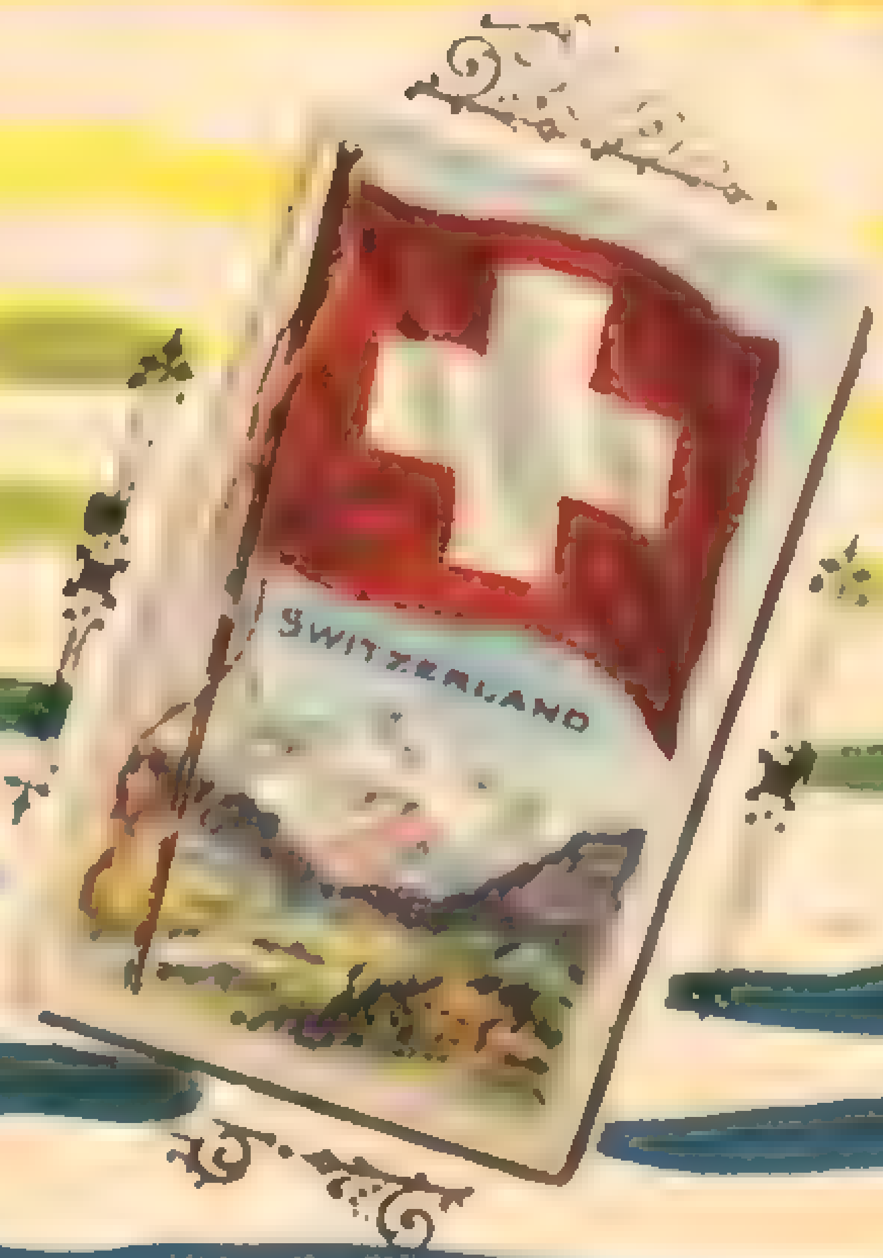








John L Sullivan
WORLD'S CHAMPION



SWITZERLAND

JAMES J. JEFFRIES

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

TONI KELLEY, La Martinique

BUFFALO DANCE

THE AMERICA

JOHNNY COULON
SOUTH WEST WINDS
KILLING BUFFALO IN THE RIVER
JOHNNY SUMMERS

DOROTHY HART, Conover model

MATHEWSON N.Y. NAT'L
RIDING A BUFFALO
MAKING A TENDERFOOT DANCE

LARRAINE ROGERS Latin Quarter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

BACON

Some goaded husband will devise a noose of old dishcloths for household hinters

We Made It Out of Odds and Ends

by KENNETH KRAFT

EVERY now and then my wife reads an article about some clever woman who got her husband to make something useful for the house out of nothing, and we're off again.

The spell generally lasts about a week, or approximately as long as it takes me to finish the project. Then the impulse dies and we quietly bury it until the next time.

The hanging shelves were one high light in my manual training career. The shelves were something you made out of plywood and cord and then hung between two windows. They were built to hang anywhere, but between windows was suggested since they made a charming support for plants, or would have, if they had stayed up.

And there was the window box. Any of our friends will remember the window box. Just ask them.

Of course it wasn't my fault that it leaked. The directions were plain and I followed them exactly. You take a stout plank, the width of your window sill, and make holes in it. Making round holes with an auger and a keyhole saw is a pleasant diversion. Be prepared to sacrifice several planks. Then you sink tin cans in the holes with some of the tin turned over at the top and nailed down to hold the cans there. Then you paint the cans different gay, delightful colors and use one of the colors to paint the plank. You set the finished job on the window sill and guy it with wires at the sides. How attractive. What a fascinating touch to the little home. Well it isn't. It leaks.

You must punch a few holes in the cans so the water won't collect in the bottoms and rot the roots. Naturally you would think the water would just seep down and maybe drip out a bit. Our tin cans used to save up their water until we had company. When we took visitors out to look up and admire our window box, the cans would take aim. It was wonderful how much water they could hold and how it could smell.

Old coat hangers now. For something that might have possibilities for the home decorator a wire coat hanger has less appeal than anything I know. But I made a trellis of coat hangers once. There was an article by somebody who had nothing better to do than to make such a trellis. He made a framework of them with scrolls and curves and the inside was a lot of the wires criss-crossing. My wife said we must have one.

"I'm not strong enough to do it," I said. "I'm not recovered from making wastebaskets out of apple boxes."

To do something with wire coat hangers you must first straighten them out. You need a pair of strong wire nippers, a vise, a pair of pliers, a hammer, something for an anvil, leather gloves and goggles.

Our trellis was not satisfactory. The curves didn't come out right. It wouldn't stay flat. We used it to patch a hole in the backyard fence.

I want to be fair about this business, however, so I must mention one project that succeeded. Stuck back in a corner of the basement we had a little oak desk that my grandfather had used. It was a sturdy bit of furniture, didn't fit with anything, no use at all, no place for it.

A few years ago people started painting old furniture white. My wife thought of the old desk. She said it would be a charming touch for the entrance hall, painted white and bearing a bowl of fresh flowers.

That sounded simple enough. I bought a can of paint and a new paintbrush. After I had it painted my wife said, "It looks pale." So I bought a can of old rose enamel and painted the inside with that. "Now it needs a door for the lower part," my wife said.

We couldn't find a door to fit so we had one made. It looked pretty good, but my wife said, "I'll tell you—it needs some of that fetching little wire grill stuff. Like on breakfronts."

We found a place that made brass grilling to order. We ordered four square feet. The price included putting it on the door.

"Now we need some good brass hardware for it," said my wife. "I'll find some."

She ran across a rare bargain in some original brass hinges and a door pull and a little catch. They cost ten dollars because a story about Benjamin Franklin was mixed up with them. Benjamin Franklin wouldn't have paid thirty cents for the lot, but they weren't antiques then.

The desk front lets down to form a writing shelf. My wife said it needed a leather inset to make it what it should be. We called back the man who made the door and commissioned him to do the inset. He unfastened the desk front and carried it joyfully away.

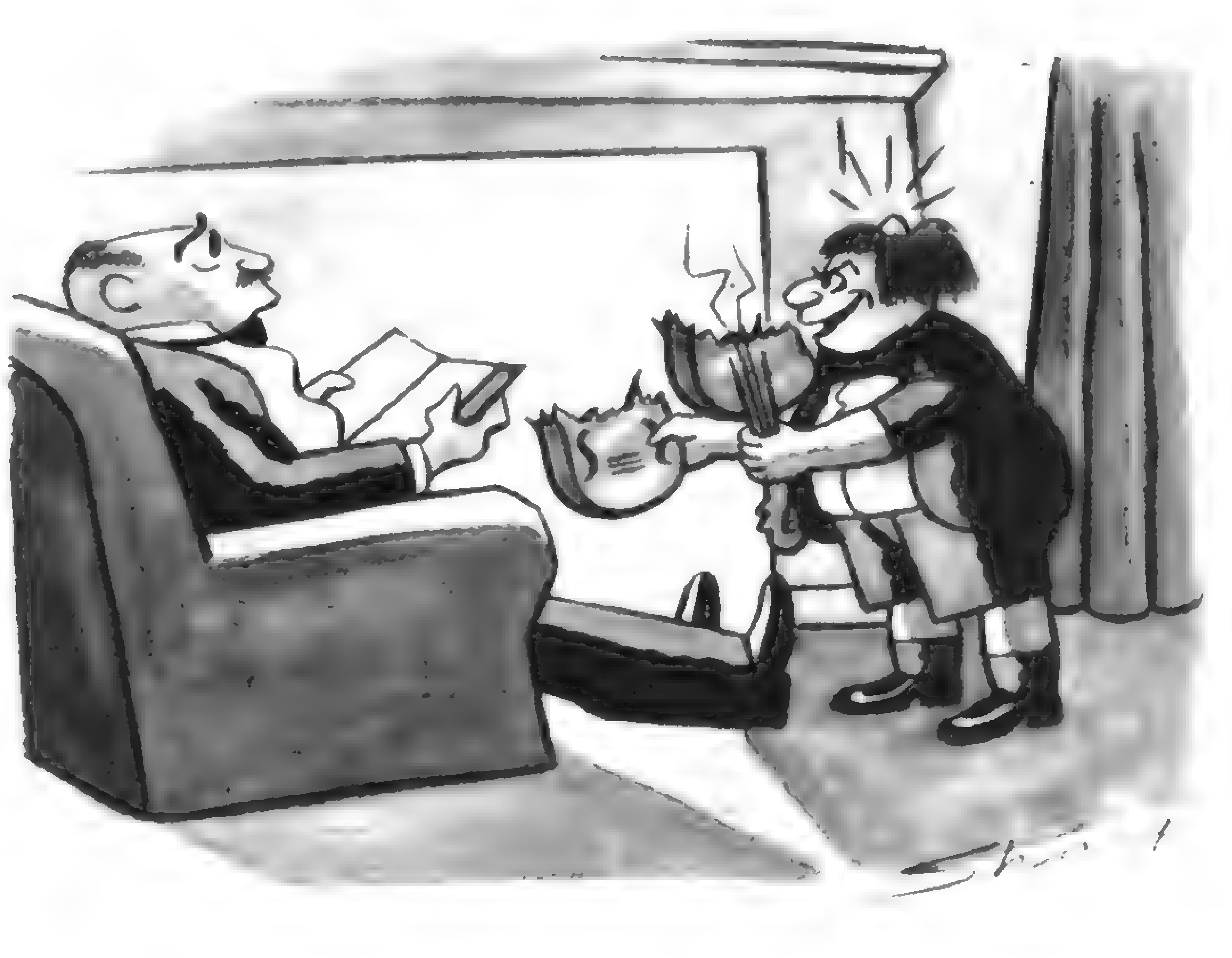
While we waited for him to bring it back I applied touches of gilt on some hand-carved leaves that decorated the sides of the desk, and my wife shopped for some china figurines to put in the pigeon holes. I said the pigeon holes were for letters, but she said that was old-fashioned.

The cabinetmaker brought the desk front back, nicely inset with leather, and said he was robbing himself to charge us only twelve dollars, but he was interested in the job. He advised us to put a little brass fence around the top of the desk. He could pick one up for a song.

Drop around sometime and look it over. You'll like it. I have an itemized list of its cost in one of the pigeon holes which has a secret bottom that my wife doesn't know about.

The list includes the fifteen-dollar crystal book ends that dress up the top. We already had the books so I don't count them. The total is $63.29, if I haven't forgotten anything.

We like to wait until you notice the desk and then we say casually, "Oh, that. Yes, it's a little old piece we had around the house. We fixed it up a bit with odds and ends. We think it turned out pretty well, considering it's just a home-made job." ##

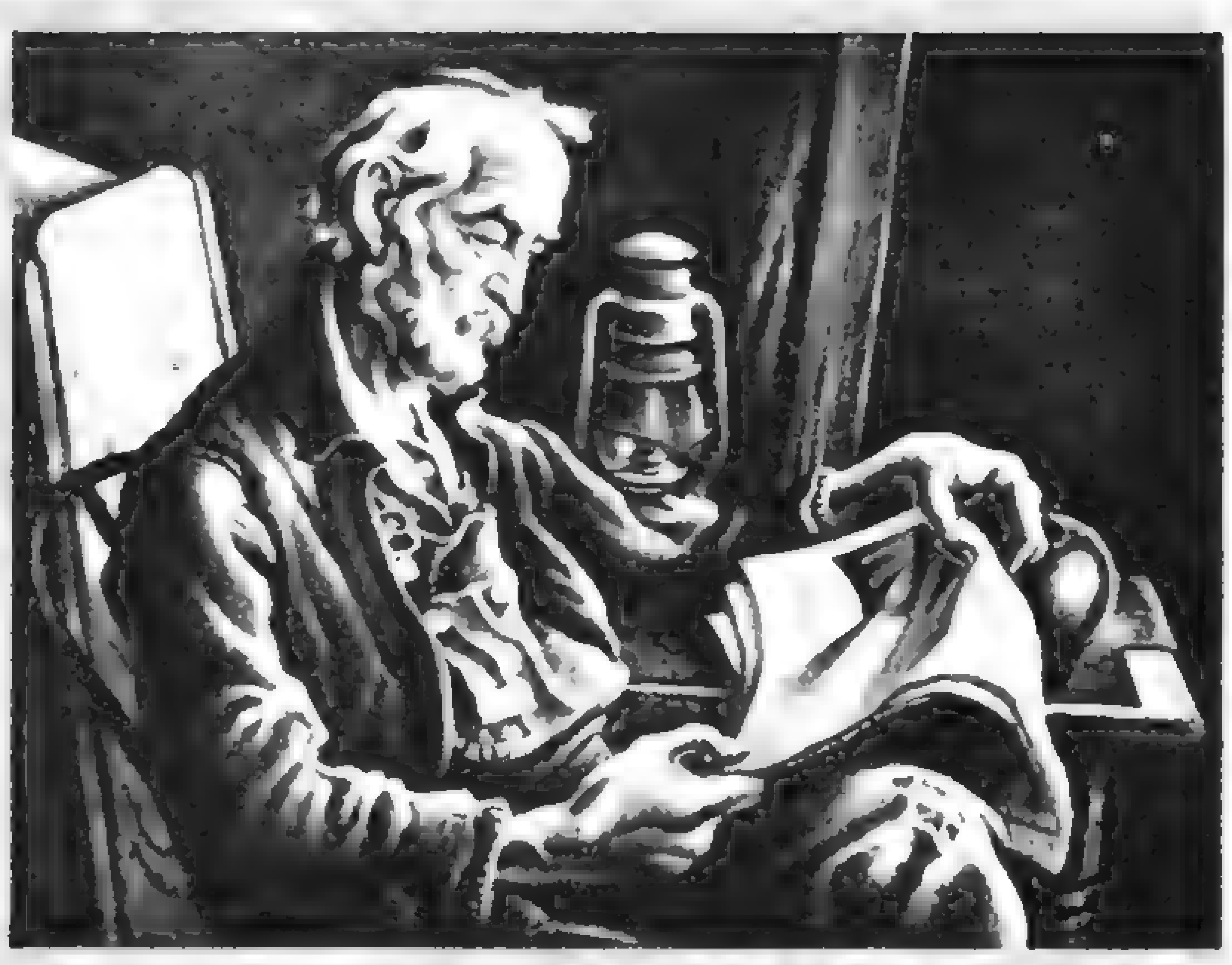


"Professor Roberti broke it over my head!"

After hooting at the world and all its trappings, he proposed a wildcat scheme

Twilight of a Cowman

by STANLEY WALKER



BENTON

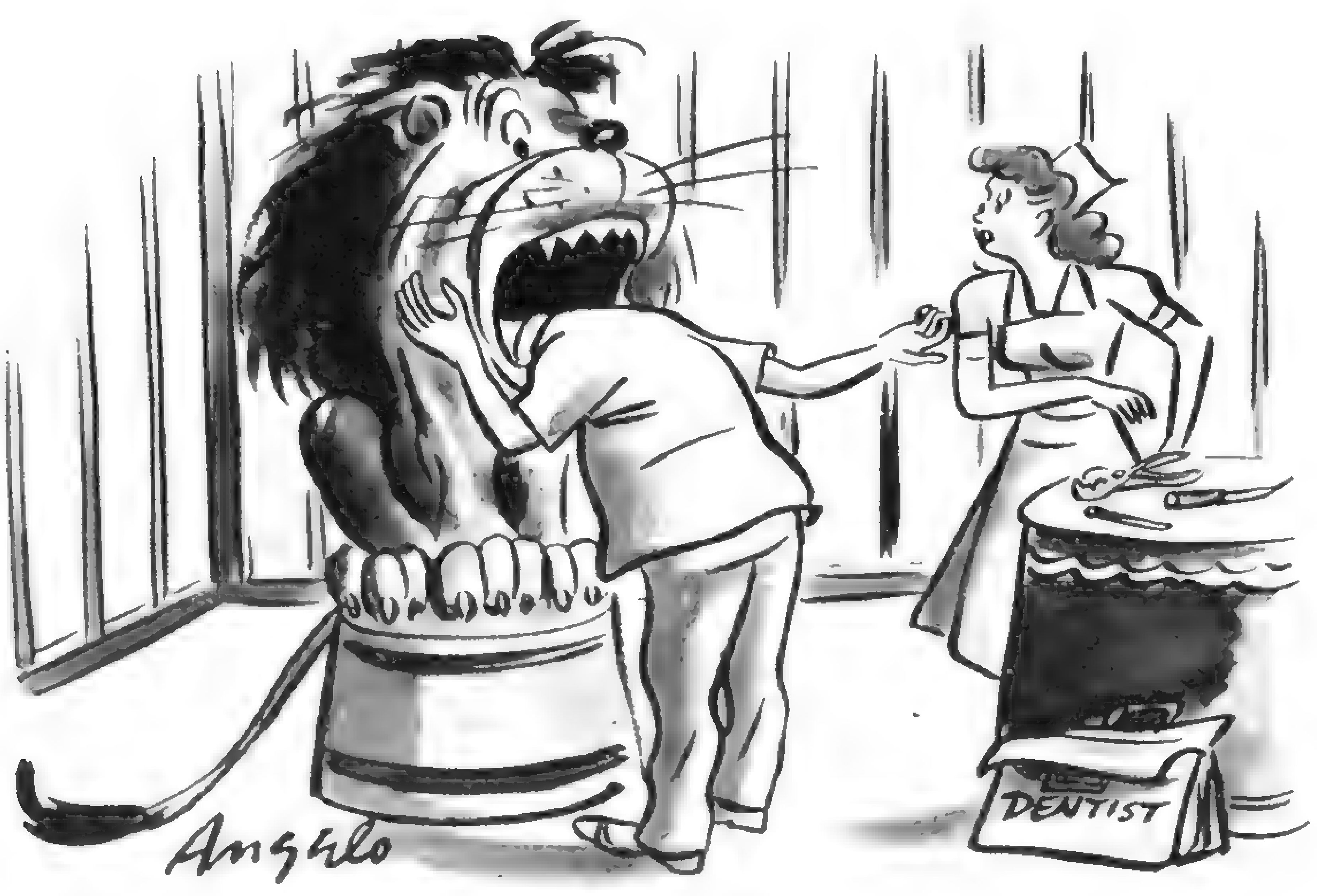
By means of the ranch country grapevine I had received word that the old cowman wanted to see me on a matter of some urgency. This was a flattering summons because for more than forty years he had been one of my heroes, and long ago he had been a good friend.

I found him living in an unpainted house on the edge of town. The yard was pretty well taken by wild grasses, noxious weeds, and some frowsy vines. A Jersey milk cow, a sad-faced nanny goat, which I took to have some Nubian blood, and a white turkey hen with three young ones were the only signs of life about.

Inside I found the aged gentleman in his accustomed spot—propped up on a fully-made bed, dressed impeccably, even to his thirty-dollar hat and his forty-dollar boots, and chewing Drummond's cut plug. Poor though I knew him to be, he still retained that certain dignity, that unafraid and slightly contemptuous attitude toward the world and all its doings, which seems to be the brand of the old-time cattleman.

Not much was on the faded walls of the bedroom: a letter from a governor, written long before, thanking him for his help in rounding up and convicting a dangerous band of cattle thieves, a picture of himself taken when he was a dashing young buckaroo riding the trail to Kansas, and a framed copy of the speech made by Senator George G. Vest of Missouri in praise of his dog. The only books in sight were Elbert Hubbard's *Scrapbook* and a volume of the speeches of Col. Rogert G. Ingersoll. A revolver, silver mounted and ivory handled, a gift from a one-time governor of Chihuahua, hung on a bedpost. The cowman's wife, Aunt Aggie, who for years had the reputation of being the most contentious as well as the most beautiful woman west of the Sabine River, was scurrying about the house on her endless chores. Aunt Aggie also was renowned for her cooking and for butting into the business of other people.

"Light and set, son," began the old cowman. "I see you're in better flesh than you used to be. About time. Hope you're getting plenty of good food of the right sort. Meat's best, if you can get it. If we had a big steak I'd make you stay for dinner. A man is made up of what he eats. Just like a cow. And it all comes out of the ground. If the ground hasn't got the right minerals it won't do you any good. I knew all that long before people started talking about vitamins. You let a fellow eat around these stinking little hole-in-the-wall restaurants and he's in the same fix a steer would be trying to make a living on these limestone hills around here. It's no good."



"Hand me the pliers"

He shifted his cud of tobacco. "Aggie!" he called. "Go out in the yard and pull up some weeds. I see he's brought along a bottle of Bourbon. We can all have a drink." Aunt Aggie departed.

"Weeds," he went on, "is what I call mint. Good stuff. We have a bed of it back there, but not much use for it. Glad you brought the Bourbon. It's hard to worry down some of the liquor you get these days. A friend of mine brought me a bottle the other day—heard I had my dauber down—and it tasted like sheep dip. This is a dry county we're living in now. Always been people around here trying to take liquor away from people. Baptists mostly.

"I'll tell you another thing. The people of Texas made a great mistake in abolishing the saloon. You can't see a man any more under the right conditions. It used to be, when I was buying cattle all over this state, I could go into a wet town, mosey into the saloon, and finally I would pick a conversation with some fellow who had all the information I wanted. It all came natural-like. Now in a dry county you have to hunt up a man at a soda fountain, or a lunch counter, or a garage. That's no place to do business. People get cold and distrustful without saloons. I always had a good word for saloons. I remember back twenty-five or thirty years ago—we had local option then—I was buying cattle for a rich Fort Worth man. I was gone two months, and I bought a lot of good cattle. When I went to see him he was looking at a map of Texas and checking off where I had bought cattle. 'I observe,' he said, 'that they don't have any cattle for sale in the dry counties.' I told him the truth—it was too much trouble to get into a sensible conversation with a lot of prohibitionists."

Aunt Aggie came in with the weeds and fixed up the drinks. "Tell him about the trip we made to Kansas City that time," she said. She had a genius for irrelevancy.

"I may get around to that in my own good time," he said rather sternly. "What I was about to say is that I don't feel too good. That's why I'm propped up in bed here. I guess I'm not much good any more. Too many things have happened to me. Did you know you could take the clothes off of practically any old-timer in this part of the country and find him a mess of scars from one thing and another? I could stack mine up against any of them. First, there's the old gunshot wound in my leg—you may remember when I got it, down on the Pedernales in 1906. Meanest man I ever met let me have two barrels of buckshot right in the leg. Thought he could do what he pleased. A Methodist. I fixed him. Then my chest bothers me some. I have only one lung. Fool Indian boy was driving me up near Ponca City, Oklahoma, when the car turned over. Busted me up bad. Didn't hurt him. Never does, but it cost me 40,000 dollars one way and another.

"Then there was the time a steer fell on me while I was loading cattle on a boat in Galveston to be shipped to the hungry Cubans. That didn't help much. And that's not all. I was gored in the shoulder down near Falfurries by one of those idiot Brahma steers. It still hurts. And you can see I have part of one finger missing. Shot it off myself—shooting at a wolf from a horse. Fool stunt. Then I had blood poisoning in my arm once when I was way the hell and gone out by myself up on the Canadian. Cured it with kerosene poultices and baking before the open fire. Still hurts. Once I was driving a little bunch of cattle through a

GROENHOFF

New Pathways in the Sky

One of the new personal planes which will soon be on the market for flier-buyers is a low-wing two-seater suitable for pleasure flying and cross-country travel. Powered by an 85 h.p. engine, the Swift, made by Globe, flies high, handsome and wide—with a 14,200 ceiling, 600 mile range and 125 m.p.h. cruising speed. Under the plastic canopy, which has tinted overhead panels to screen out glare, the roomy cabin is 42 inches wide and also is high enough to accommodate a basketball star with his hat on. Other "big plane" features are a starter, generator, cabin heater, air-foam seats, compartment that will take 100 pounds baggage. The retractable landing gear is operated by an electric hydraulic system. Wheels can be removed and skis or floats substituted—to make this general purpose plane a snow bird or a water baby.

fence over in Menard County when the lightning struck. Killed four fine steers, laid my horse out cold, and knocked me down in the grass. I'm not over the shock yet. Then once I had to jump out of the second-story window of a hotel in Roswell, New Mexico and broke both my ankles. I didn't have a gun on me and this fellow—"

"It was a husband," broke in Aunt Aggie. "Your old boy friend here was courting his wife, if courting is the name for it."

"Never mind about that," said the cowman. "You were not there. Anyhow he was a hot-tempered son of a gun. A Presbyterian, I think. What I'm driving at is that I'm getting old and no good. All my old friends are gone, just about. Never pal around with old people too much. Remember they're going to die, and then where will you be? Alone, that's where. Keep up with young people. Maybe some of them will have money and you can borrow it. Anyhow, have young friends. None of 'em will be as faithful as a good dog, but they help. I used to have a fine dog. Helped me handle cattle. He's dead now."

"If you will excuse me," put in Aunt Aggie, "I must go to the kitchen." When she had disappeared the cowman said:

"She's all right. A little gabby, but a good cook, and she sticks around. Some folks think she has too much spirit, but I admire a woman with spirit. Know what she did once? She's a Catholic, you know. Well, I was away, and the Klan had a parade. It came by this house. She watched it. Recognized some of the bums in it even with their nightshirts on. Next day one of these fellows, who never did anything decent in his life, rode by and saw her sitting out on the porch. He stopped and said, 'That parade you saw yesterday, don't let it worry you none. We're against Jews and Catholics and niggers, and we know you're a Catholic, but you're all right and I just want you to know you have no reason to be afraid. I'll protect you if there's ever any trouble.' 'You protect me!' she said, and I wish to God I could have heard her. 'Why, you pool hall tramp, you're not fit to carry guts to a bear.' She pulled her old .38 Smith & Wesson out of her knitting and said, 'I'll damn well do my own protecting, thank you kindly. Now let's see you make tracks away from here.' He got out, all right. That's why I say she's a fine woman. She's cost me three fortunes, but I'm for her. Always wished we'd had some children. They would have been hellers for sure."

The old man paused. From where he lay he could see through the window to the street. A shambling, stained, listless figure of a man ambled by, turning his vacant stare toward us once and then moving on. "There's one," said the cowman. "One what?" I asked. "An O'Daniel supporter," he cackled. "You can tell 'em every time.

"But I was about to say something about people, especially women. They're something to worry about. When I see some of these silly, flat-chested little things getting married and having babies I wonder what the world's coming to. They shouldn't be allowed to breed. If they were cows—and it's the same principle, any way you look at it—no right-minded man would have 'em around. Scrubby stuff.

"The men are not much better these days. The bankers want security for everything. A man's word don't mean anything any more. And look at all these rich people who have made money all of a sudden and think they want to go into the cattle business. I heard one of 'em say the other day that 'the cattle business is such a pretty business.' Well, so it is. Prettiest business in the world. It raises good men. But what do these fat, smooth-faced con men know about it? Show stuff, that's all they're in it for. Maybe their money helps the country a little, but they make me sick pretending that they're cowmen. I knew more about cattle when I ran away from home—I was eighteen then—than these fellows can learn in a lifetime.

"Some of them show the same judgment about cattle that they show about their women. Ever notice how many rich men are married to big, horse-faced, masculine-looking women? A woman like that is no good to have around. They have the wrong instincts. Same way with picking cows. If a cow has a sort of coy, feminine look, she may not be the biggest cow on the place, and she may not bring the highest prices, but she'll make the best mother, and bring you more money and satisfaction in the long run. That's just one of the fine points that these rich fellows don't understand."

Aunt Aggie showed up again. "That old Jersey cow out there," she said, "refuses to take a drink out of the tub where the nanny goat has been drinking."

"Smart girl," said the cowman. "A cow just doesn't naturally like to drink after a sheep or a goat. Lot of prejudice against goats, and especially sheep, in this country. Much of it unfounded. Sheep men may be a little queer sometimes, and inclined to play it a little close to the vest, but I've known some mighty good men in the sheep business. There was my Uncle Jim. Ran one of the first big flocks out in the Coleman country. A cowman told his men to scatter the sheep, which they did. They did more than that. One day when Uncle Jim was away they dug a grave for him right in front of his own house. Uncle Jim buckled on his guns and went to see the cowman and said, 'I know you're back of this and I'm holding you personally responsible. If anything more happens to my sheep I'll blow a hole through your belly that I can throw old Shep through.' They didn't bother Uncle Jim any more. Brave man. A Campbellite, if I remember right."

"Tell about that time of the big feud," said Aunt Aggie.

"He knows all about that," said the cowman. "Anyhow, it's all over now. But there used to be a lot of crooked people in this country. Noble pioneers, eh? Do you know the original version of the old saying 'thick as thieves'? Well, it used to be 'thick as thieves in Burnet County.' That county was full of 'em at one time. Mostly they went to Oklahoma or somewhere else north because Burnet County has too many big live oaks in it. Nothing as good as a big live oak for hanging a man.

"One of the meanest men I ever knew lived down there. Every year a big rich Irishman from Kansas City would come down, hang around a few days, passing around the whiskey and cigars and having a fine time, and then he'd buy this man's year's cattle crop for a good price—sometimes 15,000 or 20,000 dollars a year. One year this man had a blind steer in his outfit, and the Irishman cut it back. He didn't have any use for a blind steer in Kansas City. But this man was so low down, so chinchy, that he paid one of his boys a dollar to slip the steer back into the herd while the Irishman wasn't looking. Of course when the cattle got up north the Irishman saw what had happened, and he never had any more deals with our friend.

"I used to know a lot of rough characters. Never bothered me much. Afraid to, maybe. They're mostly gone now, and it might be a good thing if some of these cowmen today had some of their nerve. There's a fellow here in town I never got on well with. Once fought him with hot branding irons in a cowpen up on the Concho. Whipped him, and I guess he never forgot it. The other day I was limping along down on the public square and this fellow comes up and says, 'If it wasn't for the fact that you're such an old man, and all crippled up, and with one foot in the (*Continued on page 230*)

If the bow and arrow is here to stay, let us give thought to moral issues and the problem of the innocent cow

Ready, Aim, Zing!

by PARKE CUMMINGS

I was astonished recently to learn that in this country there are at least ten thousand hunters who shoot deer with bows and arrows—at least they endeavor to shoot them. In a good many states, I understand, the archers have failed to score a bull's eye—or a deer's eye—on a single deer. However, from all accounts they were right in there trying. This fall, it's a cinch, there'll be even more longbows launching shafts against the stag at eve.

It is hard to resist speculating on what will develop—besides an inevitable black market in arrows—if this vogue continues. Speaking from the viewpoint of the clunk on the street I am somewhat alarmed about the future. A gun at least makes a noise, and when the reports start going off around here in the fall we non-belligerents feel that we have had due warning, and have time to head for the root cellar and stay there until the hunting season roars by.

Safety devices are common these days on innumerable gadgets, it being a recognized fact that civilized man has developed innumerable ingenious ways of maiming and dismembering himself—the more numerous and ingenious as he becomes more and more civilized. Although the bow and arrow might seem at first glance a retreat towards the primitive, I don't think we should abandon the safety-device principle. What I advocate, for the protection of the common man, cow, sheep, pig and goat, is a device that sets off a blank cartridge every time an arrow is released from a hunter's bow. I happen to know a guy named Maxim (Joe Maxim, Inebriated State, '12) and if I can get him to take out the patent on the invention, it can be known as the Maxim *Un*silencer.

I am also wondering whether this reversion to bygone times will cause hunting costumes to keep pace. The other day, in the fields back of my house, I saw two men clad in long, close-fitting tights. At first I thought they might be escaped hockey players from Madison Square Garden, but since the hockey season was quite a way in the future, I discarded that theory. When I saw they also had doublets and curious-looking hats with feathers in them, I couldn't restrain my curiosity.

"Who are you, wights?" I demanded.

One of them bowed low, removing his hat. "At your service," he proclaimed in a rich Elizabethan accent, "Robin Hood.—And my companion, good Friar Tuck."

I thought I must be imagining things, and maybe I was. "Are you varlets kidding?" I asked.

"You guessed it, chum," he countered. "I'm Gus Walsh and this here is Joe Brannigan. We make plastic ice cubes when we aren't trying to pick up a couple of bucks in our spare time."

"Fair gag," I conceded grudgingly; "two bucks is considerable doe." Just then a majestic creature with an antler spread of several feet, more or less, sprang into view.

"Let him have it!" commanded Robin Hood (or Walsh), and in a flash two bows were taut, two arrows whizzed through the air, eighteen "Bang-bang's" echoed through the forest, and eighteen mugs with double-barreled shotguns stepped out of the underbrush and over the carcass of the fallen Guernsey. The leader of the motley crew summed up the whole situation to perfection. "Before the season's closed," he averred, "butter will go to forty points a pound." Apparently the shotgun isn't quite dead yet, even though the bow and arrow is gaining on it.

Another thing in favor of the bow and arrow is that it is a good deal easier to clean, I imagine, than the standard shotgun or rifle. One is always reading about accidents occurring to people who are cleaning guns, but I've yet to read of a fatality resulting from cleaning a bow and arrow. In fact I haven't even read of anybody *cleaning* a bow and arrow—though I haven't seen this evening's papers. At any rate it would have to be a pretty dumb cluck who didn't know a bow was loaded.

So far as I can make out, most of the hunting arrows being used are metal-tipped, there apparently being enough to spare for that. There is also, I imagine, more dignity in being pinked by a metal-tipped arrow than a plain wooden-pointed one. It would be pretty tough trying to explain to your friends that you merely ran into an outsized splinter.

So far the actual human casualties around here have been light, a couple of farmers being the only victims. To them I gave the card of my own doctor, J. Griswold McGroover, painless extraction. Trying to get at all angles of this new bow-and-arrow rage, I had an interesting chat with him the other day.

"Which would you rather pick out of farmers?" I asked him point-blank, "arrows or buckshot?"

"Arrows every time," he snapped back. "That's obvious."

"How come?" I asked.

"Use your intelligence—if any!" he crackled. "With buckshot I have to probe to see how far it went in, and that takes time. You know how little I have of *that*."

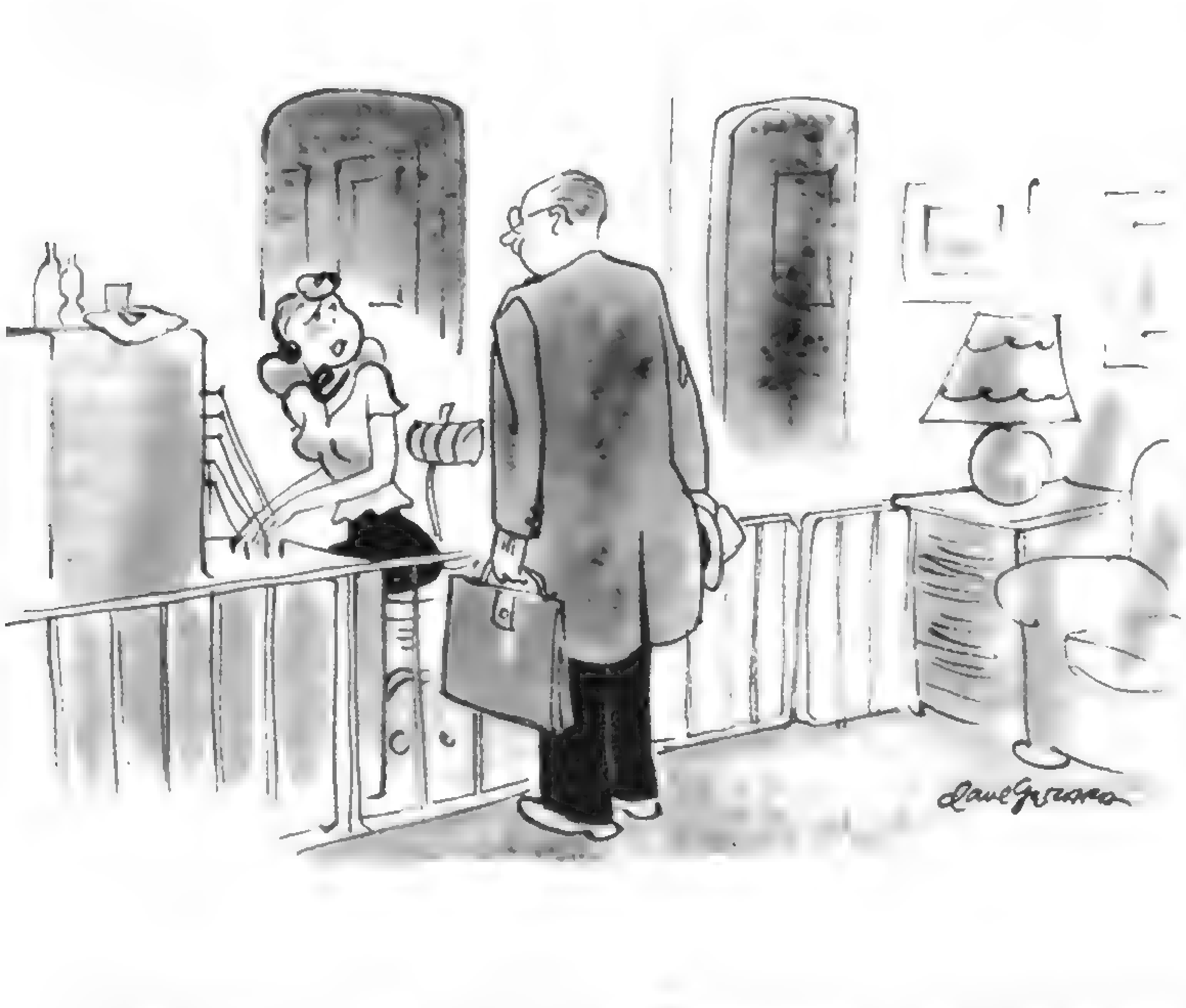
"Roughly," I admitted.

"With an arrow," he continued, "it's quite different. All I have to do is measure the part that's sticking out and then subtract it from the total length of a normal arrow. It's purely an arithmetical process that any boy of eight could master with a little coaching."

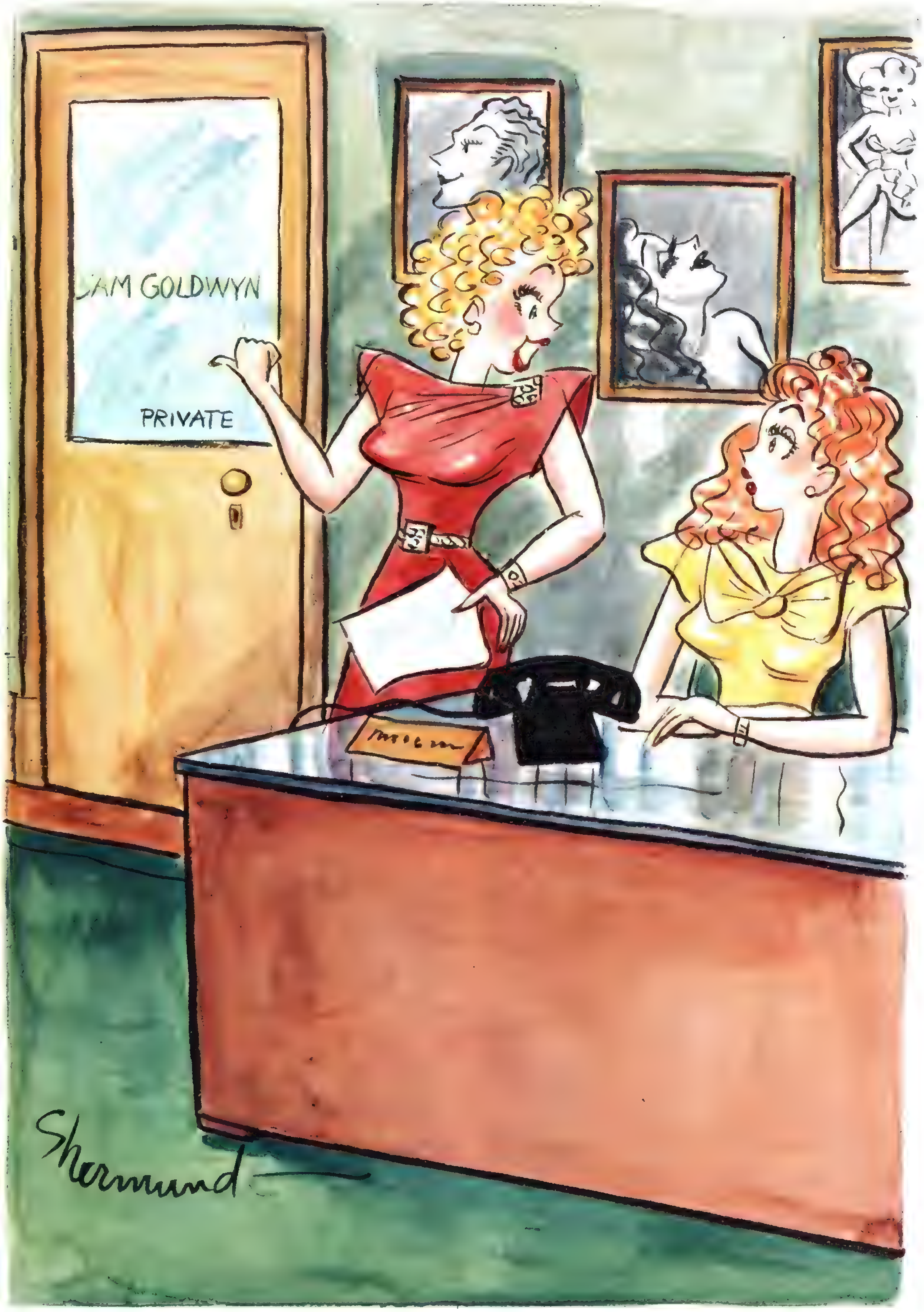
Just then there was a tinkle of glass followed by the sharp impact of something striking the wall, and I looked up to see an arrow piercing the middle of Dr. McGroover's Latin diploma.

I blanched. "Assassination plot?" I asked, trembling.

The good M.D. shook his head. "It's just Bill Markus, the ex-golfer, trying to pick off one of Cy Hawkins' chickens next door. He's been trying to get himself a dinner, but he can't seem to cure that slice." #



"He doesn't see anyone on Wednesday—on Wednesdays he tries to get a little work done"


SAM GOLDWYN
PRIVATE
Shermund

"He just corrected my grammar!"

Hail and Farewell

Ring in the new, Ring out the old . . . Welcome . . . Goodbye, goodbye . . . Ave atque vale . . .

by M. HARBORD

The cyclorama spins . . . the scene changes . . . new faces before us . . . new voices in the air . . . old loves and old enthusiasms fade off into the distance . . . they call us fickle . . . We, the public . . . craving the luxury of variety . . . sometimes it seems that, like small boys, we build our idols only to knock them over . . . but you pays your money and you takes your choice . . . Esquire, in a pro-and-con mood, squares off to look over the current scene . . . selecting four attractions for close attention . . . it's thumbs up for the radio program Transatlantic Quiz and actress Virginia Gilmore . . . Thumbs down for John J. Anthony and Noel Coward . . .

HAIL, Transatlantic Quiz!

Yea, cheers to this BBC-American Broadcasting Company show because it is entertainment that doesn't cotton to any nonsense about the 12-year-old minds of radio listeners. Because its humor is the humor of adults.

Because it is anti-isolationist and anti-insular, aims to strengthen Anglo-American bonds by exchange of information, and without the self-consciousness of so many "hands across the ocean" projects.

This program, which started skimming the waves in April, 1944, has Alistair Cooke, as New York quizmaster. The American team has been staffed by bearded Christopher Morley and nonbearded John Mason Brown, supplemented, from time to time, by Russel Crouse, Howard Dietz, J. Frank Dobie and Frank Fay. The British end is emceed by theatre critic Lionel Hale, with D. W. Brogan and David Niven backing him up.

The Americans try to stump the British by asking them questions about America, such as: "If you ate soup in the Brown Derby, and dessert in the Pump Room, which direction would you be traveling?" The British counter: "If you read your hatches, matches and dispatches in the morning paper, what would you have read?" A colloquial acquaintance with customs, geography, history, current personalities and the speech of the other country is basic for staying in the game.

A running score is kept, and in the long run it pretty much evens up. To the American listener it sometimes seems that the British team has an edge . . . perhaps because we take the versatility of our own experts somewhat for granted . . . perhaps because the accurate knowledge of America displayed by the British team pleasantly shocks into thin air our notion of the comic strip Englishman who thinks we have cowboys in Connecticut.

In the picture below, John Mason Brown and Christopher Morley are photographed looking alert under their headphones. The quizzical reproach in Mr. Brown's eyebrows is his restraining force on Mr. Morley's wild flight of puns. Perhaps Morley's performance most satisfactory to himself was when he answered the query, "What is the official birthday of every British race horse?" with "I should say *All Foals' Day.*"

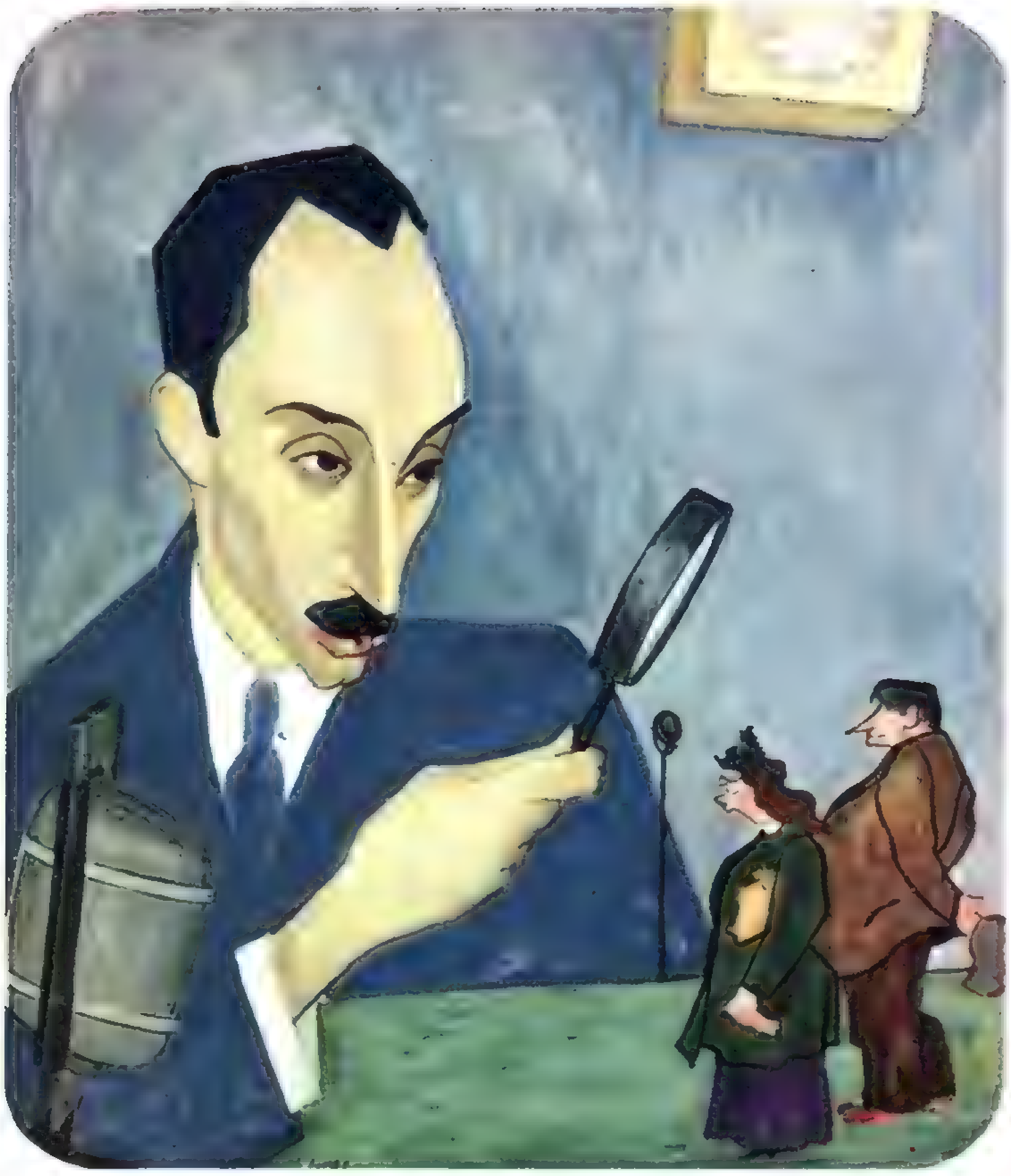
HAIL, Virginia Gilmore!

Welcome, always, to an actress who has achieved the name by sheer competence of acting. *O, rara avis.* Not by the manufactured glamor of high-pressure hoopla, not by a chesty voice or false bosom. The girl can act. Get it?

The morning after the Broadway play *Dear Ruth* had opened, Virginia Gilmore had realized the dream of every stage-struck youngster. A star was on her dressing room door, the critics had

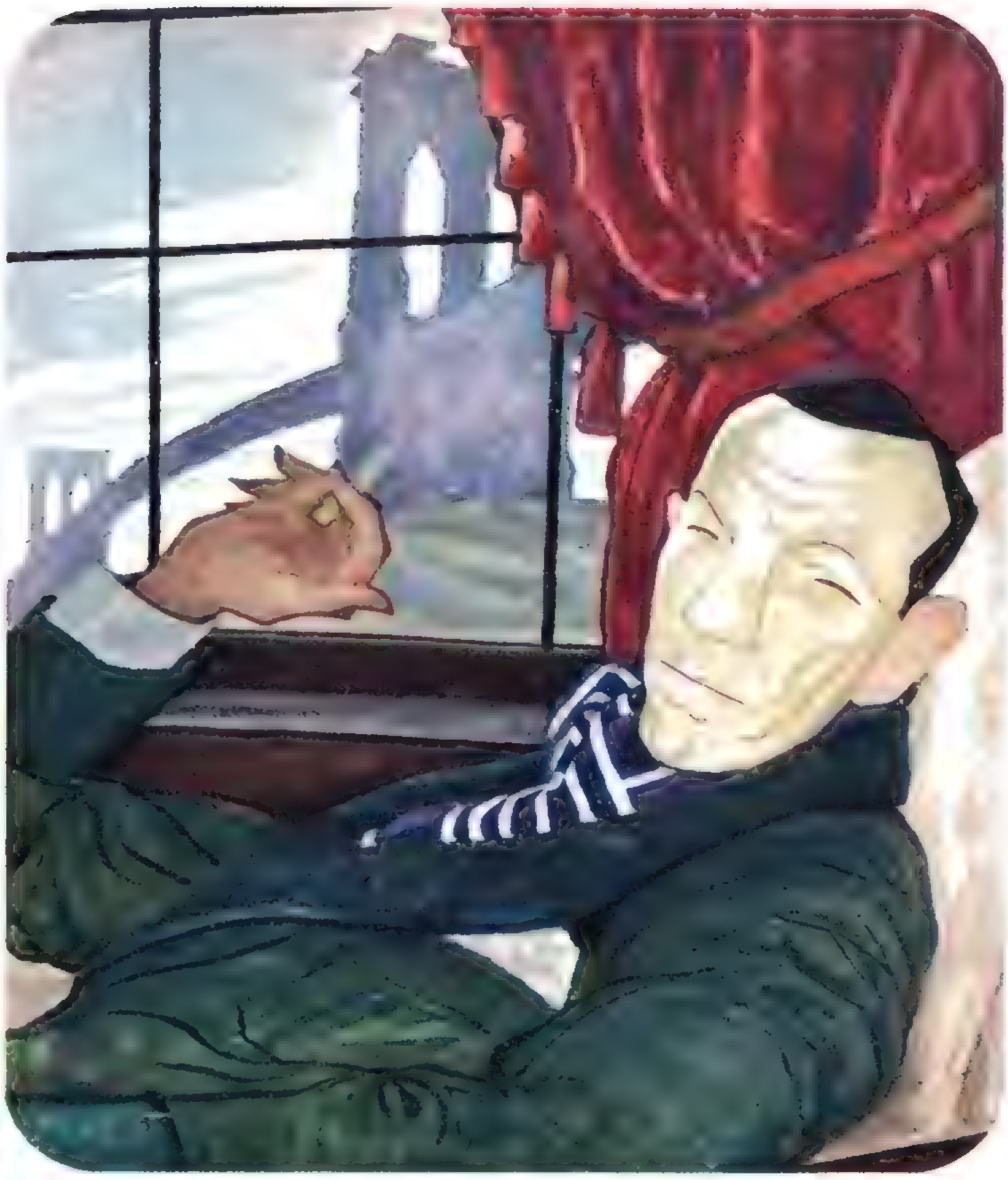
John Mason Brown and Christopher Morley

Virginia Gilmore



John J. Anthony

CARICATURES BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY



Noel Coward

raved about her . . . and it looked as if the play would run. That was important. It wasn't the first time the critics had wigwagged her praises. She'd been singled out for her leads in *Those Endearing Young Charms* and *The World Is Full of Girls.* Neither stayed around very long. But *Dear Ruth,* sound of construction and pleasingly light comedy, settled down for a long run and she stayed with it until she returned to Hollywood . . . this time as an important young actress.

Her success hadn't come overnight nor easily. So much the better. For her art of make believe rests on a solid base of stage and screen experience. She has an ease onstage that is hammered out of self-discipline. She has a sure command of her roles that puts the audience comfortably under the spell of the play's illusion, undistracted by any sense that here is a New Personality playing herself to the hilt.

It's a long time and a long way from the high school girl who used to hang around backstage at the Geary and Curran theatres in San Francisco, begging for walk-on bits. It was her little theatre work that caught the eye of a movie scout and led to a seven-year contract with Sam Goldwyn. She made some twenty-eight pictures, carrying off each part with a sensitive adequacy . . . but she was never given the build-up that has launched many less-talented beauties to flash-in-the-pan stardom.

For besides her mastery of her craft, Virginia Gilmore has an American beauty that is clean, refreshing, natural. She has that essential presence and warmth that hurdles the footlights and captivates an audience—without awe.

FAREWELL, John J. Anthony!

Our problem, Mr. Anthony, is you. We've had enough of your oracular activities. Enough of the inutterably bad taste that makes show business out of the troubles of despairing people. We object that you should go on and on, holding out hopes of a godlike solution to the perplexed who don't know where to turn except to you. Well-publicized, self-elevated judge of the woes of mankind, you hand down your glib decisions with a pompousness that might be amusing were it not for the fact that your unhappy "clients" take you seriously. Psychologists have a name for those people who like to play God.

It isn't enough that we, as listeners, are privileged to turn the dial. We object that you should preside at any part of the radio band. But more than that, we object to you on principle.

You capitalize on the human weakness of curiosity about one's neighbors. You so magnify that weakness that you would make all of us patrons of a peep show. You invite us to look into the lives (and bedrooms) of men and women writhing on a flypaper of mistakes and misfortune. By implication you urge us to congratulate ourselves that we are luckier than they. And you place at no advantage those who can only tell their pathetic stories without the benefit of grammar.

Don't wave your Hooper rating at us and count how many loyal fans you titillate. Don't mention the fortune you've rolled up from fees paid you by your sponsors—ranging as high as 3,000 dollars a week—nor of the Marital Relations Institute you run on the side where individuals may apply for personalized advice (at 25 dollars a throw). Don't tell us that your "cases" volunteer. Don't point out that you too have suffered, by your first wife who sued you for nonsupport, and after divorce had you in alimony jail. We believe you.

But we don't have to like it.

FAREWELL, Noel Coward!

Dear Noel. We're leaving you out of our design for living. We haven't time to toy with the less healthy facets of our emotions. Nor time to listen to your brittle conversational whittlings. We don't find it gauche to be sincere and serious some of the time. And the Four Freedoms have supplanted the triangle in importance.

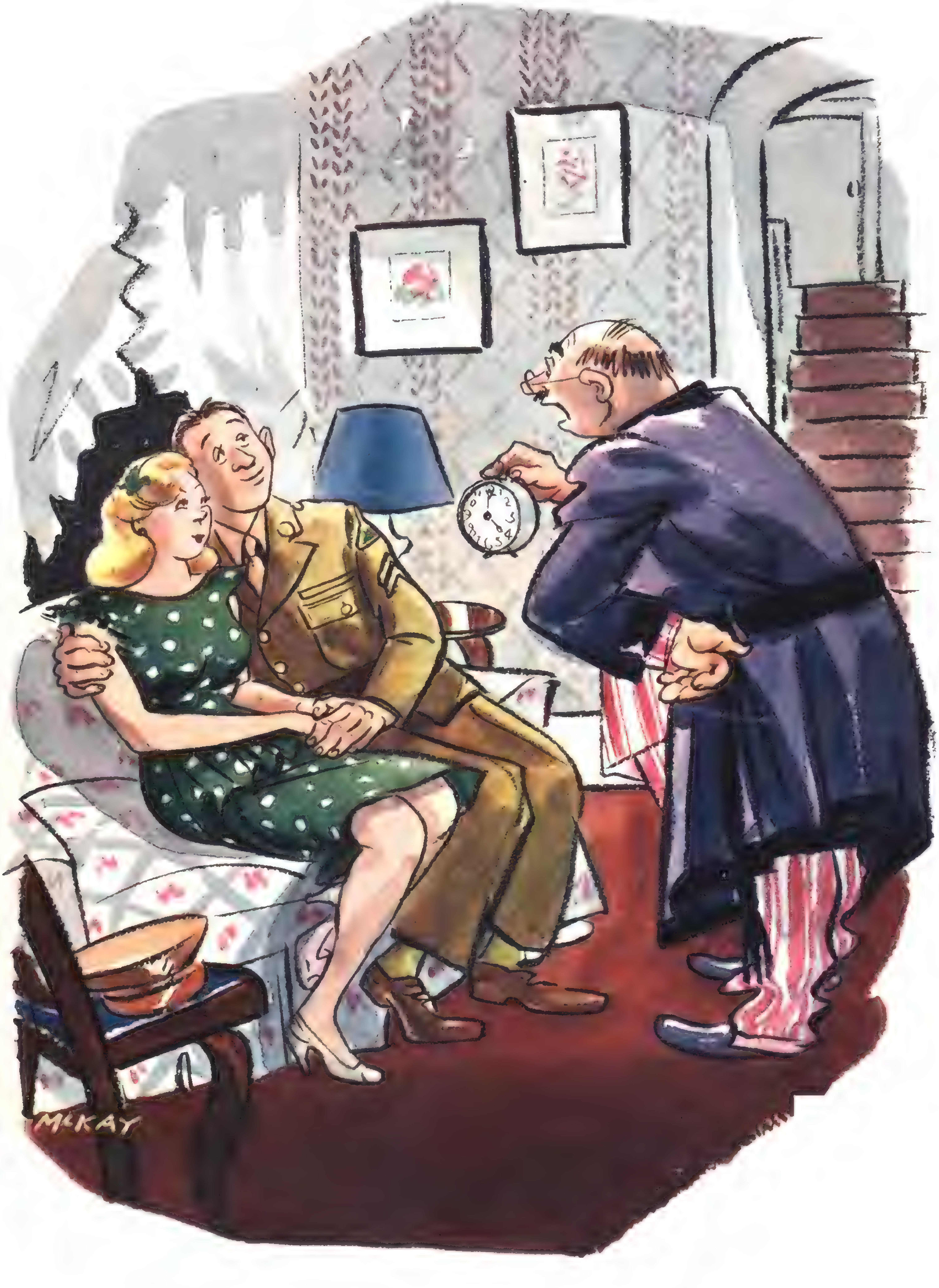
We're bored with your brilliance and your brilliant openings and your brilliant people and your brilliant plays. As you hop blithely from playwright to tunesmith to actor, your slick facility appalls us. Your technique is impeccable. But where is the spirit? Where is the soul? Where is the man? Your brilliance strikes us as a little tawdry. Like sequins in the morning sunlight. And your concept of human values, like your singing voice, sounds strangely off-key.

The art of manners has paled beside the vivid realities of bombs and bazookas and death. Your mannered art is a puny tool to perform your part in the work that lies ahead. You floated as a dead man in *The Scoundrel,* and you battled man-made waves in your studio-tank tribute to the Royal Navy, but you're out of your depth these days. Stay out of the strong tides, Noel. Splash away in the shallow pool.

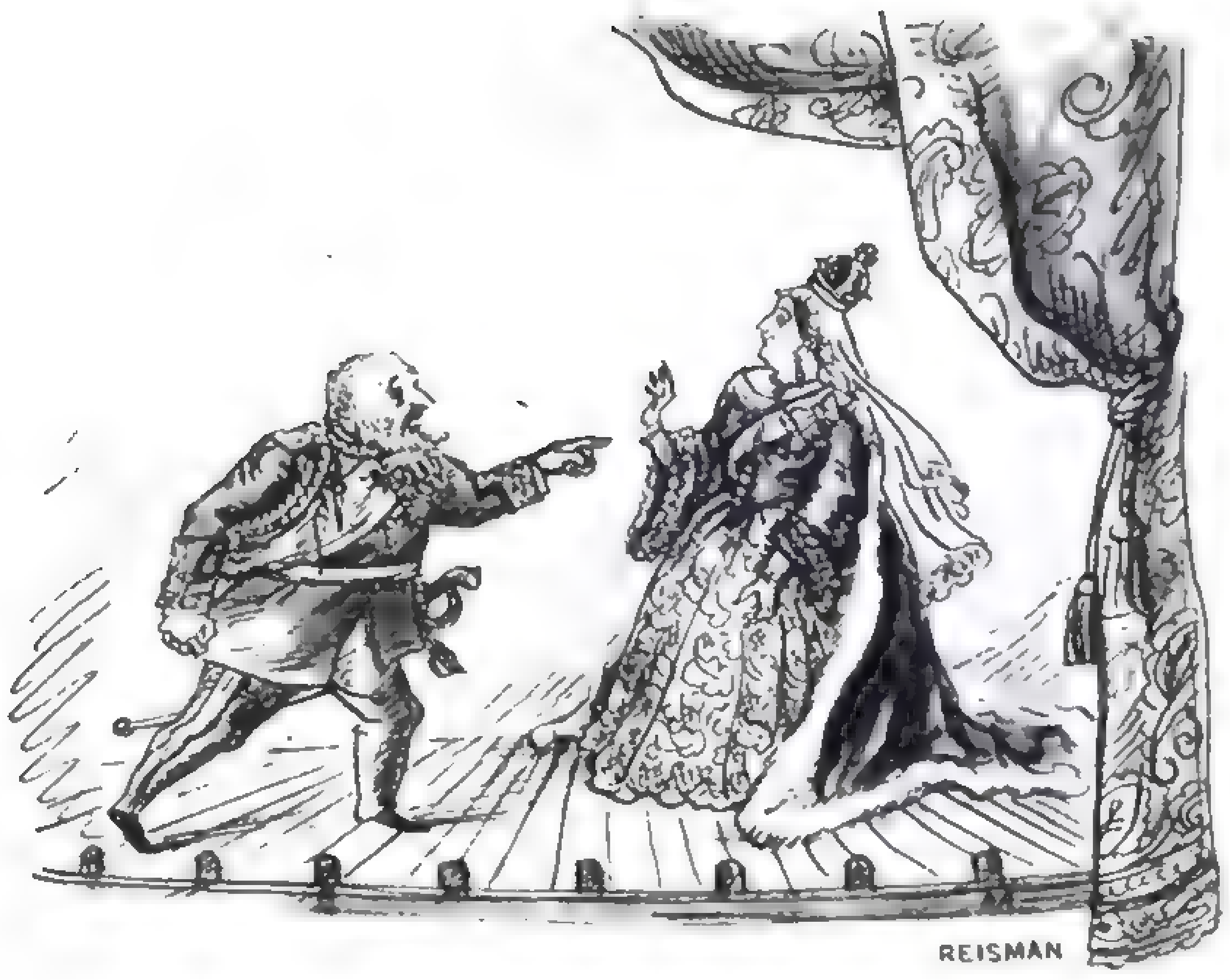
You and your International Set don't seem so international any more. Travel is no longer the sacred privilege of the wealthy. Travel has been a grim duty to millions of our men, a point you muffed in your *Middle East Diary,* which reads like one more calendar of your peripathetic partying. There's a wide, wide world beyond your little island of cynicism. And there are battles tougher than your game of barbed darts.

You charmed us for a while in that Era of Wonderful Nonsense, between wars—as an adolescent is charmed by the nonchalance that used to sell cigarettes. We were fascinated by the agile shadow and forgot to look for the substance. But the languid hour is past. There are crises that can't be met in a silk dressing gown.

And furthermore, bud, Brooklyn feels the same way about you. ⧺



"Well, well, well—the Army of Occupation, I see!"



Revealing a secret performance rather like psychodrama by King Edward VII

Quick Curtain at Drury Lane

by DOUGLAS AINSLIE

This story never has been told. I may be the only person alive who knows of it. Only a few ever knew it and they were people trained to keep a king's secrets. I suppose there is no more need of such persons.

In those early years of his reign Edward the Seventh had hardly emerged from the shadow of his mother, the great Queen Victoria. Old-timers found it hard to think of him as anything but The Prince. The bitterness of his long subordination still was on him after he was crowned. His unique title that he had worn so many years was the one that fitted him best. There never will be another. The First Gentleman of Europe.

London that winter was eagerly awaiting the first of the great spectacular plays about Victoria's reign. The Queen still was fresh in memory. There was no word to the English like Victoria.

For the play Mrs. Bendall, the famous actress-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, had assembled a great cast. My friend Jack Terriss was to play the part of the Prince of Wales. At that time I was mad about the theatre. I had thrown myself into the writing of dramatic reviews for a leading journal. Terriss and I had rowed together in the Eight at Eton. So it was natural, during the rehearsals, that Jack begged me to get him a personal interview with the King.

"My make-up, as he was when Prince of Wales, is perfect," Jack said. "But it would mean everything if I could see him close, face to face, and, if possible exchange a few words with him, and see his expression and hear his voice."

I said I thought I could arrange it. His Majesty, both as Prince and as King, had always been devoted to the theatre.

That was how it happened that the next day the hall porter at the Bamborough Club came to tell me, as I was sitting in the bay window looking out on Pall Mall, that Mr. Jack Terriss had called and was in the lobby. London was thrilled with expectation of the Victoria play and the porter knew very well who Jack Terriss was.

The Bamborough had a rigid rule against receiving guests in the main sitting room. I went down to meet Jack. He was waiting, beaming, at the bottom of the staircase. I had told him that at the club would be the best possible chance for an accidental meeting.

"Thanks a thousand times," he said, grasping my hand.

The uncertainty of the future is full of promise, as Thucydides remarked, for at this very moment a bulky form emerged from the billiard room and King Edward VII stood before us.

He was wearing morning clothes, very well cut by Poole, so as to disguise though not conceal altogether his corpulency. A brilliant breastpin shone in the black satin of his cravat.

"How do you do, Douglas Ainslie," he said to me, and I bowed, feeling that I simply could not nod, trying the while to look as unconcerned as possible, for inside the Bamborough Club we were always supposed to regard ourselves and all the other members as equals, whether they were kings and emperors, or merely ambassadors extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary.

There the King stood, smiling. He said, "Please introduce Mr. Terriss to me. I am interested to see the actor who is to appear on the stage as I used to be in former years."

I presented Jack informally and the King at once drew him aside, to the visible disgust of George Greville and two other members, who had followed the King out of the billiard room, doubtless in the hope of being taken more notice of and perhaps of even being invited to Windsor later on.

At that time there was no corner of London more full of intrigue and scheming than the Bamborough Club, where the myth of equality was so religiously preached in theory and so cynically disregarded in practice.

As the conversation between the King and Terriss showed no signs of an early ending, I left them together as I had some important engagements.

That night late, when I arrived home I found Jack Terriss waiting for me, quivering with excitement. He had just come from late rehearsal.

"But why the illumination?" I said. "Did the King invite you to dine at Buckingham Palace?"

"You can't believe it," Jack burst out. "He wants to play my part as himself at Drury Lane opposite Mrs. Bendall as the Queen."

"By Jove!" I fell into an easy chair.

"Only for one night," Jack was quick to add. "Thursday."

"What does Mrs. Bendall say? But I need not ask."

"For it, tremendously. Of course she couldn't refuse the King anything. She was less for it when she realized that it must be a frightful secret. You're on honor, my boy."

The deuce! What a scoop was lost to me. What a sensation I must keep covered up. I thought wildly of buying up all unsold seats for Thursday and then letting it leak out in my *Truth* articles that a very remarkable change in the cast would be made for that one performance.

"Too bad we can make nothing of it," said Jack, grinning. "I shall be there, sufficiently disguised so no one could know me, in the back of a box and you may sit with me."

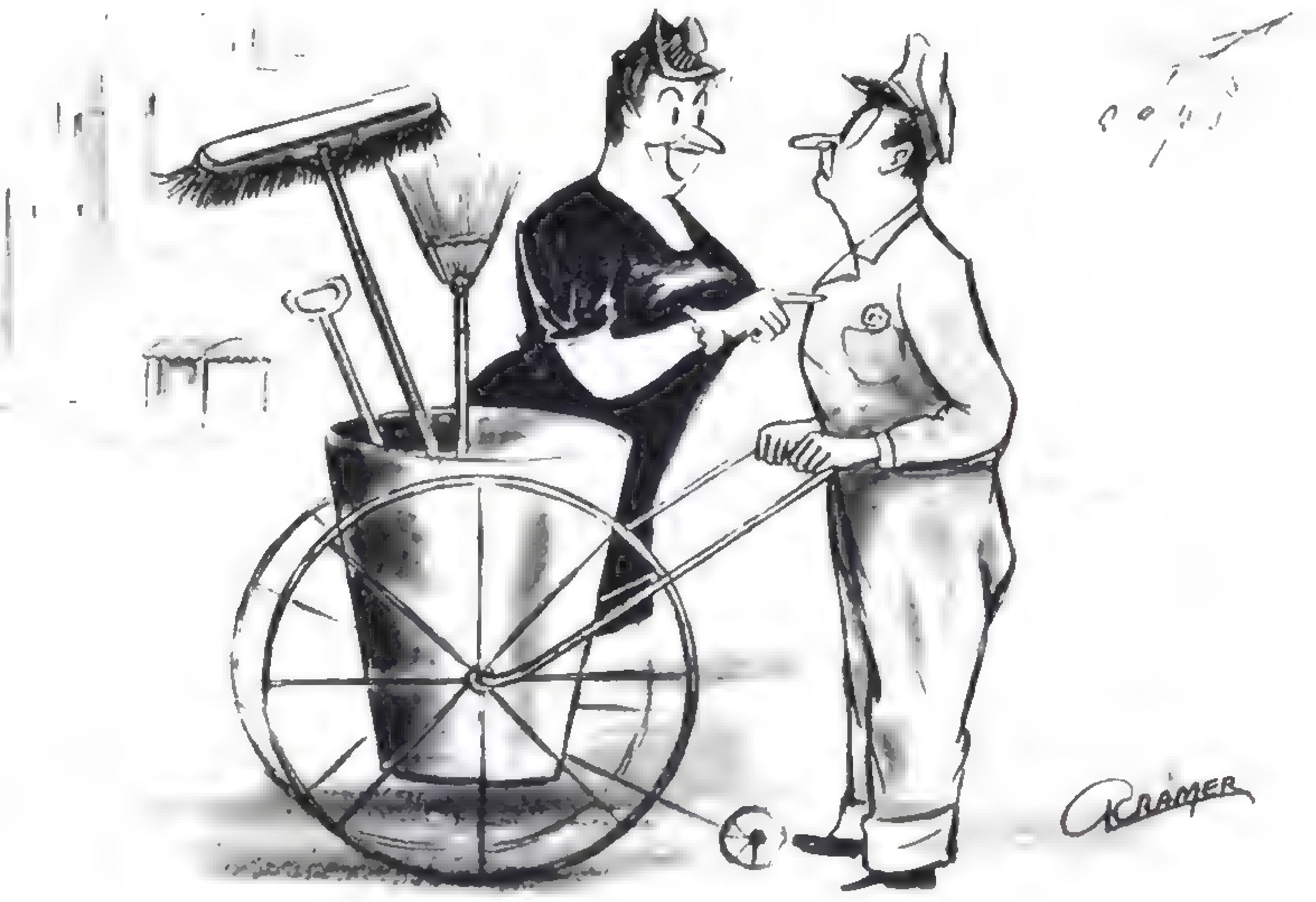
There have been a good many men, and women, in the secrets of a king's fantasies and follies, but I don't remember anything in history exactly like this. Jack and I sat looking at each other.

"He was always a bit of a farceur in his long life as the Prince," I said. "But he never seriously forgot his dignity."

"Maybe the crown weighs on him," said Jack. "He is certainly stirred up about this play."

We considered if it could be done. Could a man give an unconvincing performance of himself? Would he appear on the stage oozing majesty from every pleat of his

(Continued on page 296)



"Won't you even consider being a part-time maid?"

Small creatures of the sandy kingdom were easy prey for the falcon and for Pekan who killed by the Hunter's Moon

The One with Hands

by PAUL ANNIXTER

SHERMAN

It was a strange and unreal world, the yellow-grey domain of the lake dunes. A fantastic realm of sand and water, wind and storm, where every movement was muffled in shrouding sand and silence.

It was a world of little folk, a kingdom in miniature. It had its jagged mountains and precipitous valleys; these had their sparsely forested slopes, their densely-wooded fastnesses, but they were elfin landscapes, all of a neutral hue, formed of shifting sands and hogsmanes of stunted larch, pine and sand cherries.

Once the mighty roamed these sandy reaches. The caribou and the lordly elk; the black bear, timber wolf and the demon wolverine. Now only the smaller of the meat eaters remain, mink and marten, weasel and shrew, who have found here a last sanctuary wherein to breed and hunt.

On an October afternoon, one of the most ruthless of these lay curled up in the dry heart of a rotting log. Pekan, the fisher, most deadly assassin of the dunes, lay with tail over nose, peacefully as any kitten, his whole look belying the red carnage of his last night's hunting. The mellow fall sunlight permeated the powder-dry log with an even, comfortable warmth. For weeks the hush of fall had added itself to the hush of the duneland. Most of the birds had already migrated; the insect world had been stilled by death or hibernation. This was a magical time of year, when the peace of the dunes was surcharged with a definite mystery. Time of still bright nights when the Hunter's Moon bathed the thickets with a strange and argent brilliance turning Pekan's blood to liquid fire in his veins.

These were the nights when he could flow from shadow to covert, from covert to grass tuft so magically that not even the nesting grouse or the great cocked ears of the cottontails could hear him come.

Now was the end of day, the dim, misty hours before dark, that populous second feeding time of the underwoods, when rabbit families left their forms and went slipping in silent files toward the willow dips, when wood mice shuttled back and forth on hidden runways and Stripes, the skunk, led her stodgy offspring forth on their evening stroll.

Pekan waited, a hard, cruel, implacable light in his beady eyes. Not that he hungered, nor yet thirsted, unless one included the unquenchable thirst of all his kind for fresh blood. He was never too replete to kill anew. He remained as still as if he had been stricken lifeless, watching the grey vista of sand. His cleft nose was keener than the nose of any hound. Presently his fierce, bright eyes took on a sudden cold opacity.

Some blunderer was approaching through the thickets with neither thought nor care as to the manner of his going. The circle of Pekan's curled body stirred and poured upon itself, snake-like.

A raccoon emerged from the bushes and moved out across the sand with a deliberation and nonchalance that few but the truly great ever achieve. He was one of the anomalies of the wild. He hunted at night as well as by day; he was as much at home in water as he was in the treetops or on the ground; and nature had fitted him to be either vegetarian or flesh-eater at will.

Pekan watched. A tremor ran through all his muscles, but he did not move. For the coon was fully as large as he and possibly even heavier. Furthermore he knew coons to be the most fearless infighters in all the forest. Therefore he allowed the coon to pass upon his slow and heavy-footed way. It was so each time these two chanced to meet. While neither actually gave trail, they passed with a churring growl from one and a reptilian hiss from the other.

The fisher continued to wait until a young cottontail came hopping into view. With a lissome movement of his long, slim body Pekan flung himself on guard, his head, the flat triangular head of many deadly things, whether beast or serpent, drew back on its long heavily-muscled neck. The movements of the cottontail were characteristically erratic, its approach maddeningly indirect. Within the hollow log Pekan seemed to have stopped breathing.

Suddenly he issued in a chain-lightning rush. The cottontail was off in a series of incredible bounds, Pekan on his trail as if tied to him by an invisible cord, and the going of him was a thing of wonder. The rabbit doubled and dodged, but with rubbery, rippling bounds the fisher was closing the gap second by second. For Pekan was of the true weasel clan, which is to say he was doom itself on the trail.

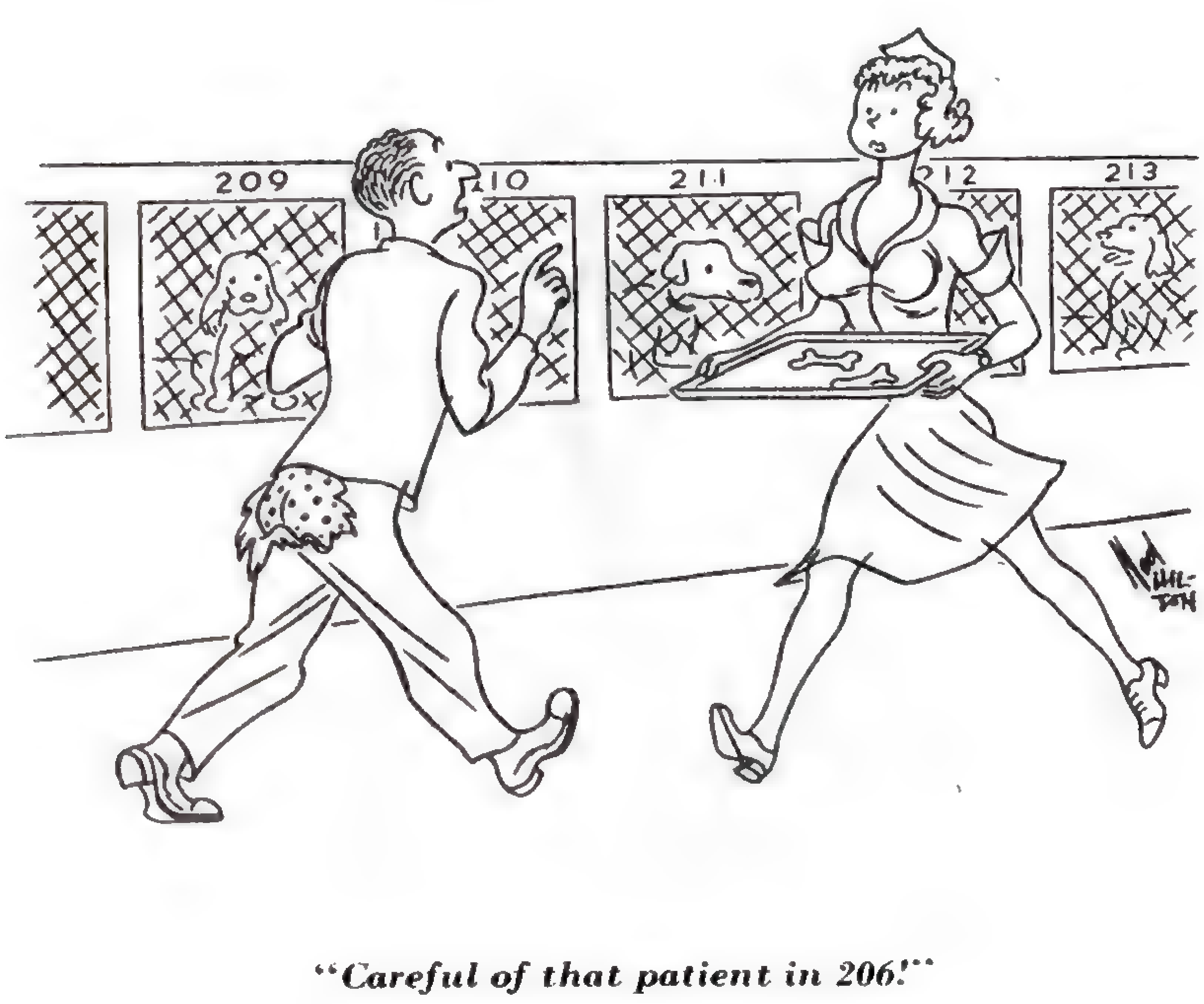
Just as he was closing the gap to death range, something happened. The rabbit shot away on a tangent, keeping pace as it seemed with an ominous shadow that slid simultaneously across the sands. Pekan stopped in his tracks like an image in bronze. One foot uplifted, he cocked his cruel snaky glance aloft.

A great grey-brown bird, the ghostly maker of the shadow on the sands, was sailing silently fifty feet above the thickets. The bird folded its wings and dropped earthward like a stone. Its mark was the rabbit and its aim was rifle-true. The rabbit screamed as talons like grappling hooks struck its life out. With scarcely abated momentum, the killer went zooming up again, his yellow claws deeply buried in the vitals of his prey.

As he watched the bird vanish amid the shadows of the larches the cold ferocity of several fiends was in Pekan's red-lit eyes.

The killer of the rabbit, a raking, slashing, clipper-built goshawk, which is the peregrine falcon of feudal times, had arrived in the dunes only the day before on his flight southward ahead of the winter cold. He was a mature and powerful bird, measuring from tail to crown twenty-one inches of winged disaster. His claws were almost the claws of an eagle, and edged like knives; his hooked beak was a sickle. The peregrine is the fastest bird that flies. He possesses the mysterious gift of the falcon kind for following automatically every twist, double and turn of a victim in the air and murder is his natural profession.

When the falcon made his swoop for the fleeing



"Careful of that patient in 206!"

rabbit, he was well aware of Pekan all the time. He knew fisher martens to be fearless, chain-lightning fighters. He would have hesitated even in time of hunger deliberately to attack Pekan. Yet the hawk sent back his challenge, a harsh scream that sounded like "Killeee, Killeee!" Pekan had never heard that cry before, yet he did not need experience to interpret the sound. His thin black lips writhed back and his shrewd little eyes studied the killer and the manner of his going.

The rest of that afternoon and the twilight that followed, as Pekan threaded the larch shadows in search of grouse, or flowed like a gold-brown flame up and down the stunted evergreens on the track of squirrels, his fierce glance was ever directed aloft for another sight of the falcon. He saw no more of the bird that night, though twice he found marks of the others presence.

The trail of a red squirrel he had been running through the larches by scent was discovered to lead into—nowhere, as if its maker had vanished. The unclean smudge in the sand and two cruel claw marks that were as large as Pekan's whole head, told how. Within an hour he came upon a second sign, the badly torn and half-eaten carcass of a cock grouse which smelt exactly as the claw marks had smelt.

Pekan sped away from that spot and the going of him was fearsome to watch. The gait of one of the weasel kind is neither canter, gallop, nor run and resembles the going of a snake, because of the extreme shortness of the legs. Times Pekan covered the ground in prodigious leaps fifteen feet in length, times he writhed and darted along the ground, arching his long back like some nightmare of a measuring worm.

His hunting that night was more than ever a carnival of cruelty and terror. He flowed through the thickets like a consuming flame in rage at this invasion of his special hunting ground. Murder and bloodlust rode him this night. He stopped only long enough to quaff a bit of warm blood from the throat of a victim before passing on to another. It was the kill, not the feeding, that was paramount. For by slaughter alone, it seemed, could he fling defiance in the face of this enemy from the air.

HURRELL

Radio Barker at Rest

Blue Network announcer Doug Browning likes his clothes easy fitting so that, as copywriters exhort, he is never aware of them. Photographed between shows in the offices of the American Broadcasting Company, Mr. Browning wears a blue, brown and white gun-club check worsted suit. His jacket is tailored with fullness across the shoulder blades, and he favors braces as less inhibiting than a belt. Like many people in the merry world of entertainment, he reflects the California influence with his preference for large pattern ties, long points on his collars, camel's hair coats and snap brim hats in light shades. His off-white shirt, incidentally, is acetate rayon. He lives in the country, and spends many of his leisure hours skeet shooting. For the most part he wears casual clothes that will serve equally well in the country and in town.

As the moon climbed higher, Pekan sought the treetops and went swarming through them like a great squirrel, making prodigious leaps from tree to tree. He slew numerous nesting birds along his way from wanton pleasure. And he aroused squirrel families from their holes and pursued them joyously, and incredible as it seems for a creature nearly three feet in length, actually ran them down in their own arboreal element, dropping the bodies of his victims, untasted, to the ground. Once as he swarmed through a pine tree, he almost ran into the raccoon that had passed his doorway in the afternoon. Pekan was just on the point of hurling himself upon the coon for a duel up in the high branches. The raccoon reared upon his hind legs, forepaws spread to receive the fisher's charge. But Pekan in the final instant, veered and flashed on with a hiss.

Lotor, the young raccoon, though a philosopher and a peace-loving citizen of the wild, was an element to be reckoned with at all times. He was a strategist, a very Talleyrand of the woods, as his sly, pointed mask attested. In his wide brows and canny bespectacled eyes showed sagacity to solve the many enigmas of the forest. Humor was there, too, a plumbless curiosity and a cunning that included innovation.

He had started forth that afternoon to find some mild deviltry to occupy him. The golden spell of fall lay over all things and Lotor's pulses throbbed with an ecstatic fire that tingled the roots of his soft underfur. This was the time of year for wandering and for all manner of glorious forays. But he had three growing youngsters in a nest in a hollow tree to worry about. Young as he was he was already a married man.

That afternoon he visited every hollow tree he knew in a radius of five miles, prying into all their crannies for grubs and other things. Into one high hole he thrust an arm in to the shoulder and rifled a squirrel's storehouse. He visited the hollow tree in which he had been born and fingered over the numerous shiny mussel shells, the bits of glass and the broken china cup that were still there—bright treasures he had played with by the hour, not so long ago. They had no interest for him now, but one had to be about something or other, when one had hands instead of paws.

Toward owl-light he went fishing at his favorite spot on the shore of a sandy inlet. Crouched on the end of an old log he caught a small turtle and several little fish by lightning passes of his black hairless hands that could grip and hold far better than claws. Everything he caught he carefully washed in the water before eating, cleansing and recleansing it like the true "wash-bear" he was.

As night deepened and the Hunter's Moon poked above the pine tops, he moved down shore, leaving his slim handlike tracks in the sand. He saw two weasels hurrying on errands of destruction, and passed old Phit, the skunk, a solid middle-class citizen, on his way to his mousing along the sand ridges. As he sat on his high perch watching the moon, restlessness assailed Lotor. Four miles inland the cultivated lands began—the fields of ripened corn and melons, to say nothing of the populous henhouses of the farmers. He might make the trip and back again before morning for a glorious raid amid the swaying cornstalks. Like all coons, he had been born for such forays. He started at once in the straightest of straight lines and at a speed that set his thick furred back humping.

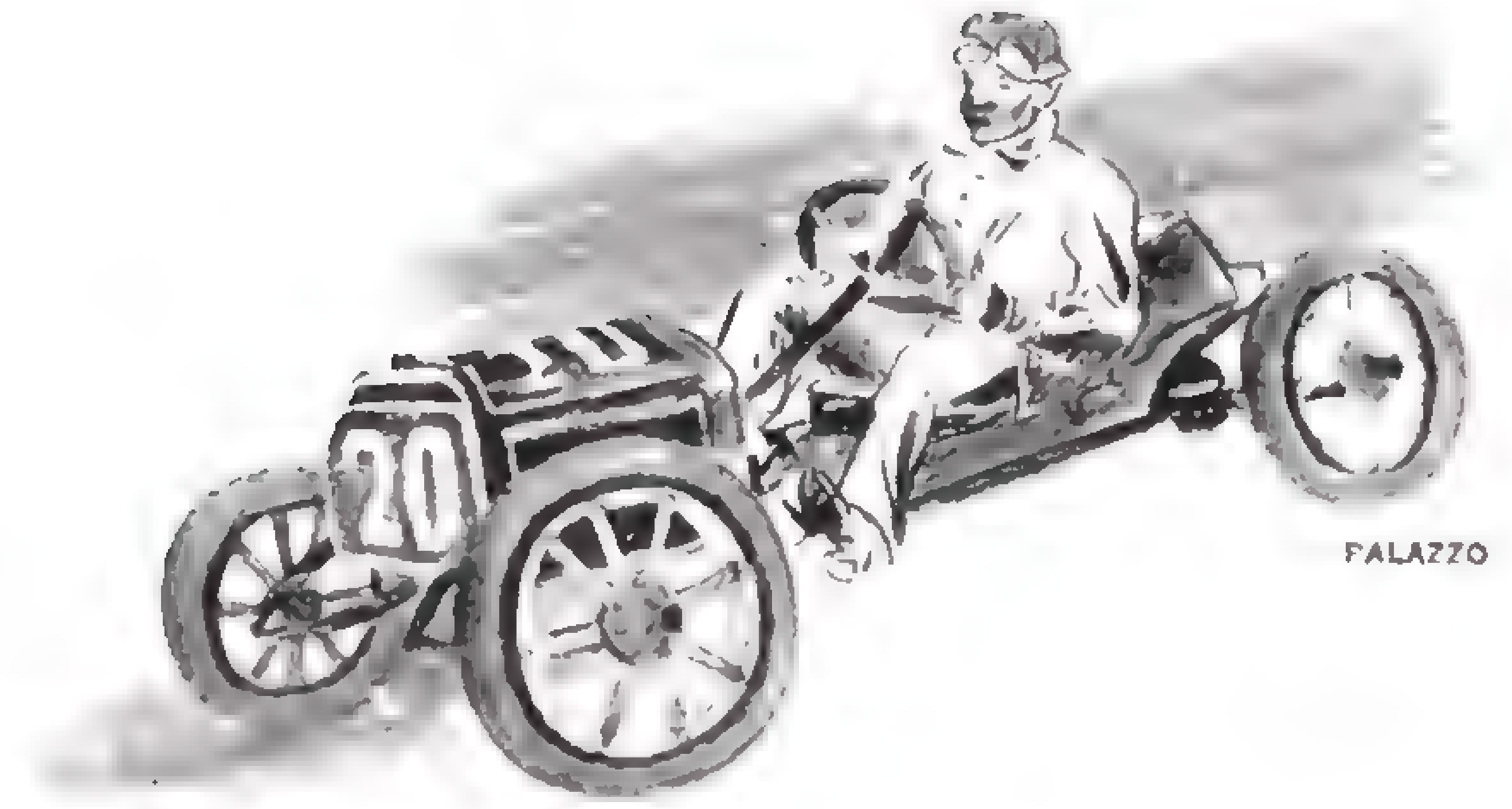
Before long he met another coon in a fall furor like himself. They joined up. Followed four hours of pillage and depredation in which they stole a hen from her perch, deviled the farmers' dogs and tore down rows of standing corn. With the dawn Lotor came hurrying home, appeased in all his being, and it was then that he heard the call—the cry for help that is sounded by a coon but once or twice in a lifetime. It was the voice of his mate, and Lotor's dilated, black-gold eyes were aflame as he hurled himself forward.

He found her bleeding from many slashes in her thick coat, standing above one of their slain youngsters at the base of the home tree. And the weaselly taint of Pekan told Lotor who the murderer was.

Two weeks passed and the duel between Pekan and the goshawk never flagged. It was a prolonged contest of cunning and savagery between two skilled assassins. Their paths were ever crossing. Many a trail of rat, rabbit or squirrel Pekan ran only to have the quarry snatched by his rival from overhead. And many a time the hawk, driven from a kill, returned to find that the fisher had defiled the remains after the objectionable manner of the weasel kind. Such a game of slaughter soon made itself felt throughout the dunes. No such pair of killers could ply their craft long without a disastrous effect on the squirrel and rabbit crop.

It was on a day in early November that the situation reached its drastic conclusion. It was late afternoon and a wind was blowing. Pekan, out early, was running a rabbit through the thickets. Because of his fierce concentration and because of the wind, he was unaware of the sliding shadow above him. Also because of the wind which whipped the bushes, the goshawk was unaware of Pekan as he banked on scythe-like pinions and swooped on the fleeing rabbit like a feathered dart. His terrible claws (*Continued on page 253*)

British speed kings drove giant racers a mile in ten seconds on the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah



The Measured Mile

by WAYNE KEARL

In 1898 Chasseloup Laubat, a daring Frenchman, established the first official world's record for automobile travel over the one mile route. Laubat in this awesome exhibition of speed, attained a rate of 39.24 miles an hour. In 1939 mild-mannered John Cobb of London hurled his mighty Railton Red Lion over the glistening Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah so fast that the earth seemed to be falling away in front of him in a great curve. Cobb set a new world's record at 368.8 miles an hour.

Laubat's mark did not stand long. In 1899, another early speed driver, Jenatz, moved the record up to 65.79. Four years later, in 1903 in America, Henry Ford, willing to risk his own neck to force himself on public attention, drove a car of his own design over the ice at Lake St. Clair near Detroit, at 91.37 miles an hour. From then on the record was boosted steadily upward. Sir Henry Segrave had reached 231.36 by 1929.

At that time the official testing ground was the marvelous ten mile stretch of hard sand at Daytona Beach, Florida. It was there that the huge racing machines were brought and tuned up for a terrific burst between the mile marks. At Daytona Sir Malcolm Campbell made it in 276.816 in 1935.

But a faster track than Daytona invited the speed champions. Ab Jenkins, noted Utah endurance driver, had been urging the advantages of the Bonneville, Utah, Salt Flats. Thirteen miles of dazzling white, hard, billiard-table-level beach as compared with Daytona's ten miles. This year the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association moved the official testing ground to Bonneville.

This speed course is unique. The mountain-locked Bonneville flats are left perfectly smooth by the receding western edge of the Great Salt Lake. The straightaway is made-to-order length: six miles to get up full speed, a measured mile for the record, and six-miles to bring the giant racers to a halt. To equalize possible advantage of a favoring wind, the rule was made that runs must be made in both directions, within an hour, average time of both runs is the official record.

Bonneville's history as the world's super speedway began in 1935 with the runs of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the first man to reach the 300-mile mark. Sir Malcolm had already held the world land speed record for two years when he journeyed to the shores of the Great Salt Lake. He did 272.1 in 1933, but in his 1935 trial at Daytona his speedometer seemed glued at 276.816 and he had set his heart on being the first man to travel 300 mph. As a last fling before packing up for the return to England, he decided to try for the 300 mark on the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Sir Malcolm's sleek six-ton racer, the Bluebird, arrived at Bonneville on September 2nd. Mechanics uncrated the 2,500 horsepower monster and worked over it all night. By morning Sir Malcolm was ready to make his run. Eyes of the sporting world were on the event, but only a few hundred spectators were scattered along the thirteen mile stretch of desert.

The course was thoroughly prepared. An important detail was that a party of surveyors had been called in to lay out a black line, a foot wide, the entire length of the speedway.

Word passed down the line that Sir Malcolm was ready. Suddenly the roaring Bluebird appeared at the south end of the course in a cloud of white dust. "There she comes!"

She passed like a projectile, here and gone almost too quickly for recognition. But out of sight of the people along the measured mile came an accident. Bluebird was slowing down, half a mile before the end of the run beyond the mile mark when a tire blew out. A service truck rushed to the car and a new tire was mounted, the Bluebird was swung around and readied for the return journey. Word was flashed that the time between the marks for the northbound run was 304.331.

Again the cloud of white dust, the Bluebird appeared, flashed past in the deafening roar of the exhaust and disappeared in a blue haze. This run was made against a four-mile wind and with the comparative handicap of half a mile less start. It was clocked at 295.556. The timekeepers gave him an average of 299.875 for the two runs.

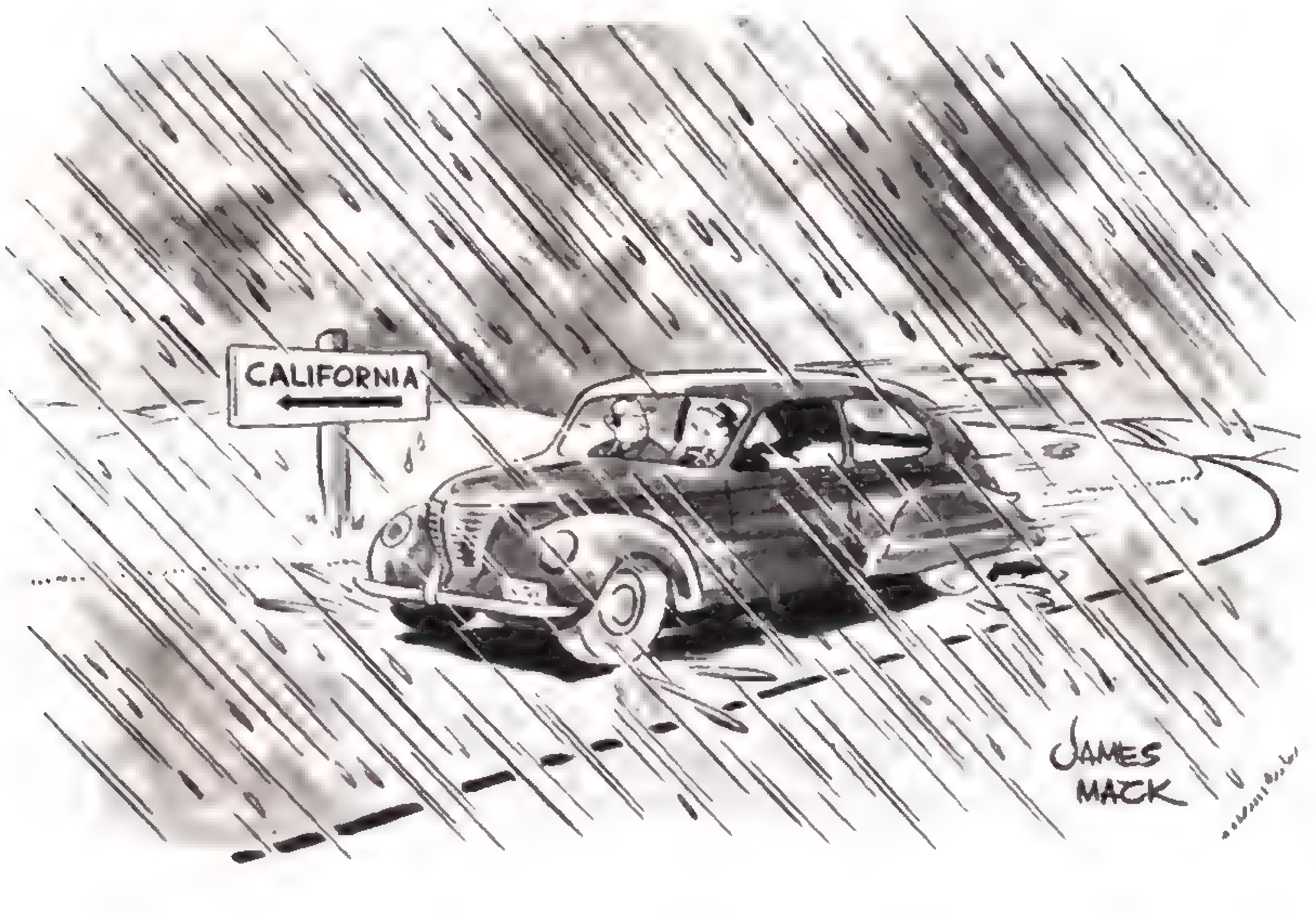
Bettering his Daytona Beach mark by some 23 mph, Campbell had set a new world's record. But he had failed by a tantalizing .125 mph to reach the 300-mph mark. With a sharp word to the official timers he retired, announcing that he would try again the next day.

After he had left, the timers got to re-checking their figures. Far into the night they sent word hurriedly that Sir Malcolm had made the 300-mph mark after all. The corrected figures gave him an official record of 301.13 mph for the measured mile. Sir Malcolm offered to make the run again the next day. But the timers insisted that the error was theirs and the record his. He was satisfied. Ordering the Bluebird packed for shipment home to England, he said, "I'll let the new mark stand until someone beats it, then I'll try again."

Sir Malcolm never returned, but two years later a compatriot, Captain George E. T. Eyston, introduced another giant racing car to the Bonneville scene.

Eyston's Thunderbolt was something to see. Sharply streamlined, with a pointed nose and a huge tail fin, the 3,250 horsepower monster had 24 cylinders, weighed seven tons, and rode on eight wheels.

On October 28, 1937, Eyston made his first run. Belching fire from four exhausts, the Thunderbolt split the cool autumn air like a bullet. Clouds of white powdered salt shot up behind the thundering machine, which appeared like a silver streak across the floor of the desert. The official mile was faster than any man had ever gone before on the surface of the earth. Time for the (*Continued on page 254*)



"Whew—what a relief to get out of that terrible Florida weather"

ESQUIRE'S
1945
GAME BOOK
SECTION

Abracadabra

Below are seven hoodwinkers for the dinner table magician. If you can do these without looking at the explanations on the last page of this section, you're out of the amateur league. You're ready for hats and rabbits.

1. Stand a beer bottle upside down on a fifty cent piece near the edge of the table. Remove the coin without touching or upsetting the bottle.

2. While you make clockwise circles with your right foot, simultaneously draw a figure 6 on paper or in the air with your right hand.

3. Hold two opposite corners of a napkin, one in each hand. Tie a knot in the napkin without letting go of the corners.

4. Shake three dice in a glass. Give the total number of dots showing on the bottom surfaces of the dice *in ten seconds or less* without looking up through the glass or seeing the bottom surfaces.

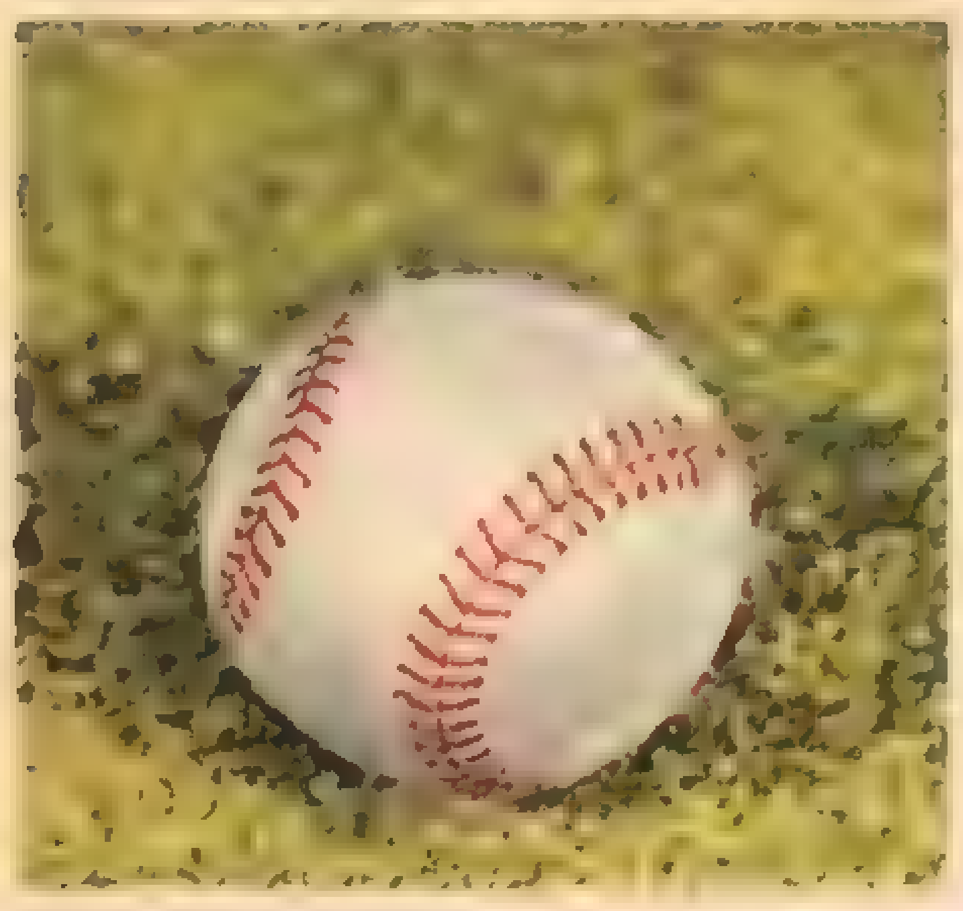
5. Keep a fifty cent piece spinning continuously for thirty seconds or more.

6. Set a beer bottle upside down on a dollar bill. You can remove the bill *without touching the bottle with your hands* by rolling up the bill from one end and gently pushing the bottle off onto the table as you roll the bill. Remove the bill another way without touching or upsetting the bottle.

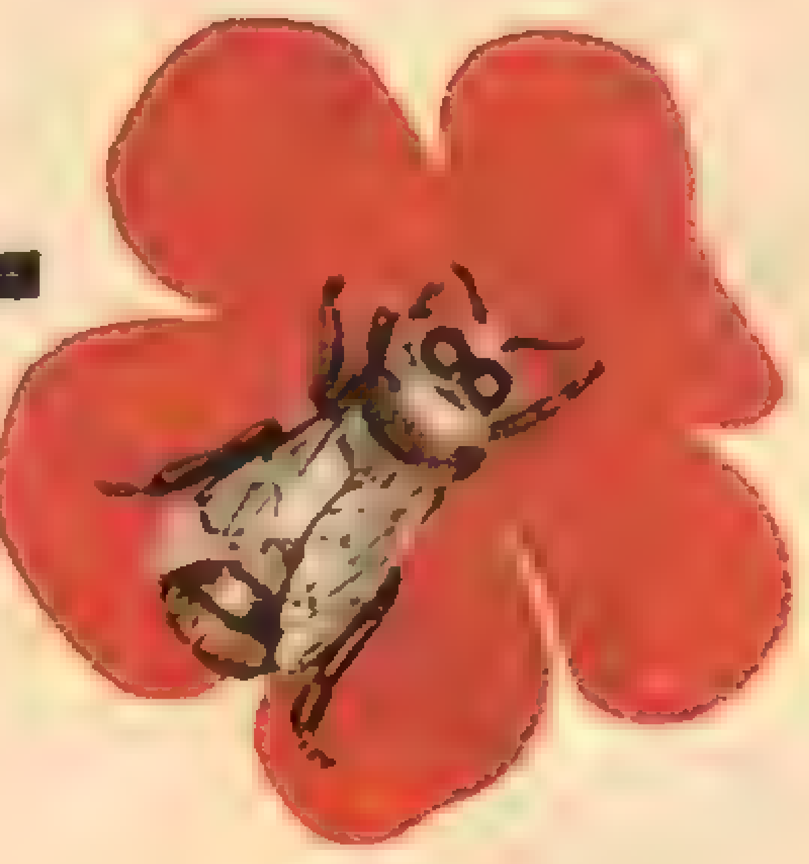
7. Place an uncooked egg (in its shell) into a shallow bowl. Make the egg spin under its own power from a dead stop.

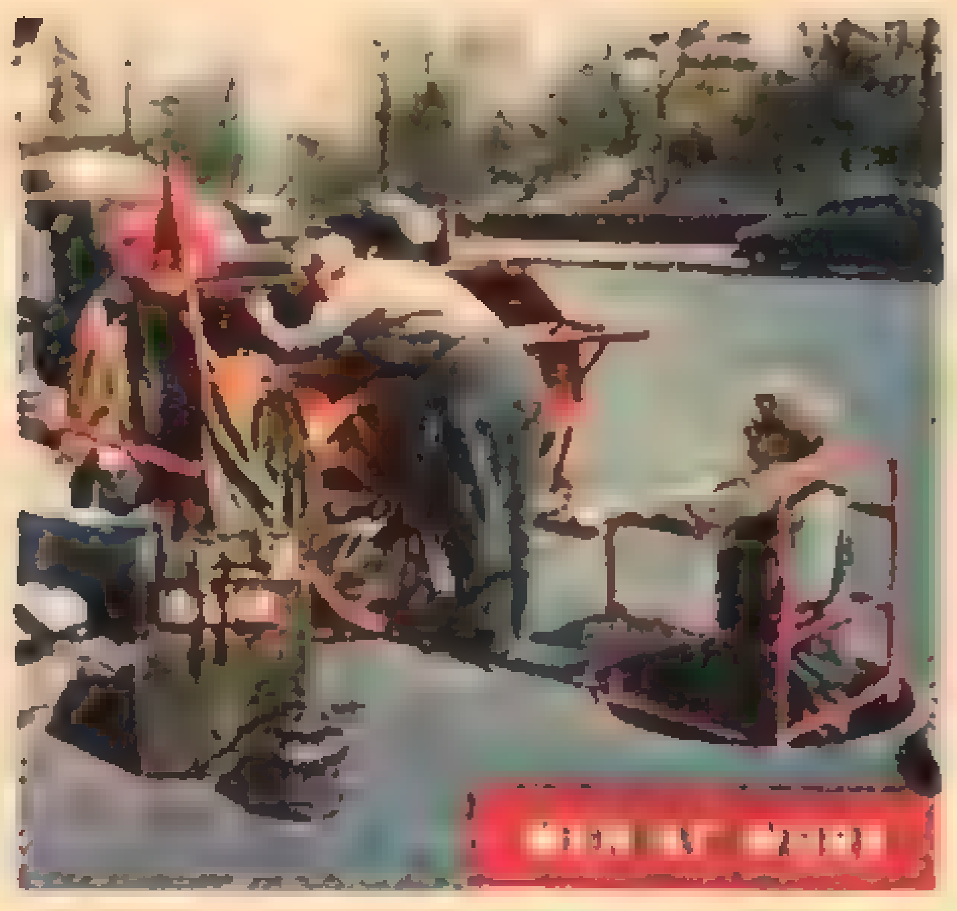
Words of Witsdom

Each of the pictures in the three rows below suggests a word or a word group. You'll find that these add up to three of our best proverbs, made modern with a cynical twist.



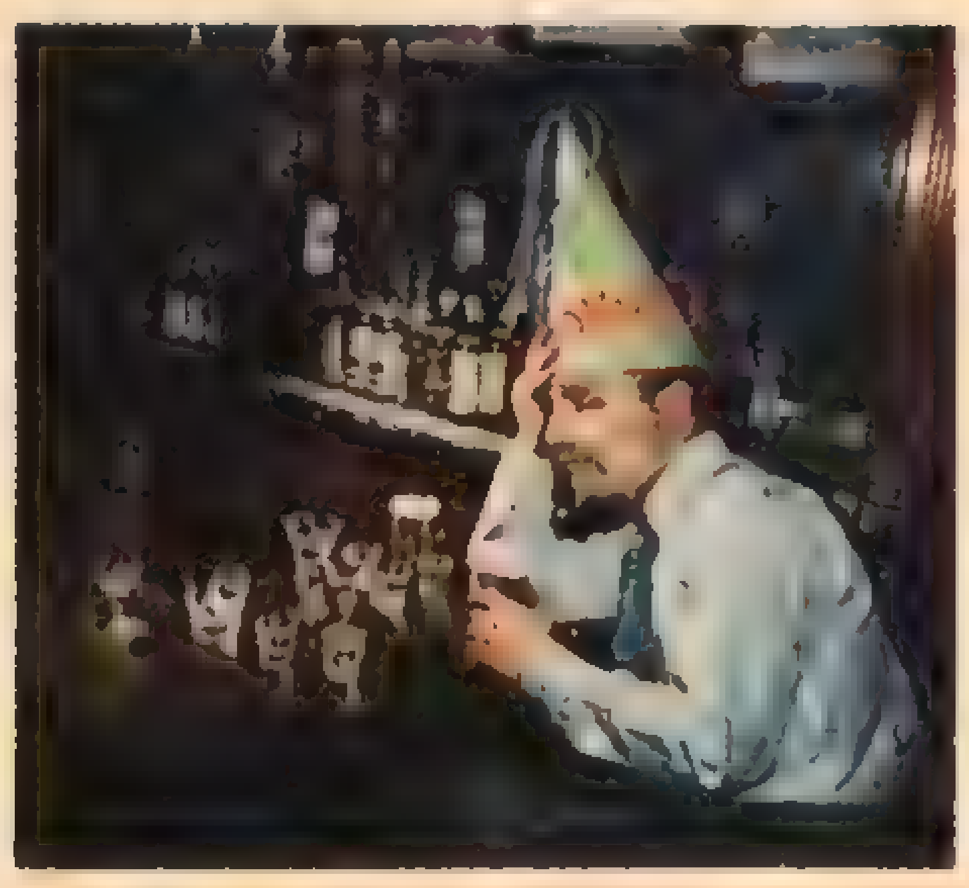
-

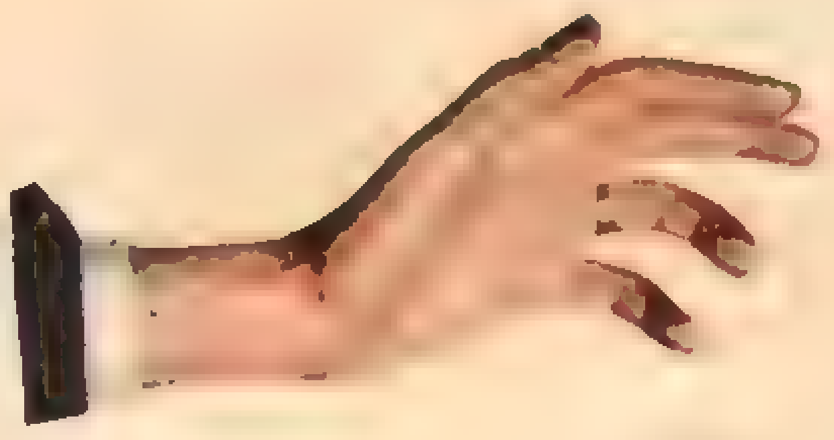




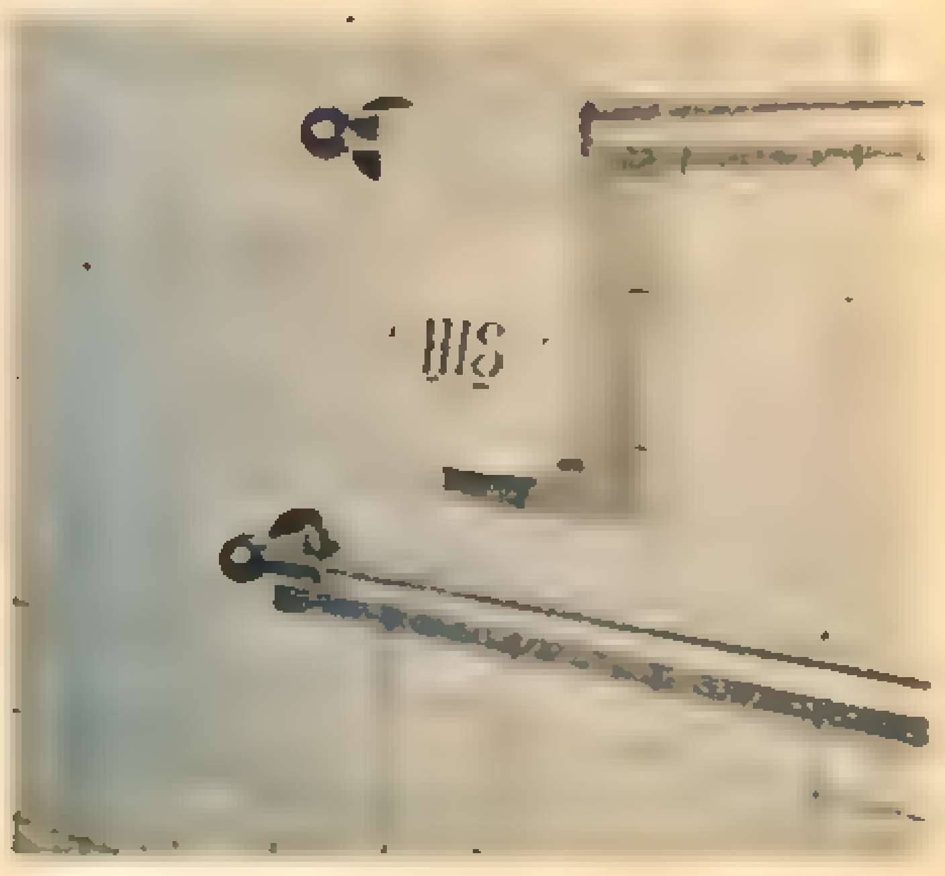
&

Here's a hint. Remember that you can't take it with you.

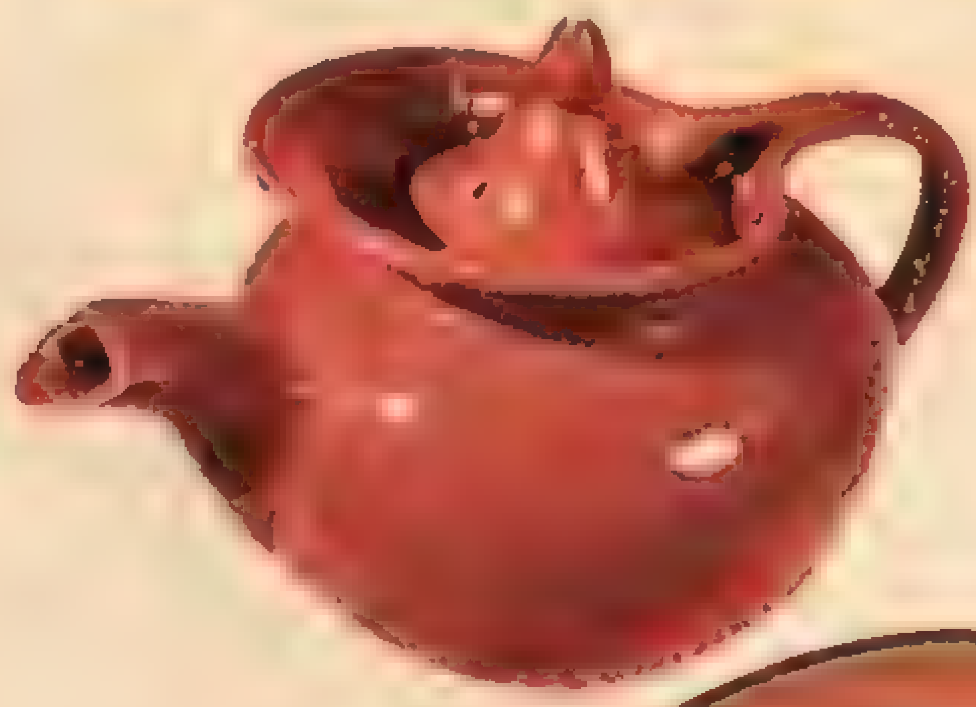




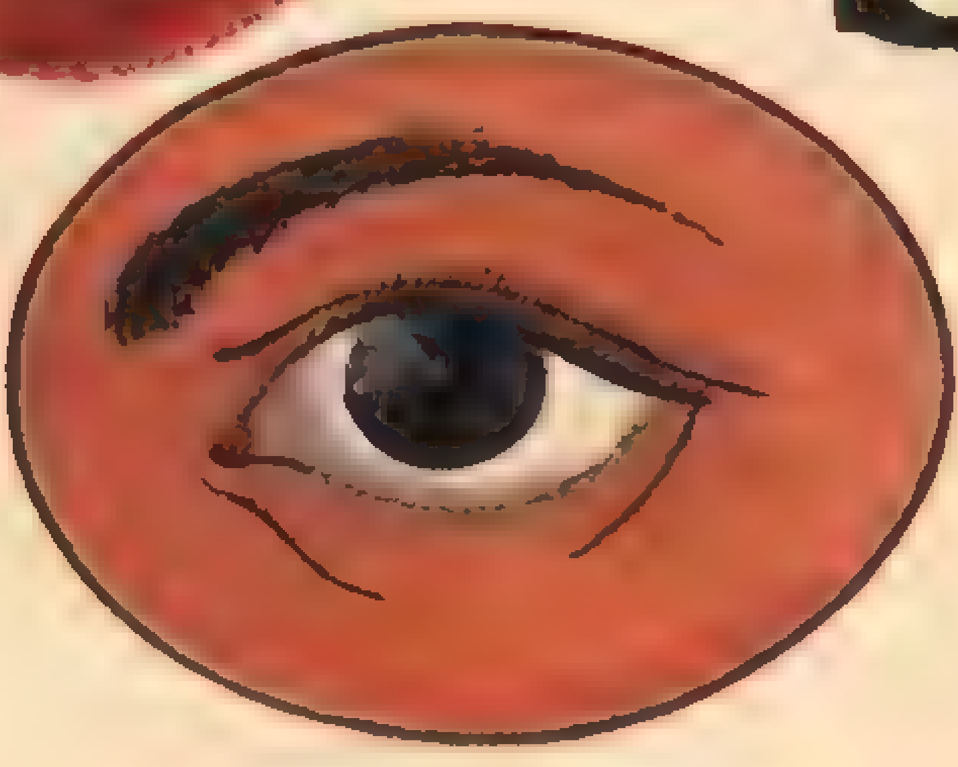
- *h*

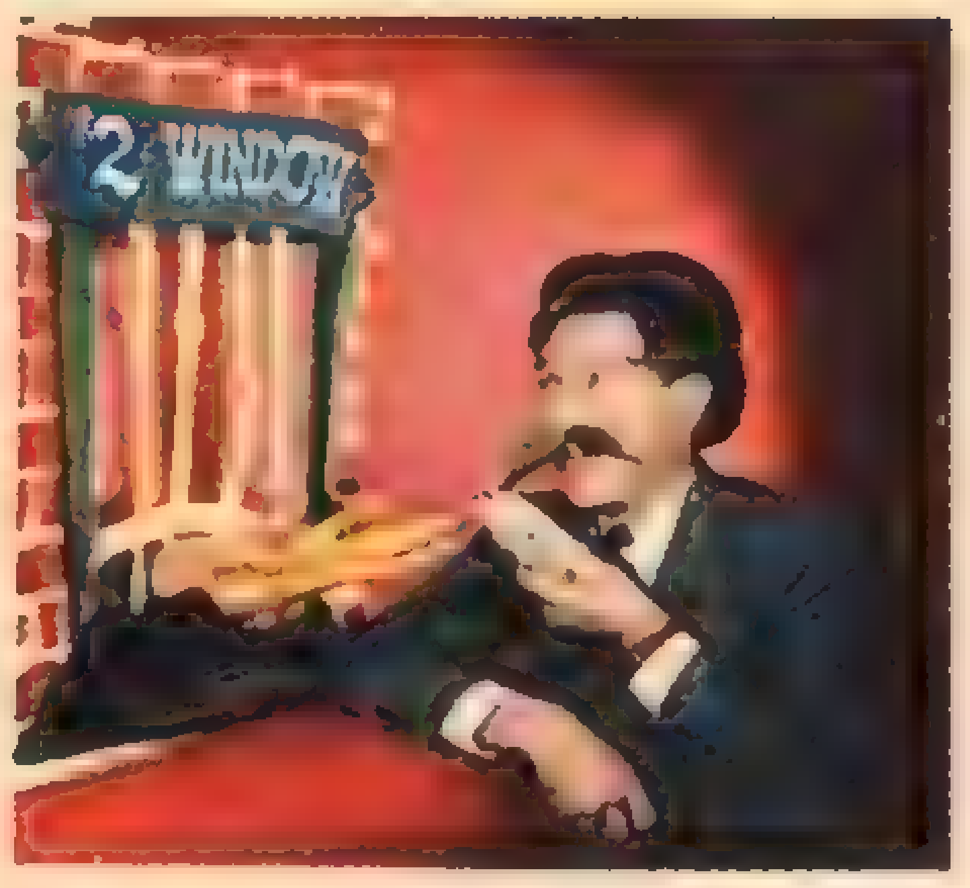


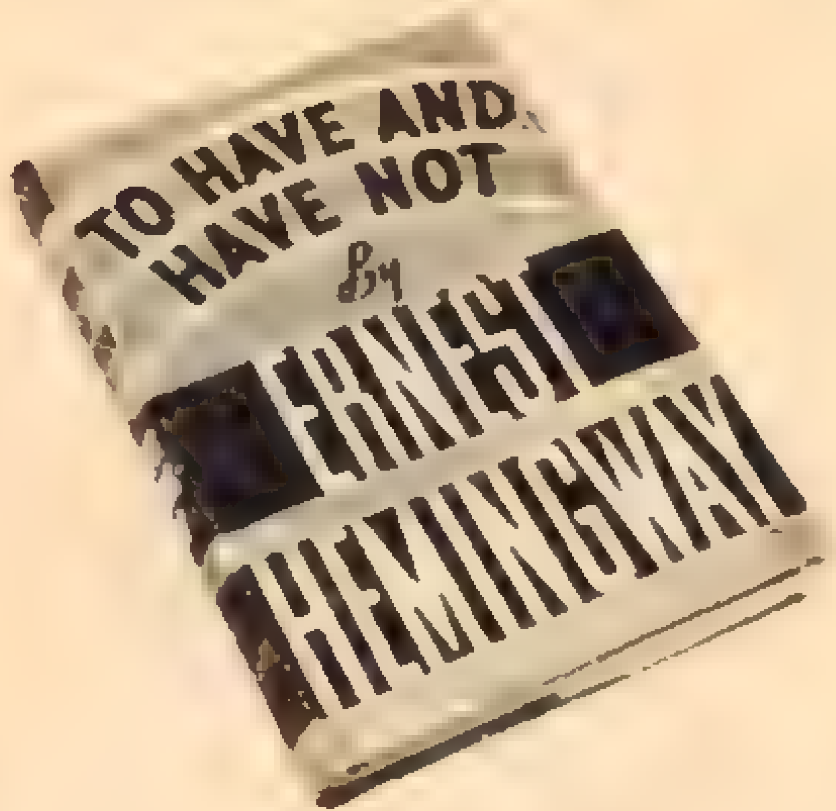
As a clue, think of what brings on off-key renditions of *Sweet Adeline.*



S

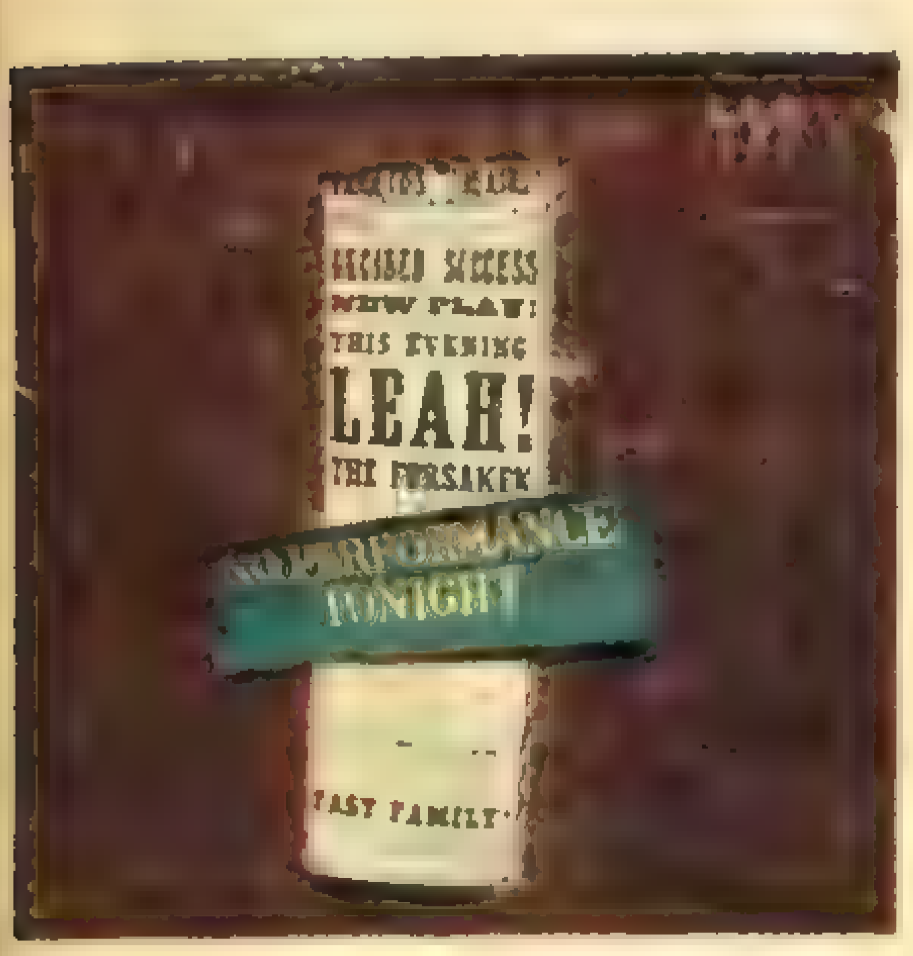




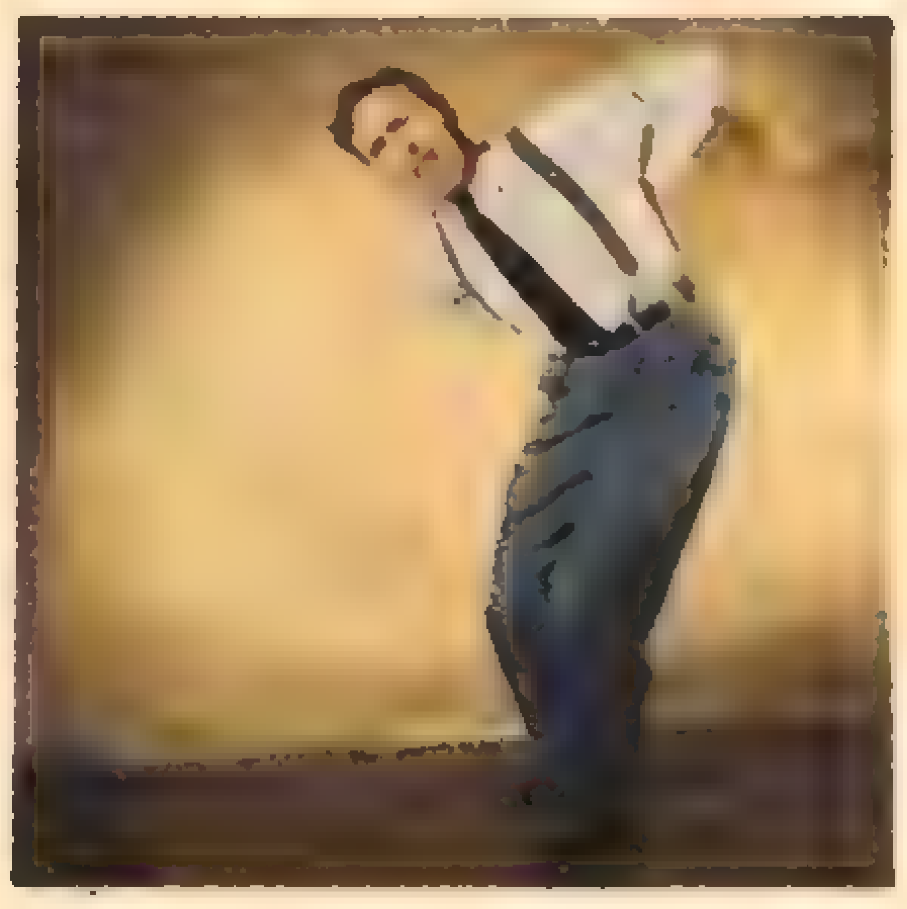

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT
By
ERNEST
HEMINGWAY

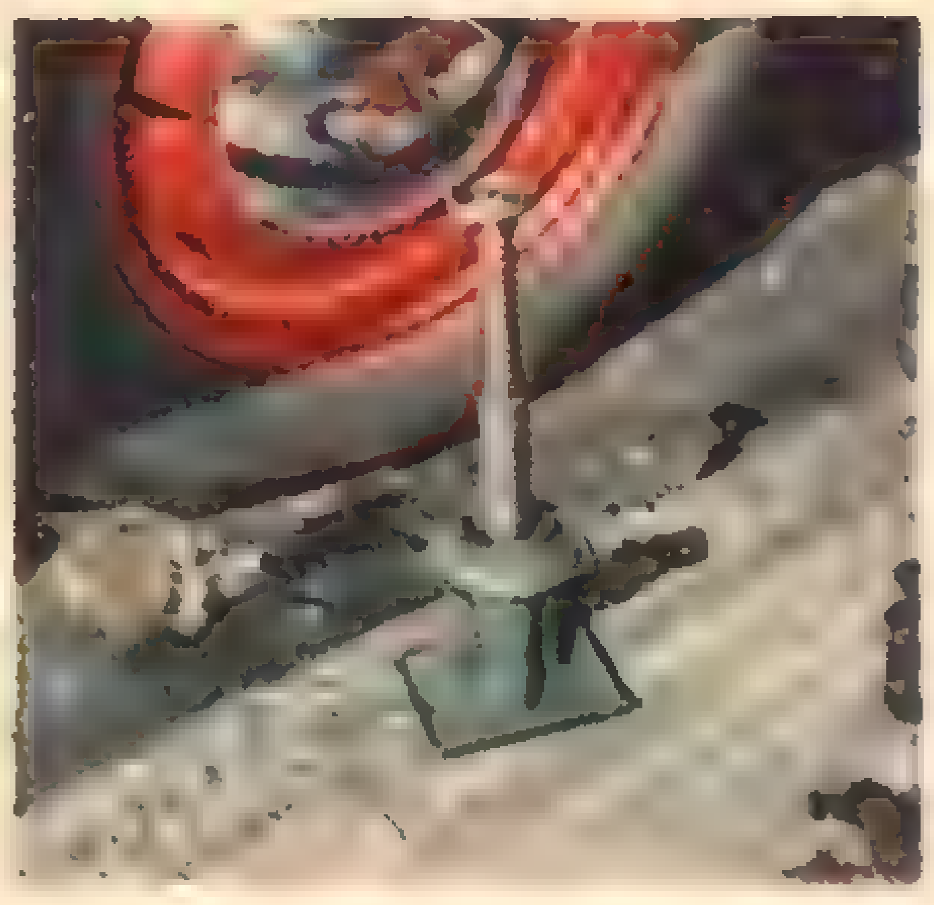
(accentuate the positive)

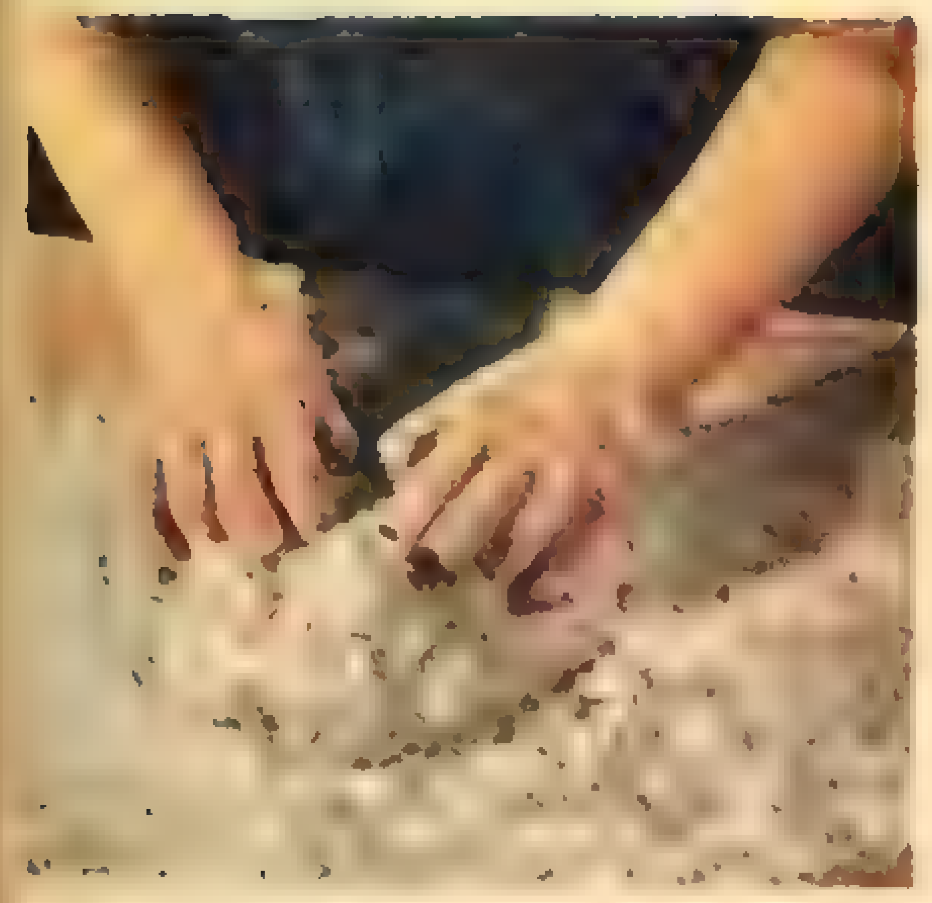
Those who think this is true, also think that "when a man marries, his troubles begin."

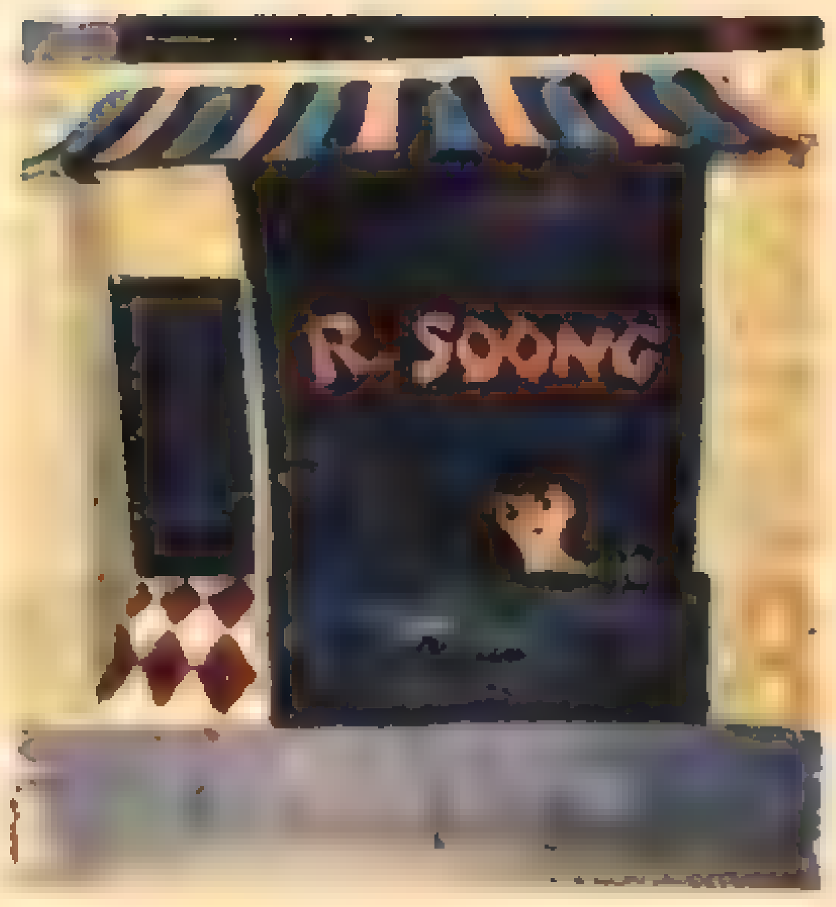

DECIDED SUCCESS
NEW PLAY:
THIS EVENING
LEAH!
THE FORSAKEN
NO PERFORMANCE TONIGHT
EAST FAMILY

M +

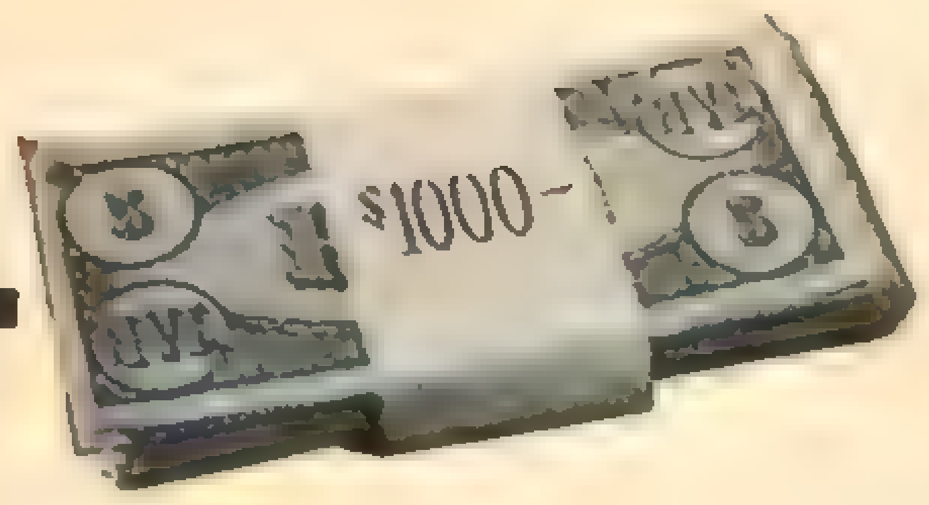


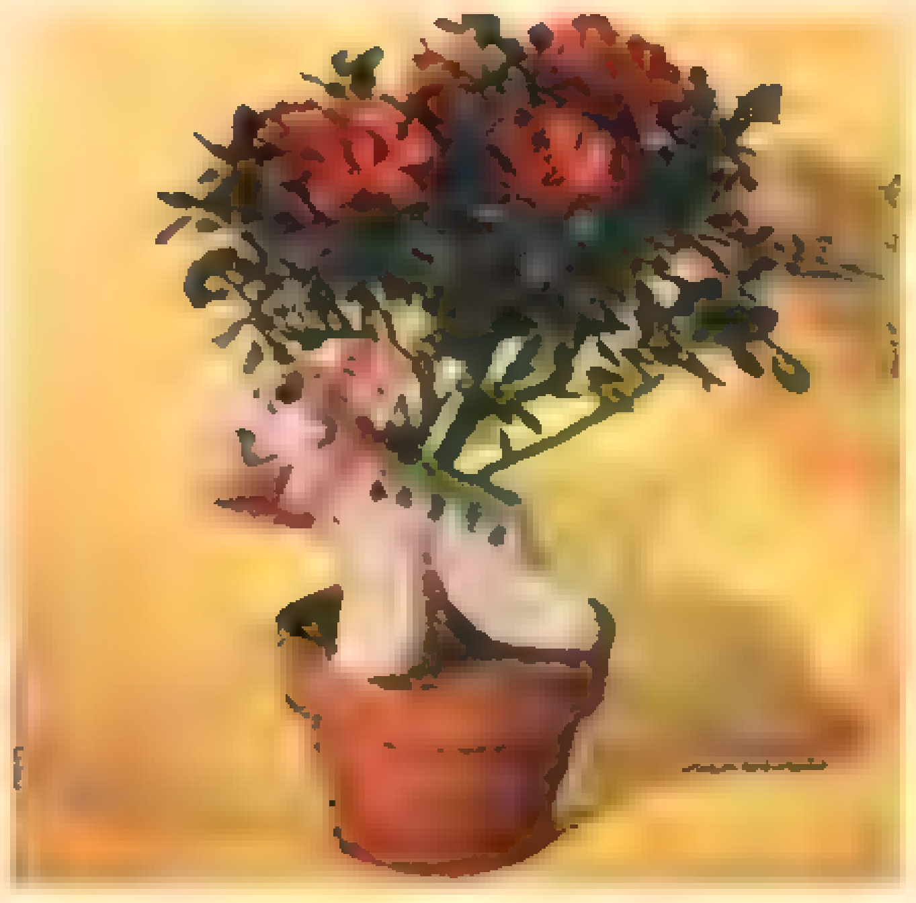


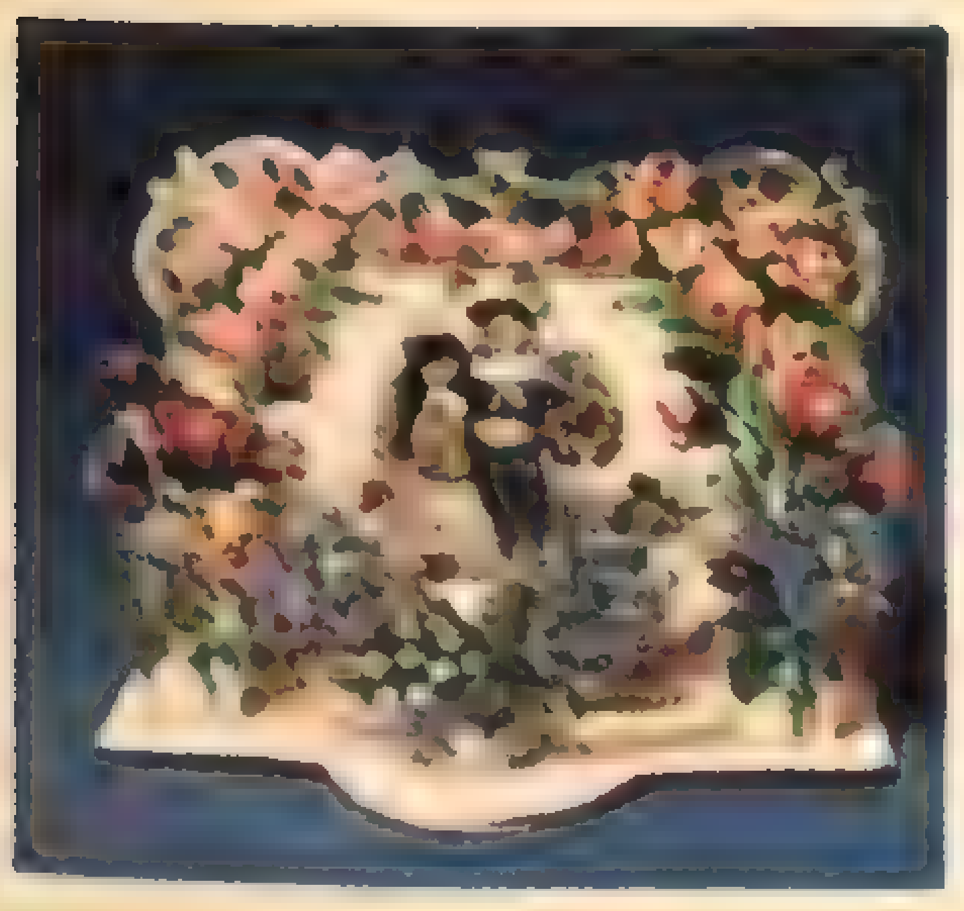


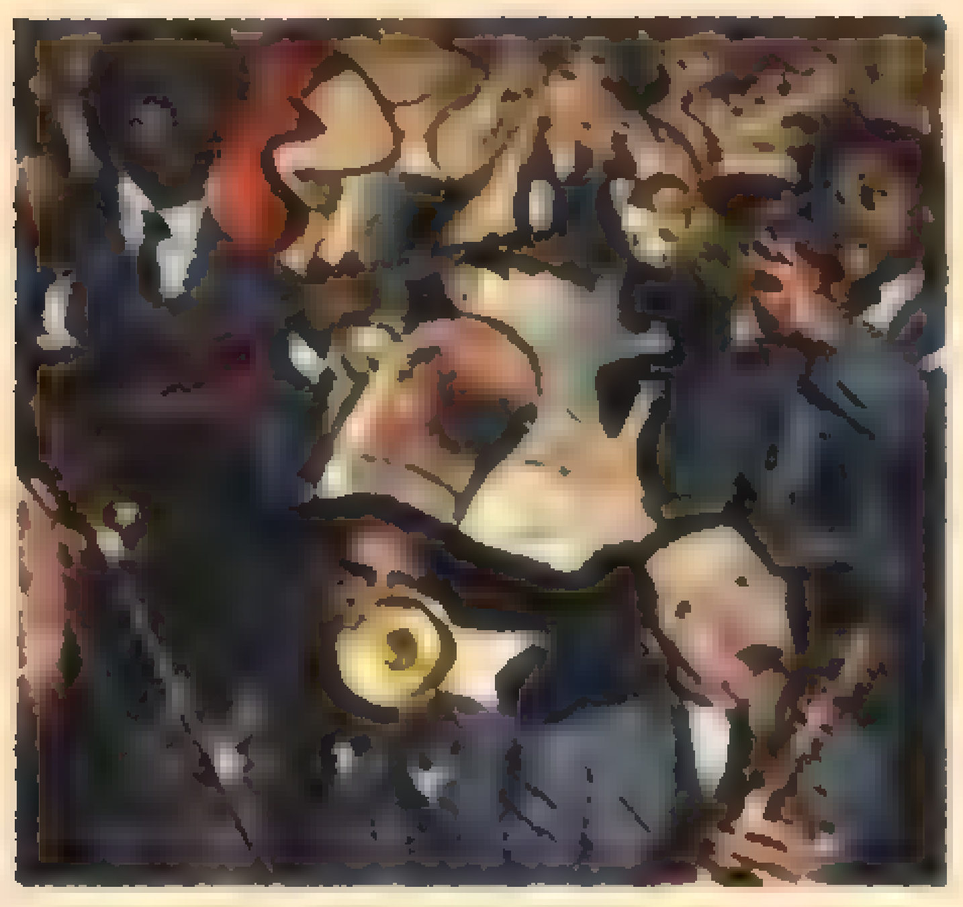


-

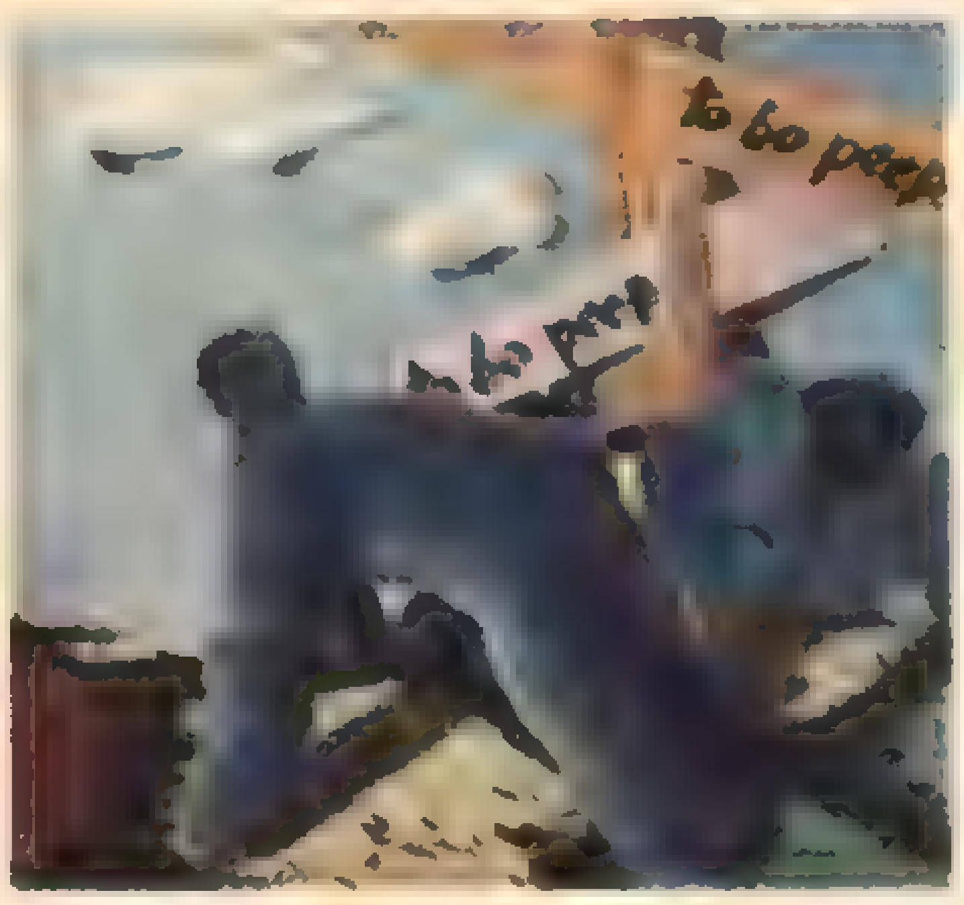




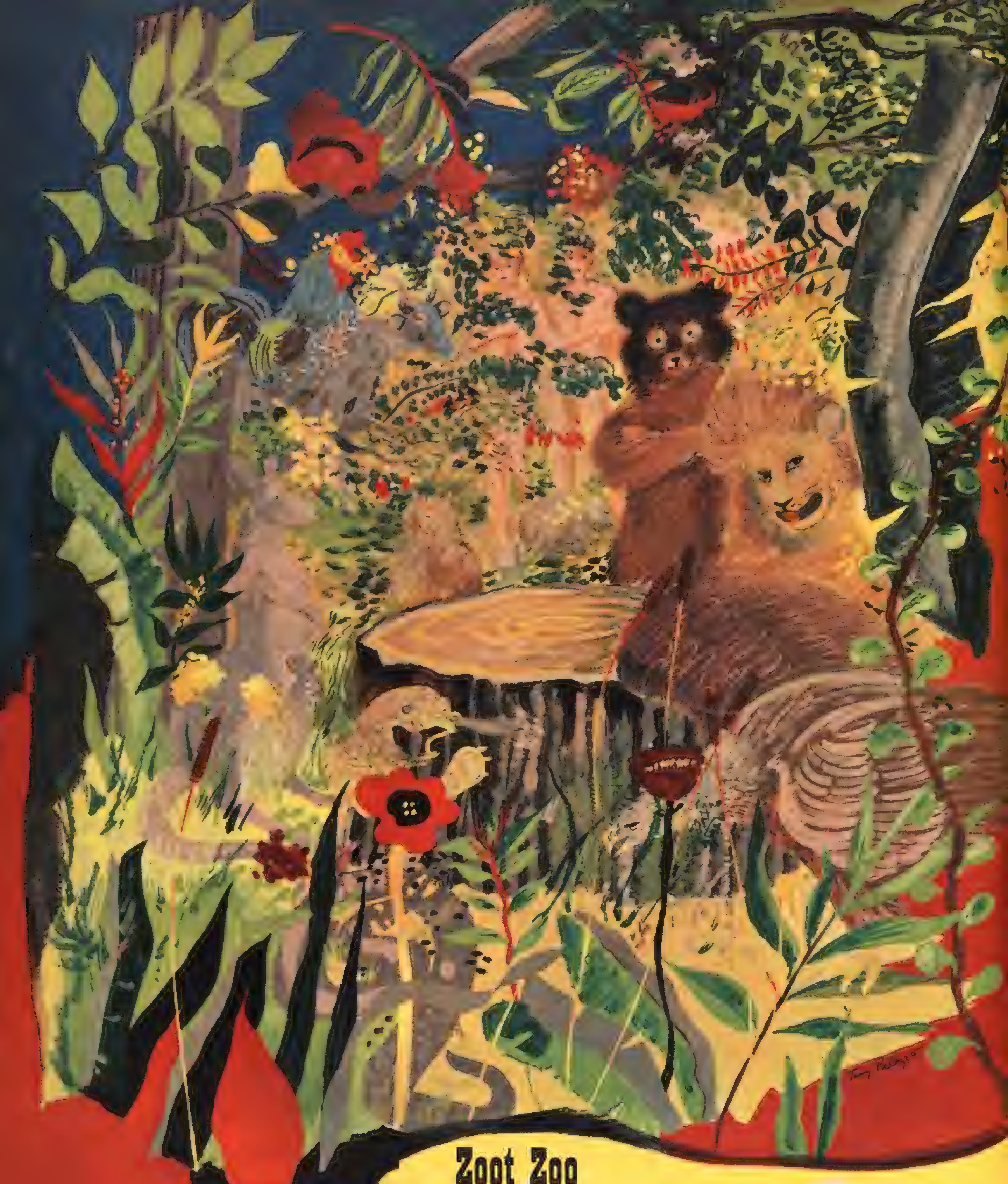




- B



He who laughs last probably didn't get the point. If you can't figure out the three proverbs, turn to the last page of this section for the answers.



Zoot Zoo

This jungle is jumping with 13 living creatures. (But no hepcats!) Each animal symbolizes a world nation. 1 point for each creature named, and 1 point for each country identified, making a total of 24 possible. 20 is good; 17, fair; 12 or less, poor. Answers are found on last page of this section.

Chimera

This wacky landscape is full of snares. The quiz below tests your vision—and your gullibility. No rulers, please, until you've checked your score on the last Game Book page. A score of 7, good; 5-6, fair; 4 or less, poor.

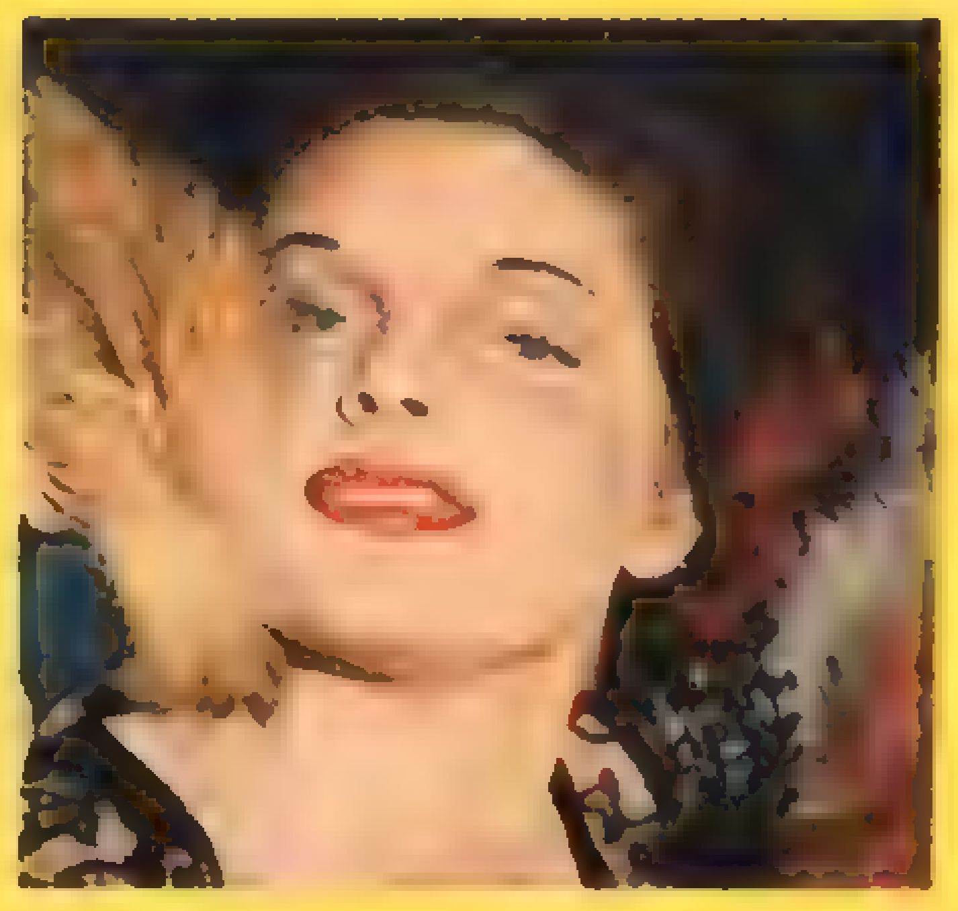
1. Which tree is taller (from base to fork of branches)? . . . 2. Is the blue or the orange circle larger? . . . 3. Which of the three girls is tallest? . . . 4. Which of the automobiles is larger? . . . 5. Are the tracks in the foreground parallel? . . . 6. Which scarf on the billboard is longer? . . . 7. On the *Chimera* signpost, is the vertical post or the horizontal bar longer? . . . 8. What does it say on the billboard? . . .

The Maizie Maze

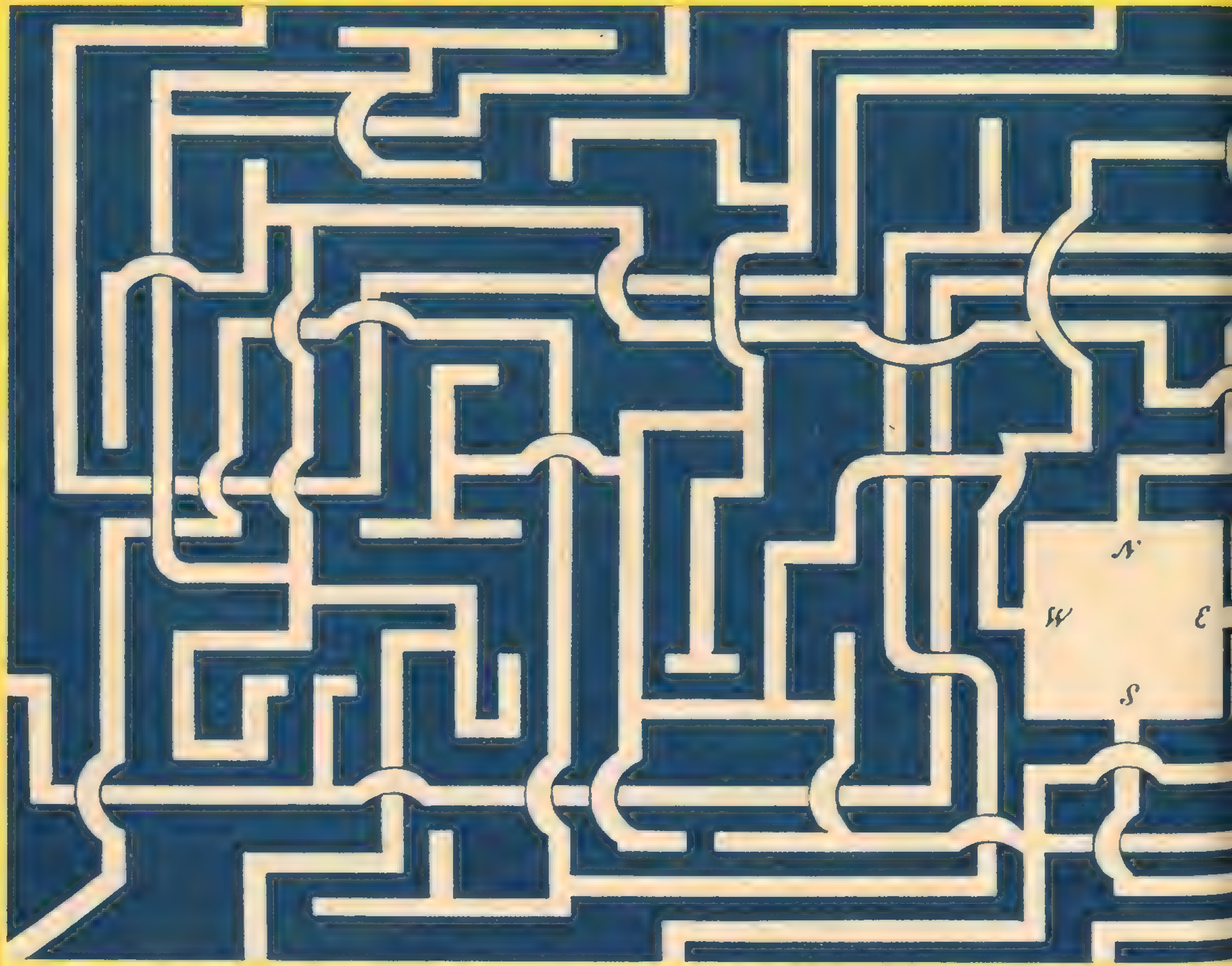
Pick one of the beautiful Maizies for your goal. Or, if you find it hard to make a choice, pick all eighteen paper dolls for a real work-maker-time-taker-brain-breaker game.

After choosing your goal girl, start at one of the entrances at center. Trace a path that you think will take you to the gal you've chosen. Curved sections are bridges. You may cross over or under a bridge. But no jumping from a bridge to another path, or vice versa. If trapped in a blind alley, you must retrace or you must start over. If you end up with a girl different from your choice, the run doesn't count. Beyond this, make up your own rules. You can time yourself on reaching several girls, or compete with other players. Scoring is a matter between you and your conscience. This is a test of your ingenuity and perseverance. It's tough, but don't get discouraged. The course of true love never did run smooth. You'll find some helpful clues on last page of this section.

Norma Richter


Jeanne Johnson

Joan McCracken



Virginia Mayo

Lizabeth Scott

Martha Vickers

Ava Gardner

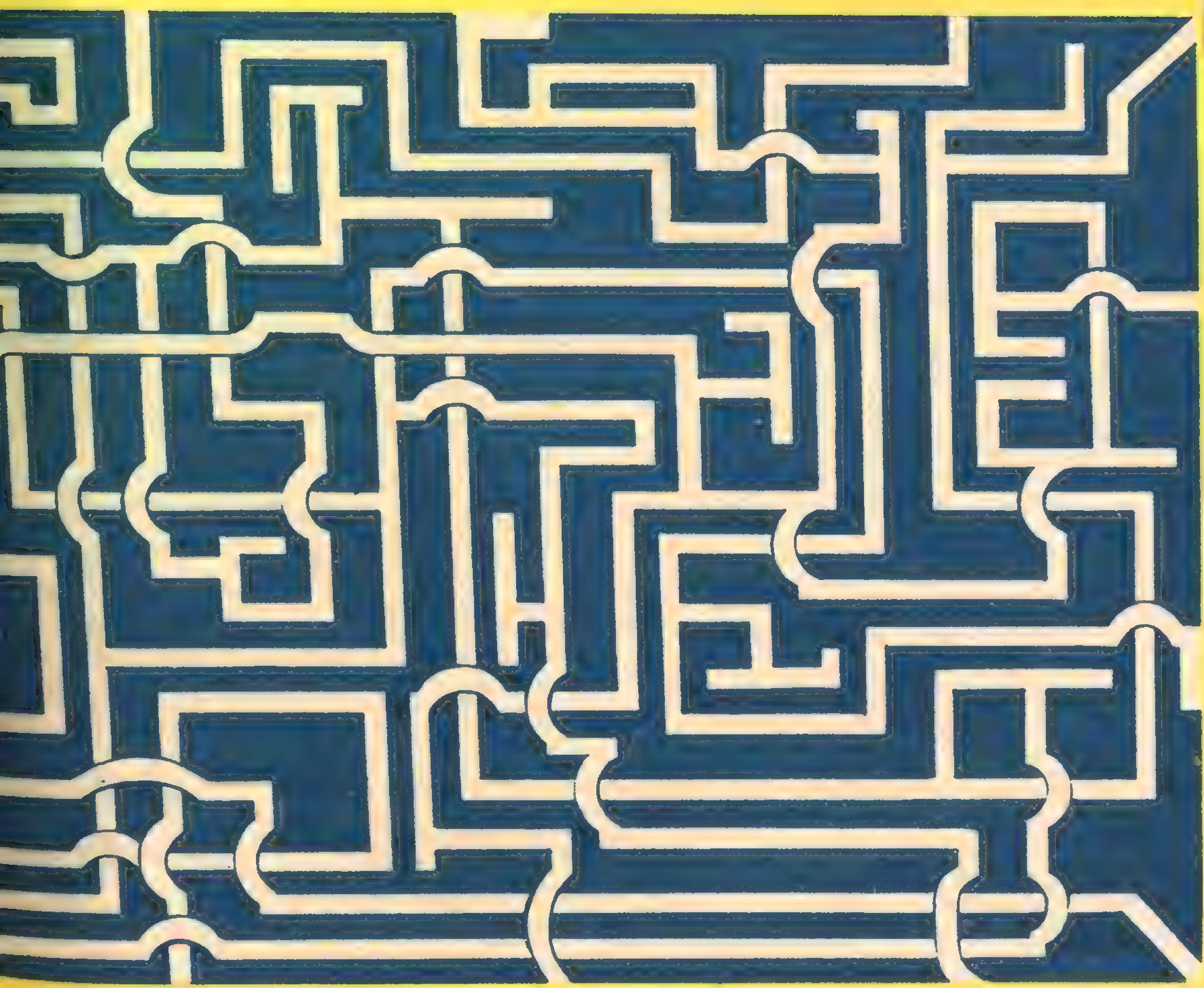
Ruth Warrick

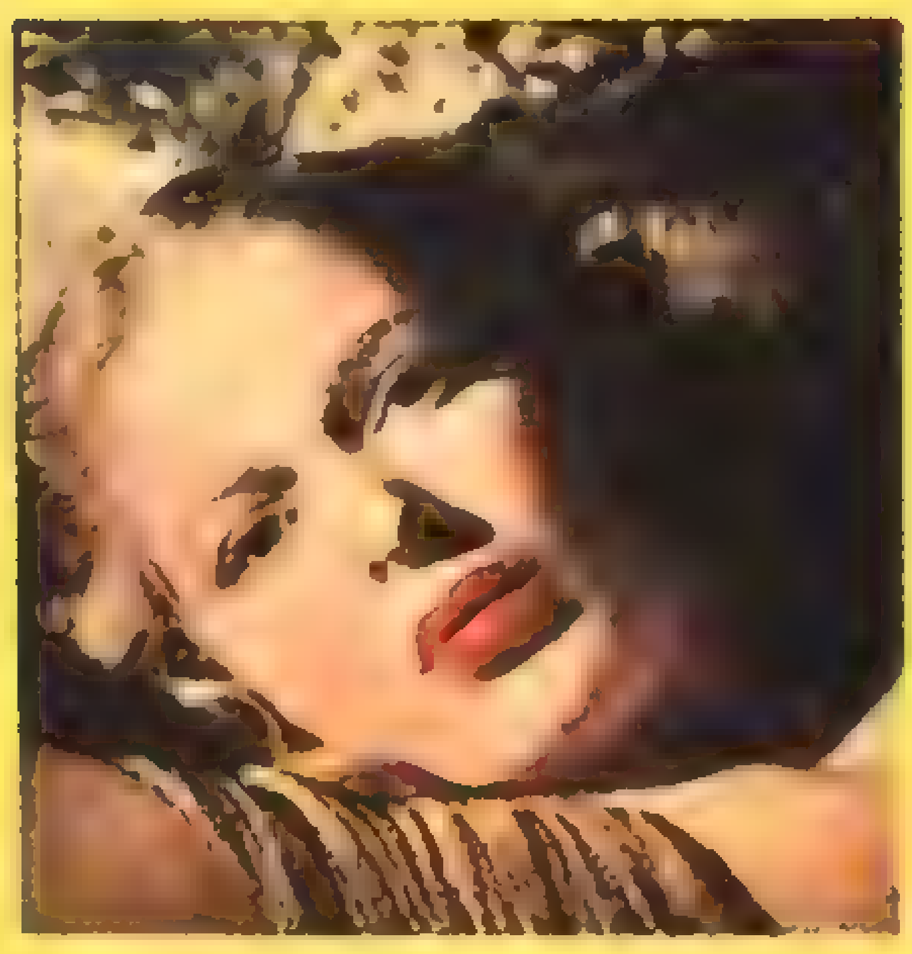
Cyd Charisse

Marguerite Chapman

Jane Greer

Gloria De Haven




Joan Lawrence

Colleen Mitchell

Lenore Aubert

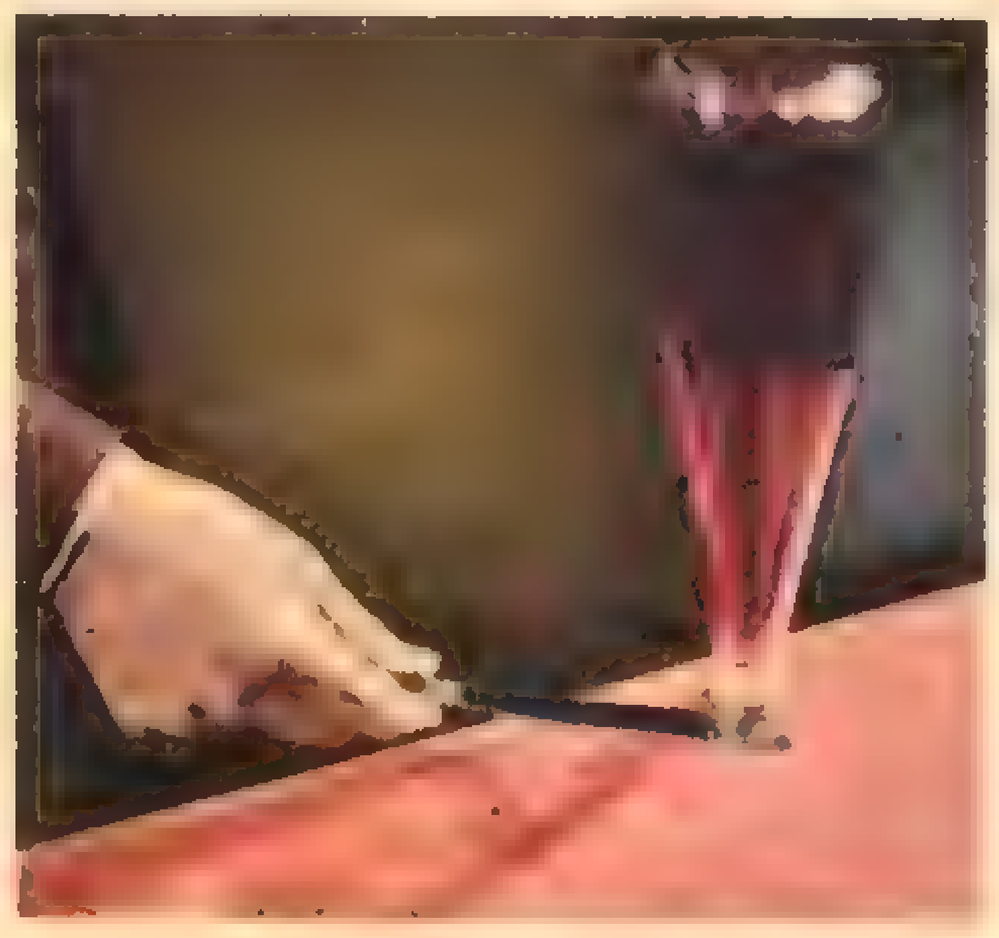
Leslie Brooks

Rhonda Fleming

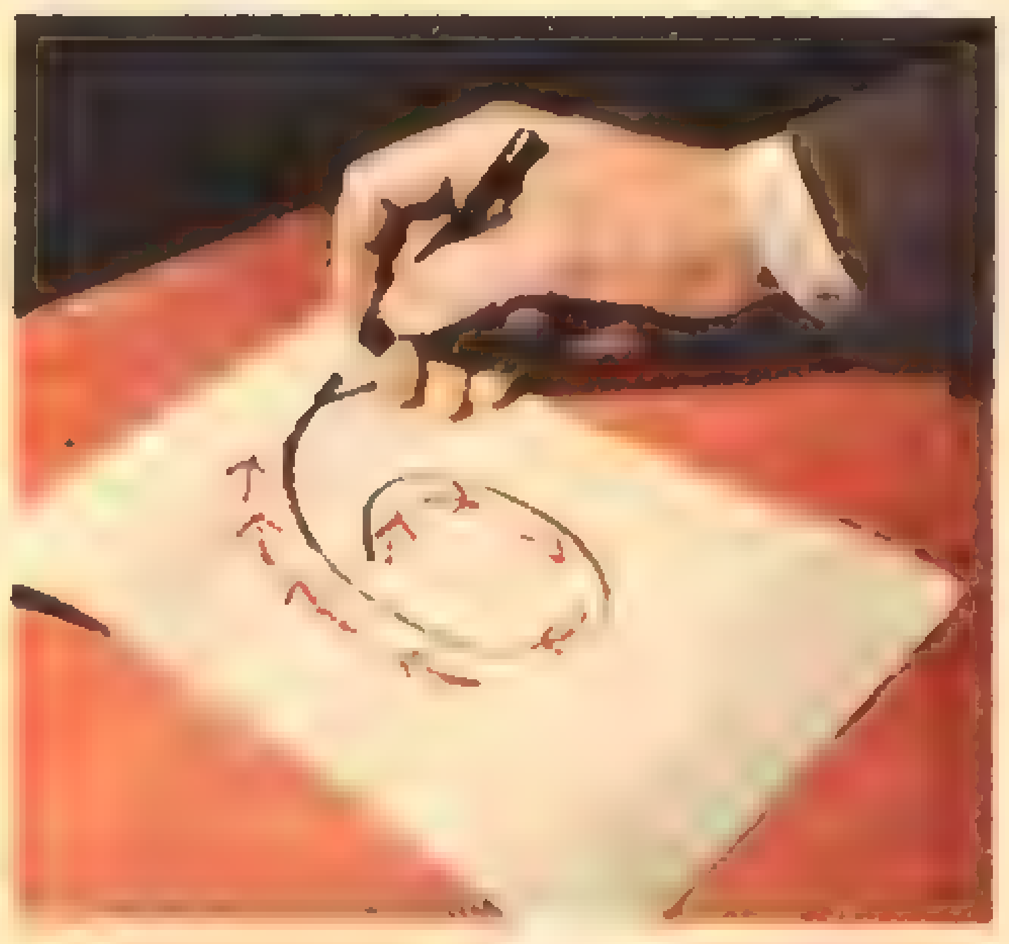
Julie Bishop

ANSWERS TO ESQUIRE'S GAME BOOK SECTION

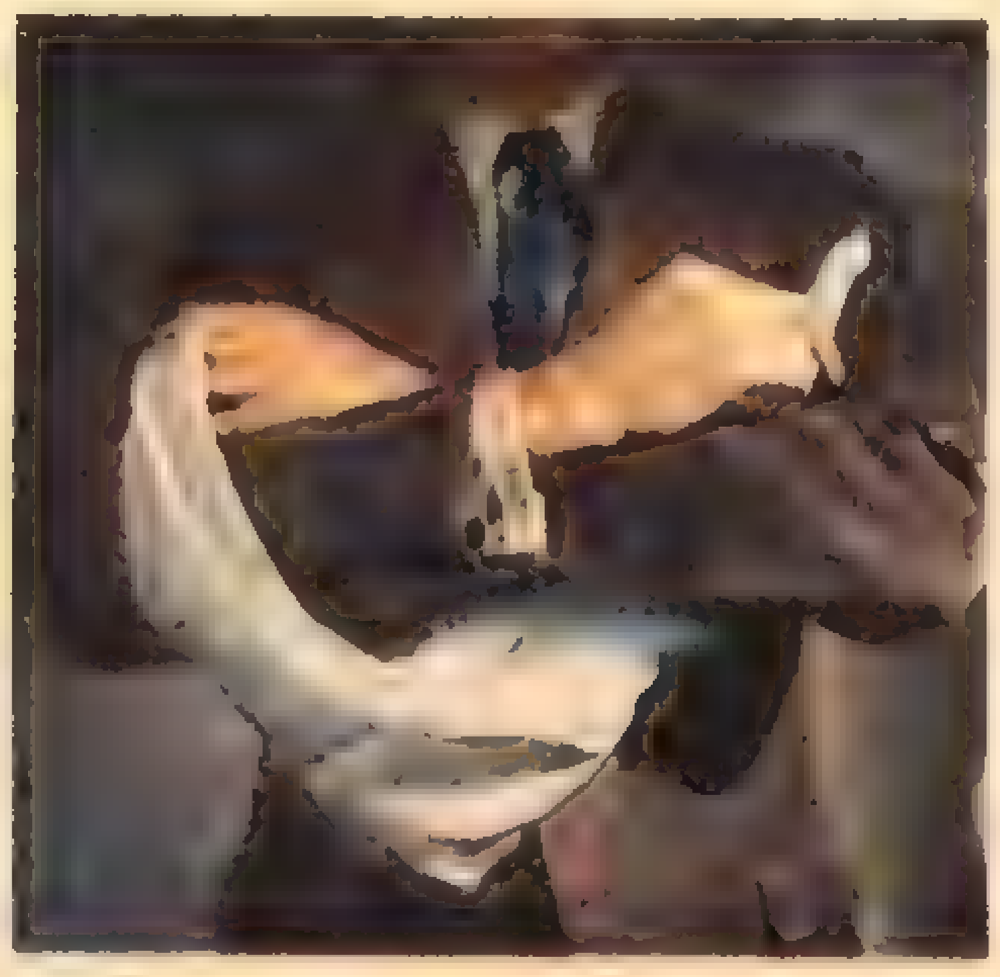
Abracadabra



1. With a table knife, strike the coin sharply but smoothly, and follow through. The bottle will stand.

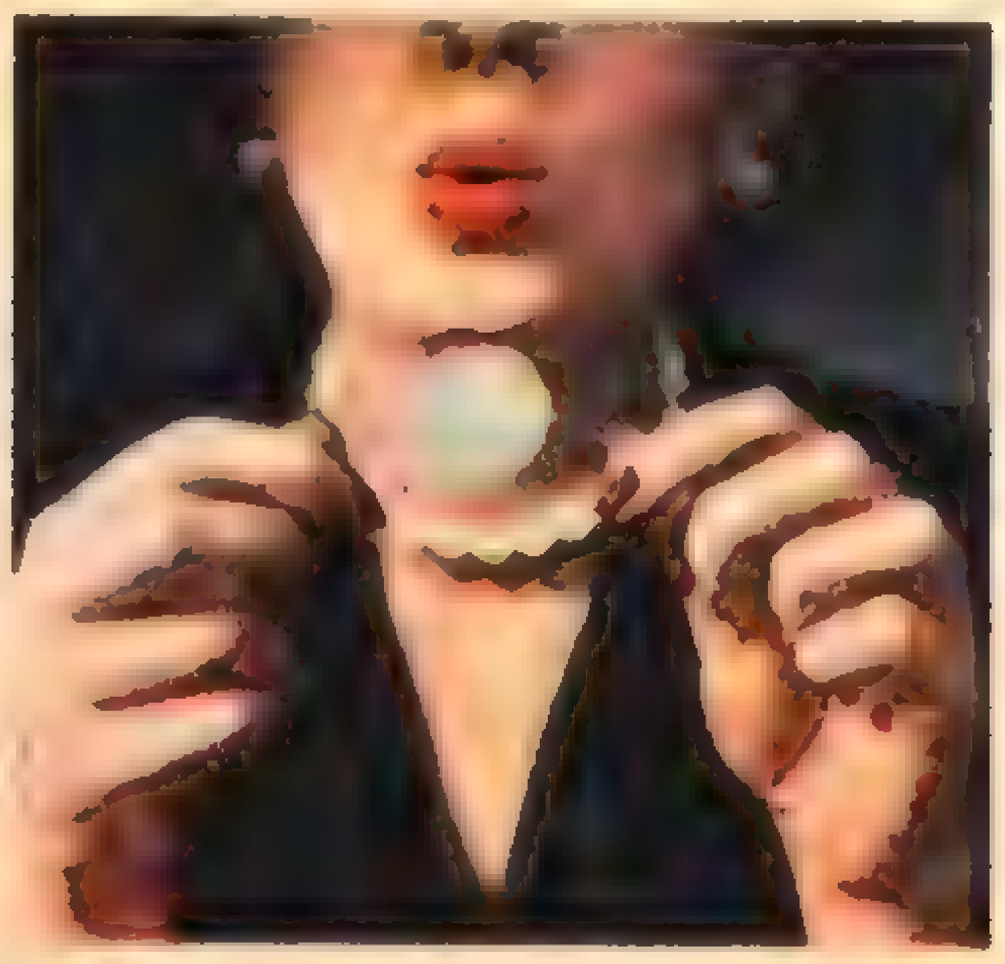


2. Start at the inner circle and draw the 6 in reverse, thus moving both hand and foot to clockwise.

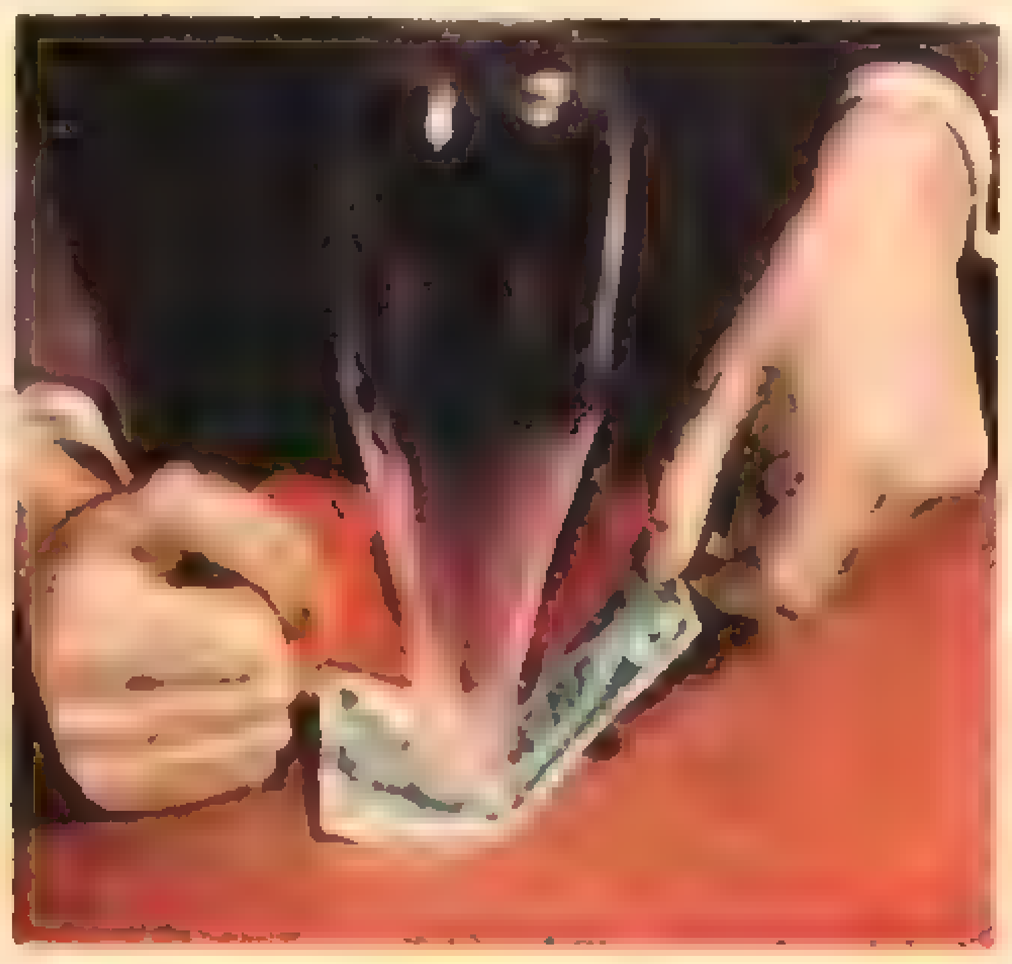


3. Fold your arms as shown above before grasping the corners. A knot will appear when you unfold arms.

4. Add the *top* surfaces of the dice and subtract total from 21. This will give you total of bottom dots.



5. Support coin between two pins. Blow on upper half and coin will spin as long as you have breath.



6. While pounding table with right fist, tug gently on bill with left. The bottle will "hop off" the bill.

7. Right, give the egg a good spin with your fingers and then bring it to a brief but dead stop by a light touch of your palm. The egg will start spinning again "under its own power" because of the centrifugal force of its contents.

Words of Witsdom

1. ALL (*ball-B*) WORK (*men working*) AND (&) NO PLAY (*no performance*) MAKES (*M-aches*) JACK (*automobile jack*).

2. A FOOL (*dunce*) AND (*hand-H*) HIS MONEY (*dough*) ARE SOON (*R. Soong-G*) POTTED (*potted plant*).

3. 'TIS (*t-eye-s*) BETTER (*bettor*) TO HAVE (*positive half of book title*) LOVED (*valentine*) AND (*band-B*) LOST (*sheep looking for Bo-peep*).

The Maizie Maze

East entrance leads to Jeanne Johnson, Martha Vickers, Joan Lawrence, Rhonda Fleming and Marguerite Chapman.

West entrance takes you to Ava Gardner, Leslie Brooks, Lenore Aubert, Joan McCracken and Jane Greer.

North gateway will lead to Cyd Charisse, Gloria De Haven, Ruth Warrick and Lizabeth Scott.

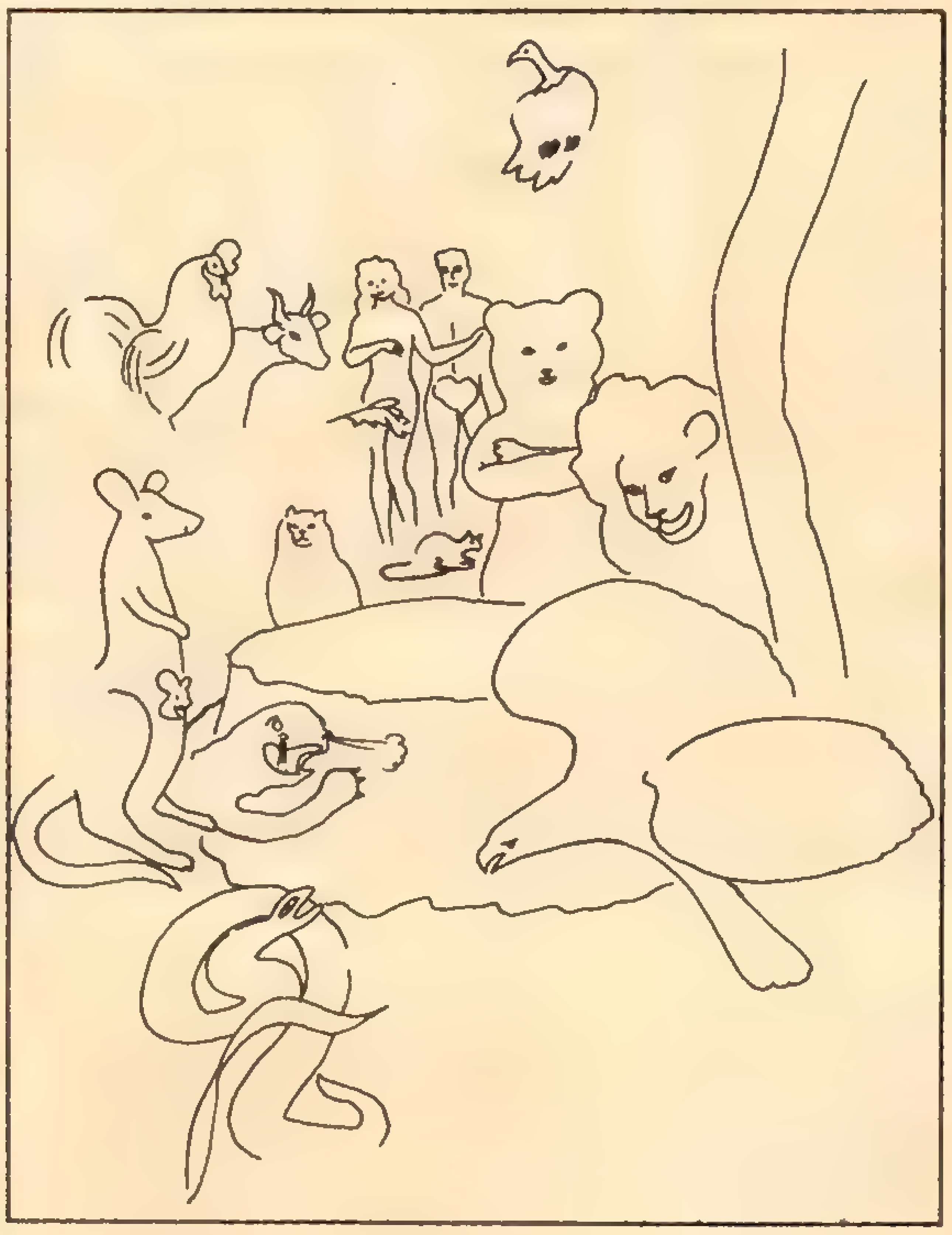
South entrance can only take you to Norma Richter, Virginia Mayo, Colleen Mitchell and Julie Bishop.

Chimera

As you no doubt guessed, most of the problems are optical illusions. But not all. Here are the answers: 1. Trees are same. 2. Orange is larger. 3. Girls are same. 4. Autos are same. 5. Tracks are parallel. 6. Scarfs are same length. 7. Vertical. 8. *Hi! Sherlock.* Tilt page away from you to read.

Zoot Zoo

Man and woman are Adam and Eve. The animals and the countries they represent are: Kangaroo, Australia; Beaver, Canada; Dragon, China; Lion, England; Rooster, France; Vulture, Germany; Sacred Cow, India; Snake, Japan; Persian Cat, Persia; Bear, Russia; Eagle, United States.



Many M.D.'s, and even a horse doctor, have helped star athletes overcome severe injuries

The Real Miracle Men of Sports

by BILL STERN

MIRACLE! That's a word I've used many times in sports broadcasts to characterize some amazing feat performed by an athlete. But the real miracles of sport are the ones that enable great athletes to remain great, or those which make possible the recognition of potentially great athletes. These miracles are brought about by doctors.

It wasn't so long ago that Craig Wood was always finishing up among the first three men in most golf tournaments, but somehow he could never take top honors. Then when he was forty years old and making his last supreme try, he sprained his back badly. That's when the doctors stepped in. The doctors prescribed a certain type of brace for his back, and while wearing that brace Wood won the National Open!

Frank Sinkwich of Georgia became All-American halfback his junior year while wearing a chin guard that protected his broken jaw. In baseball, one of the best hitters in the game was big Johnny Mize of the Cardinals and Giants. While still in the minors Mize hurt his knee. The Cincinnati Reds had been eyeing him, but that knee injury scared them away. Dr. Hyland, baseball's best-known surgeon, operated on Johnny's knee and a few seasons later he was the outstanding hitter in the National League.

One of the most interesting cases in the history of tennis was that of R. Norris Williams. During the great sea catastrophe, the sinking of the *Titanic*, he swam for hours in a freezing ocean, but he lived. However, his right foot was frozen. For a time, amputation was considered necessary, but a most amazing bit of medical treatment saved the foot. What's more, that very year he reached the finals in the U. S. National Tennis Championships!

On May 9th, 1936, there occurred one of the strangest phenomena in sports history. A jockey by the name of Ralph Neeves was killed in the third race at Bay Meadows near Frisco when his horse tripped. At least, that's what the sports extra of the San Francisco papers said—JOCKEY RALPH NEEVES PRONOUNCED DEAD. But the following day, the same papers carried this headline on their sports pages: RALPH NEEVES WINS LAST RACE AT BAY MEADOWS. What happened? What story was behind the conflicting headlines?

Neeves was up on a horse named Fannikins, a six-to-one shot. Only a few seconds after the cry, "They're off!" he guided his mount into third position. As the horses rounded the first turn, Neeves saw his chance and took it. Then it happened. On the last turn Fannikins tripped. Neeves was thrown and fell down under the flying feet.

Many minutes later he was still unconscious when a white-garbed doctor with a grim expression stepped out of an emergency ambulance that careened onto the track. The doctor made a quick examination to determine just what bones were broken in order to instruct stretcher-bearers how to lift Neeves and carry him to the track's first-aid room.

Once in the infirmary, the physician made a more detailed examination of the jockey who lay there, his eyes closed, completely still. The doctor felt the pulse; then leaned forward a bit, his eyes narrowed as he listened intently through his stethoscope. Neeves had no respiration. Desperately the doctor quickly administered a strong drug.

Finally the physician slowly said: "He's dead."

At that instant a miracle occurred. The doctor noticed it first—a slight movement. Hastily he felt for the pulse; and *this* time it was there!

To this day no one has been able to say definitely what brought Ralph Neeves back to life. However, it is sports history that in an hour he was sitting up and to everyone's surprise an examination showed that he had suffered only a broken arm. And then, absolutely against all doctor's orders, he returned to riding the very next afternoon, and brought home a horse named Jannette K to win the last race of the day.

For twelve years, from 1920 to 1932, one of the greatest ice skaters in the world was Everett McGowan. During the twelve years he held every world title from five hundred meters to fifteen hundred meters.

One day in 1932 he felt a painful stiffness in his right side. The next day that condition had extended from his side all the way up to his neck. At the end of two weeks his whole right side was paralyzed.

Many doctors were consulted, but one after another gave up, saying: "I don't know the cause of this type of paralysis."

One day he was reading a newspaper. Suddenly his fingers tightened.

Strangely the item he was interested in was about a horse trainer named Ralph Cressler. The paper said that Cressler had amazed the medical profession by refusing to destroy his horse after it had sustained a broken back. Cressler had not only refused to destroy the horse, but had nursed the animal back to health.

McGowan at once decided to go to see Cressler. He explained to the horse trainer just what his trouble was and how it had started. Cressler examined McGowan's back and then said: "Sir, I'm not a doctor, and can only go by what knowledge I have of horses. Whatever I prescribe may not be right and it may not even be safe."

"Go ahead," McGowan urged. "I'm willing to try anything. The doctors have given me up. I'll do anything you say."

There was a moment of silence.

Then Cressler drew a long breath, and said: "This is probably the most radical treatment ever prescribed for a paralyzed man, but I think it *might* cure your condition. I propose to break your back!"

"What!" McGowan screamed.

"Yes," Cressler continued, "I think it might work. I believe your back is paralyzed because there is no circulation around the vertebrae—apparently calcium has concen-

(*Continued on page 308*)

Bill O'Malley

Meet Abe Shortfellow, best unknown poet of our day, and the Squeezer who learned his profession by way of piano lessons

WEITHAS

Crime and Poetry

by PETER HELMERS

ABE SHORTFELLOW, best unknown poet of our time, lifted the receiver and dialed with an undernourished, trembling finger. For a time he listened to absolutely nothing, while dark, depressing thoughts multiplied like rabbits inside his brain. Suddenly a high-pitched voice of a girl said:

"Your line is disconnected, sir. Do you want to speak to the supervisor?"

Resigned to his gloomy fate, the poet put the receiver back again. No supervisor could help him. He knew that. No one could help him any more. Perhaps a miracle could. "But I am only a very average citizen," reasoned the worn-out Mr. Shortfellow, "and miracles don't happen to average citizens! Yes, if I were Moses, the ocean of my debts might part and leave me a safe path of escape!"

Consoling himself with the thought that being Moses wouldn't make him such a hit with our Twentieth Century society, he felt a bit better. Fingering the last nickel in his pocket, he left his apartment and went across the street and into a drugstore, to call the man who was probably his last friend, Josef Rubbish, Insurance and Investments.

Because an empty stomach is the mother of philosophy, Abe's poetic mind gave birth to a child. Critical critics might call it a premature baby. While he dropped the nickel into the phone, he mumbled,

Democracy was sent to hell
By Alexander Graham Bell.
Before he gave us his invention
Everyone was free to mention
Whatever it pleased him to say.
Since then, the world looks very grey
And everything is fickle.
Before telling a guy to chase himself
One has to pay a nickel!

"Hello, Joe, this is Abe. How are—"

"Sorry, old man," interrupted Mr. Rubbish, "but right now I am not able to—"

"But, Joe, it's not money I want. All I ask is advice!"

"Advice? Why with pleasure, Abe. After all, we are friends, aren't we? What is it, Abe?" Mr. Rubbish asked in a most fatherly tone.

"I'd be much obliged if you could tell me what one can commit suicide with. I mean a cheap way, something I am able to afford."

"No one can have something for nothing! How much could you invest?" Joe asked, businesslike.

"That's just it, Joe, I have nothing to invest any more."

"What about gas? You don't have to pay in advance."

"They cut it off three weeks ago," Abe informed Joe with considerable emotion.

After some moments of suspense, Mr. Rubbish said, "All right, Abe. I'll let you in on a trade secret. But for heaven's sake don't tell anybody! There is a way out which will not cost you a cent!"

"There is?" asked Abe excitedly.

"Yes, stop breathing!"

"You mean—"

"I mean hold your breath indefinitely!"

"Joe!" cried Abe, overcome by the magnitude of the idea, "Joe! You are a genius! Why everybody can afford that. Even the most underprivileged! It's wonderful!"

"Remember I told you this as a friend!" Mr. Rubbish remarked nervously. "It's strictly confidential! After all, my business is Insurance. If a thing like this leaks out, it could break Lloyds of London! Keep it under your last breath!"

"I will, Joe, I will! Thanks a million! I wish I could show you my appreciation in some small way."

"Forget it, Abe. What would the world come to, if we wouldn't help our friends?" Mr. Rubbish said in the voice of a successful missionary.

When night came, which was one sure event Abe could infallibly count upon, he lay in his bed. After excusing himself with a humble prayer for what he was attempting to do, and putting all the blame, like a gentleman, upon himself, he took a deep breath and held it. In his mind he counted up to forty-five and then he gasped for air. "Very discouraging!" he thought, "not even the simple things are simple." With the next attempt he reached fifty-five. Though he had to snap for breath again, he realized he had made progress. Again he tried. This time a coughing spell broke his count at twenty-eight. "I am a total failure," he whispered into the night. "During my life I couldn't hold a job, and now I can't even hold my breath. It's hopeless!"

It was now midnight. There was no church bell ringing solemnly from afar, but at least there was a moon, sending some yellowish rays through the window. This did everything but make Abe feel more cozy. Looking at the moon makes one think, among other things, of the moon. Therefore Abe thought, "What's the moon good for anyway? Only for mystery stories and lovers.—Lovers?" And this made hm question himself as to why he could never find a wife. "Maybe because—" At that instance he was nimbly kissed by an inexperienced muse.

The trouble is
You want to kiss
The little Miss
You dream about.
And so you lose
The pretty goose
Who lives next door.
No score!

"This is no masterpiece," he thought. "Lose and goose don't rhyme so well. But why not? It's poetic freedom. That's it! Freedom!" But now his confused mind was running excitedly and fast, approximately nowhere. "Freedom! That's what

DAILY TRIBUNE
CITY EDITOR

we are fighting for! Fighting, so that the next generation may have a glorious time! Strange," he mused on, "for generations they have always been fighting for the next generation. It would be a colossal idea if we would fight so that our own generation may profit from it! But that might solve the whole problem and what do people do without a problem? They get bored. And when people get bored they begin to hate each other. And when people hate each other they build rocket bombs instead of automobiles. And without an automobile it's hard to interest a girl in love nowadays. But what would the world be without love? Just another planet without any trace of a moving picture industry. On the other hand, is love so desirable?" Which reminded Abe of one of his greatest poems. He wrote it about a friend who fell in love, and as a result was still suffering from amnesia Gravely he recited it squarely into the moonbeams.

He studied ancient history,
Ontology, psychology.
As professor of philosophy,
Economy, astronomy,
He was an intellectual cinch.
But one night he got into a clinch
With a dame of doubtful fame
Who made him forget everything,
Even his own name. What a shame!

HURRELL

Ho for the Virgin Islands

Happy the opportunist who combines business with flying over the cobalt sea to such pleasant ports as St. Thomas, Port of Spain and Demerara. Boarding the Pan American Clipper at La Guardia field, this willing traveler wears a brown herringbone topcoat with roomy raglan sleeves. It has comfortable, easy lines, and won't show wrinkles. His rough-finish felt hat is worn with the raw-edge brim turned down all around; his gloves are a sturdy hand-stitched pigskin. Accessories for his worsted suit are a vertical-plaid-patterned foulard tie and striped broadcloth shirt. His luggage, held by the porter at right, matching the brief-case he carries, is of boylastic, a wartime-developed thin fabric which is coated with plastic. This gear can absorb hard knocks and is still light enough for airway weight requirements.

After this, Abe confessed to himself that he was doing nothing but stalling for time. He was a coward! During the next course of taking a deep breath, which he sincerely and cordially hoped would be his last, he heard a scratching noise, coming from the vicinity of the door. Motionless he stared in that direction. Was his overheated mind playing him a trick? The door handle was moving up and down. "A burglar!" It raced through his mind, "Maybe a murderer! Oh, dear Fate, let it be a murderer! A professional would know what to do and how, and save me from all my troubles!"

Lying very still, Abe glanced hopefully toward the door. It opened slowly. A man entered cautiously. His appearance was disappointing to Abe. Well dressed, he was not over five feet four, very skinny, baldheaded, and crowning a thin nose was a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. As a whole he looked anemic. Though he held a large pistol in his hand, Abe was doubtful if the little man could muster enough strength to pull the trigger.

Nevertheless, he closed his eyes optimistically and tightly and waited impatiently for the detonation, which would put a final period to his personal biography.

Nothing of that kind happened. He heard the man going through his drawers and closet and then, it seemed to Abe, the late visitor was making a thorough inspection of his suit which hung on a chair next to his bed. The refreshing odor of Eau de Cologne drifted into Abe's nostrils. With bitterness he thought of the men who preach that crime doesn't pay. "Nothing but lies," he thought, "misinformation of the public!" Suddenly he heard departing footsteps. "Oh no! He can't do that to me!"

Abe Shortfellow, being a poet and the owner of considerable shares of that global cartel, generally advertised under the name of Life, had a strong sense for the drama. Therefore he stood up in his bed and tearing the top of his fading pajamas from his chest, and standing there like a misunderstood spy in front of a firing squad, he closed his eyes and commanded in a roaring voice, "SHOOT!" Motionless and erect as a statue, and with the pale moonlight on him, he was a rare sight for people who know how to appreciate the more refined things in life.

At the unhealthy sound of Abe's voice, the burglar had swung around. Judging by the expression on his face, he was, at this moment, the most flabbergasted, surprised and astonished criminal, war or otherwise, among all the criminals on this our dear globe.

Persuaded by the typical curiosity of most criminals, he switched on the light. With a voice full of interest and culture, he asked politely, "Anything wrong? Don't you feel well?"

Abe stared at him with the expression of a suffering saint.

"Why don't you shoot me? Why do you let me wait? My whole life long I've spent waiting. Waiting for the mailman. Waiting for a publisher. Waiting for success. Waiting for better times. Waiting, waiting, waiting! I am sick of waiting! Now go ahead and shoot!"

With the dull, but understanding look of a social worker, the intruder pulled up a chair and sat down.

"I'm sorry, but I can't oblige you," he said in his quiet, agreeable voice. "There wouldn't be any sense to it."

"You mean you are not a murderer?" Abe felt as if he had received another rejection slip.

With the proud air of the successful the burglar replied, "I am not ashamed to admit that I am. My great-grandfather did errands for the Dalton brothers and passed his learnings to my grandfather and he, because of this, was able to give my own father a better education. He became one of the most successful eliminators in the Dillinger gang. Unfortunately he died, shall I say from too much electricity? I will always think highly of him and hope to honor his memory by accomplishing, one day, the perfect crime."

"I wish I had half as much ambition left as you," remarked Abe with a sigh.

"I admit that I am especially ambitious," the murderer continued, trying to control a neurotic twitch in the left corner of his mouth. "Without intending to brag, I've already reached the point where I only eliminate my clients if absolutely necessary and never for less than three hundred dollars. Cash, of course."

"I see," said Abe in a small voice, "you won't kill me because I am broke. It doesn't surprise me. No one wants to have anything to do with people who are broke."

"I regret your financial disaster," remarked the murderer, "but I wouldn't have shot you anyway. I carry this gun only to impress my clients. I can't bear the sight of blood. I never could. My father realized this when I was a child and insisted I should study music."

"Am I tired, or did I understand you to say music?"

"Classical music, of course. With preference to Richard Wagner. He's the most inspiring. Just recall what he did to Hitler. Now please don't misunderstand, we criminals detested Hitler as much as as any other profession did. We never had, nor will have, any racial or religious prejudices!"

"I am glad to hear that." Abe tried to produce something like a polite smile. "But I still don't understand what your music lessons had to do with your aversion for blood."

"I studied the piano, of course."

"Did you say, of course?"

"Of course! It's like this," explained the young murderer, overjoyed to have found such an interested listener. "The piano strengthens the muscles of your fingers. But that wasn't enough. In addition my father taught me the Two Finger Squeeze."

"That was thoughtful of him," remarked Abe dryly; "what is it?"

"You squeeze with two fingers slightly below the larynx and in no time the victim is strangled. It's absolutely bloodless. Of course, you have to know where to squeeze and you have to have strong fingers. And that is where the piano comes in. See?" The murderer gazed absentmindedly at his fingers.

"I'm certain," the poet remarked with (*Continued on page 256*)

Directing repertory theatres to some plays that deserve greater audiences

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ACT 5
SCENE I
ACKERMAN

Every now and then the mails bring in from one ambitious group or another a flamboyant prospectus concerning the potential establishment of a theatre, either in New York or the hinterland, devoted to repertory, the repertory to be devoted in turn to revivals, in addition to the classics, of successful plays of the past. It is not a bad idea, but I have an equally good if not better one that I commend to any similar group that can dig up the necessary money. It is this: the institution of a repertory theatre for the revival, in addition to the classics, of failures of the past which didn't deserve failure and which frequently were and still remain superior to the plays that achieved success.

Some of the critically most interesting nights in the record of our theatre have been provided by such failures, just as some of the least have been provided by some of the biggest financial successes. It would certainly take a prime moron to argue, for example, that George Birmingham's *General John Regan* didn't constitute an infinitely better theatrical occasion in every respect than some such success as the popularly (and here and there even critically) esteemed *They Knew What They Wanted*, the Sidney Howard Pulitzer Prize play. Or an equally matchless half-wit to contend in turn that Denis Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* was not more worthy in every way than some such success as Anderson's *The Star-Wagon*, Rice's *Counsellor-at-Law*, Behrman's *Biography*, or Odets' *Golden Boy*.

The late Julian Mitchell, one of the best-known dance directors of his day—he staged the numbers for, among many others, the Weber-Fields Music Hall shows—was stone-deaf. In order to get the rhythms of the music for the dances it was consequently his custom to sit atop the piano upon which at rehearsals the composer played the tunes, in this manner sensing the rhythms from his physical vibrations.

One day he jumped off the piano in a rage and protested to the composer that his tunes smelled to high heaven. To which the composer blandly retorted, "My dear Mitchell, I write music for the ear, not the behind."

In the same way we are sometimes brought to believe that the authors of certain successful plays have written them with that portion of the public in mind which is collectively to be described by the more vulgar synonym for the section of the anatomy alluded to by Mitchell's critic. The ear music of a failure like Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates* thus was and is immeasurably more captivating, and the play with all its faults more impressive, than the Tin Pan Alley seat-stirring racket of some big popular success of remoter years like Sheldon's *Salvation Nell* or of more recent, like Hellman's *The Searching Wind*.

The eighteen plays of the modern American theatre that have achieved the longest New York runs are the following:

Tobacco Road
Life With Father
Abie's Irish Rose
Arsenic And Old Lace
Lightnin'
Angel Street
The Bat
My Sister Eileen
White Cargo
You Can't Take It With You
Three Men on a Horse
The Ladder
The First Year
The Man Who Came to Dinner
Claudia
Junior Miss
Seventh Heaven
Peg o' My Heart

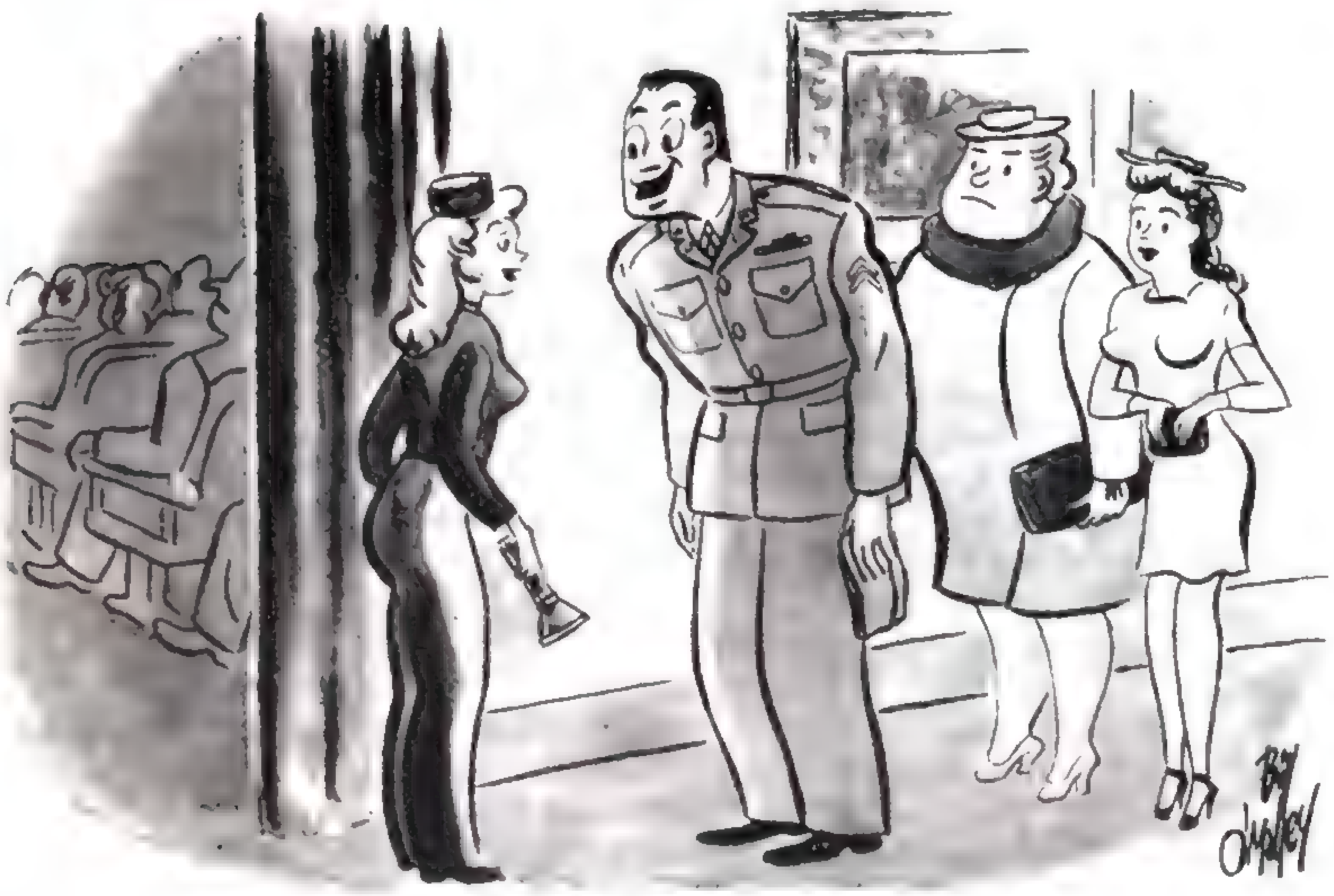
Compare them in the way of any real critical quality with these eighteen plays in the same period which have been dire failures:

The Texas Nightingale
He
A Highland Fling
The Silver Tassie
The Commodore Marries
Star Spangled
Mozart
The Second Man
The White Headed Boy
The Man With a Load of Mischief
The Beautiful People
The Last Night of Don Juan
Katie Roche
Goat Alley
The Playboy of the Western World
Outrageous Fortune
Daughters of Atreus
Murder in the Cathedral

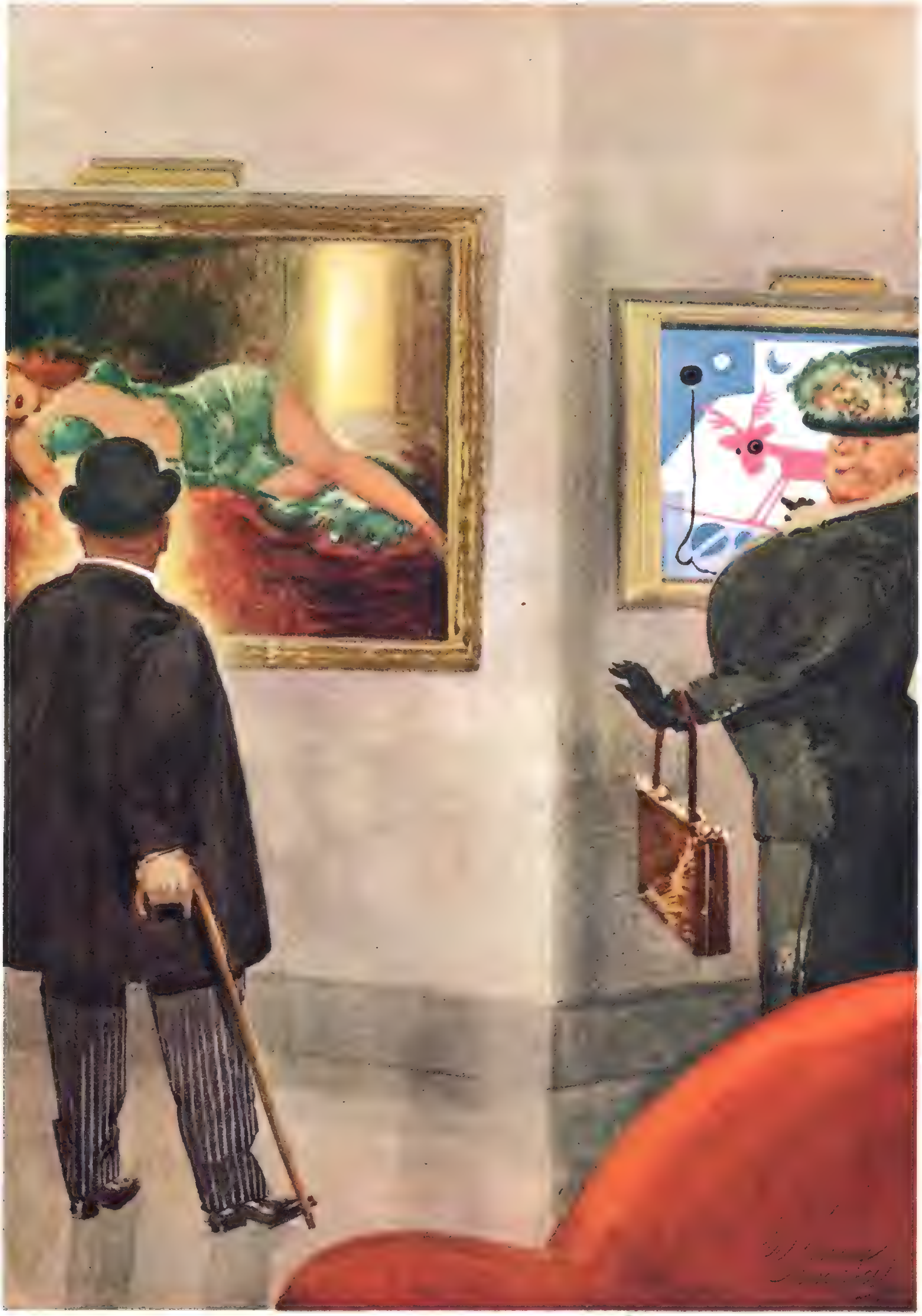
I once and not so long ago wrote that the future of our theatre lay in the storehouse. Allowing for the obvious exaggeration, there is still a measure of truth in it, for it seems to be our theatre's fate that many of the most deserving plays, both imported and domestic, shown in it are soon carted off to a dusty grave. And not only with plays but even on occasion with musical shows, though that doesn't happen to be our immediate subject. It is thus that a beautiful show like *Jumbo* and a genuinely superior one like Vincent Youmans' *Rainbow* quickly die a commercial death, whereas sadly inferior shows like the *Blossom Times* and the *Bloomer Girls* run on and on and make fortunes from a gratified proletariat.

My suggested repertory company would have a mine of valuable failures to dig from. In that mine it would find, among many others, plays like Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell*, Stephen Phillips' *Herod*, Porto-Riche's *Amoureuse*, Pirandello's *As You Were* and Brieux's *The Incubus*, along with such items as Rita Wellman's *The Gentile Wife*, Turner's *The Man Who Ate the Popomack*, Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song*, etc., etc. The list might be prolonged to the point of tedium.

It is not infrequently the case that a dramatist's better plays fail and his poorer succeed. Pinero's *A Wife Without a Smile* collapsed quickly from lack of patronage whereas his relatively much inferior comedy, *Trelawney of the Wells*, prospered greatly. And his *The Thunderbolt* failed ignominiously whereas such of his lesser plays as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Iris*, et al. scored large popular successes. Molnár's *The Glass Slipper* couldn't achieve the box-office popularity of his *The Play's the Thing*; nor did Barrie's (*Continued on page 234*)



"The three of us are together—do you have a single and a double?"



"Here we are, Dudley—just the picture we've been looking for for your den!"

John Decker's Hollywood

Remarking his discerning portraits of John Barrymore, Errol Flynn and others, and searching the artist's own psyche

by BEN HECHT

JOHN DECKER is a painter who paints everything. His brush leaps from locomotives to strawberries to clowns to ash cans to sunsets to prancing horses to cities, villages and forests. His style changes with every fifth canvas, yet there remains in his work an unvarying exuberance. The fortissimo touch is in every Decker production. I have never seen a dull Decker or a pretentious one.

One of the multiple sides of the Decker genius is portrait painting. Putting the faces of celebrities on canvas is a most unnerving type of work. Celebrities usually want their press notices painted rather than themselves. And the finest of painters usually flop in this department because with all their highty-tighty genius they are unable to get a True Likeness on the canvas.

Decker not only gets a true likeness down—with one of the swiftest, sharpshooting brushes in modern art—but he also introduces into his portraits a full Freudian biography of the celebrity involved.

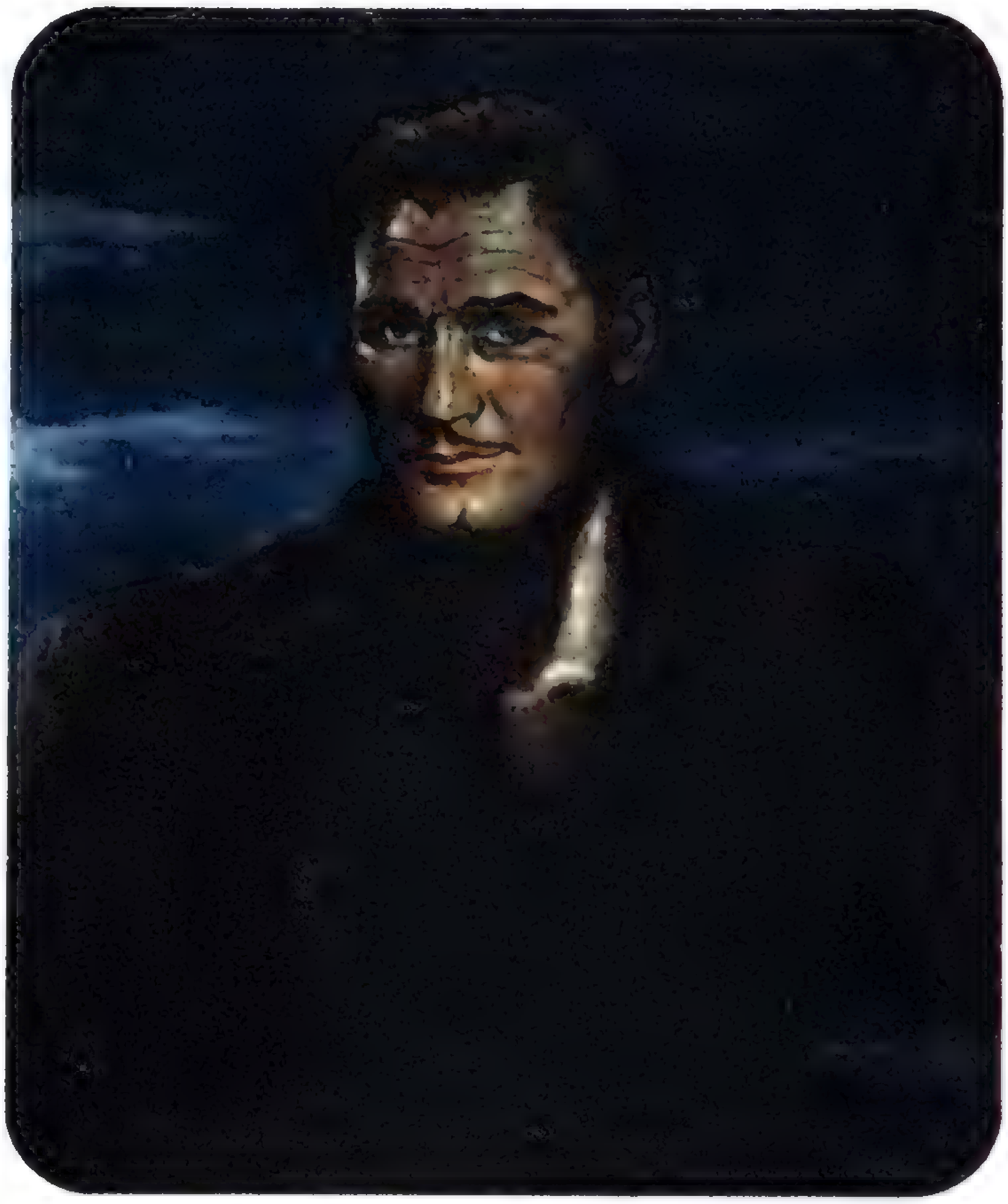
In his portrait of his great friend John Barrymore, Decker painted the remains of a man, the ravages of alcohol, the lingering juvenilia of an actor and the undaunted sneer of genius. It is a puffy, weary Barrymore in a silly Hollywood jacket. Beauty once rose out of its Byronic collar. Its presence can still be felt in this talented face that became a caricature of itself. Decker puts it all down as if he were writing a three-volume biography. You can read his friend's medical history in the tissue disintegrations and you can hear the last Wagnerian bellows of old Jack sounding out his last torpors.

Sadikichi Hartman was exactly what the Decker brush says he was—a truculent poseur, a battered and dyspeptic ego. Decker's Hartman is a mocking valentine to this most pretentious of his Hollywood friends. Sadikichi was part German and part Jap. He was also part faker and part bore. There was enough left over to sneer at his betters and write an occasional line of wild poetry. But chiefly Sadikichi lived and died as an angry light under a bushel. Decker went under the bushel with Hartman to paint him. He painted a Great man, macabre and ridiculous as a poem by Baudelaire.

The painting is owned by Burgess Meredith, whose bride, Paulette Goddard, gets the hiccoughs every time she looks at it.

Errol Flynn is one of the handsomest celebrities in Hollywood—and this is as difficult a subject as a painter could run afoul of. Beauty, male or female, is a nasty handicap to an artist. Paint as you will, its conventional symmetries will dominate the canvas and spell dull flattery rather than art. In his portrait of Flynn, Decker has done one of his subtlest biographies. The handsomeness is there, to the last perfect curve. Without disturbing a line of the celebrated face, Decker has added to it the story of a troubled and ennuied soul peering out of weary eyes. Under the analytic Decker brush, the pugilistic Flynn chin grows gentle, the mouth whose smile has enchanted millions grows full of fretfulness. It is not a glamor boy who looks from the canvas, but a tormented fellow with a dislike for himself and the world.

The portrait genius of Decker lies in the fact that you do not have to make up these things when you look at one of his celebrities in paint. The celebrity confesses loudly and shamelessly in front of you.



Errol Flynn . . . A troubled and ennuied soul . . . with a dislike for himself and the world

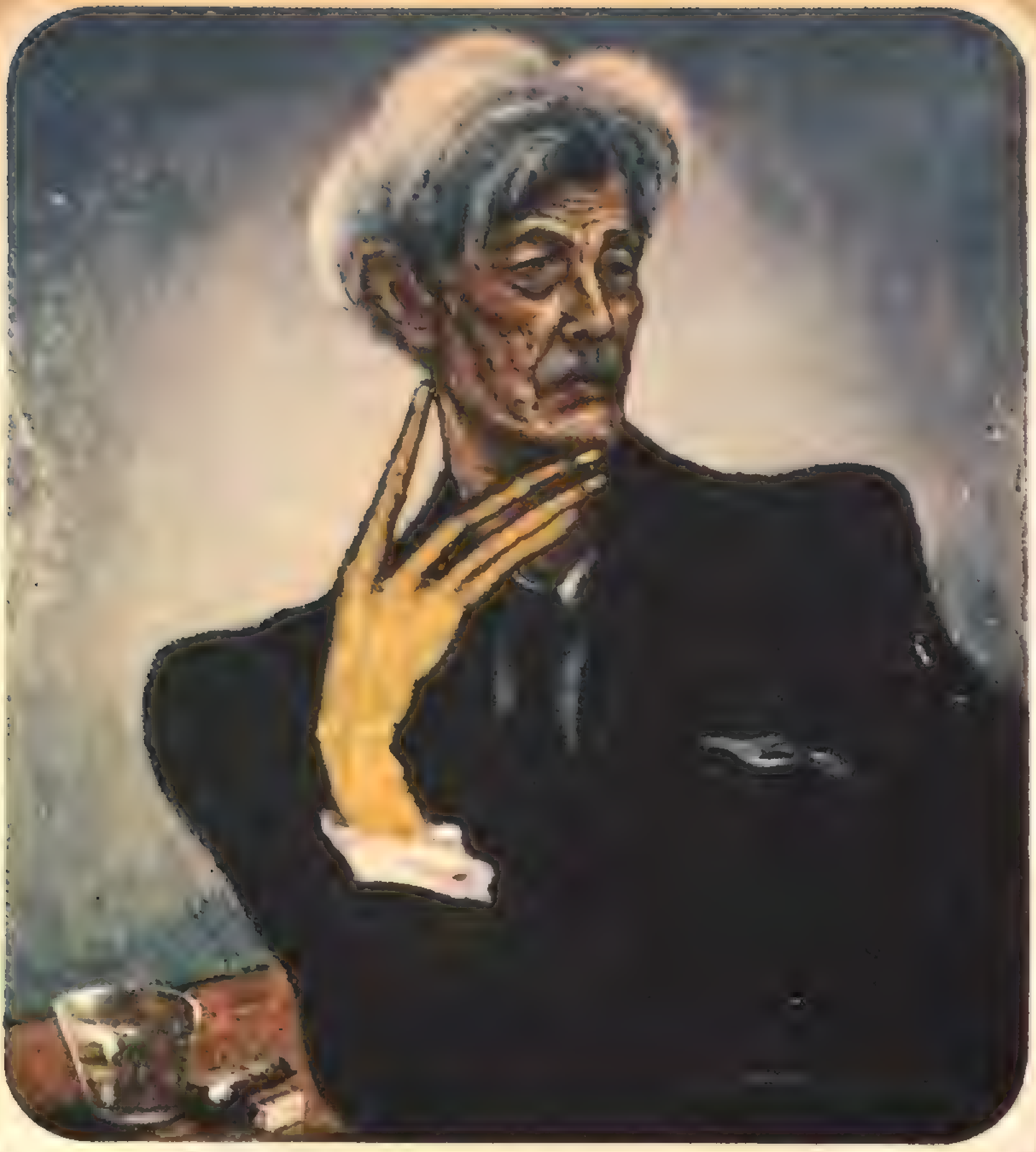
Bea Lillie is one of Decker's high spots in paint psychology. A lady clown with a Hamlet face turns her profile to the Decker confessional. There is no glint of comedy in the portrait of this fine comedienne. The mouth is defiant, the eyes brood. A monastic fragility stiffens the expression. The celebrated Lillie archness and whimsey are missing from the face as if a mask had been removed. Yet the linear likeness is astonishing.

However biographical or critical Decker becomes in his portraits, their likeness precision never wavers. You do not guess at Decker celebrities. They literally pound at the eye with a sort of sharpened familiarity.

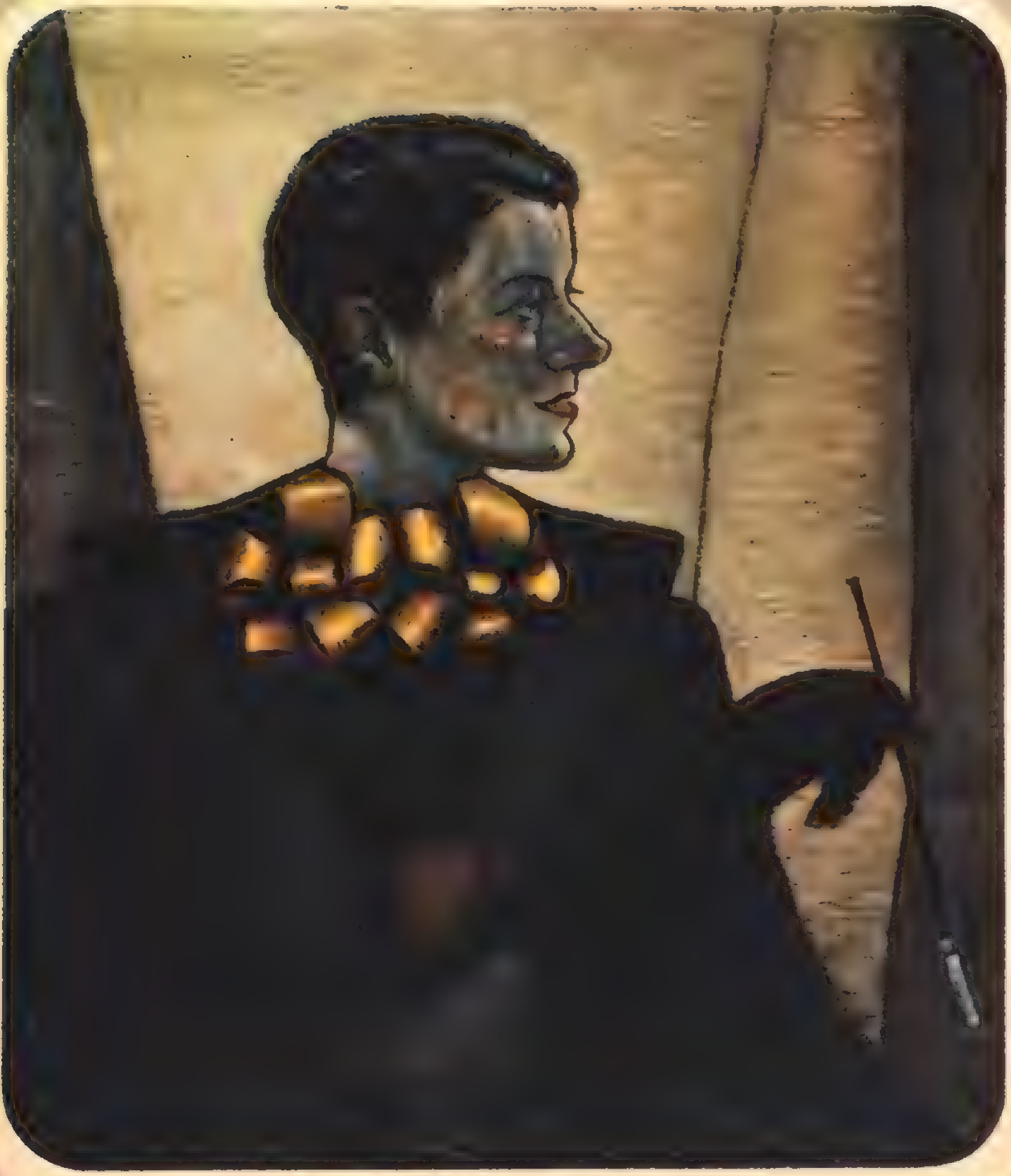
Decker's studio-gallery in Hollywood is full of his potential sitters. It is unlike any painter's studio I have ever known. In it famous and fabulously wealthy people sit constantly eating and drinking at Decker's expense.

Movie stars, society leaders, literary Pooh-Bahs and rogues of every hue and accent occupy the couches and sprawl in the corners. It is the only spot in Hollywood where you will never hear movie or money talk. The Decker bar at one end of the studio is a sort of confessional to which the Famous bring their insecurities and humilities. Decker of the broken nose, Byronic collar, hangover eyes, rhapsodic chuckle and slyly delicate hands is himself as strange a figure as ever paced an atelier. He looks like a composite of all his celebrities on canvas—a feline fellow full of grace and disintegration, elegant and unconvincing as a con man and turning thirty years of anarchy and derision on his come-lately disciples.

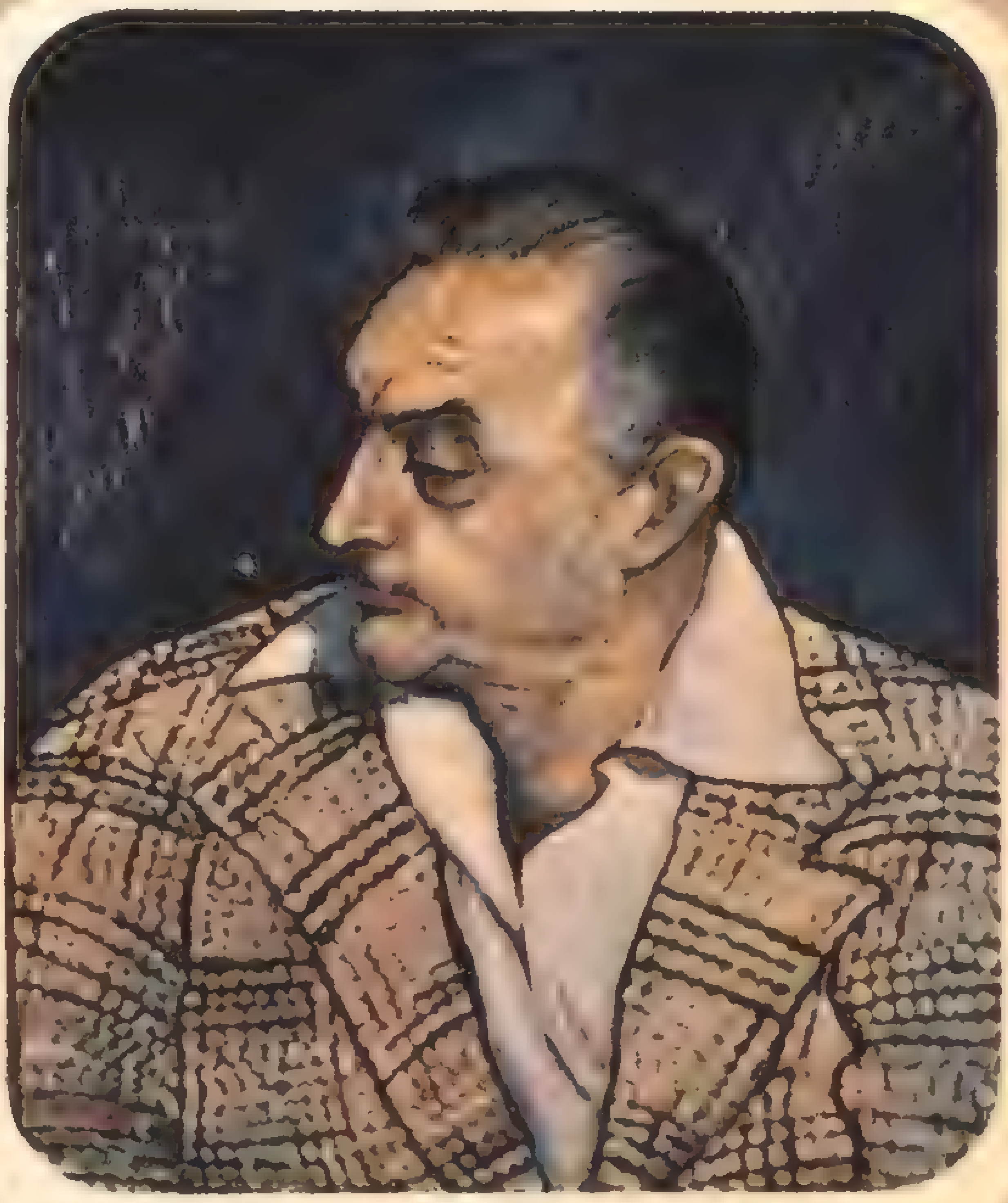
A contempt for the shams around him lies under (and sometimes over) his swashbuckle humors. And the celebrities who haunt his one-man Bohemia for free eats and drinks, sit and stare for hours at the things they have forgotten and that keep banging out of the Decker canvases—the mysteries of lonely places and the enchantment of the unimportant out of which Art is made. ##



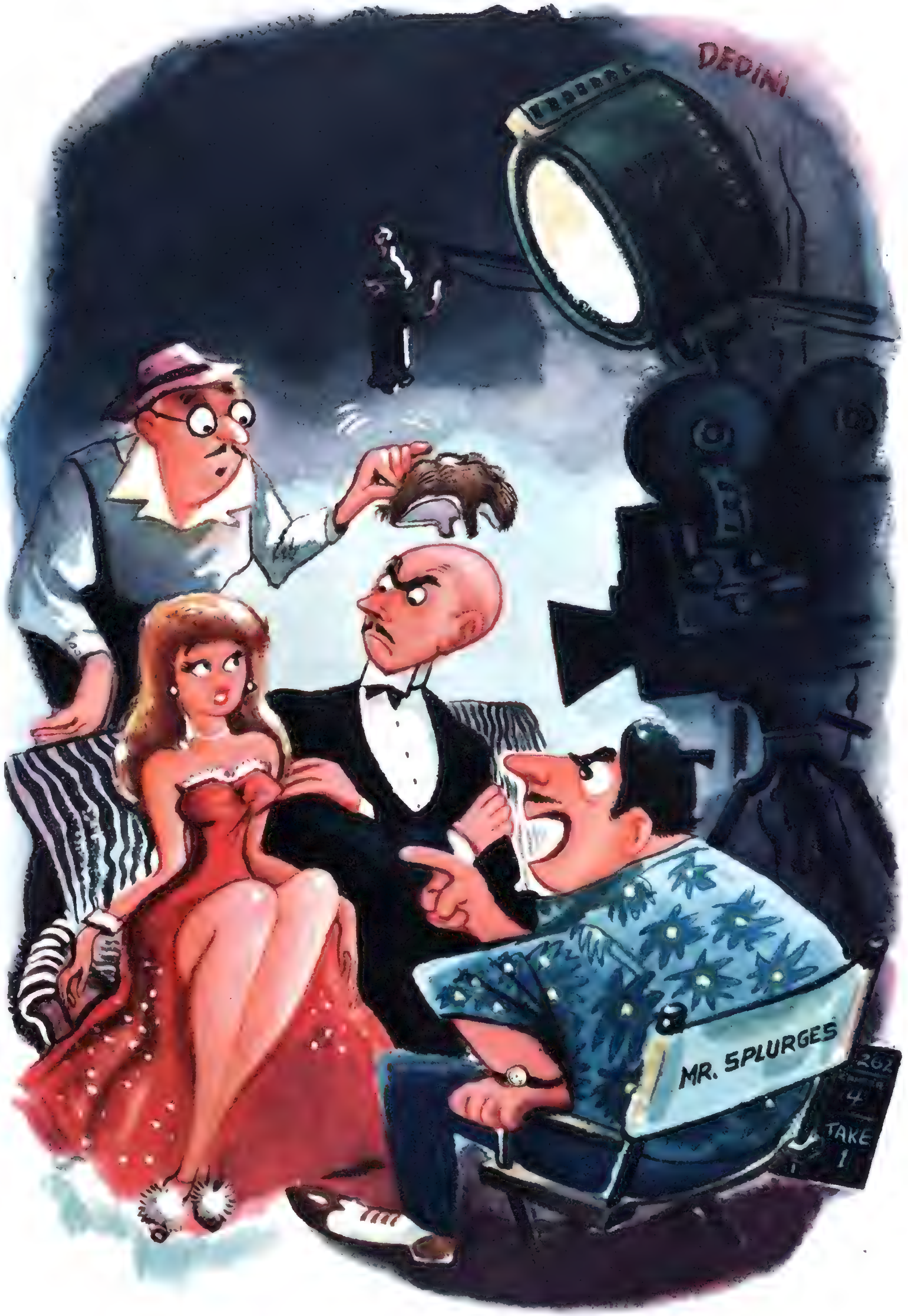
Sadikichi Hartman . . . A truculent poseur . . . macabre and ridiculous as a poem by Baudelaire



Bea Lillie . . . A lady clown with a Hamlet face . . . the mouth is defiant . . . the eyes brood



John Barrymore . . . This talented face that became a caricature of itself


DEDINI
MR. SPLURGES
262
4
TAKE
1

"We'll shoot this scene again—only this time, Miss LaStarr, don't run your fingers through his hair so passionately!"

The critic declares his platform and gives a hearty hand to Joan Crawford as a super-killer in *Mildred Pierce*

Movie of the Month

by JACK MOFFITT

I FEEL sure the sensitive reader will detect a certain straightforward confusion in this article. My first trick, as the saying goes, will be impossible. I shall attempt to be honest. This is prompted not only by a desire to show off, but also by a hope for clarity. In these days, the public is being exhorted by so many variable evangelists that the reader needs to have dervish blood in his veins if he would keep up with the shifting gospels. Therefore, it seems cautious to know something about the guy who is advising you. You wouldn't ask a vegetarian about beefsteak. Or the House of David about haircuts.

And you shouldn't ask a movie hater about movies; unless you want to hate them too.

I like movies. That's probably my only qualification for this job. I am, for instance, a different type of critic from Wolcott Gibbs, who puts the evil eye on films for *The New Yorker*. Wolcott II (or "The Young Pretender," as we call him in Hollywood) criticized *Meet Me in St. Louis* because its technicolor Christmas tree was too gaudy. This comment was of dubious value to an amusement-seeking public, and it wasn't much help to the authors at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who labor eight hours on weekdays and three on Saturday to raise the standards of screen literature. Hollywood knows that the gibes of Gibbs, like the Ides of March, always are with us. And frequently are as wet.

Now I come from Missouri, where we can take Christmas trees in their primary colors. We never show our moderation by eating thin turkeys on Thanksgiving. Nor do we celebrate the Fourth of July by firing off quiet firecrackers. No suicidal intent causes us to fall on our plow shares when we find the artistic standards of *The Black Mask* somewhat below those of *Crime and Punishment*. Some years back we detected certain elements of commercialism in the movies, and we've been content to regard them as casual entertainment ever since. We no more expect to find a masterpiece at the Gayoso Theatre every night than we expect to reach Oxford by riding on a scenic railway.

Such rustic realism strikes Wolcott as tragic. Though he writes for a national audience, he refuses to recognize anything west of the Adirondacks. He regards this vast region as an elaborate lie because Jesse James never held up the subway. His whole life is devoted to a vain effort to undo the work of Lewis and Clark. Sometimes he seems equally opposed to Peter Stuyvesant. He has a rare gift for denouncing films that are hits in his native New York. As a movie prophet, I should think he would find this embarrassing. A weatherman would get discouraged if he only succeeded in drenching picnics.

Men of letters are apt to be broad democrats on everything except the public taste. On this they tend to be Tarquins who would govern pleasure by imperial ukase. Recently Stephen Longstreet, the author of *Stallion Road*, attacked *The Clock* because he felt it depicted New York as too big. Well, New York *looks* big to strangers, which was what the movie tried to dramatize. Thousands of fan letters commented favorably on this point. Mr. Longstreet evidently wanted a version of the picture made to his own specifications—just as he would order a suit. This procedure would revolutionize the movie business. The Roxy would have to let Steve pick out his screen material sometime in June. Then he could drop in for a fitting sometime in August. The completed film, if everyone were co-operative, might be ready for him in time for Christmas. But they'd have to charge him more than forty-five cents for this service.

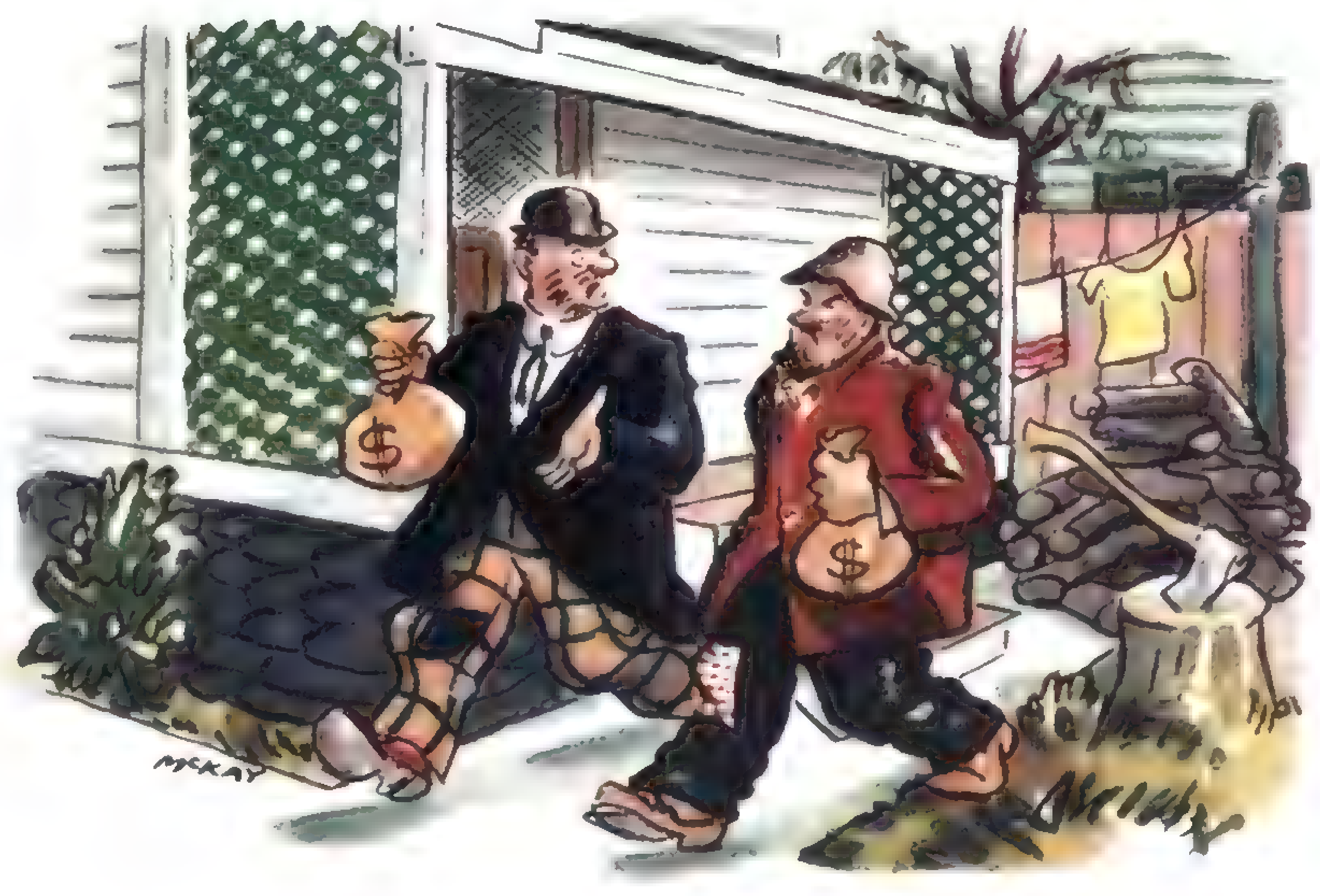
Still more cruel was the assault on *The Clock* by the author of the original story, Paul Gallico. Mr. Gallico beat his breast in this magazine over what M-G-M had done to his brain child. From his bosom there came no gurgle of the milk of human kindness as he angrily declared his regrets over having failed to poison Mr. Robert Nathan, one of the story's screen adaptors, when he entertained the script writer at dinner. This Mr. Nathan admittedly is a specialist in the white organdy school of young manhood. But in *The Clock*, he succeeded in placing upon the screen an emotion which never had been there before. This was the tender reverence of a young husband toward his wife. Theatre managers say that the public considered the wedding breakfast scene one of the screen's great masterpieces.

Since even Madame DuBarry admitted that she once was a virgin, it seems to me that such prancers on the Stallion Road as Mr. Longstreet and Mr. Gallico could also do as much. It is a part of life's experience and any man who refuses to plead guilty to it is just a barroom braggart.

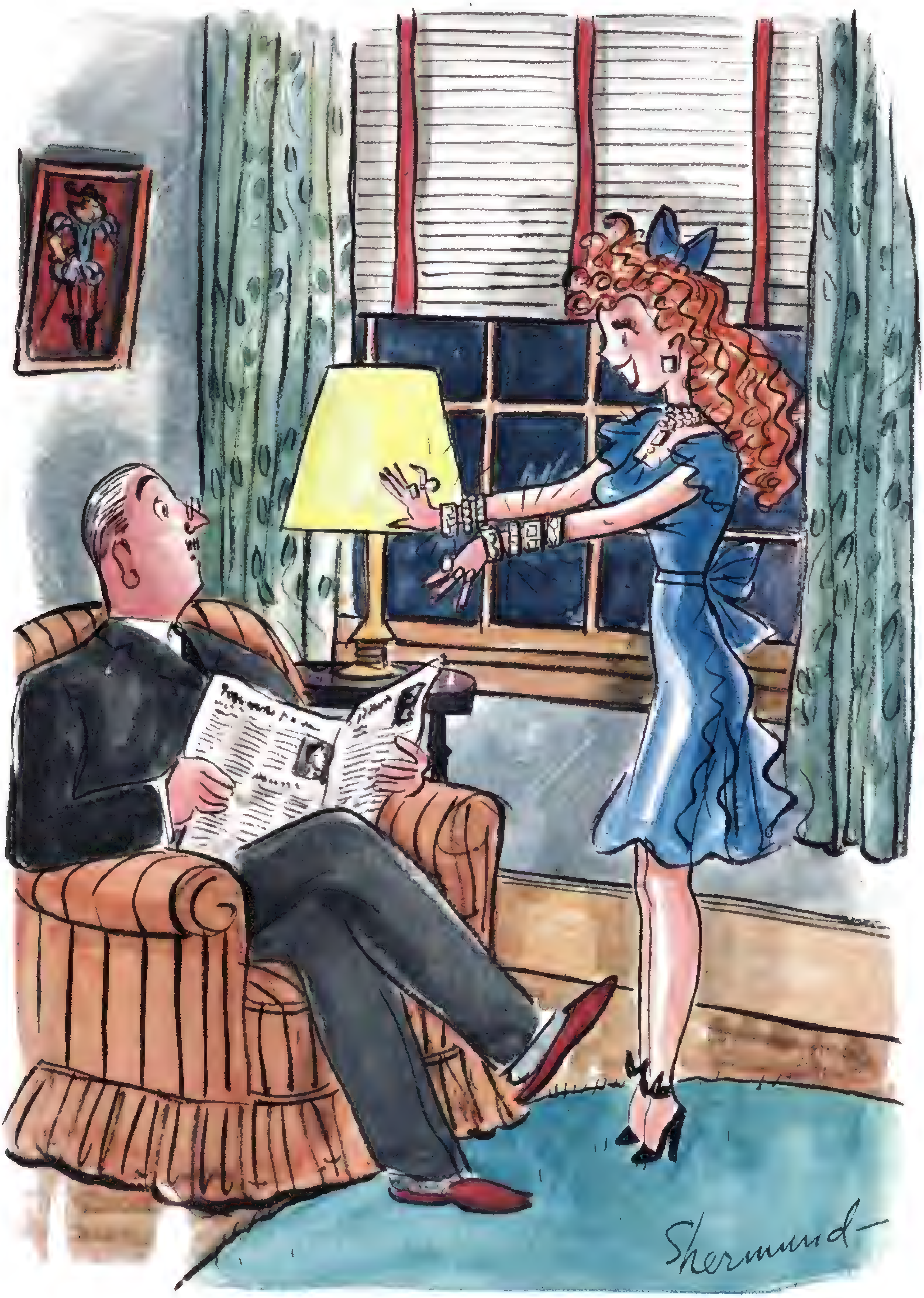
Mr. Gallico should have converted his story into a mustard plaster if he wanted to hold it so close to his chest. Metro-Goldwyn did not jimmy open his window and steal his yarn in the dead of night. Before a comma was changed, the author signed a bill of sale and accepted a check. This gave the purchaser the right to make any changes as it deemed necessary to please the public. Since *The Clock* is said to be Metro's third top money-maker for the season, and since the motion picture industry cannot afford to be precocious, the adaptors seemed to have guessed right.

At least, I think so. I will consider myself a success as your critic if I recommend pictures that turn out to be successes. And a flop if I rave over flops.

Since this is only my second month on the job, the above self-revelation may strike you as premature—even indelicate. I may seem a little like a bride who insists on working out the family budget before she lets her nightgown get out of her suitcase. But such auditing has certain nuptial advantages. It shows up a lot of four-flushing that went on during the courtship. Last month I came to you all flushed and rosy over a highly (*Continued on page 265*)



"Remember the good old days when we used to get something to eat for chopping wood?"

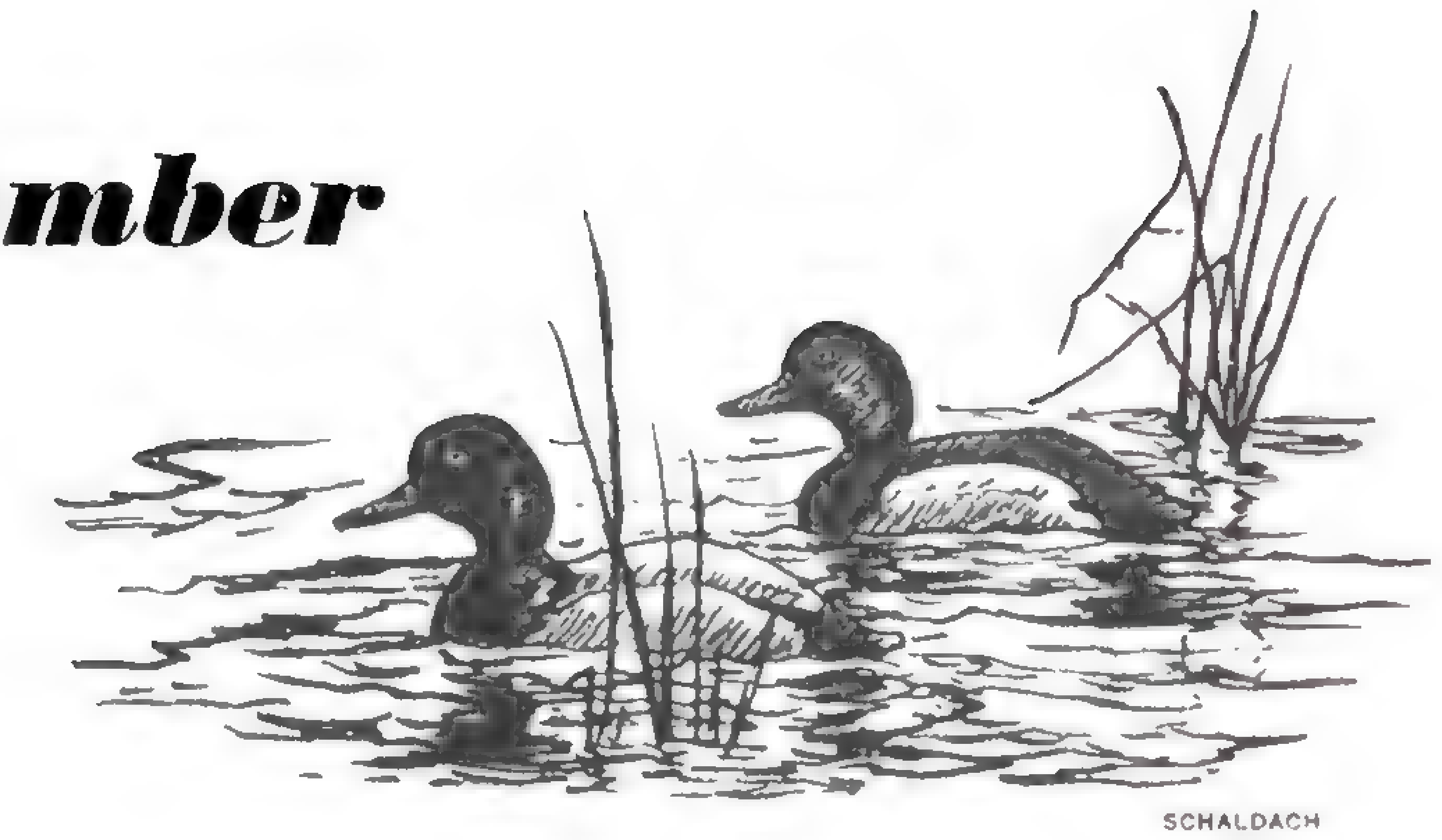


"Daddy, I met the most fascinating fellow—said he was a juvenile delinquent, whatever that is"

The Sportsman's Yearbook: December

Of wild-fowling in all its forms: pass shooting, jump shooting and duckblind

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH



STEEL-BLUE clouds scud across a leaden sky, driven by a gusty blow which howls out of the northwest. Intermittent flurries of snow, punctuated with sleet, sift down the back of your neck and sting the hide off your face. The temperature is in the low twenties. According to the law of the flesh you should be miserable; but you don't feel it a bit, because you're in a duckblind.

Out in front of you the decoy set is strung in an irregular pattern, wooden blocks bobbing crazily on the choppy water. You scan the skies eagerly, watching the long strings of trading fowl.

"Get down," your partner warns, "here they come. Blacks. Regular old northern redlegs. Don't move an eyebrow!"

It beats all how fast a fellow can break out into a sweat once the ducks start coming in. The idea of dressing yourself in peelable layers—a number of thin sweaters under the gunning coat—is a sensible one. Blind shooting is a tough game, designed essentially for the rugged; one should have not only adjustable clothing, but a flexible philosophy as well. Many things can go wrong. Just as you get your rig set with the wind on your back, or slightly quartering, to bring the ducks in over the stools real prettily, "she shifts," as the guides say, and blows right into your face. That means every duck which might have decoyed will make a wide swing over your blind at the back, spot you, and get the hell out fast.

Or you may run up against that perennial noxious weed, the guy who can't tell whether a duck is forty yards off or forty rods. This enthusiastic soul blazes away at everything visible to the naked eye. He has never learned the elemental fact that in order to bag a duck the gunner must arrange to have the same and the shot charge meet in mid-air; and that ordinarily it isn't done beyond fifty yards, while forty is a lot more certain.

Other hazards in the game of shooting from a blind are as numerous as the man-made traps on a sporty golf course. Almost the worst is the "bluebird day." This is a real heartbreaker, especially for a gunner forced to make a booking weeks in advance and take the weather as it comes. There is nothing to do but sit in the blind and watch a brilliant sun glare down from an azure sky. Not a duck will move until after sunset and then the law will be on. It would be fine in June, but it's hard to take in December. Especially twenty-five bucks' worth.

The gunner who goes in for shooting over a rig has special rewards. His is a pretty sport, when things go well, even though he may have to endure certain hardships. The ducks come to him and often he can fill his daily Federal limit bag in a short time. If he is a skillful caller he can toll them in from a distance; and a decoying flock is about as nice a thing as you would want to see.

Just as in angling, there are several schools of thought on the subject of wild-fowling. Many gunners contend that the sportiest proposition is pass shooting. There is much to their argument, as a newcomer to the game soon discovers. The locality doesn't matter much; it may be mallards on the Illinois bottomlands or in the cypress country of Arkansas; teal, widgeon and sprig in the Northwest; canvasback and redheads down South. From California to Maine to Florida it is a game calling for the utmost skill and science. Ducks trading over a pass have the throttle wide open; furthermore, they are usually high in the air. The amount of lead and co-ordination one needs to connect regularly is amazing. The top-flight pass gunner is a product of much practice.

Jump shooting is the happiest and most unrehearsed of them all. It is a sport for the impatient man who likes to go to his game instead of waiting for it to come to him. Jump shooting is favored by great numbers of upland gunners, for there is a similarity between shooting at a flushed or "jumped" duck and a grouse, pheasant or woodcock. With gun, hip boots and a lunch in the pocket, an active fellow can have a grand time investigating the sloughs and potholes on a marsh. In most sections a steady boat and a good man to pole it will afford the best that jump shooting has to offer.

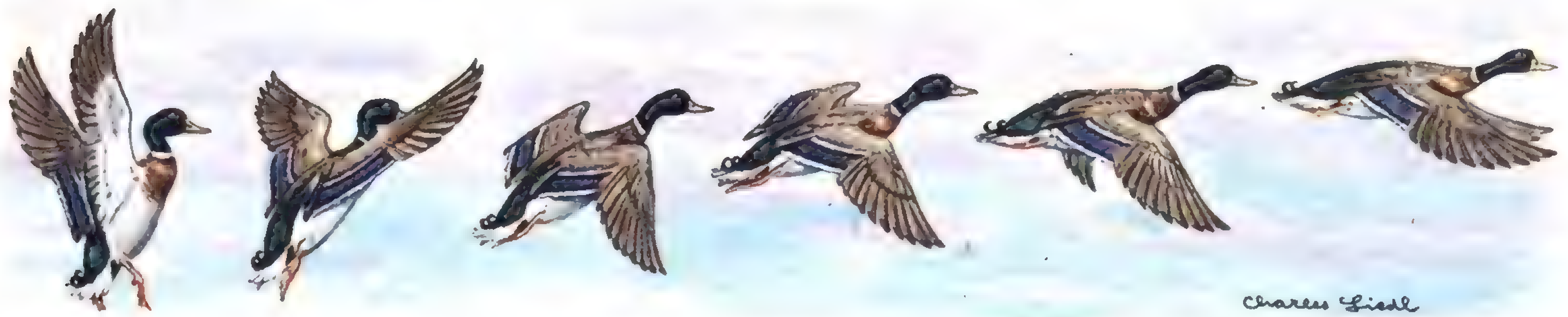
The traditional fowling piece is the 12-bore gun, heavy, long-barreled and closely choked. Occasionally, a 10-bore is seen in a blind. But more and more the lighter gauges—16's and 20's—are coming into favor. Modern stepped-up loads have something to do with this. I have an extra set of barrels for my pet 16-bore for use on the marsh. They are bored modified and full choke and are perfectly efficient at all reasonable ranges.

Most fowlers agree that the use of large shot is a mistake. Number 4 should be just about the limit, while Number 6 is probably the general choice. I believe that I can kill as many ducks with Number 7½ chilled as with larger shot, due to a denser pattern.

A well-trained retriever is a blessing to a fowler. In warm weather a smart springer will serve, but when wintry blasts blow you need a waterproof dog—Labrador, Chesapeake, golden retriever or water spaniel. Then don't ask too much of him.

Keeping out of trouble with the law is as much a job nowadays as the actual shooting. Even veteran gunners have headaches with the complicated restrictions necessary for the good of the sport. Sit down with a copy of the latest U. S. Migratory Game Bird regulations and try to figure out the "aggregates," "singlys" and "in additions." Not quite sure about the difference between a teal and a wood duck? It's time to do a little homework with a good ornithology. Uncle Sam is very firm on this point.

By the way, do you have your 1945 Federal duck stamp? They're on sale at all post offices, and you can't gun legally without one. ⵌ

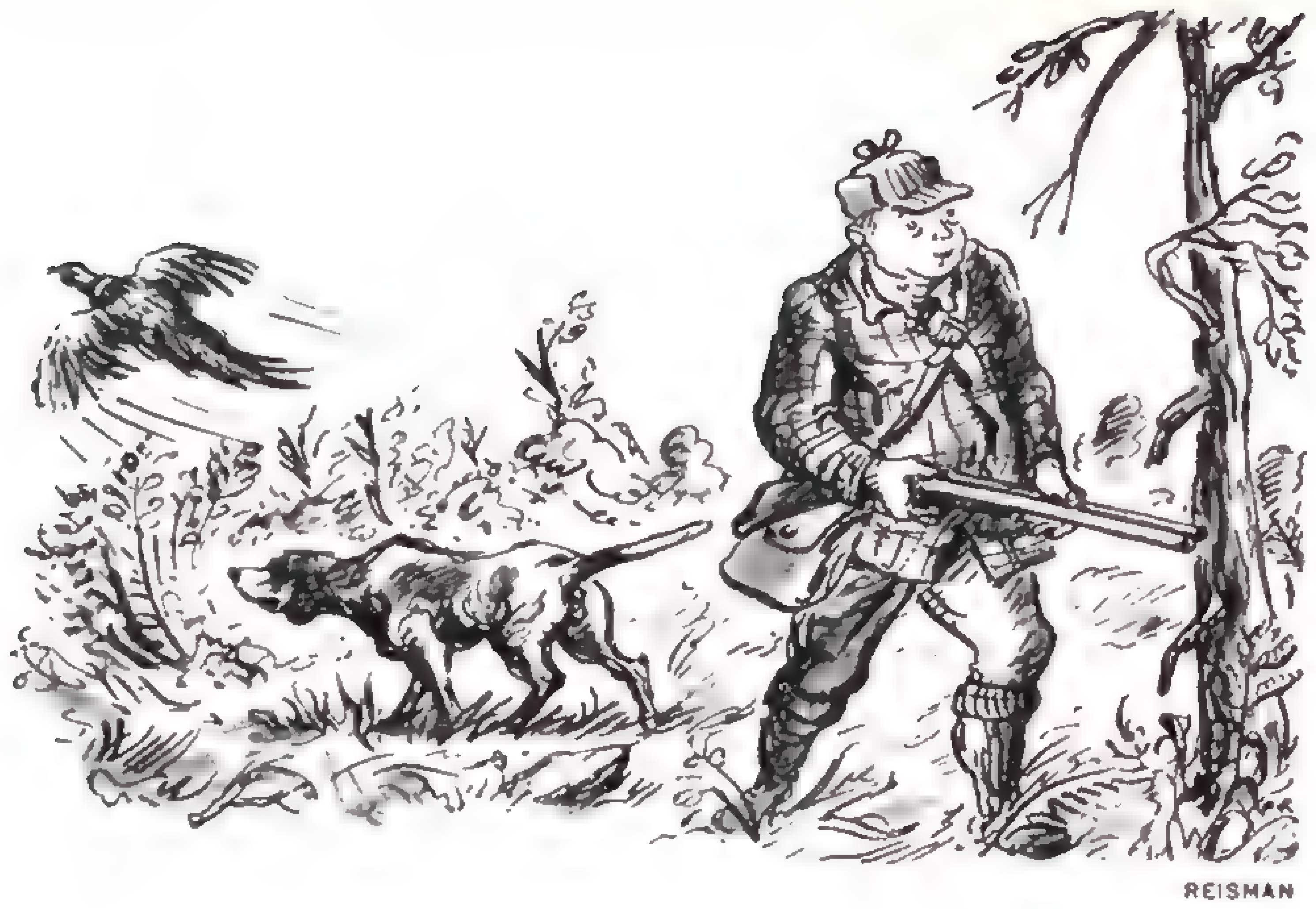


How Deft the Duck

Drawing by Charles Liedl

The bronze-green head of a mallard, high over the waterways, is a familiar and teasing sight to sportsmen all round the northern hemisphere. These colorful birds spring vertically into the air from land or pond and wing away in strong flight. In painting this panel series of a mallard taking off and landing, Charles Liedl, an expert on wild life, studied motion pictures showing the wild duck in these maneuvers. Flying with short, rounded wings, mallards migrate from Panama to the Arctic Circle

Spot was a pointer who knew all the answers on quail and he had to master his patience to hunt with a tenderfoot



My Best Trainer

by DICK BRASSELL

When a seasoned salt-water fisherman decides to take up bird shooting, he goes out in the hills and hires himself a trainer. That is what I thought five years ago. After half a season in which I succeeded in bagging a few quail, I became a wholehearted bird hunter. I set out to obtain the services of a trainer to teach me the fine points of the game. A succession of experienced hunters failed. Then at a near-by kennel I obtained the lifetime services of the finest of all hunter handlers.

Spot is long and lanky. His brown eyes are intelligent and friendly. But Spot is not one to be trifled with. In the field he is eager, but he keeps himself well under control. Spot is a three-year-old pointer.

During the transactions I fancied myself merely buying a dog. I did not realize that I had just bought myself a trainer. I let out a lusty yell, "Com'ere, Spot."

I walked around the car. At once I knew Spot sensed that he had to deal with a tenderfoot, and had determined that we should have a clear understanding from the beginning. He was sitting with a look on his face which said plainly, "Hop in, Bub. We can't get birds after dark." I quietly opened the car door and let myself in for round one under my new trainer.

We, Spot and I, decided to hunt a territory with alternate stretches of cover and of barren areas. I started my usual saunter across a barren stretch heading for birdy cover beyond. Spot made one short cast near me. Then in a long, easy lope he crossed into the good cover ahead. I continued my easy gait and finally came to the good cover without a glimpse of Spot. I yelled and whistled before I stumbled on him right under my feet on a beautiful point.

When I walked in to flush the birds Spot cocked a critical eye over his shoulder as if to say, "Where'n'ell you bin, Bub?" Suddenly there was a startling whirr. Streamlined brown bodies rocketed into the air. I threw my gun up and an amazing thing happened. I managed to hit between those birds into the few open spaces, none of which could have been more than a foot square. My four-footed trainer threw me a look filled with pity and disdain as he started off in the direction the singles had gone.

Single shooting was coming up. Here was a chance to square myself. At the edge of the thicket Spot was hunting close and carefully. His head was high. Suddenly I saw him wheel and freeze.

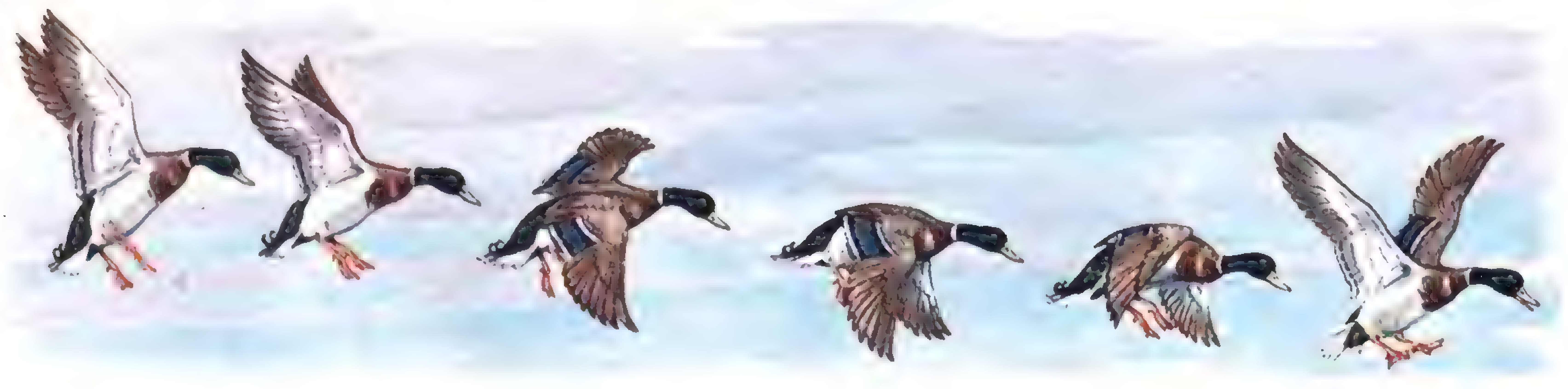
As I walked to him, Spot was a picture. There could be no sight more beautiful than this handsome dog on a perfect point. Almost hating to break the spell, I flushed the single, a lucky shot and down he came. I moved toward the place where I thought the bird had fallen and called Spot in to hunt dead. He hunted the ground thoroughly near where I stood. Then he started to move out. Raising my voice I called him back. After a couple of halfhearted sniffs he started off again. I called to him impatiently. This time he looked back and then went on as if he knew his business.

About forty feet away from me Spot began to circle. Halfway around his circle he stopped and picked up the bird gently in his long teeth. There was a gleam of quiet satisfaction in his brown eyes as he dropped bobwhite in my hand. He knew that he had taught me something. Lesson number one. He had clearly shown that his nose could tell him more than his master could. He went right back to his hunting, finding five more singles. I connected with three of these and felt proud of myself.

We started to circle back to the car in the hope that one more covey could be located before dark. After hunting half a mile of good cover with no result, I decided to cross a barren stretch straight to the car. Spot changed his course to suit mine. In the middle of this sparse cover Spot made a cast to my right. He quickly made a very small circle. Then, using that as a sort of invisible hub he began to hunt around it. I moved in to where he was hunting. I waited. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. I gave him a few minutes longer. "Come on, Spot-boy, let's go home." Spot followed me a few yards, then circled back toward the spot. I called to him and kept walking on. But I was up for a refresher course on lesson number one! Spot was not through with me yet, though I did not realize that as I retraced my steps over the unproductive area which had held such promise a half hour earlier.

We had left the car about a mile away. I walked halfway to it before I stopped again to whistle for Spot. Darkness was hovering over the woods. I would just have to tramp back again to the place where I had last seen Spot hunting so hard. And there I found him a short distance from where I had last seen him and with birds right under his nose! He held it steady. I flushed the covey, getting one of my rare doubles on the rise. Spot retrieved these with a look of smug satisfaction. He looked almost as if he hoped my feet *did* hurt from all the unnecessary walking I had elected to do under my own fine judgment. He let me know he possessed one more human trait, a weakness for I-told-you-so that his inborn gentility could not hide. He was quick to bring home again to his erring pupil the salient point of his lesson number one: Don't trust my judgment against his nose!

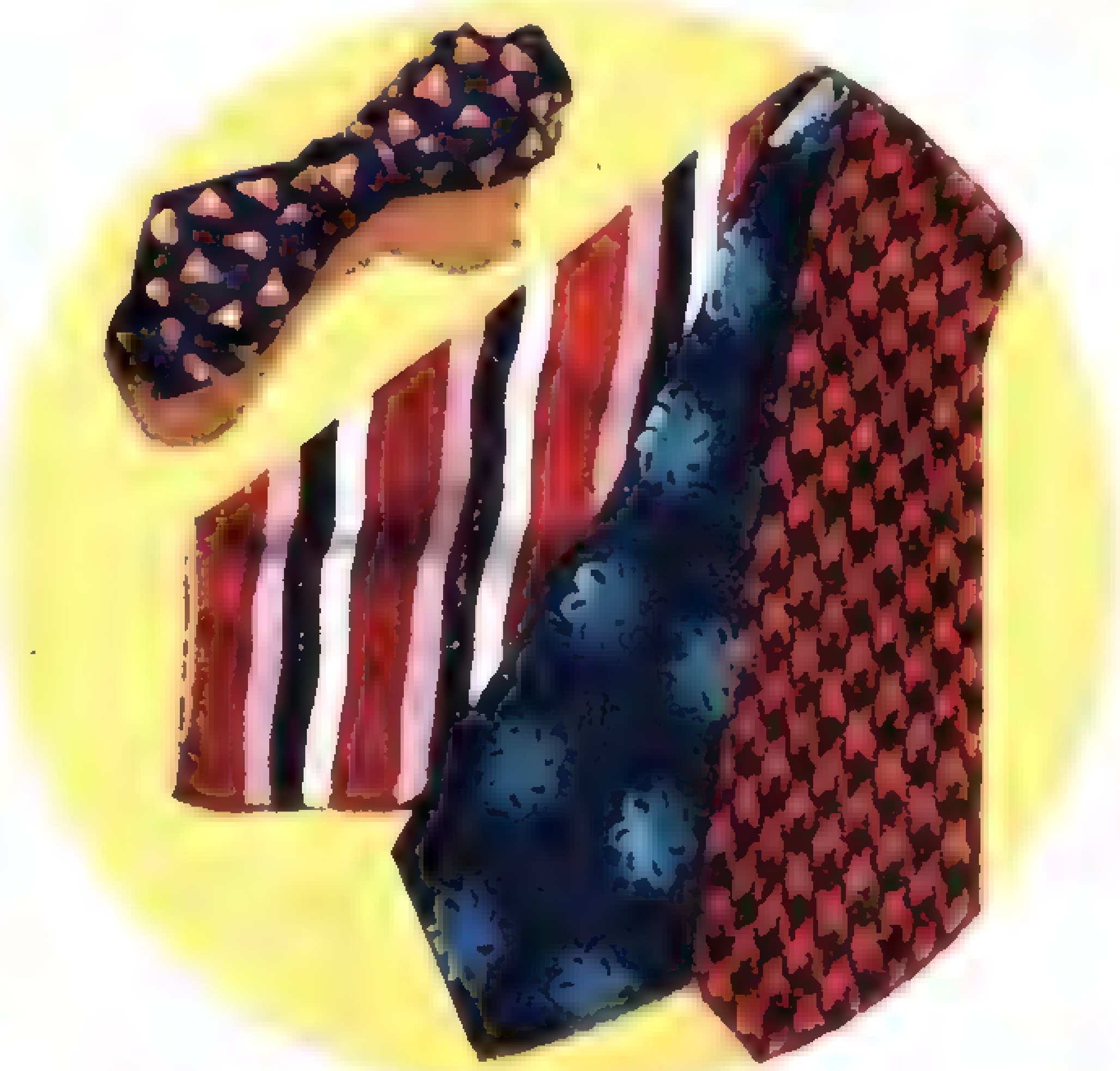
And, with a subtlety never found in the classroom, my trainer had given me lesson number two: "Birds are where you find them, Bub." As Spot and I reached our car I unloaded my gun. He watched me attentively. Somehow I got the notion that he was looking at me with affection. I felt silly and humble there in the twilight, my hand on my pal's smooth head. How long before he will look at me with pride, too, I wondered? ⧺



and have been clocked for short distances at 100 miles an hour. Unlike his domestic cousin, who lords it over a quacking harem, the wild drake is monogamous. Nests are usually built on the ground, near water, and are snugly lined with down. The mother bird lays from six to fourteen pale green eggs; her mate helps to guard the nest but can't be bothered with the young after they are hatched. As soon as the ducklings have emerged in fairly rapid succession, the mother bird takes them out for their first swimming lesson. If danger threatens, she goes into an act of helplessness while the ducklings waddle rapidly away. The wary mallards are a favorite quarry of hunters and when they have had a proper vegetable diet, their flavor is considered tops.

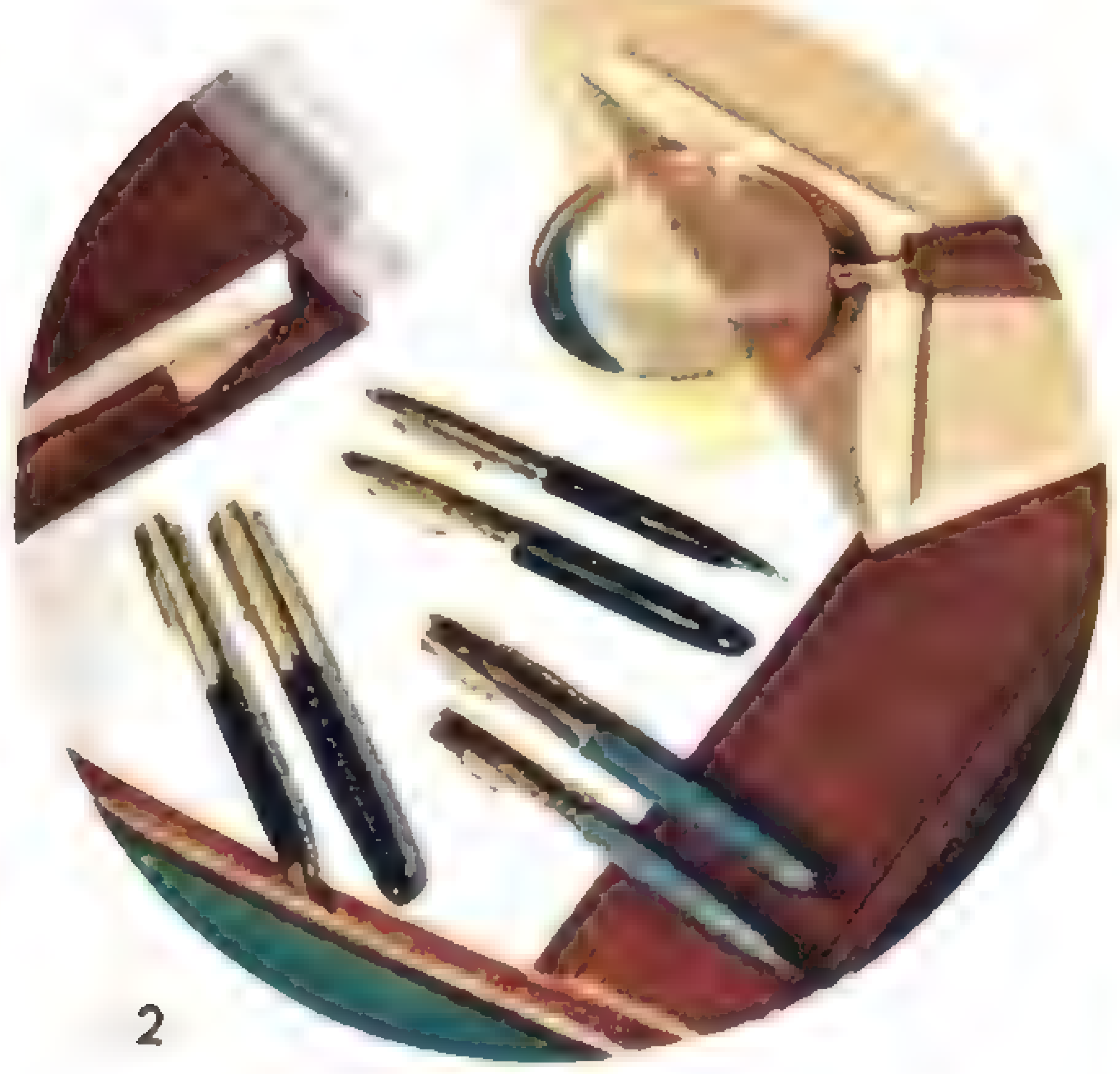
Esquire's Portfolio of Christmas Gifts

Gifts for men and women illustrated on this and the following six pages are suggestions to help make up individual lists for convenience and satisfaction. Despite some restrictions regarding the use of certain materials, the variety of ideas is assembled to please different tastes and varying budgets. Some are functional and others are decorative, but all have a place in modern living.

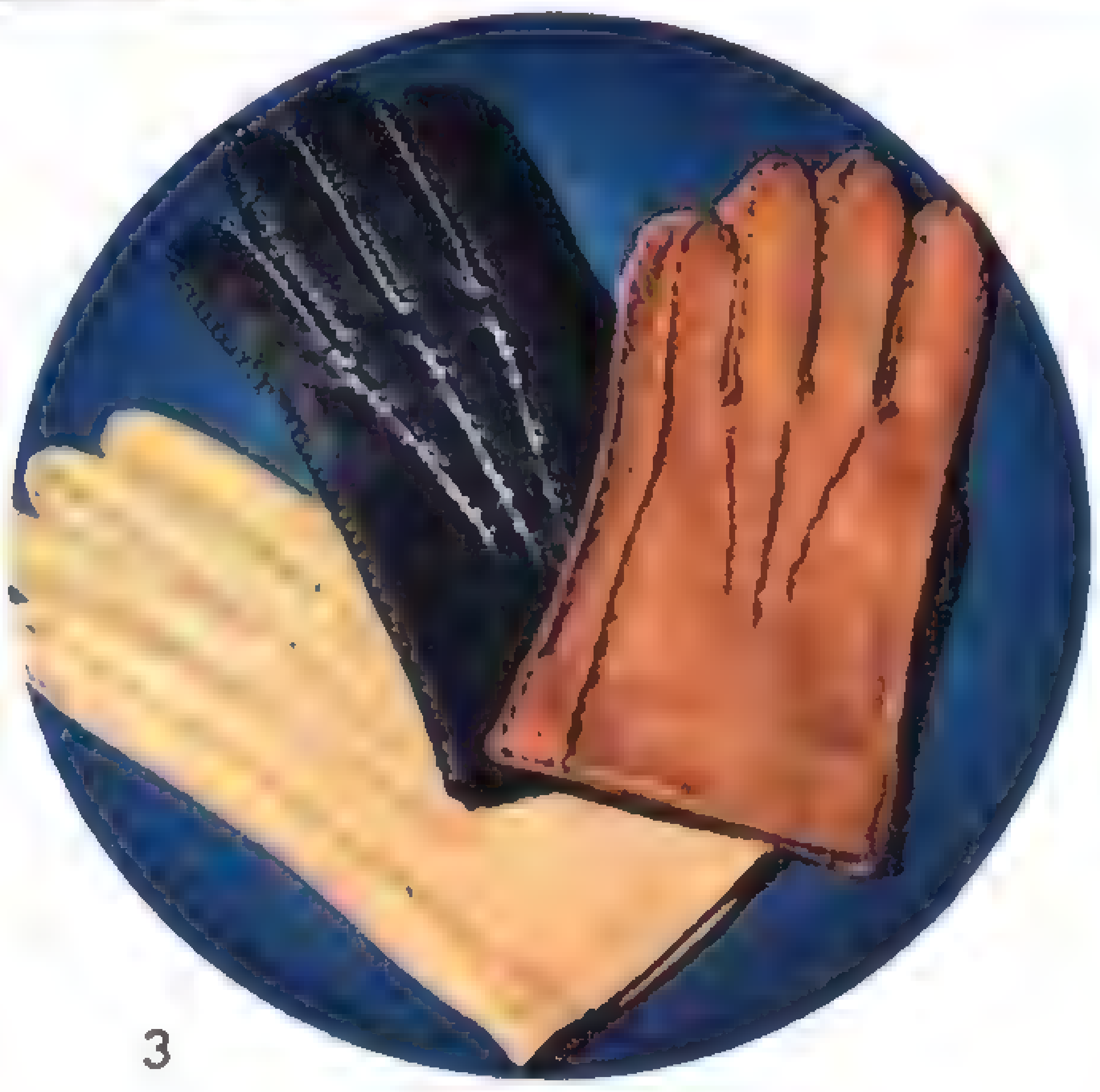


1

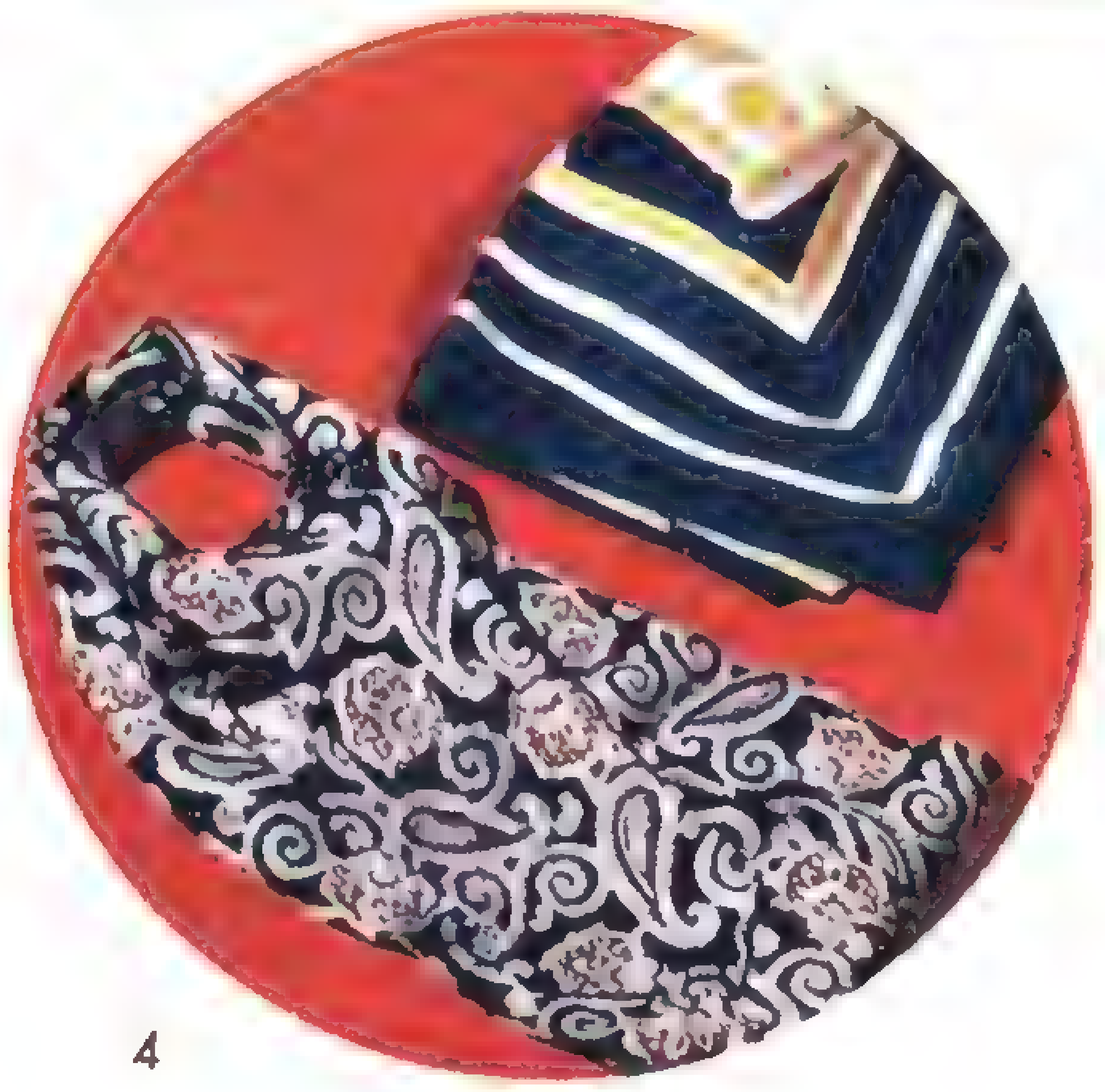
1. Four-in-hand ties of striped twill, spaced figure and checked foulard are high on gift lists as is the bow tie of printed foulard. 2. New pen and pencil sets, designed for writing ease, magnifying glass, stationery, desk pad and large calendar. 3. Gloves of deerskin, capeskin and pigskin. 4. Paisley rayon muffler of special construction for ascot tying and large size printed square.



2



3



4

Town Wearables

1

2

3

4

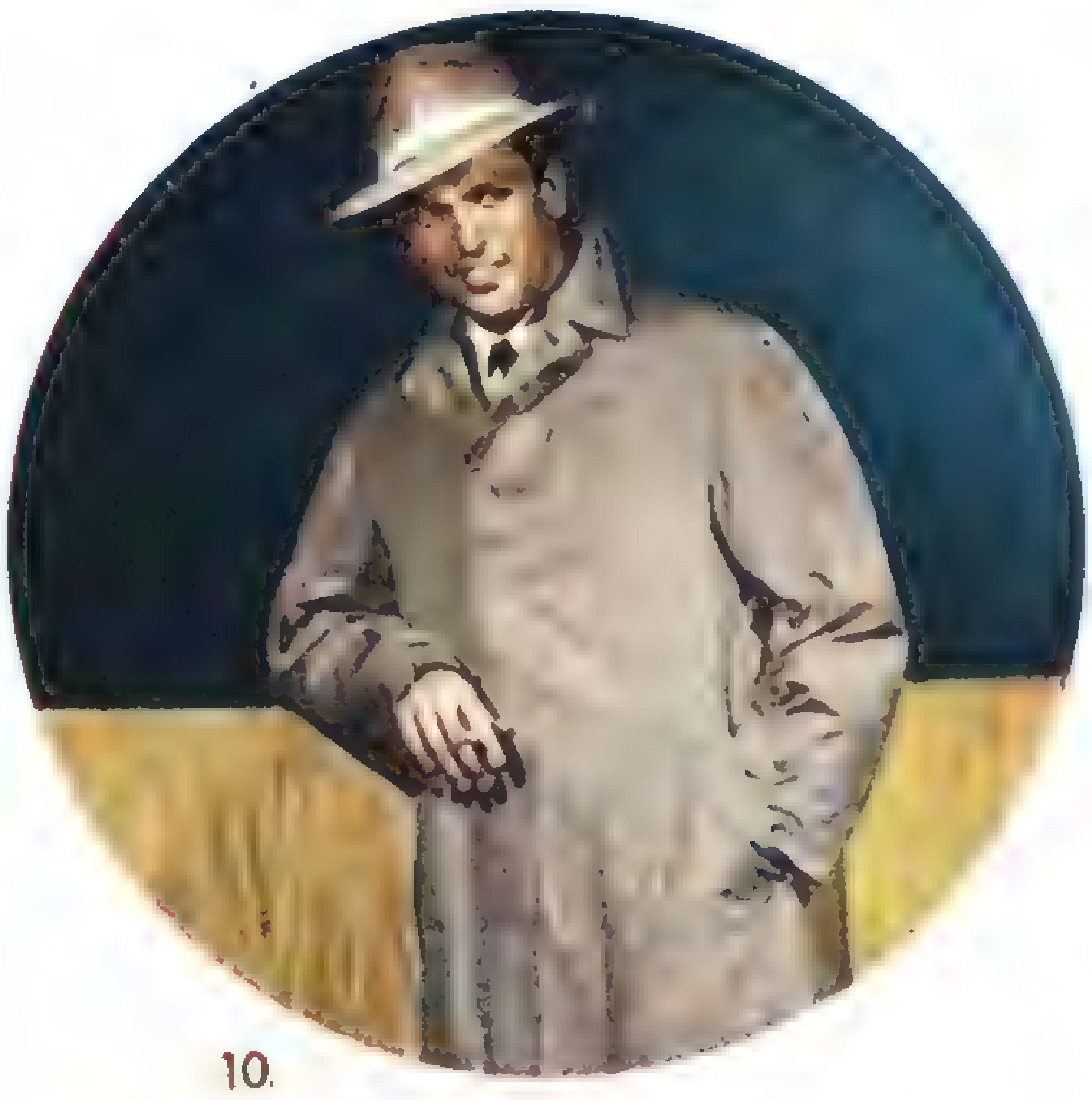
5

6

7

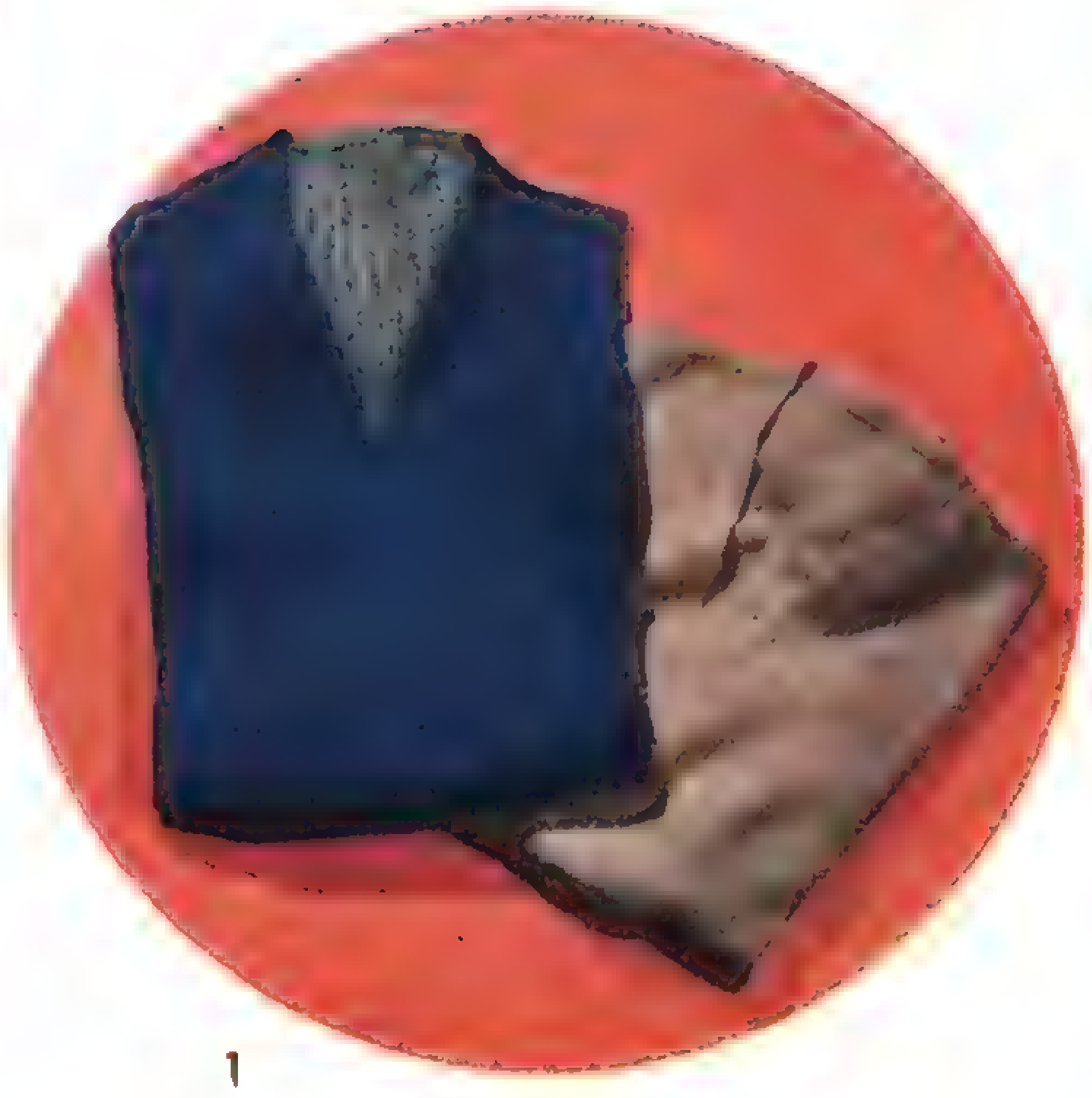
8

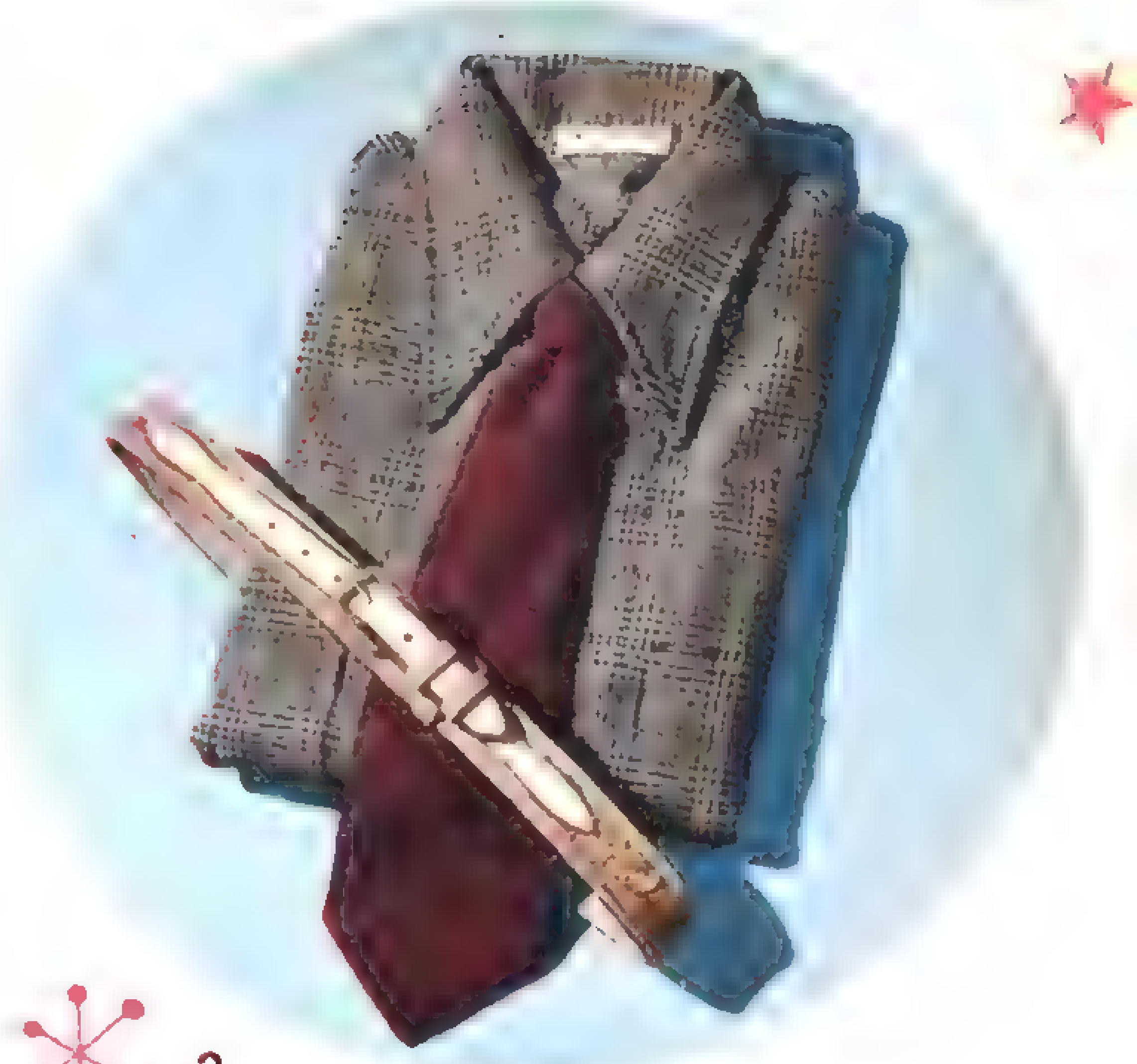
9

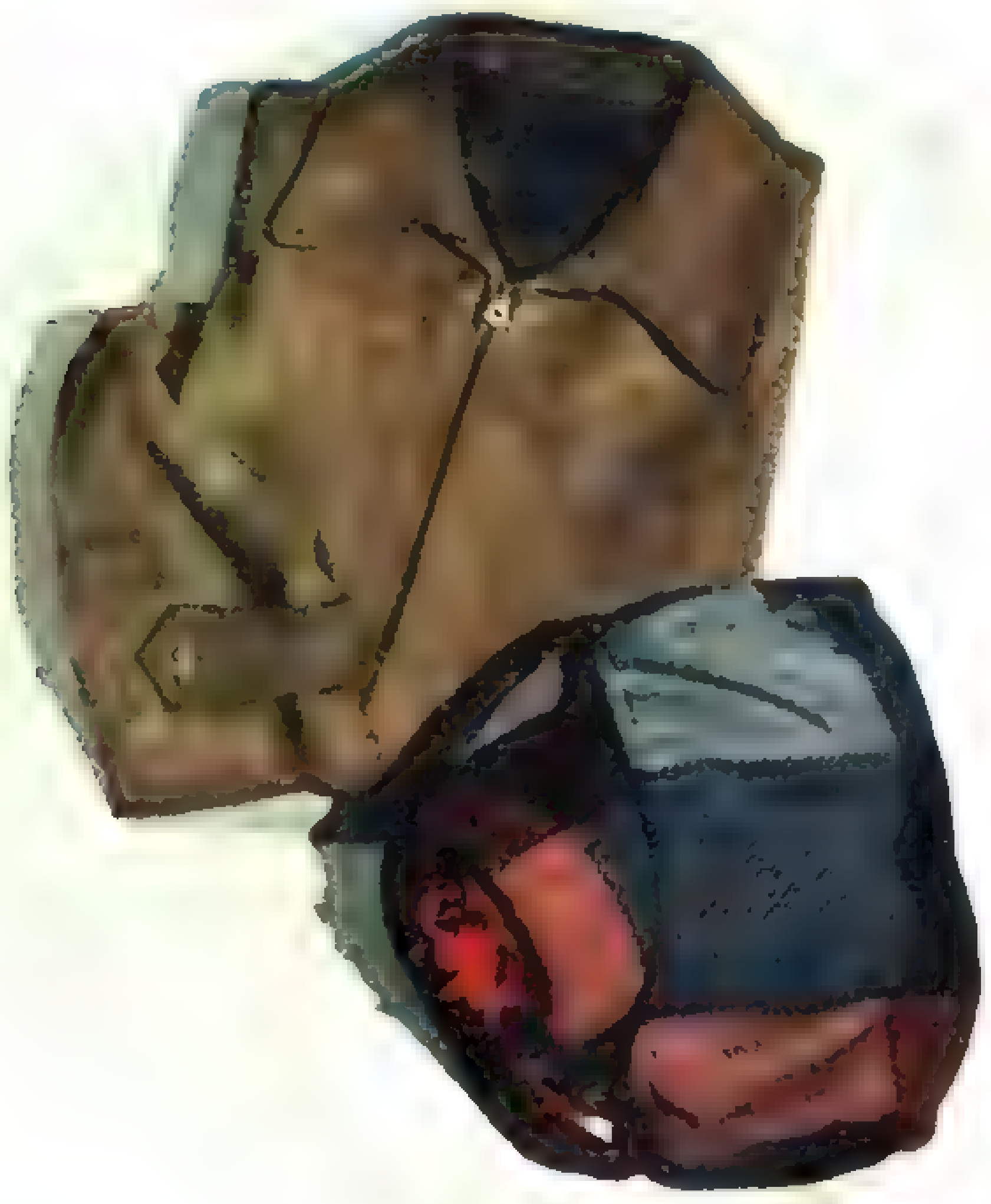

10.

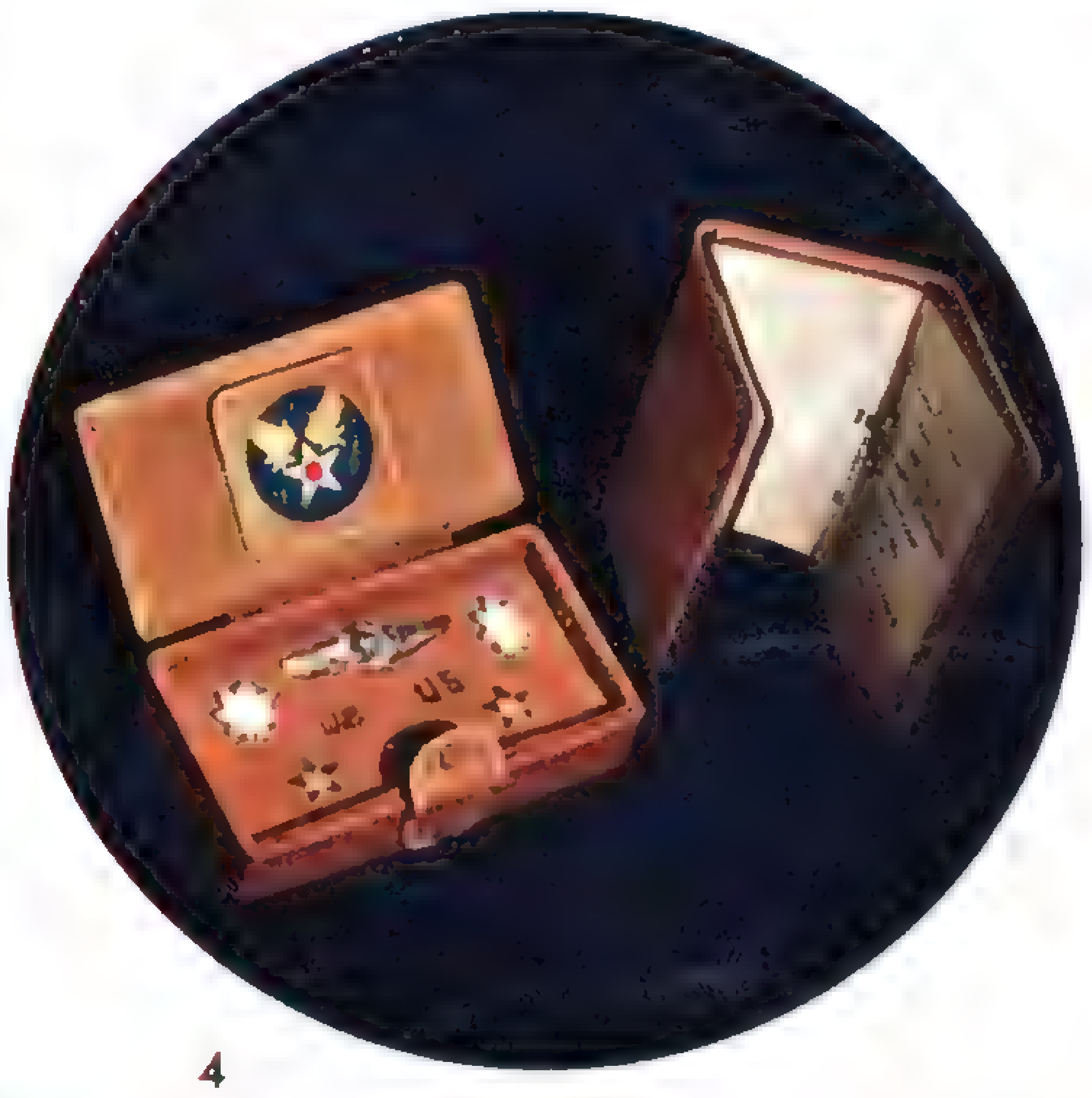
1. Broadcloth shirt, silk tie, gold finish tie clip. 2. Hat by gift certificate, whangee handle umbrella. 3. Belts of varied leathers, and Navy mascot figurine. 4. Plain, striped braces, plain garters, Marine mascot figurine. 5. Solid gold key chain, money clip, cuff links, tie clip. Knot design links, clip. 6. Rayon and cotton pajamas. 7. Wool, cotton and rayon socks, town shoes, trees. 8. Printed cotton and rayon handkerchiefs. 9. Wool and rayon robe, two-tone slippers. 10. Processed raincoat, hat.

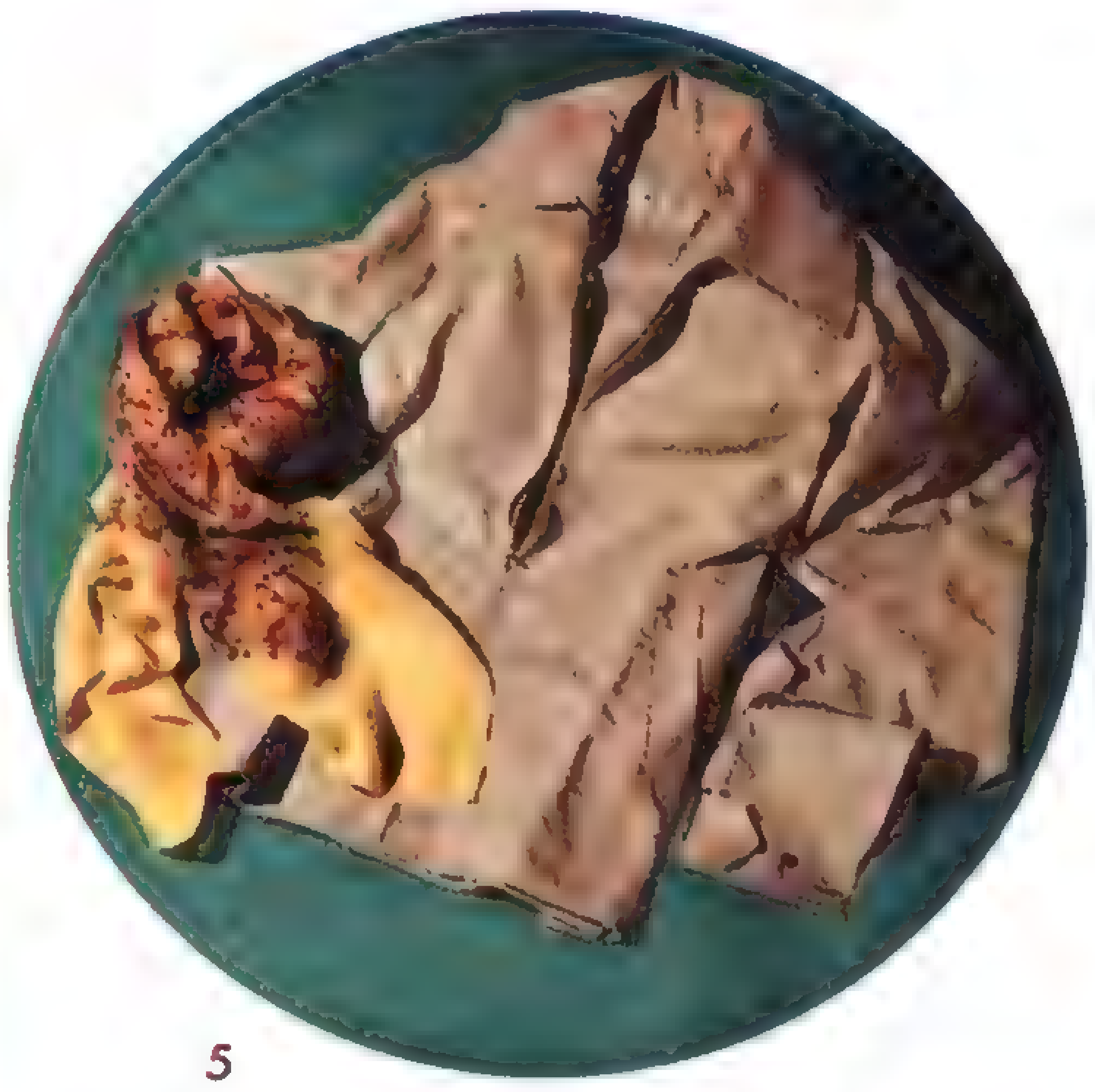
Country Accessories

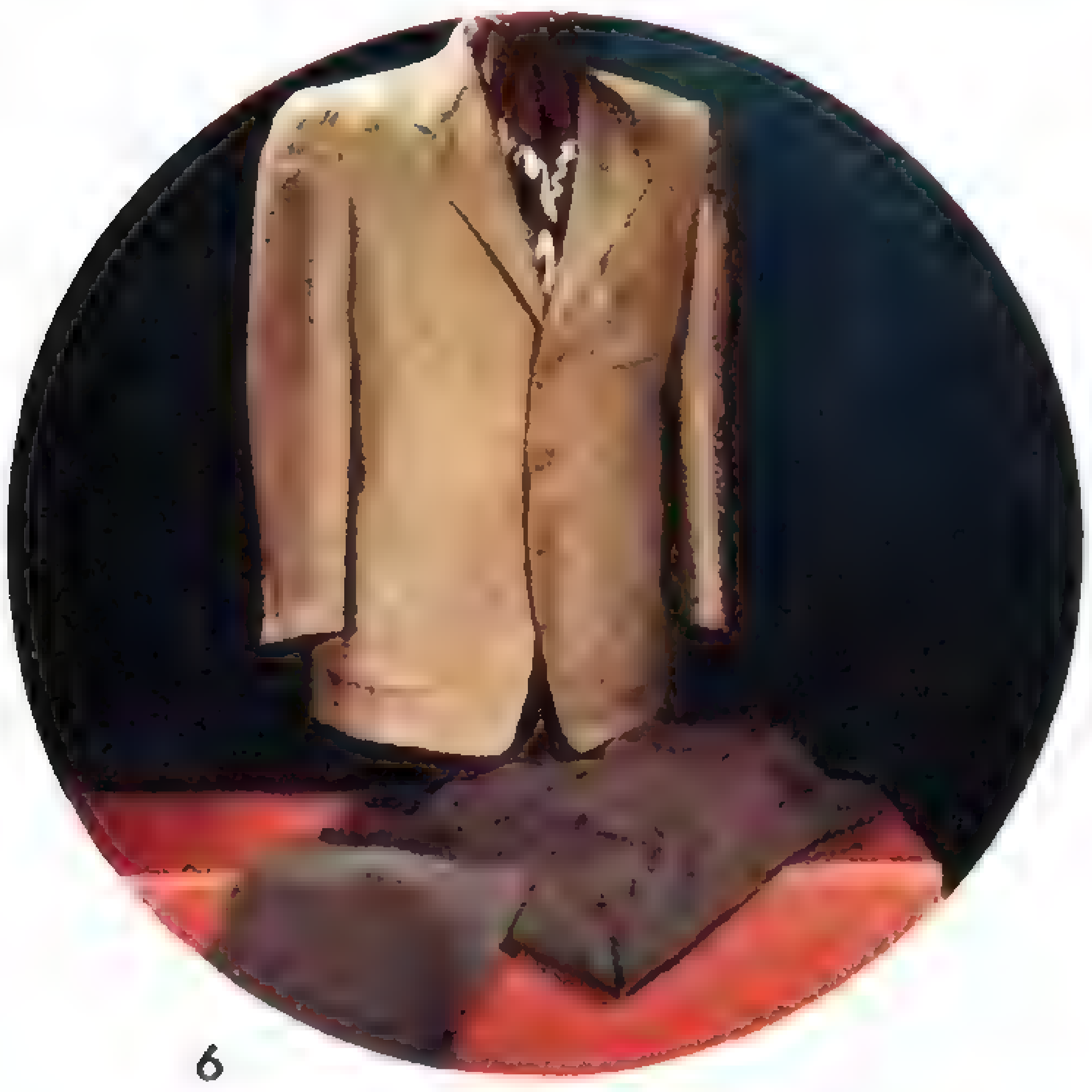

1

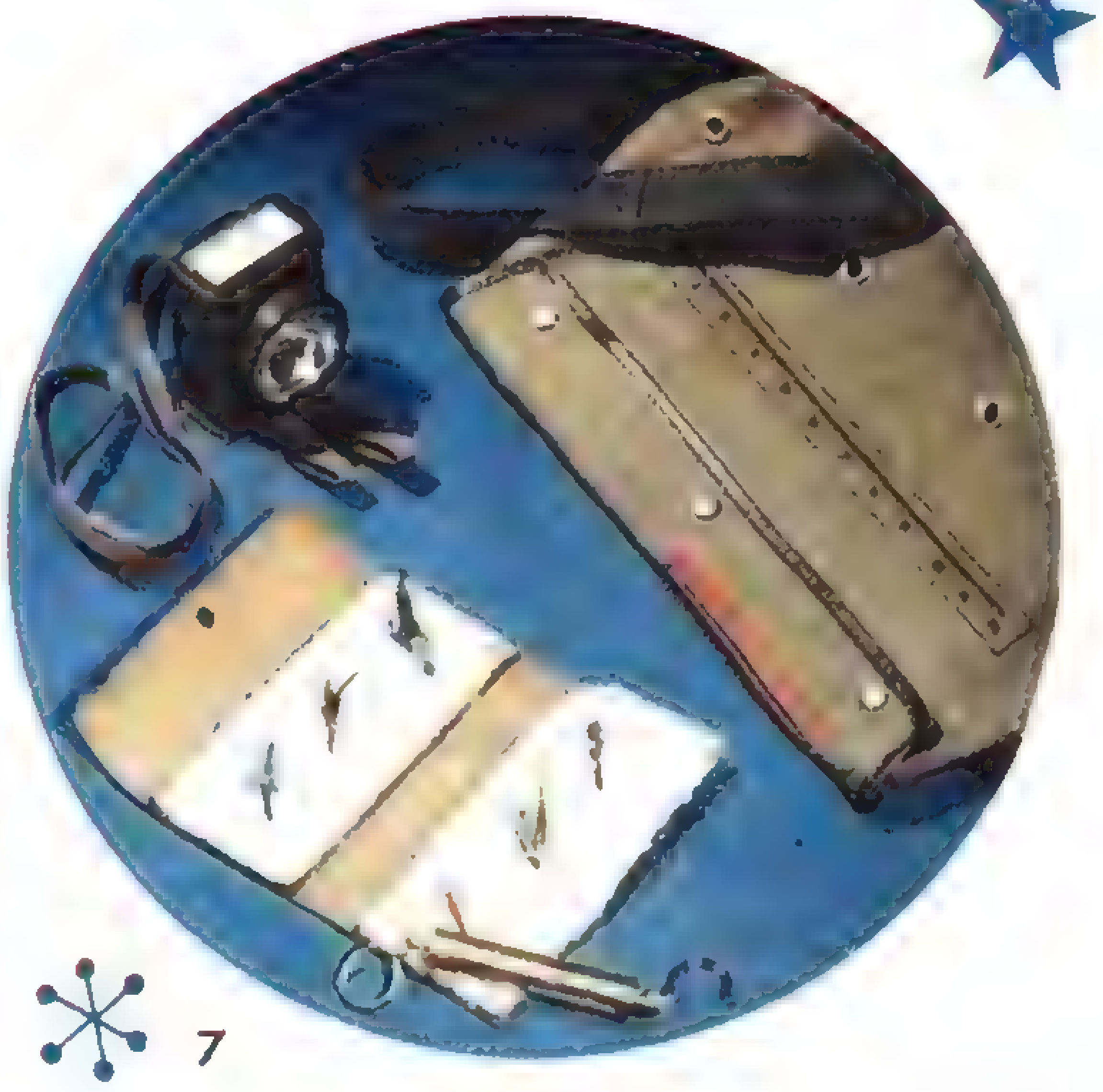

2

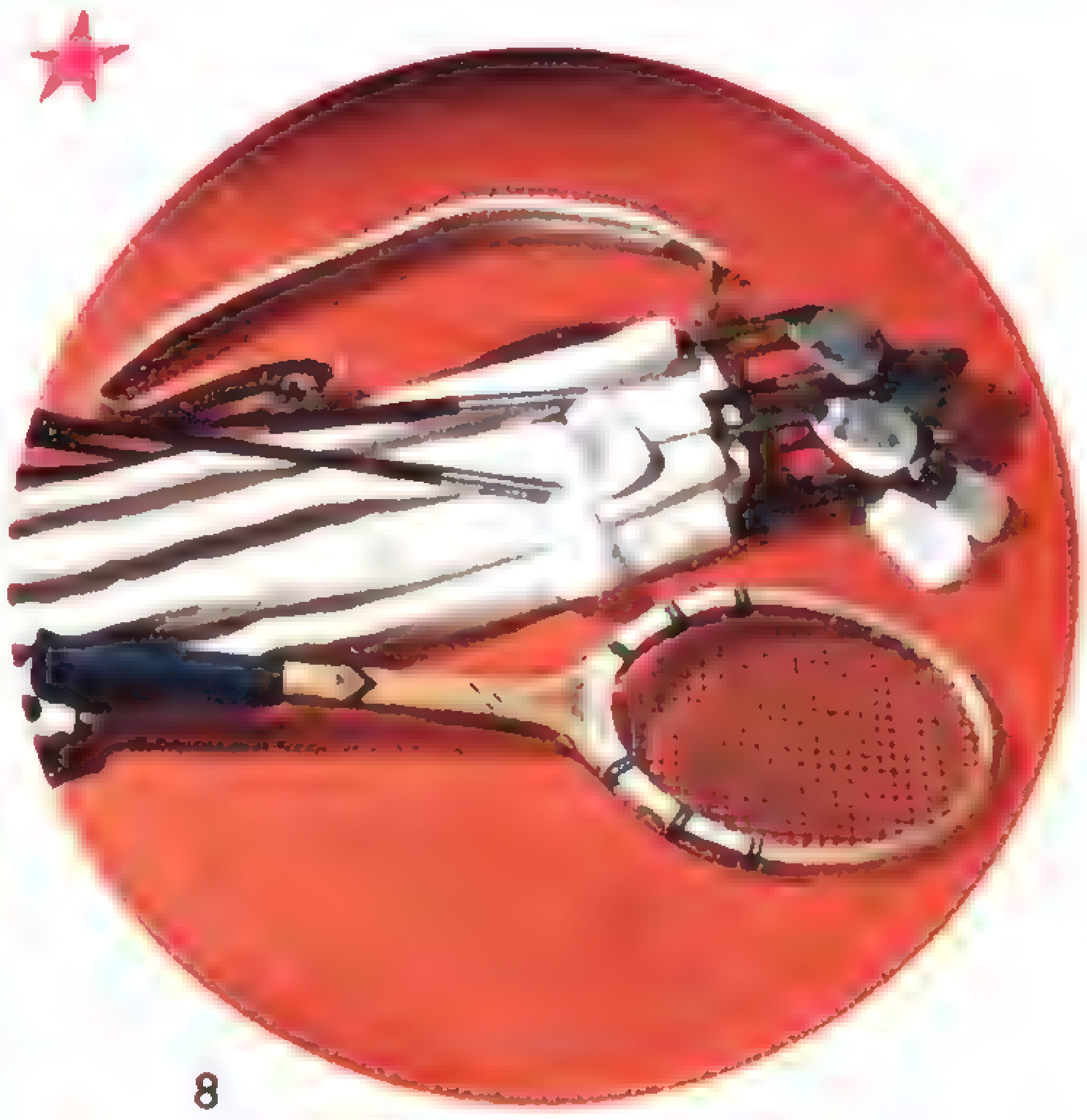

3

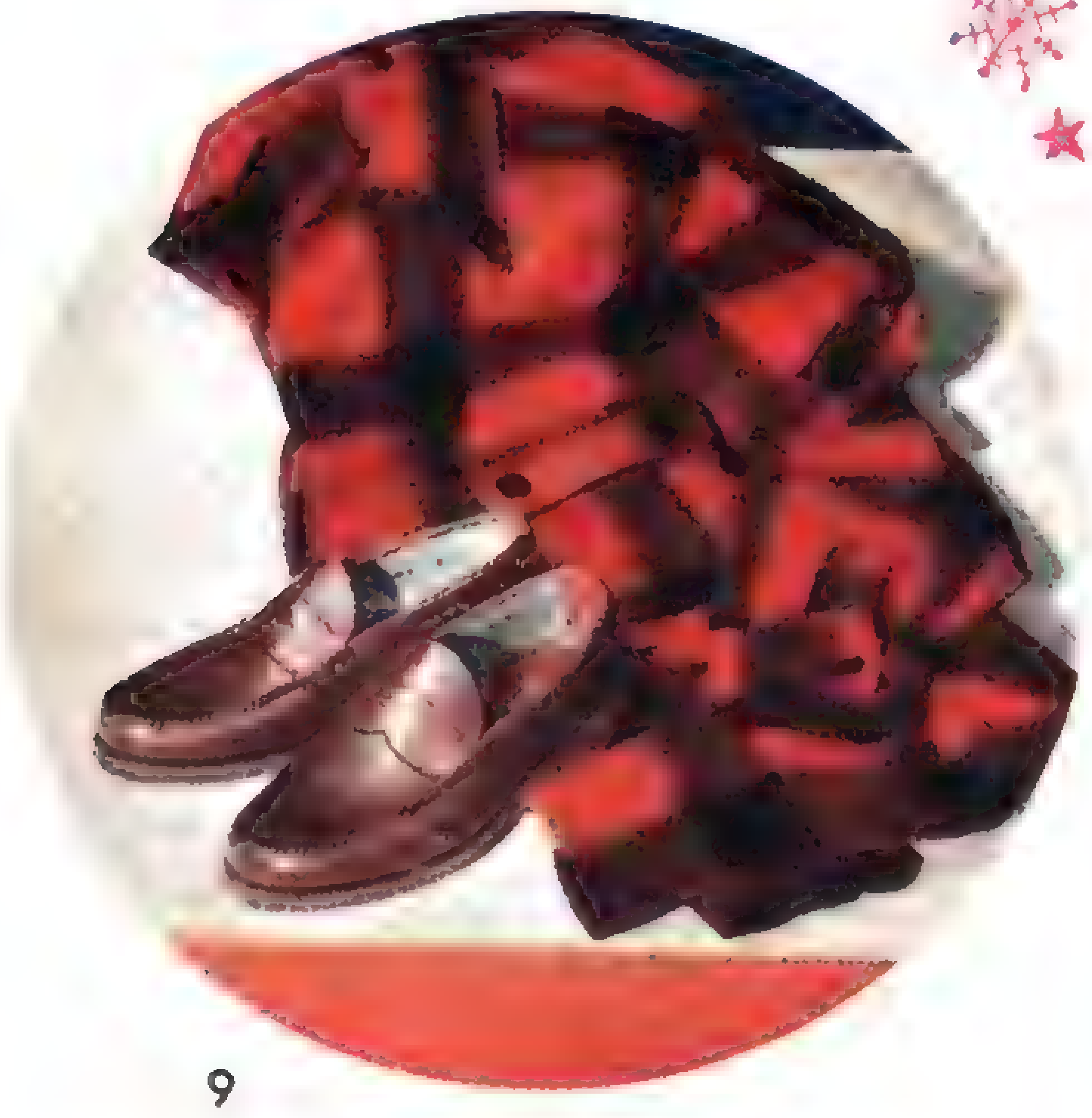

4

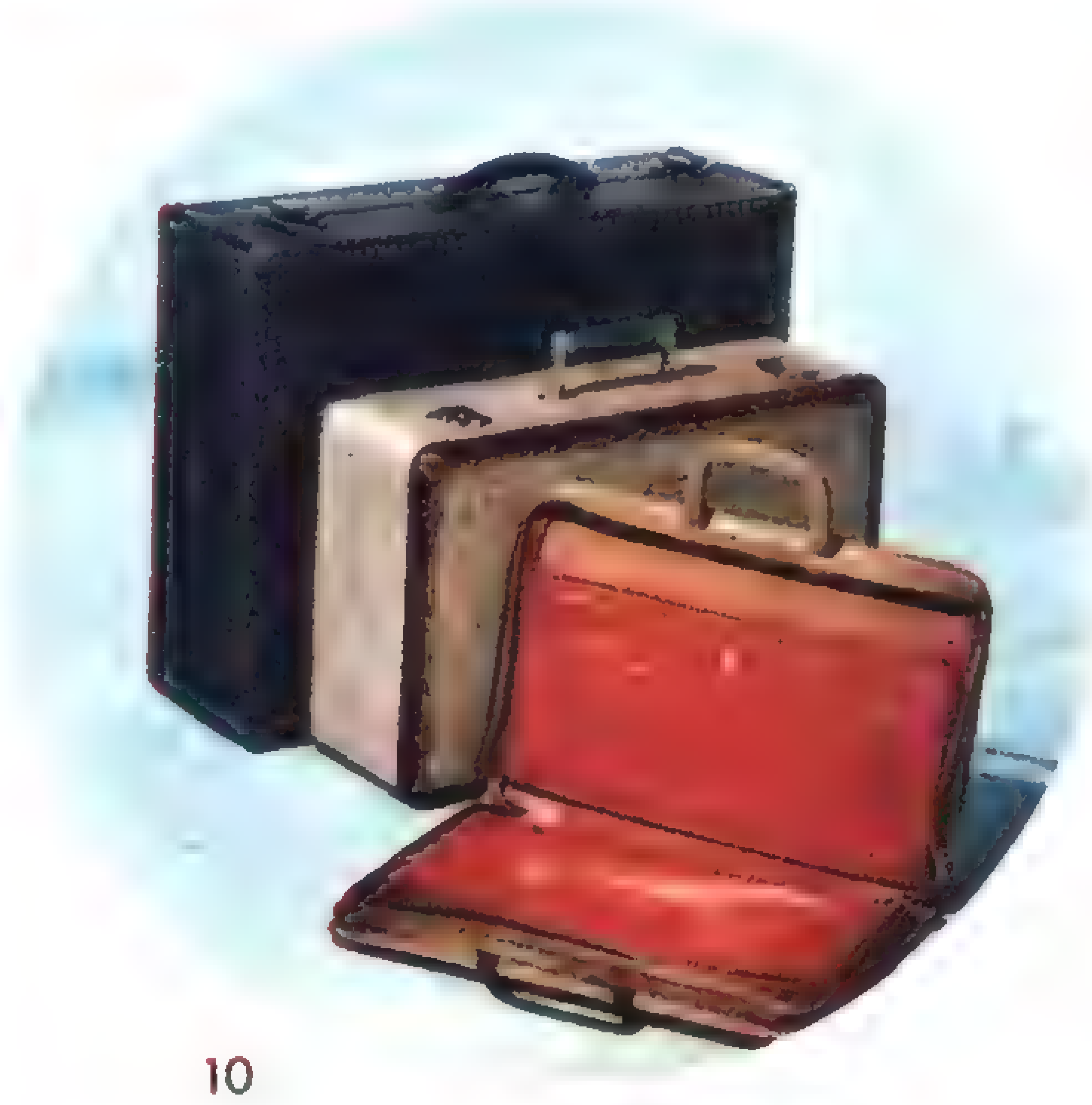

5


6


7


8

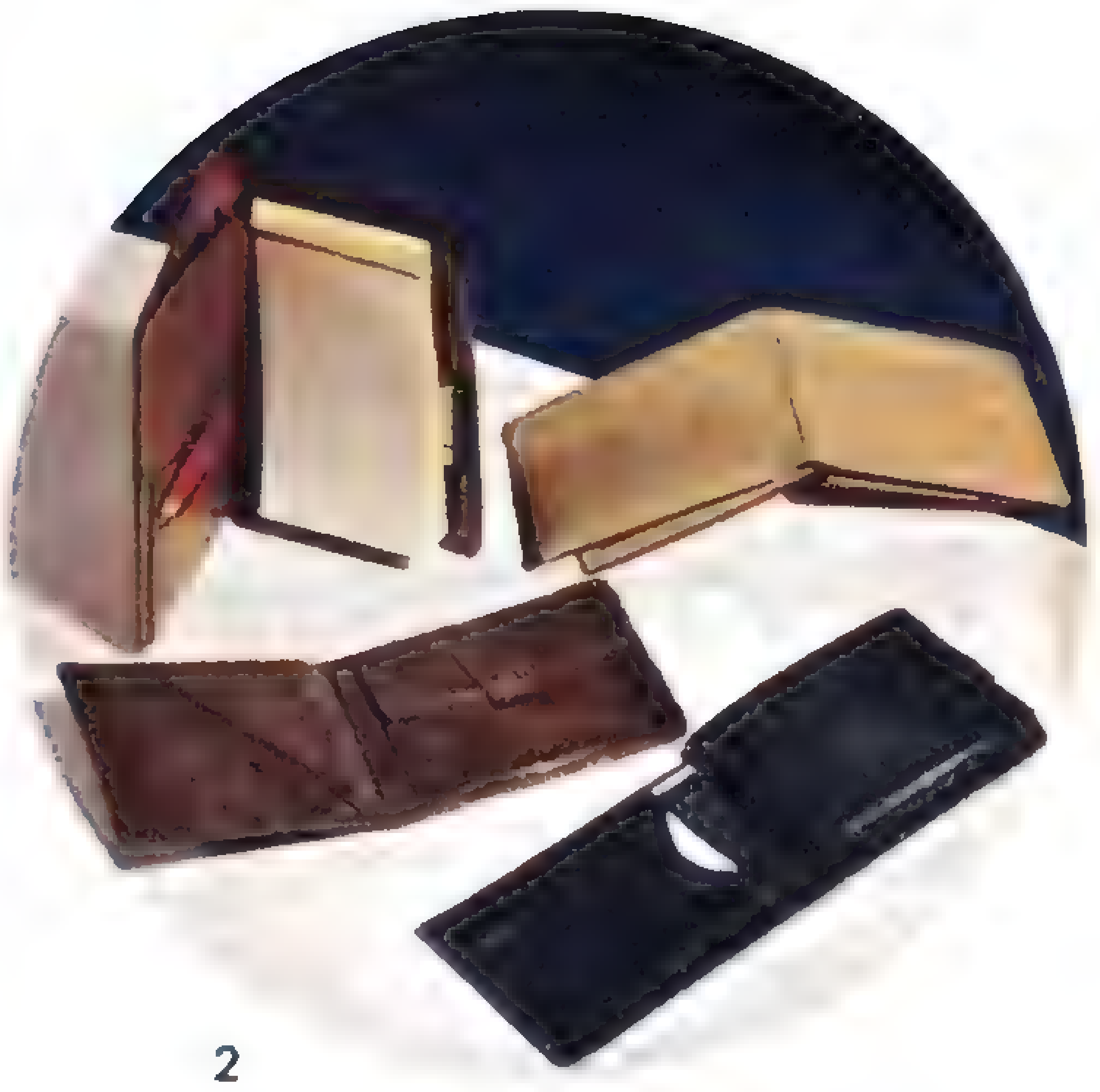

9


10

1. A reversible sleeveless pullover, and a cashmere sweater. 2. Glen plaid wool shirt with wool tie and western belt. 3. Suede jacket, wool pillow pack. 4. Veteran's insignia case, folder for discharge papers. 5. Processed cotton golf jacket with woolen scarf. 6. Wool sport jacket, rayon slacks. 7. Fly book, flies, fisherman scales, chest flashlight, canvas creel. 8. Set of irons in canvas bag, tennis racquet. 9. Heavy wool shirt, slippers. 10. Suitcases and pigskin brief case with red lining.

For Better Grooming

1


2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

1. A triple head electric shaver and refresher. 2. A pocket secretary of pigskin, wallets of pigskin, reptile and sealskin. 3. Razor blades and shaving preparations. 4. Fitted toilet case, men's manicure set. 5. Plastic handle shaving brush, soap mugs, lotions. 6. Initial buckle belt, and expansion watch band, silver key chain, bill clip, plastic tie and collar holders. 7. Tobacco pouch, pipe, wallets. 8. Military brush set, toiletries. 9. Wrist and pocket watches. 10. Electric shaver, colognes.

Hobbies and Games

1

2

3

4

5

6

WILSON Stardart
30
20
7

8

CASTLE FILMS
9

10

1. Cocktail and highball glasses, martini pitcher, stirrer, trays, muddler, bottle opener. 2. Gift packaged bottled spirits. 3. Studded leather cigar humidor, stone ash tray. 4. Jockey book ends, current volumes. 5. Fitted picnic kit. 6. Frosted pitcher and glasses, with tile center cheese tray and knife. 7. Dart board, multi-game, pocket poker sets. 8. Tobacco humidor, pipes in rack, giant table and pocket lighters, leather cigarette case. 9. Plaque, movie films, carafe set. 10. Albums of records.

Cosmetics and Jewelry

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

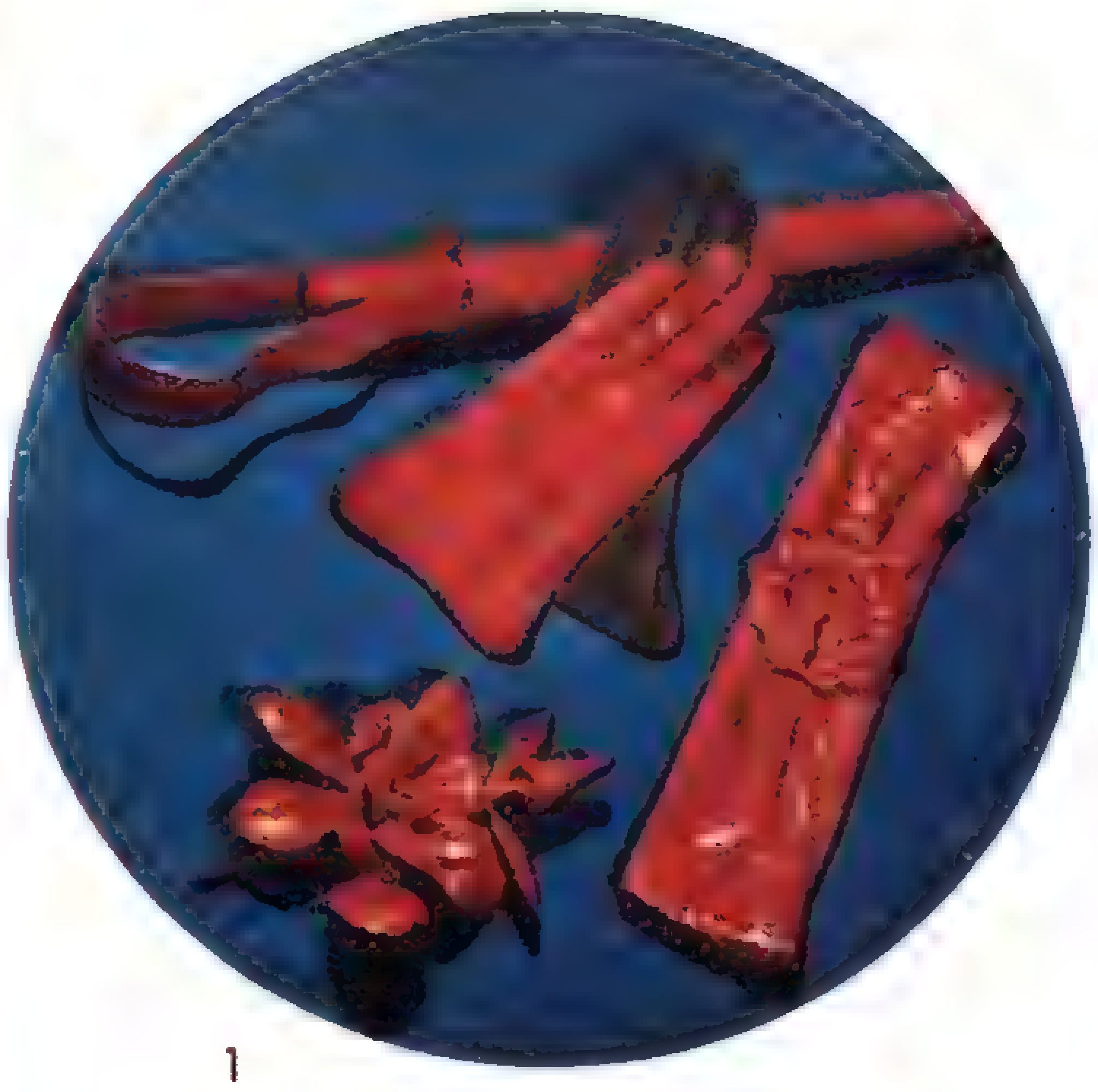
8

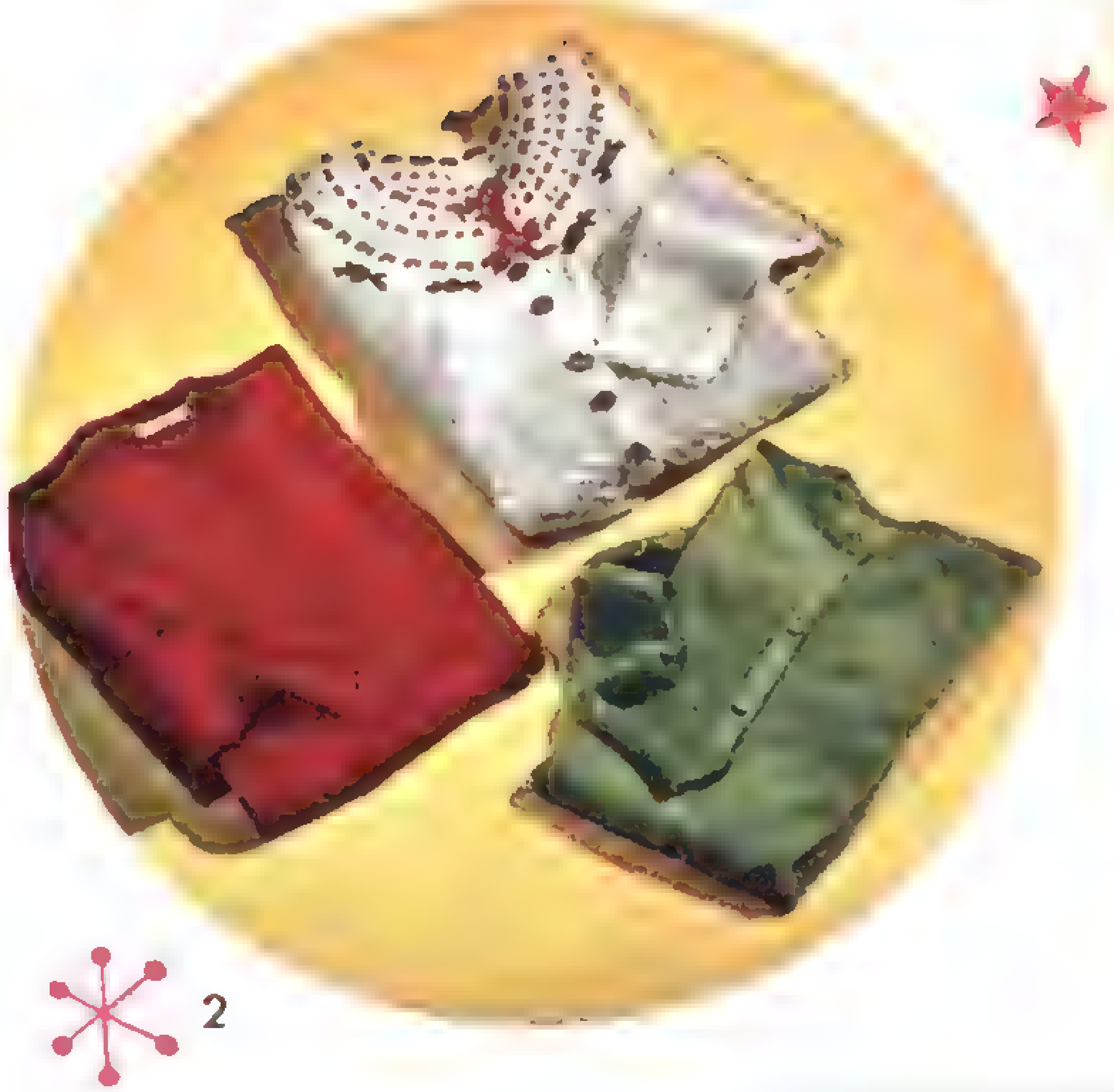
9

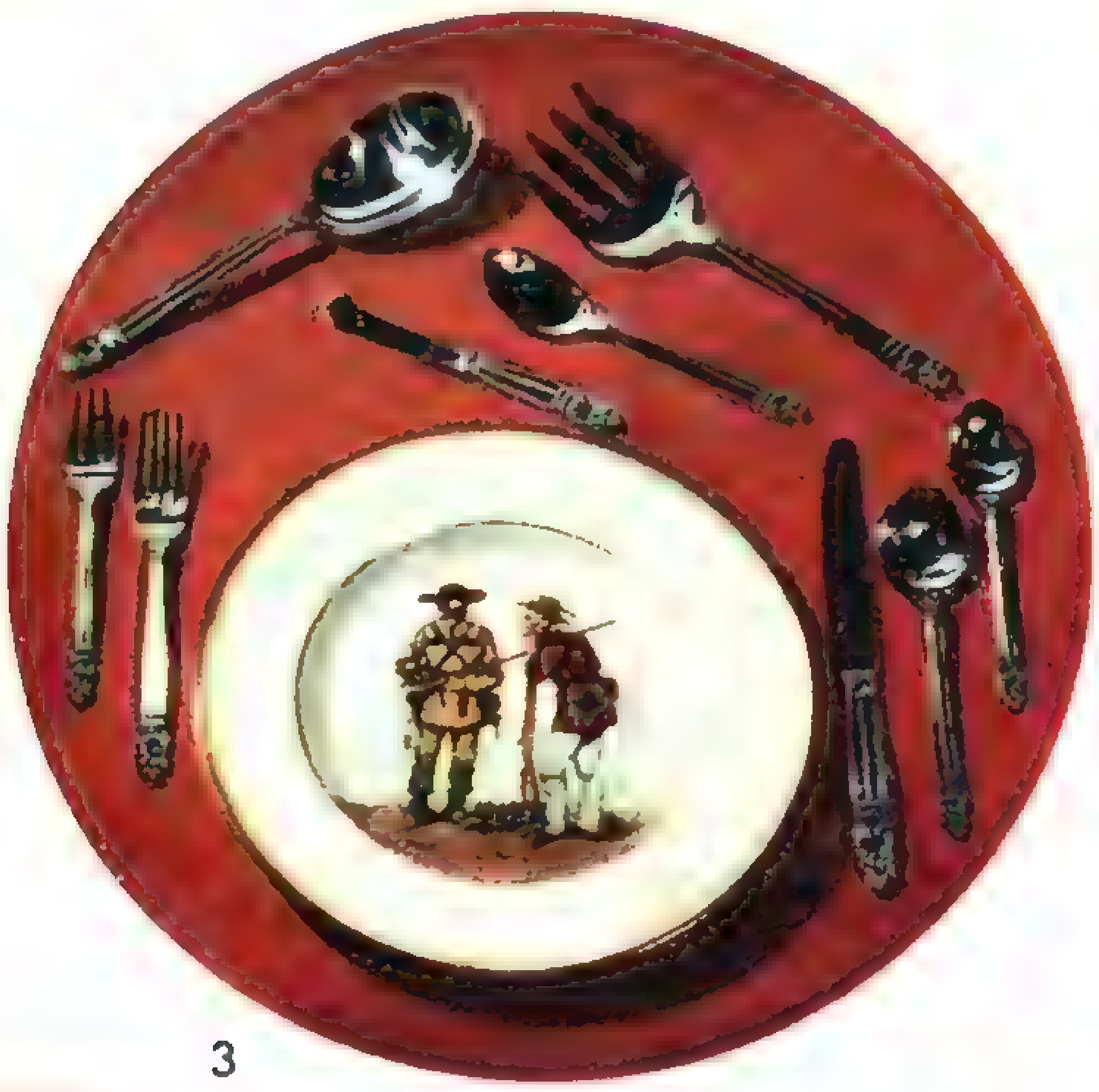
10

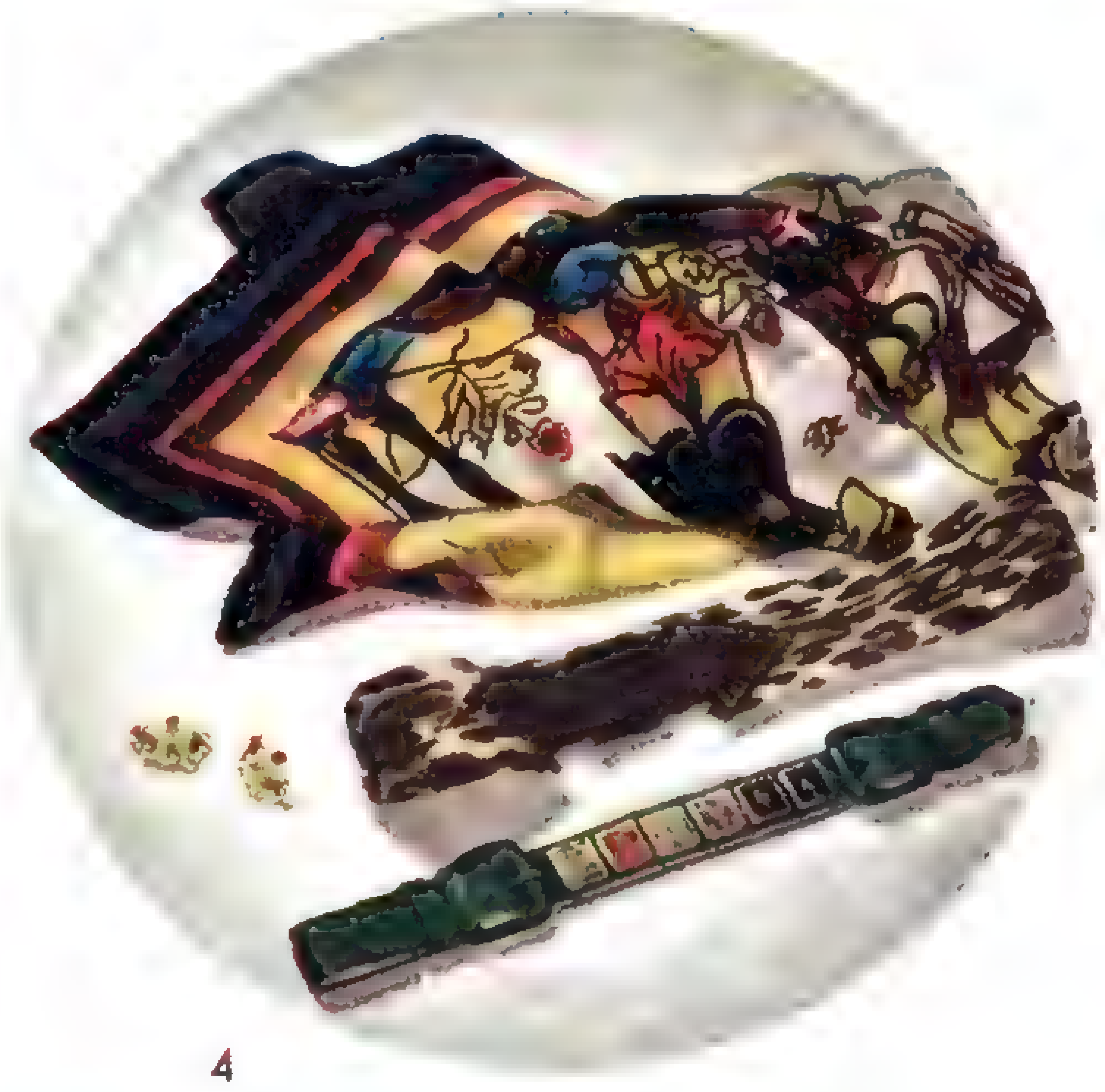
1. Compact and Chantilly, Stradivari, Tabu. 2. Simulated pearls with Heure Intimé, Toute de Suite and Imprudence. 3. Designs in watches. 4. Pin, ear clip set, Gold Tassels, Moonlight Mist, Attar of Petals, Blue Grass. 5. Bracelet, matching earrings, Surrender, Shocking, Escape. 6. Sewing set and scissors set. 7. Ring, earrings, Sumatra, Adrian, Fabulous, Risqué. 8. Spray pin, earrings, chiffon handkerchief, Anticipation, My Alibi. 9. Evening bag, White Flame, Emeraude, Indiscreet, Jet. 10. Jewelry.

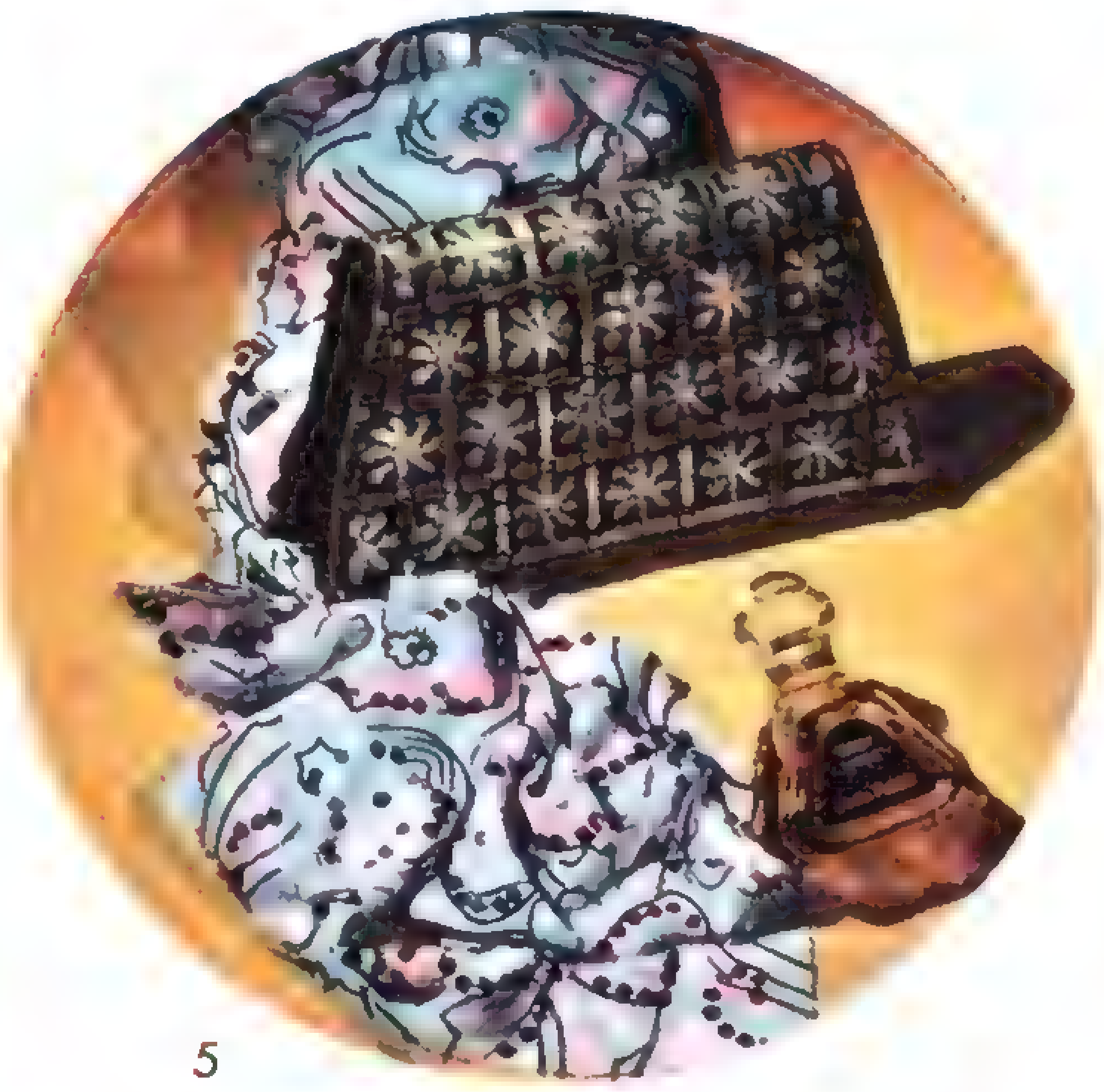
More Distaff Sides

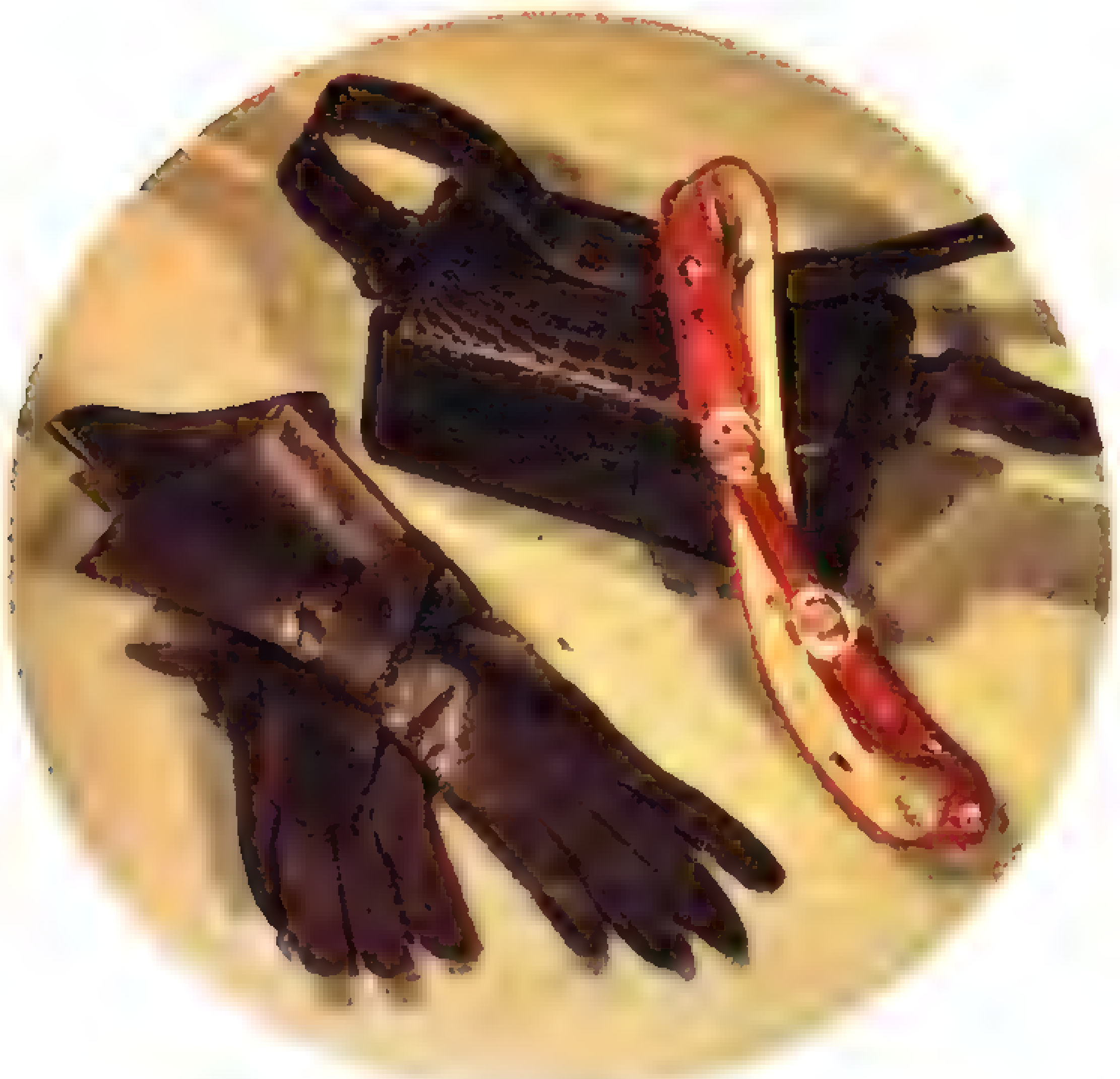

1

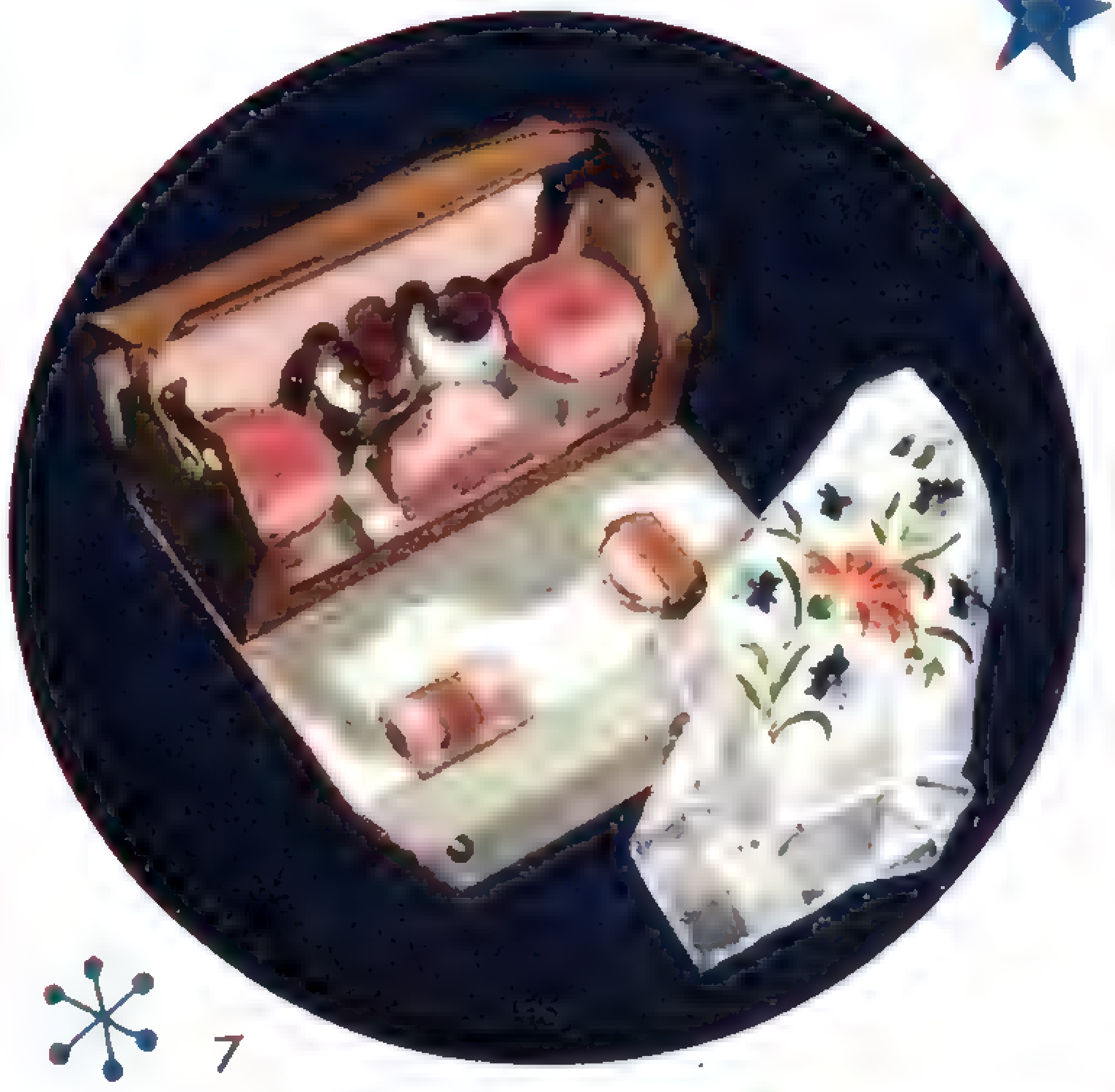

2

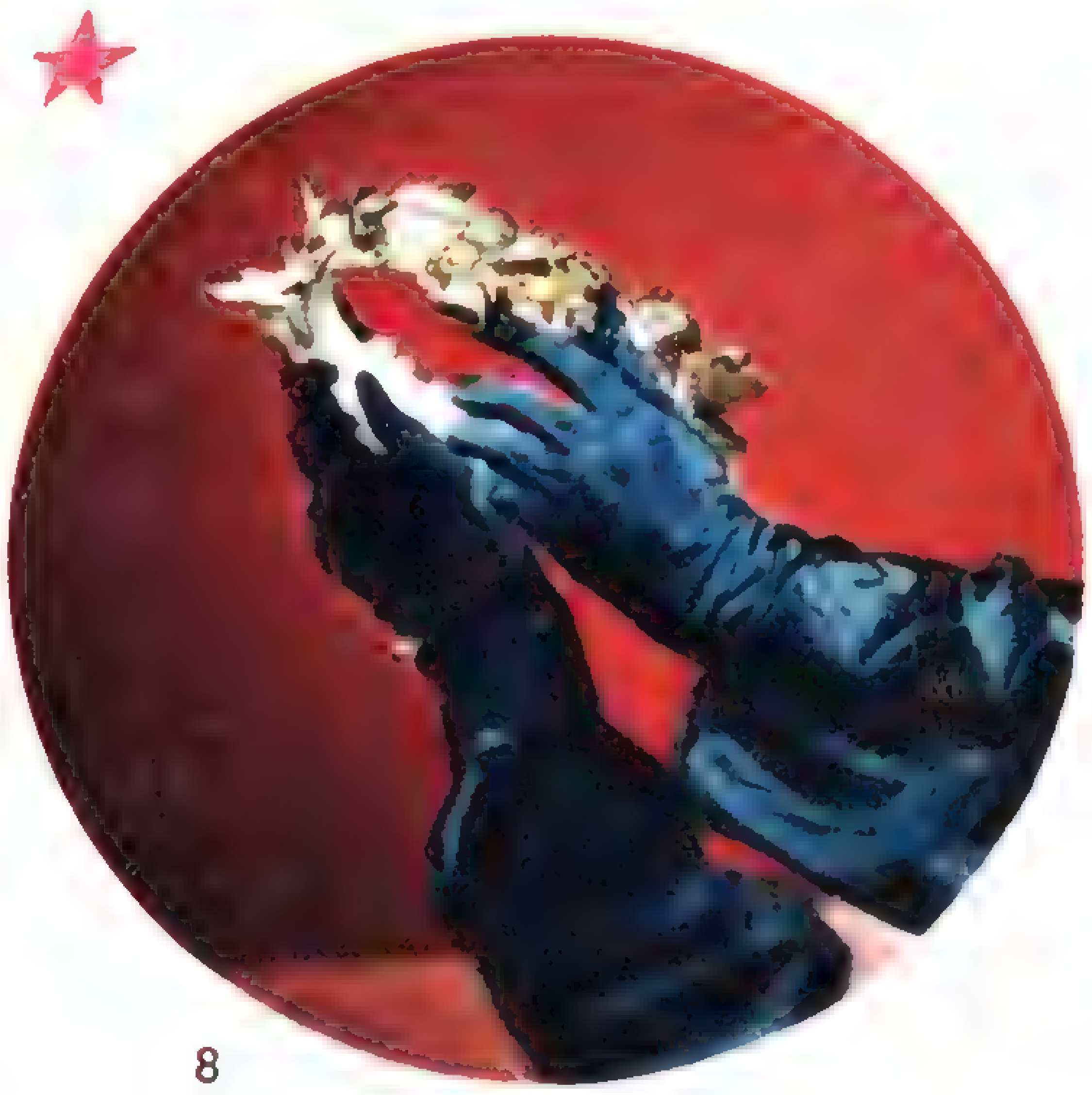

3

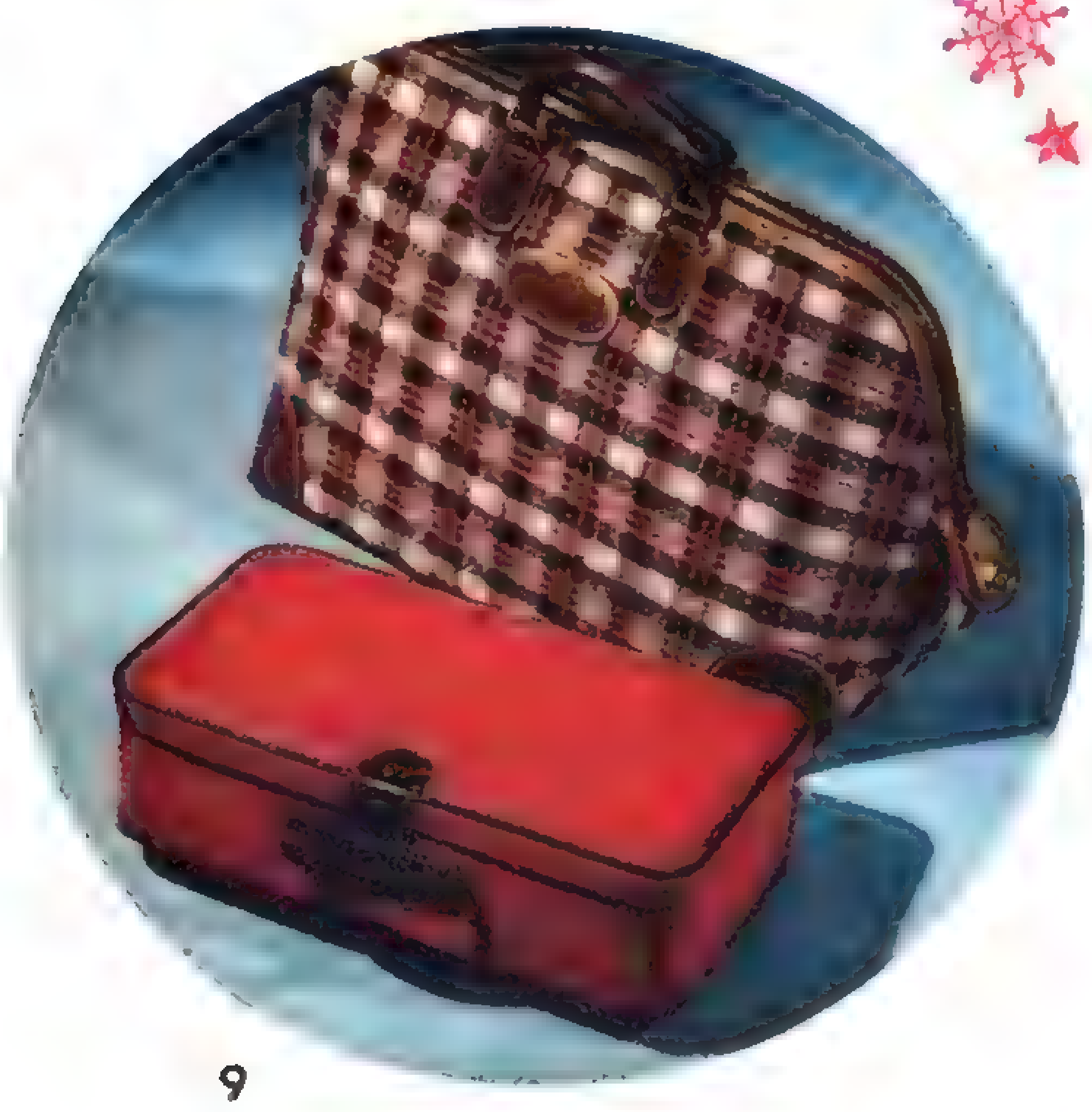

4

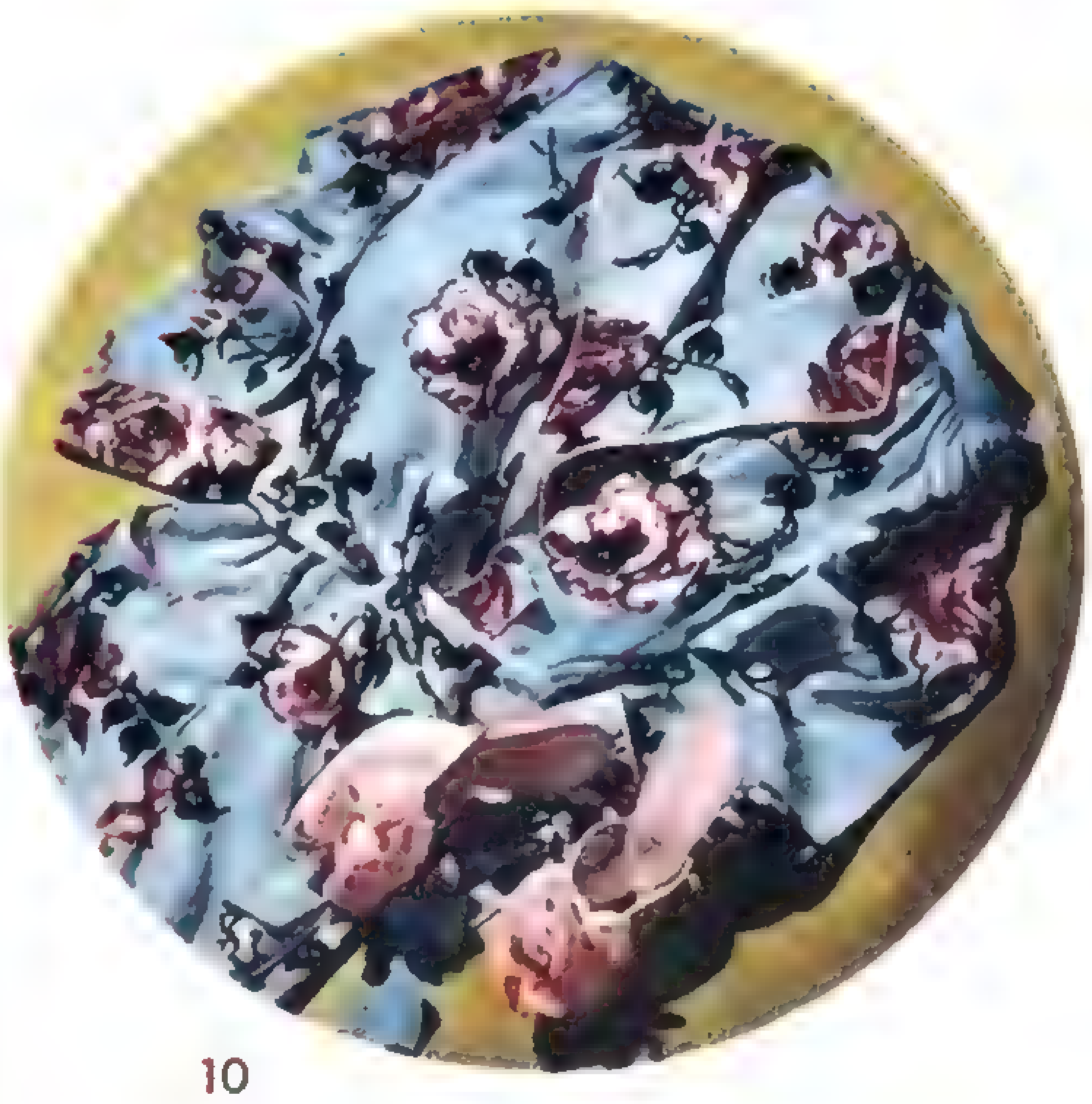

5


6


7


8


9


10

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PALAZZO-RAVITZ

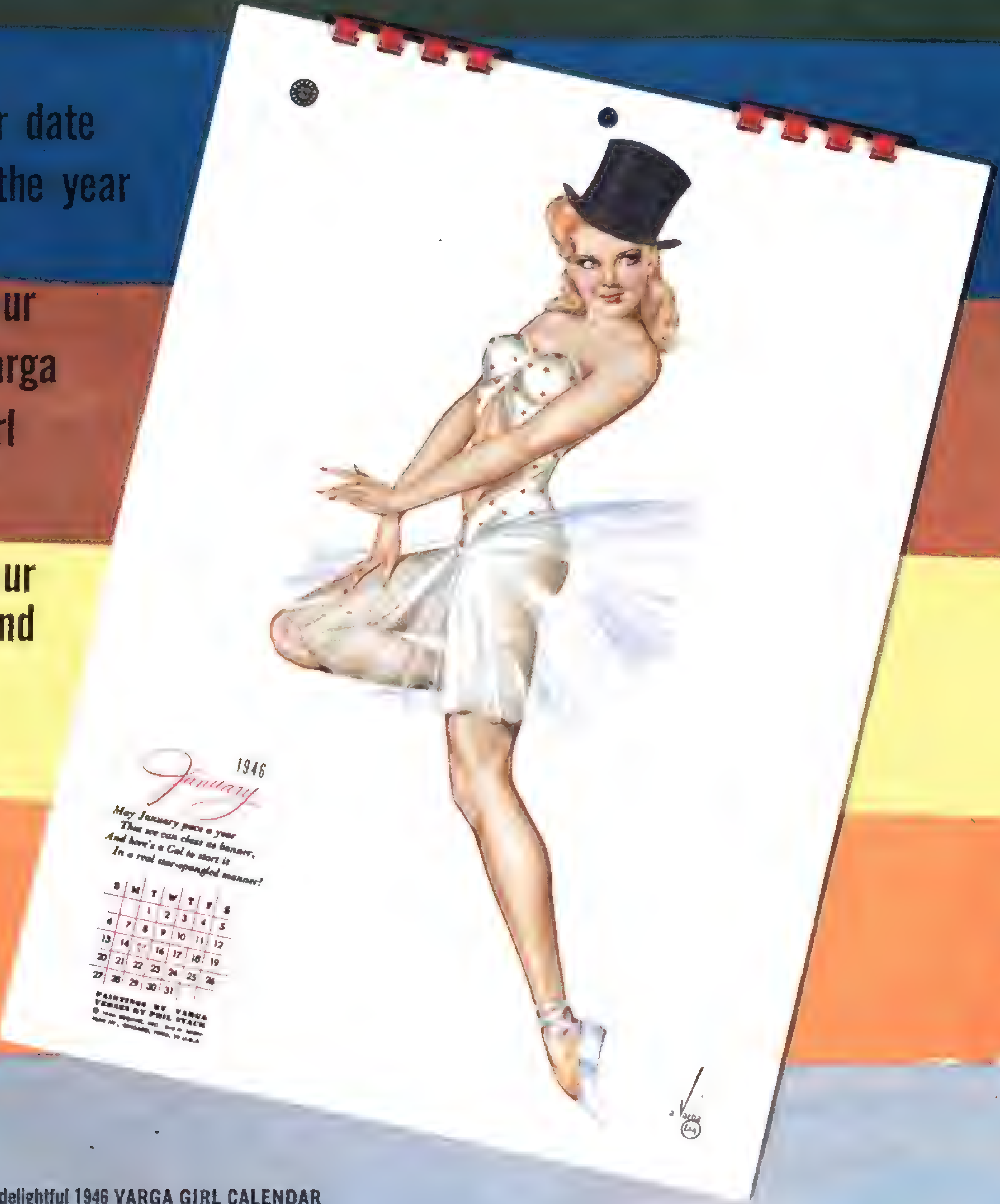
1. Cobra accessory set. 2. Novel wool jacket, with pullover and cardigan sweaters. 3. Early American design plate, pieces of flat silver. 4. Scenic print rayon scarf, leopard and enamel stamp design belts, crown pins. 5. Sequin scarf, beaded evening bag, Moment Supreme. 6. Alligator bag, belt, leather gloves with cloth palms. 7. Make-up kit, and sheer handkerchief. 8. Long velvet evening gloves, halo. 9. Plaid bag and overnight case. 10. Hand-screen print rayon robe, satin mules.

THE DAY TO REMEMBER IS THE 5th OF DECEMBER

it's your date
of the year

with: your
Varga
girl

place:
your
newstand


January
1946
S
M
T
W
T
F
S
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31
Varga

May January pace a year
That we can class as banner,
And here's a Gal to start it
In a real star-spangled manner!

PAINTINGS BY VARGA
VERSES BY PHIL STACK

for the new and delightful 1946 **VARGA GIRL CALENDAR**
get there **EARLY** to avoid the rush
for the revealing, eye-appealing Varga Girl
adorables attract crowds and stop traffic.
smooth, skid-proof plastic binding
super-quality, sturdy stock
appropriate, appealing verse by the versatile Phil Stack
12 vivid Varga Girl lovelies
this calendar has **EVERYTHING.**
all this year-appeal for only 25c

AT YOUR NEWSTAND ONLY

GREENE

Bright bits that made superior movies of *The Kid, Meet Me in St. Louis* and other pictures still delight this fan

The Little Things

by GILBERT SELDES

On the night when the lights went on again, a few months ago, in the largest city of the Western Hemisphere, a solitary traveler might have observed, in the entertainment center of that city, the blazing marquees of many a splendid edifice, announcing the great triumphs of the world's most luxurious industry, as follows: *Dillinger, Tarzan and the Amazons, Affairs of Jimmy Valentine, Whistling in Brooklyn, Face in the Sky, The Return of Frank James, Power of the Whistler, Patrick the Great.*

Under some of these names appeared secondary titles, enticements to the jaded, promises of rare pleasures to come, such as "secrets never told before" and the like. The traveler (dressed in smart khaki or navy blue) could have spent some of the days sitting in dark theatres, staring at a screen, and come out with some very quaint notions about a place called Hollywood, not to mention some even quainter notions about a place called the United States.

This hasn't been a bad year for movies, as a matter of fact, and hard by the exhibits I have mentioned, some acceptable and a few good movies flourish. In fact, one reason these honky-tonk theatres get a play is that you can't get in to see the good pictures without standing in line for an hour or so, against which the roving soldier and sailor and their gals quite naturally rebel. On the other hand, these pictures were actually made; people invested money, with an expectation of profit, in every one of them, knowing every minute of the time that they were going to be third-rate entertainment; and knowing also that they were going to be movies.

The fact that hundreds of trashy pictures have been made has stirred an English publicist to considerable wrath. To be more accurate, he was irritated by the serious probability that these pictures would find their way into British houses and he didn't think it was an essential part of Anglo-American relations that the British should be subjected to an unmitigated flow of bilge. (I think the gent was J. B. Priestley; he was aiming at an agreement on movie quotas which would pay some attention to quality as well as to numbers.) The same fact should be considered by all philosophers who, sooner or later, will have to think seriously about the movies.

I suggest an ancient formula: a bad movie is better than no movie at all. I suggest it as the actual feeling of millions of people. On the off nights at the big neighborhood theatres, two B pictures are presented; the audiences are not tremendous; but they are impressive. They are composed of people who drift out of their houses, or are out for dinner anyhow; people who accept the formula noted above. They are willing to see a movie they know to be inferior, rather than see none at all.

This suggests, in turn, that the movie-going habit is as strong as it ever was, that people go to the movies automatically, just as they eat; they would rather eat good food, but they'll eat badly cooked food if they can't get any other. I repeat another formula: people say "we'll go to the movies" with considerable assurance, without knowing in advance that there'll be a movie they want to see.

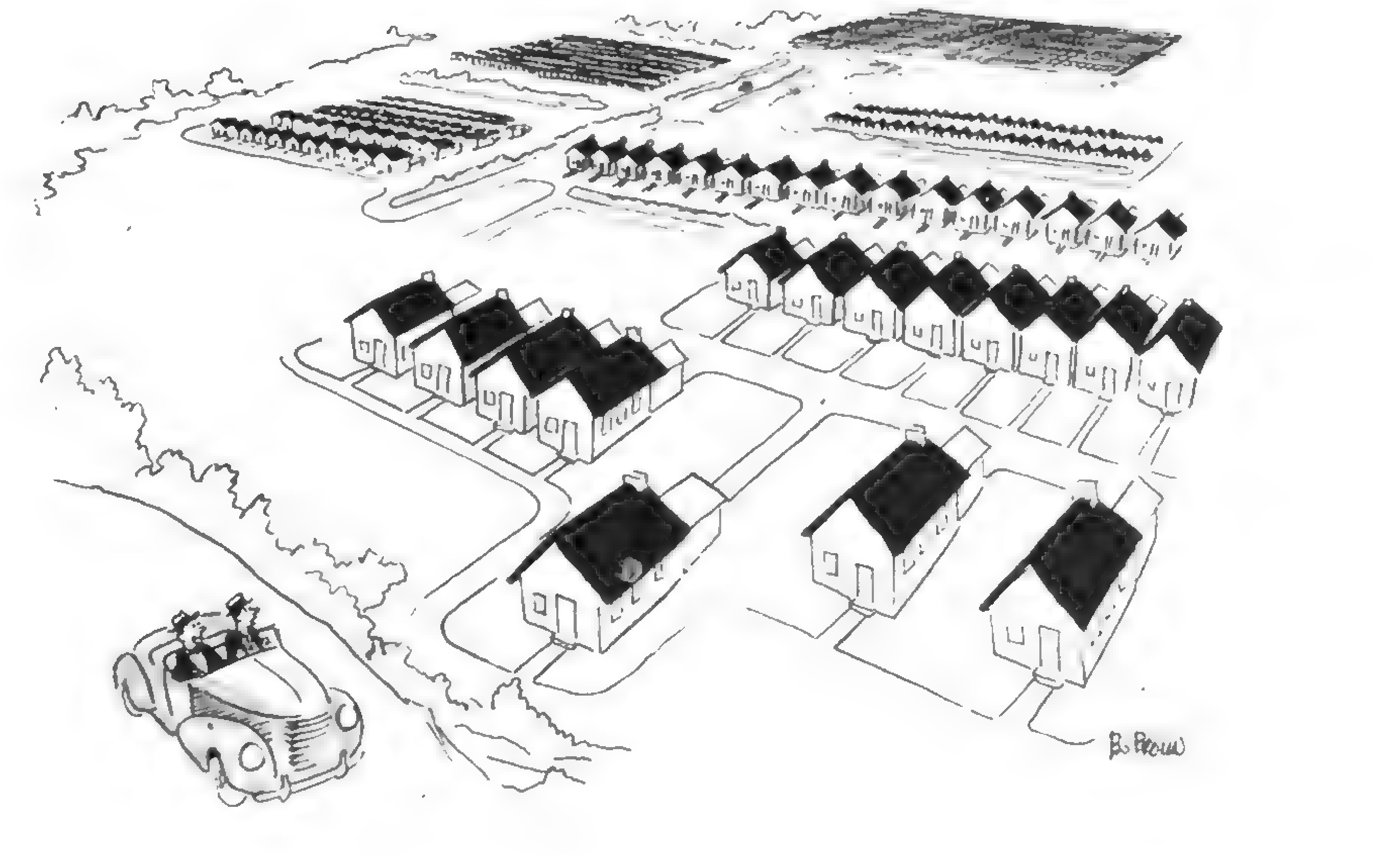
Finally, here's the thing on which the makers of the low-grade pictures successfully count: there is an attraction in the movies which is quite separate from the story, the actors, the direction, and all the other separate parts. It lies in the magic, the old illusion of the movies; the feeling that they are real, have movement, are true—in spite of the fact that we know none of these things is true.

Watching movies lately, I have been impressed by one thing which marks them off from the theatre. When you see a tragedy or a musical show, you are inclined to think of it as a whole; you liked it or you didn't; you liked some parts, not others. But you seldom want to see a play again just because an actress looked pert at one point, or because a little homey touch was apparent at another. Whereas in the movies, you are constantly picking out little bits, and these bits are, as often as not, totally outside the main structure of the picture. Once in a great while a picture builds up a hundred bits into a complete structure and fits them into a design which is in itself pleasurable. An old picture of this sort was *Nothing Sacred*; a new one, one of the best of all time in that respect, is *Meet Me in St. Louis*.

The framework of this picture was created by Sally Benson's stories. Vincente Minnelli held on to the main idea; he kept it real and suffused it with the charm of recollection. And he played it for bit after bit, tiny moments of exquisite sharpness or tenderness, which made it possible for the picture to be totally absorbing with the following plot: some people are living in St. Louis, but the head of the family has to move to New York; they don't want to go and so they don't go. That's the plot of a Chekhov story, perhaps; but few movies are made out of Chekhov. This one is superb.

Let me give you an example: At a moment of strain and reconciliation, mother goes to the piano and father joins her and sings. He seems to know the words well enough, but at a given spot, she prompts him, he picks up the cue and continues. Ten seconds in which you have been told that father always forgets at that point, that mother always prompts him. Done for comedy, with faces registering, it would have been a scene and a pest; done for character, as a punctuation mark, it is excellent.

Another instance: the little demon (Margaret O'Brien) has had an accident, a slight cut on her face; later she is going to get ice cream, at which she sings out, "feed a cold, starve a fever." And when her sister is rebuked for a prank which might have wrecked a streetcar and killed people, she replies, "Oh, don't be so stuck-up." A kind of very human illogic is behind these remarks; and the good movies are full of them. You may recall a similar delightful moment in *The Palm Beach Story* when Claudette Colbert has lost all her clothes and is crouching in an upper *(Continued on page 309)*



"The contractor kept doubling his money"

In the sweet sadness of parting, your reviewer commends Ann Chidester and Maritta Wolff, tells how to buy a book

Are Women Better?

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

In a world which by prejudice and superstition still makes occupations difficult for women, the writing of fiction has always been, decidedly is just now, a natural escape for the girls. The only needed equipment is a pencil, a little thin paper, a lot of patience, and that power of childish make-believe which is called "imagination." Whether it has been Jane Austen and George Sand, or Edith Wharton and Elinor Wylie and Katherine Mansfield, or such fragrant old sprays of forget-me-not as Harriet Beecher Stowe and Louisa May Alcott and Elsa Maxwell, the telling of stories has been one of woman's best revenges on man's hairiness and bombast.

Indeed I have been wondering lately whether in America the girls *haven't been beating* us entirely. But the couple of lists that follow—though they are as clumsy and arbitrary as all such lists—seem, alas, to hint that the women are still trailing.

Cather, Glasgow, Canfield, Hurst, Ferber, Mrs. Norris, Stafford, Mary McCarthy, Evelyn Scott, Welty, Porter, Atherton, Buck, Carroll, Suckow, Mitchell, Chase, Field, Rawlings, Banning, Victoria Lincoln, Frances Frost, Lillian Smith, Nancy Hale, Josephine Herbst, Josephine Lawrence, Josephine Johnson, Susan Glaspell, Cora Jarrett—they compose a distinguished academy, but they certainly do not glitter like Tarkington, Dreiser, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Farrell, Faulkner, Claude McKay, Upton Sinclair, Langston Hughes, Richard Wright, Stegner, Derleth, Marquand, Hersey, Hecht, Charles Jackson, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Goodrich, Richard Brooks, O'Hara, Fast, Bromfield Steinbeck, Ehrlich, Vardis Fisher, Hervey Allen, Erskine, Cain, Thurber, Waldo Frank, Prokosch, Kenneth Roberts, Robert Penn Warren, Pennell, Halper, Richter, Edmonds, Elliot Paul.

(I know; when I see these two lists in print, I shall be horrified at how many costly names I have left out and how many clucks I seem to have included. But if you do not know these names, you do not know what is going on among living American writers. With all of them, I expect from you the tribute of, "Well, well, I must read those fellas, if I get a couple days time between golf and the duck season.")

But the balance may yet hang the other way and women prove the weightier if in the whole land we can discern half a dozen young women as talented as two fairly new writers, both Midwestern in origin, both under twenty-eight, and each already the author of two solid novels. They are Maritta Wolff, of *Whistle Stop* and *Night Shift*, and Ann Chidester of *Young Pandora* and *No Longer Fugitive*. By the way, it is Virginia *Woolf*, Tom *Wolfe*, Maritta *Wolff* and the drugstore *wolf*, and why we put up with such a language, I don't know.

One of the wise-sounding and meaningless questions you hear after a lecture is, "What is the present literary trend in America today?"

If you take Miss Chidester's impressionism and Miss Wolff's emotional naturalism, and add the obscurities of Marguerite Young and some profitable pietism and the resentful wonder of the returned soldiers and the cloak-and-rapier—which are really cloak and-suit—best-sellers of the hour, then the present trend is all the trends there ever have been.

Miss Wolff is the extrovert, the quiet and relentless observer, the teller of stories, with no opinions and no egotism of the author apparent in them, and with a forgiving wisdom about even the messiest of people. How, at twenty-seven, she can know so much about human motives and habits is beyond me.

She has dealt, so far, with a middle-sized contemporary industrial city in Michigan—it could as well be in Ohio or Indiana or anywhere in the empire of steel—and with the villages in its streaky neighborhood. She knows the juke box, the jiving chicks and cats, the factory whistle and the jittery hour when you fall into machinery, the truck driver bumbling on all night long and what he says at the Bar-B-Q, the boarding-house room and what the old man of forty thinks as he reaches for a cigarette—and, for the Better Element, the party frock and the necking at the country club. And she knows the bells and keys of the insane asylum that are the award of industrial virtue.

Yet she is never drab nor propagandist. There is humor, gentle or derisive, everywhere, and no more than Dickens is she afraid of sentiment or of noisy melodrama—a Christmas tree or the terror of a suddenly drawn pistol. But, unlike that glorious and benevolent fake, she does not cover up the lechery or cruelty of her best-loved scoundrels with pious reflections, but lets them rip. Here, in her two novels, is a contemporary America that, since it cannot shape more than sixty per cent of our population, we polite readers ignore. Maritta Wolff was born on a farm in Michigan on Christmas Day, 1918; not a bad present for the America that was so puzzled after that other war and has remained so ever since.

Ann Chidester was born a year later, in Stillwater, Minnesota, a town which, as all persons who really know Minnesota history, all seven of them, will remember, was founded by the titanic Joseph Renshaw Brown.

Like Miss Wolff, she has melodrama enough to season the fare, but in her novels she has no more humor than a ration book. She is constantly aware of the depth and cleverness of the Author, who is herself, and of how profoundly that Author is observing the wonders of life. She has so far—but remember how young she is—been constantly guilty of the Artists and Interesting People Myth, common to earnest young writers, whereby there is no juice whatever in a businessman or congressman or tidy housewife of solvent farmer, but only in writers, painters, musicians, a few doctors (usually drunks and uncombed) and the shaggier sort of lumberjacks, forest rangers, and hoboes. To her, it is a point against any of her characters if they have bathed, but a hundred points against them if they have bought and fully paid for the bathtub.

Yet there is in Miss Chidester such a passionate and truly poetic love of the American—or the universal—land and sky and rivers and roads, such reverence for courage and for youth's impatient stubbornness, such a profane and earthy eloquence, that she soars universes above the neat and talented young novelists who pick at their little emotions and family clashes and schoolroom golgothas.

Miss Chidester is a "regionalist" in that most of her stories center in the high-spired hillside town of Stillwater, on the St. Croix River, which forms part of the boundary between Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is a magnificent stream, deep among pine-thick cliffs; and ancient highway of the French and Yankee explorers, and for hundreds of years a path and a battleground for the Indians. She also scans education on the assembly (*Continued on page 239*)

TREE WITH KNOWLEDGE

Photograph by Breitenbach

He turned a corner, did the photographer, and there in the night it was waiting for him, this tree with a sense of the fitting and of the holiday, a very knowledgeable tree. It's not candleabraed with gay things in red and green, nor does it have electric wiring hid cunningly about the branches and foliage. Yet this radiant tree plays its traditional role beautifully, without affectation, and with no artificiality, so that you wouldn't mind at all placing your gifts beneath it. Here was one of those chance encounters where the camera, the season, and the symbol of the Christmas season combined to effect a startling creativeness that springs only from the natural and spontaneous . . . both qualities belonging to the mood-tone of the holiday.

Mukluk City turned out for the match and Hunker bet a can of gold dust the Indian would lick Kid McMannus in twenty rounds

A Lesson in Siwash

by DAN CUSHMAN

GREENHALGH

HUNKER JOHN rolled over in his bunk, drew up the moosehide robe in protection against the twenty-below cold that seeped through the logs, and groped for the form of his partner.

"Hap!" he said, sitting up.

He remembered then. Hap was gone. Been gone for three days. Hunker cussed a little, got up, lit the bacon grease dip, and poked the coals that lingered in the bricked-up Yukon stove. After the fire was going, Tan, the Siwash dog, hobbled over from his nest in the corner and arched his back to be scratched.

"Tan, I got me the worst pardner between Skagway and the Circle," Hunker muttered. "Every day I dig, dig, dig, thaw, thaw, thaw that frozen muck. But is Hap around to so much as turn the windlass? No! He goes to town, sleeps in a hotel, eats pie like as not. What am I, an idiot?"

Surprised by the directness of the question, Tan wagged and whined.

"It ain't as though I was gettin' younger. I'm nigh sixty-five." Hunker couldn't recall exactly how old he really was, but he always named that figure because it sounded well. "When a man's sixty-five it's time he was layin' away for his old age. And I'd have plenty laid away if it wasn't for that worthless Hap. Him and his bets and his fightin' dogs. *You* a fightin' dog! The Tanana Terror!" Tan cringed and wagged desperately. "Might o'knowed you wouldn't stand a chance with that pit bull of Frisco Flynn's."

While the griddle was heating, Hunker scratched a hole through the frost on the front window and squinted down the trail toward the Chillimook. All was white and dead in the early twilight. Satisfied, he removed a loose plank and lifted out a heavy baking-powder can. He dropped in a few grains of gold taken from a test pan the day before and appraised the can's weight.

"Forty-three. No, I do believe there's forty-five ounces." He did some figuring with a stub pencil. "Forty-five, 750 fine. That makes 675 dollars. Half 675 is 337 dollars and fifty cents. Add my share of next summer's cleanup, and I'll have it."

"It" in this instance was the sum of 800 dollars, a fortune which was to take Hunker back to the Beaverhead, in the States, where he planned to start a little fruit farm.

He sat at the table, hefting the gold and dreaming of his fruit farm. He could just see it—twenty acres blooming with apple, peach, pear and plum trees. He spent so long dreaming that the griddle burned free of grease and turned grey. A woof from Tan aroused him. He jumped up and pulled off the griddle. Just then there was a crunch outside, and the door swung open.

"Hap!" gasped Hunker, trying to juggle the griddle and toss a dish towel over the can of gold at the same time.

Hap, a small, grey man with youthful eyes, was followed by a young Indian giant.

"What's this?" asked Hap at once, pointing toward the baking-powder can.

"Nothin'," mumbled Hunker.

"Nothin'! Gee-hosaphat! Heft that can! Yipee! Hunker, don't tell me! We've struck her rich. Hear that, Siwash?" he asked the young Indian. "We've struck her rich!"

"Hold on. We ain't either struck her rich. That's—well, I suppose I got to tell you. That can of color is some I've been layin' by, sort of on the quiet, for the past three years. Oh, don't look at me that way. I was plannin' on givin' you your end. It's just that I like to have a little put by for a rainy day. You know what would have happened if you'd known about this color last spring. You'd have lost it in Frisco Flynn's ice pool." Hunker turned and glared at the Indian who still stood in the open door. "Come in, dang ye! Do you think I want to chop wood to warm the whole peninsula?"

The Indian didn't move.

"Come in!" Hunker screamed.

"Don't talk that way to the Scourge. He—"

"The who?"

"Yud-ak-wah, the Siwash Scourge, greatest fighter north of fifty-three."

"Hap! Not again! You ain't figurin' on—"

"I'm figurin' on trainin' him down 'till he's razor sharp, and then takin' him down to Mukluk City and knock the spots off Kid McMannus, that has-been fighter Frisco Flynn brought in."

"Tell him to come in," moaned Hunker.

"*Ay-ox!*" said Hap.

The Siwash Scourge shuffled in, peeled off his parka and mackinaw, and sat down at the table. "At-ax-ax!" he grunted as he looked at Hap.

"That means he's hungry," Hap explained.

"Oh, it does, does it? Well, listen to me . . ." Hunker had plenty to say, and Hap let him say it.

After he ran down, Hap explained:

"I agree one hundred per cent. There's no reason we should fat up a big Injun like the Scourge. That is, if he wasn't a business venture. But that's what he is, Hunker, a business venture for profit."

"Show me the profit in any venture of yours and I'll feed the Siwash on blueberry pie."

"*At-ax-tic!*" said the Siwash, seizing knife and fork. Then, expending perhaps his entire fund of English, "Me hungry. Plenty hungry!"

"Oh, all right!" And Hunker slammed the griddle back on the stove.

After breakfast, Hunker cleaned up the dishes while Hap stuffed an old bear robe in a canvas bag and hung it in one corner.

"That's his heavy bag," he explained. "All fighters build up their stamina on a heavy bag."

"Seems to me he could build his whatever-it-is down in the drift. Drillin' that frozen muck is great for the arms."

Hap looked offended. "Why! You'd get him muscle-bound."

When Hunker came in at noon, the Scourge was snoring loudly in the bunk.

"Hush!" said Hap. "He's restin' after his workout."

That afternoon, while the Scourge was doing his roadwork—fifteen miles on snowshoes—Hap sawed out three rafters to allow headroom for a jumping rope. And in the evening, when Hunker came in from the drift, he casually remarked:

"Hunker, have you ever figured out how much that can of color would stack up to if we invested it, say, three to one?"

Hunker didn't answer.

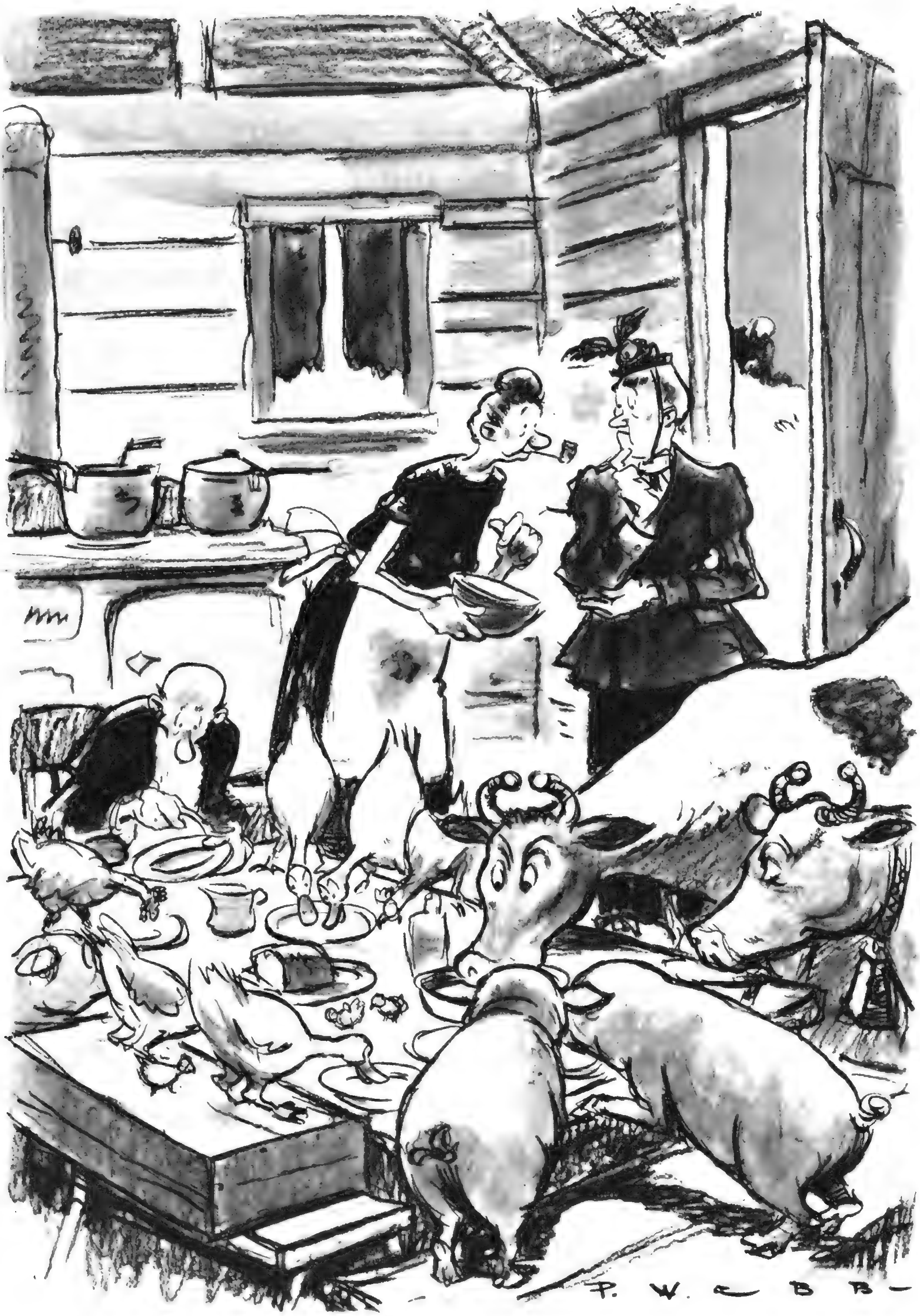
In the days which followed, Hunker seemed to resign himself to the Indian's presence. He fried tall mounds of flapjacks without complaint, and in the evenings he became

(*Continued on page 315*)

PATTERN IN COMPOSURE

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

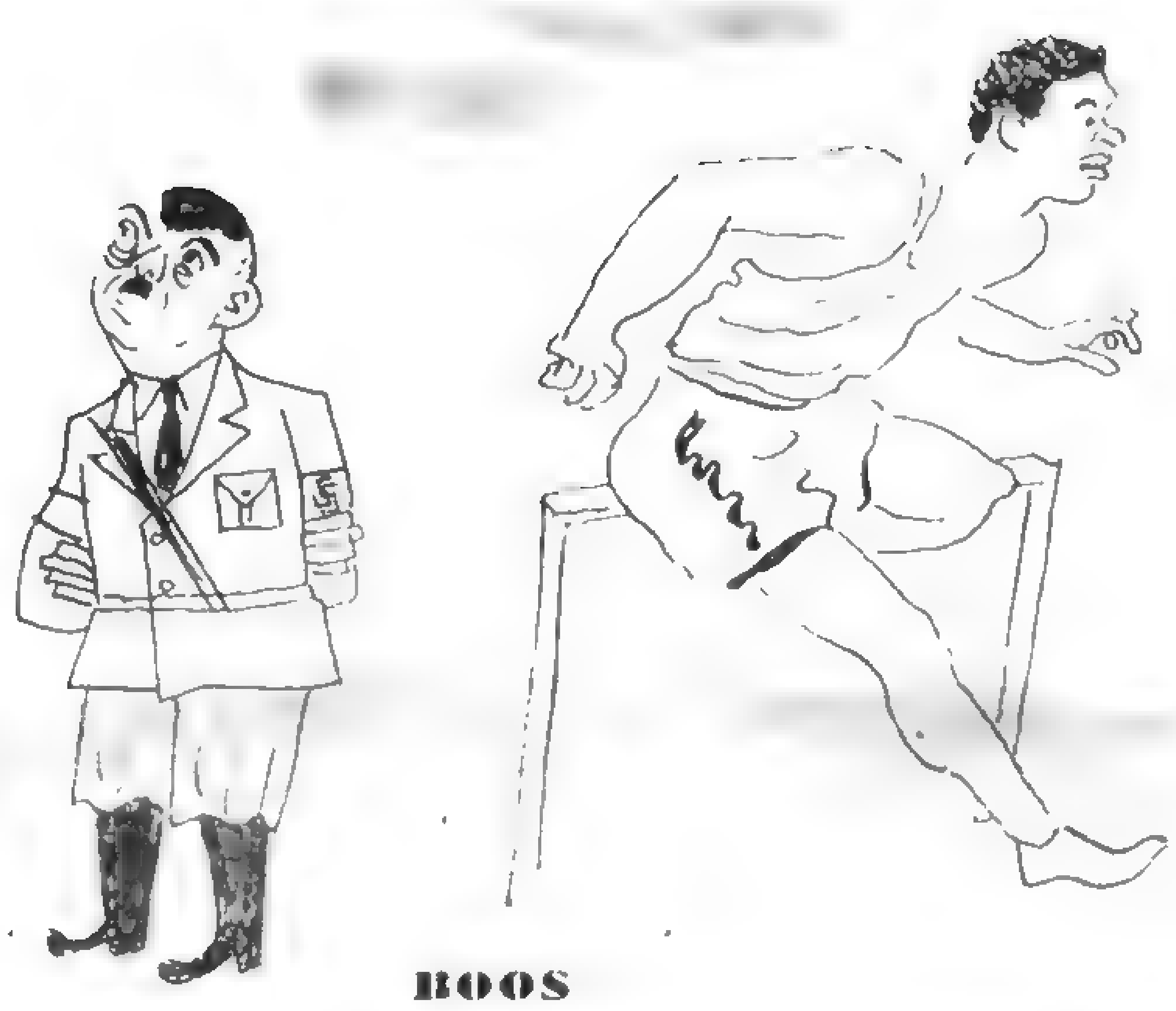
Here is a truce to fret, a kind of photographic-penicillin. There is sky, clouds, man and beast . . . space, time and organic matter, each performing perfectly, with a fastidiousness and a sure quality of belonging in the optical amphitheatre. Far away, very far off, is the scream of the taxi brakes, the rubbery shuffle of revolving doors, the emotional pogo sticks of daily existence. One looks, lost happily in the parade of space and a small smile forms and stays: and one gets pleasurably melancholic with remembrances of moments and friends never to be forgotten. Nothing obtrudes harshly on this sky-canvas: Rightly so, man and beast have pygmy dimensions, and faultlessly the simplicity of the natural takes over.



"It saves Paw a trip to the barn to feed 'em"

The Esquire Sports Poll on Sportsmanship

Having decided that golf and tennis are the cleanest of sports and boxing and wrestling the least ethical, our noble army of question answerers contribute the following examples of heels and heroes from which you can get your own ideas on sportsmanship



CHEERS

The Rains Came In an important American Legion baseball game at Burlington, Iowa, last year, Burlington was playing Cedar Rapids. Burlington was ahead 5 to 3 going into the first half of the fifth. Just as Cedar Rapids came to bat, the clouds darkened and it was apparent that rain would descend very quickly. The Cedar Rapids batters did not stall at all and went down quickly one-two-three, just as the rains came. Had just one hitter taken extra time, he could have delayed the game and caused it to be played over.

Gehrig to Dean Lou Gehrig once spent a practice workout showing Chubby Dean of the Athletics how to improve his first base playing. A great star went out of his way to help a beginner on a rival team.

Loyalty to the Loyal In his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey, The Nonpareil, was being cut to pieces. Bob asked him to quit. Jack said, "No, Bob, you'll have to knock me out. Friends have bet on me."

Good to Little Ones In a Missouri state softball tournament with Nina "Tiger" Korgan, now of the New Orleans Jaxs, well on her way to a no-hit, no-run game, a kid who wasn't as tall as the bat she carried and who looked to be around twelve years old, came up to hit. Korgan, who threw the fastest ball in the women's version of the sport, eased up and let the kid belt one.

Fish Story Brigadier General Robert R. Neyland, former University of Tennessee coach, landed a three-pound small-mouth bass after a thirty-five-minute battle. Gently he dropped it back in Norris Lake.

Boxers with Honor Jack Dempsey refused to hit Charley Retzlaff in an exhibition at Duluth when Retzlaff, trying to bear down, left himself wide open. At a time when he was losing the bout on points, Joe Louis refused to hit Billy Conn when the latter slipped.

Time Out for the Foe Hank Greenberg called time in the 1940 World Series when Paul Derringer of the Reds was about to pitch before his center fielder had returned to his position.

Even Stephen Two Y. M. C. A. fives were fighting for the Rhode Island-Massachusetts cage championship. Both teams were down to their last five men. Despite the fact they were behind in the score, the Woonsocket team withdrew one of their players when a Quincy man fouled out. Woonsocket's four men then went on to win.

Mort Cooper Came Through Mort Cooper, pitching for the Cardinals in the 1944 World Series, took the mound and won the game under the shock and sorrow of his father's death earlier the same day.

Ovation for Pennock The farewell ovation given by Philadelphia fans when Herb Pennock was knocked out of the box in his last game. The fans realized that they were probably witnessing the last appearance of a great pitcher.

"Tell me all about your privations, General"

BOOS

Fans Against the Man In the Mike McTigue-Battling Siki lightweight championship bout at Dublin, Ireland, Siki was cruelly intimidated by hostile Irish spectators.

Jaw Breaker Bill Dickey, wearing his catcher's mask, took a sock at Carl Reynolds.

Snubbed by Hitler Hitler snubbed Jesse Owens at the 1936 Olympics, refusing to recognize Owens' great feats.

Sinking Sinkwich At Athens, Georgia, in 1942, Frank Sinkwich of Georgia was knocked out of bounds. A South Carolina player jumped on his head with his knees, breaking Sinkwich's jaw.

Double Foul During the first Fritzie Zivic-Bummy Davis fight, Davis fouled Zivic, then kicked him when he was on the floor.

Black Mark for Lippy Leo Durocher left his temper in the dugout to beat up a fan beneath the grandstand at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn last season.

The Lady Quits Suzanne Lenglen quit and walked off the court when Molla Mallory was whamming her for first major tennis defeat in the U. S. Nationals. Helen Wills pulled a similar stunt by deserting the court in the finals against Helen Jacobs at Forest Hills.

Two-Timer A football end in an important college game held the legs of an opposing end who was trying to get down on a punt. On pulling loose, the end who was being held bruised the other's face. The latter claimed he was kicked and had his foe put out of the game. Movies later proved this.

Bench Tackler Player, not in the game, jumping off the bench and running onto football field to tackle opponent headed for a touchdown. This has occurred too frequently to be funny.

Hagen Heckled Years ago Leo Diegel sat in a tree to heckle Walter Hagen in a golf tournament.

The "Fifth Quarter" In the Ohio State-Illinois game of 1943, the officials, confused about the end of the game, called the players back from the dressing rooms for one more play. They placed the ball more toward the center of the field than where it had been left after what everyone thought was the last play. Ohio State place-kicked and won the game.

Race Prejudice Elko, Nashville third baseman in 1944, tagged Ortiz, Chattanooga pitcher, hard enough to knock him down because he was a Cuban.

Of Course the Black Sox Chicago White Sox players sold out to gamblers in the 1919 World Series against Cincinnati. This is professional sports' blackest deed. #

The Maternal Instinct

The fact that Mr. Jeffries seemed more comic than romantic gave his fantastic story, divulged piecemeal, an added zest

by MAURICE BAUDIN, JR.

Alan Austin's silence showed him hostile to Grace's suggestion that they rent their spare room, now everything was so crowded. Failing to arouse his enthusiasm, her persuasive good sense gave way to edginess. She looked at him with dark, rather hard eyes that meant to win. "Only now," she urged. "Usually I wouldn't think of it, but now—why, there isn't another vacant bed in town. And goodness knows, the money wouldn't hurt us."

Hopefully Alan tried by moral indignation to obscure the issue. "It turns my stomach the way strangers are cheated around here. Patrio-profiteering, that's what it is. People take in these outsiders, fleece them, and call it patriotism. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Dr. Johnson said that." He chuckled, having a liking for quotation and anecdote.

"What an ugly thing to say! Goodness knows I'm not one to cheat anybody," Grace said sharply. "You know it too. Or should." Alan paid less heed to her words than to her face. In five years of marriage he had learned that look; it told him that her wish would prevail.

"It's something we might do if the situation gets really bad," he said vaguely. "But we'd want to investigate. Might easily get stuck with someone awful."

Grace turned on him an expression of utter sweetness. "Of course we don't want just anybody. But there was such a nice man here this morning—inquiring from door to door, just imagine! He seemed sort of"—her voice became warmly gentle—"pathetic."

Alan realized too late that he had yielded on a supposedly academic question only to have the proceedings unjustly transferred to the plane of schemed reality. "What sort of job has he?" he asked with pallid hopefulness.

"Something about blueprinting. Very respectable and clean," Grace said firmly. "Poor thing—he's been sleeping on a pool table, and if he doesn't find a place he'll have to quit his job and leave. I knew you'd see it, Alan, so"—she yielded to an unconvincing cough—"he's stopping by tonight."

Pathetic was the word. Mr. Jeffries—whether or not he had a first name scarcely mattered—was vague and apologetic. At first you failed to place him, and later you failed to bother. But a catechism designed by Alan to put him at his ease, while Grace prepared the room, revealed him as a man of many backgrounds. He had worked in dozens of cities, and painstakingly he named most of them. There was nothing about him to betray his origin. Perhaps, thought Alan, the conflicting auras of so many different places canceled each other and left only Mr. Jeffries. A mixture of all the hues in a paintbox yields, one is told, an uncolorful result. All you could say of Mr. Jeffries, then, was that he was between thirty-five and forty, of average height and slouchy carriage, and that his expression made you want to do something for him, but failed to suggest what it should be. He was the sort of man who made you think how full the world must be of such men.

As Alan brooded over the cities his tenant had known and left, each unaware of his presence, none the sadder for his going, Grace returned, smiling kindly. "Everything is ready. I'm sure you want to go right to bed, you must be miserable after that pool table." As if accustomed to solicitous direction, the man went obediently upstairs. "There's a glass of milk on your dresser," Grace called after him. To Alan she said, "We'll like having him here. He seems such a fine person."

Alan wondered how she could tell. He nodded.

A week or so later, Grace being out, Alan was fixing himself a solitary dinner when he heard Mr. Jeffries come in and start upstairs. It occurred to him that he had seen next to nothing of his roomer. If he offered to share his pickup meal, it would be a kindly gesture and probably no more than that, for the chances were the fellow had already eaten.

But Mr. Jeffries had not eaten. He came and stood helplessly in the doorway, looking as if he had never before seen a meal in preparation. "I'm sorry I can't do anything," he said. "I have no talents outside of my work."

Alan tossed a handful of cutlery on the table. "That still leaves you pretty accomplished. You must have had lots of jobs."

"Lots of jobs," the man said in a voice of despair. He sat down. "More than I can remember at one time. More than it pays me to remember. But there hasn't been one I couldn't have kept. If external factors hadn't intervened." He looked sadly at the plate Alan heaped for him.

MOVING VAN
ATKINS

Alan wondered what had chased the fellow from one job to another. Mr. Jeffries ate lugubriously, unembarrassed by the silence.

"My wife is off to a club meeting," Alan volunteered. He laughed indulgently. "You know what women are."

Mr. Jeffries was, if anything, more depressed than before. "Yes," he said, and it was almost a groan. "I told you I knew nothing but my work, Mr. Austin. That was a gross understatement. In fact,"—he was animated enough now, his voice thick with excitement—"it was a downright lie. I know women, Mr. Austin. Better than any job I've ever had, better than—" He shrugged.

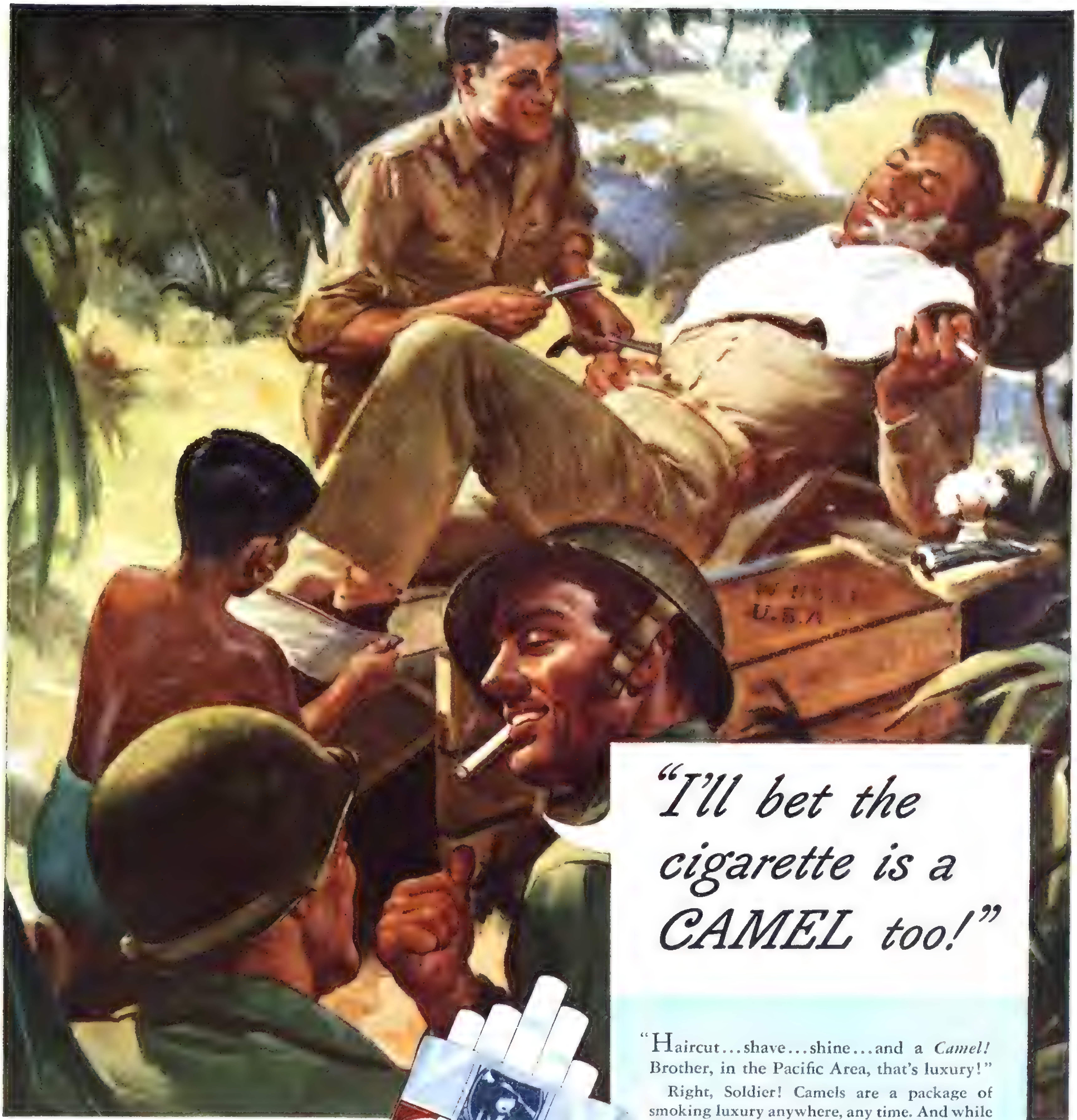
Alan wondered if this negative quantity were attempting to pose as a Lothario. Surely the dramatics pointed some episode as mundane as the man himself. "Women and work are a good combination," he said cheerily and, he hoped, leadingly.

Mr. Jeffries looked dubious. "What line of work are you in, Mr. Austin?"

"Insurance."

"The curse of my life," said Mr. Jeffries in a voice charged with feeling, "is that I can't say no. I'm constitutionally, psychologically unable. Evade issues, yes. Wriggle out of things, yes. Lie and dodge, argue and play at misunderstanding—oh, Lord! But at the last

(*Continued on page 288*)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"I'll bet the cigarette is a CAMEL too!"

"Haircut . . . shave . . . shine . . . and a *Camel!* Brother, in the Pacific Area, that's luxury!"

Right, Soldier! Camels are a package of smoking luxury anywhere, any time. And while you and millions of others are "sweating it out" over there, waiting for those final orders that mean *home for keeps,* you can be sure of at least that bit of luxury. For, with Camels, it's still *the service first!* You have first call on Camels.

And with thousands of men still overseas, with thousands still wanting Camels, you here at home still may not get all the Camels you'd like. But you'll soon find them becoming more plentiful; and, whenever you get them, you're still getting Camels . . . the cigarette of costlier, properly aged tobaccos. Camels are still Camels!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

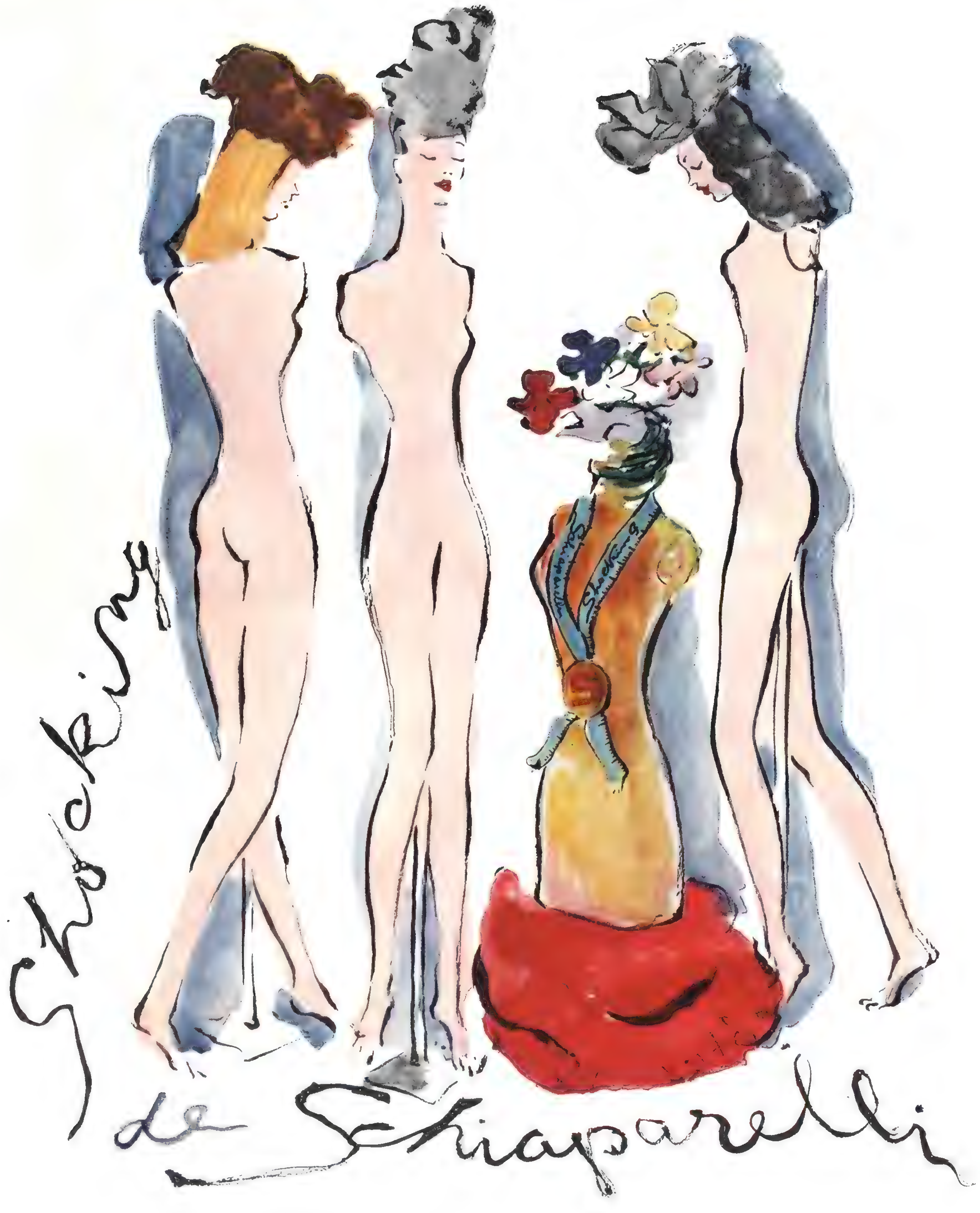
Your "T-ZONE" and your cigarette

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and your throat can tell you which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

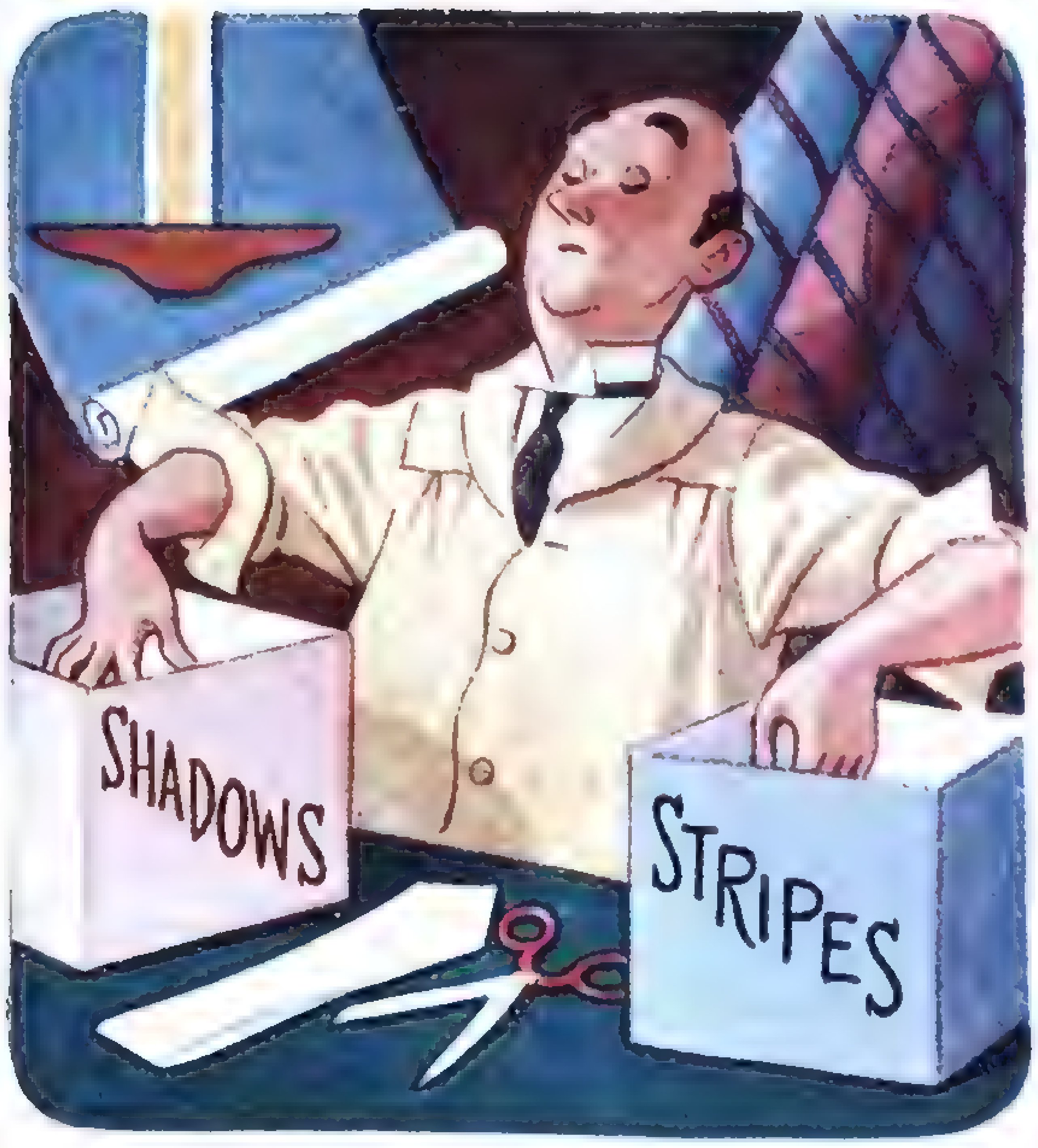
The Service First

Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard—wherever they are, wherever they go, they have first call on Camels.

Camels

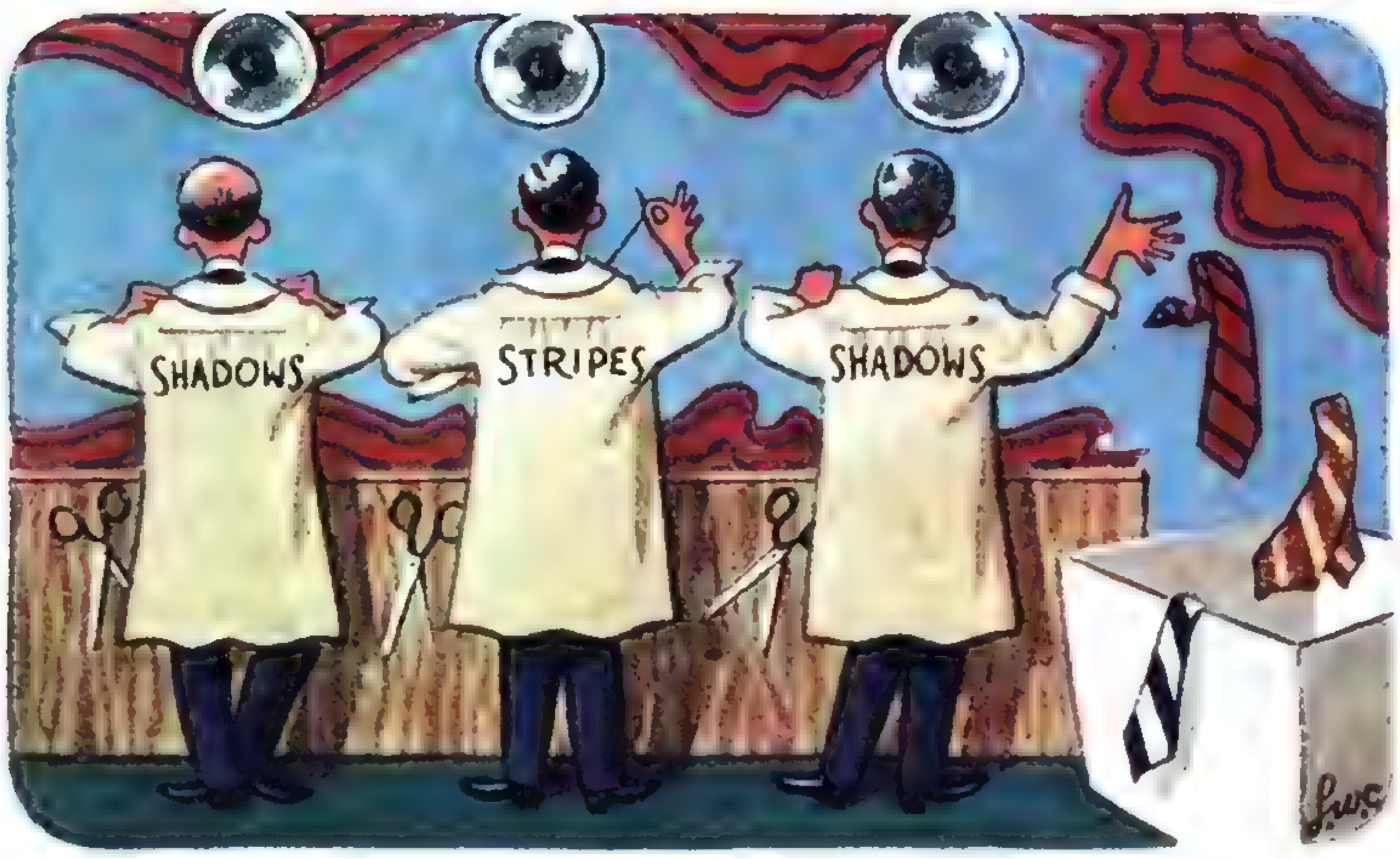

Shocking
de Schiaparelli
Schiaparelli
Shocking

To get STYLE from a shadow you've got to be good!



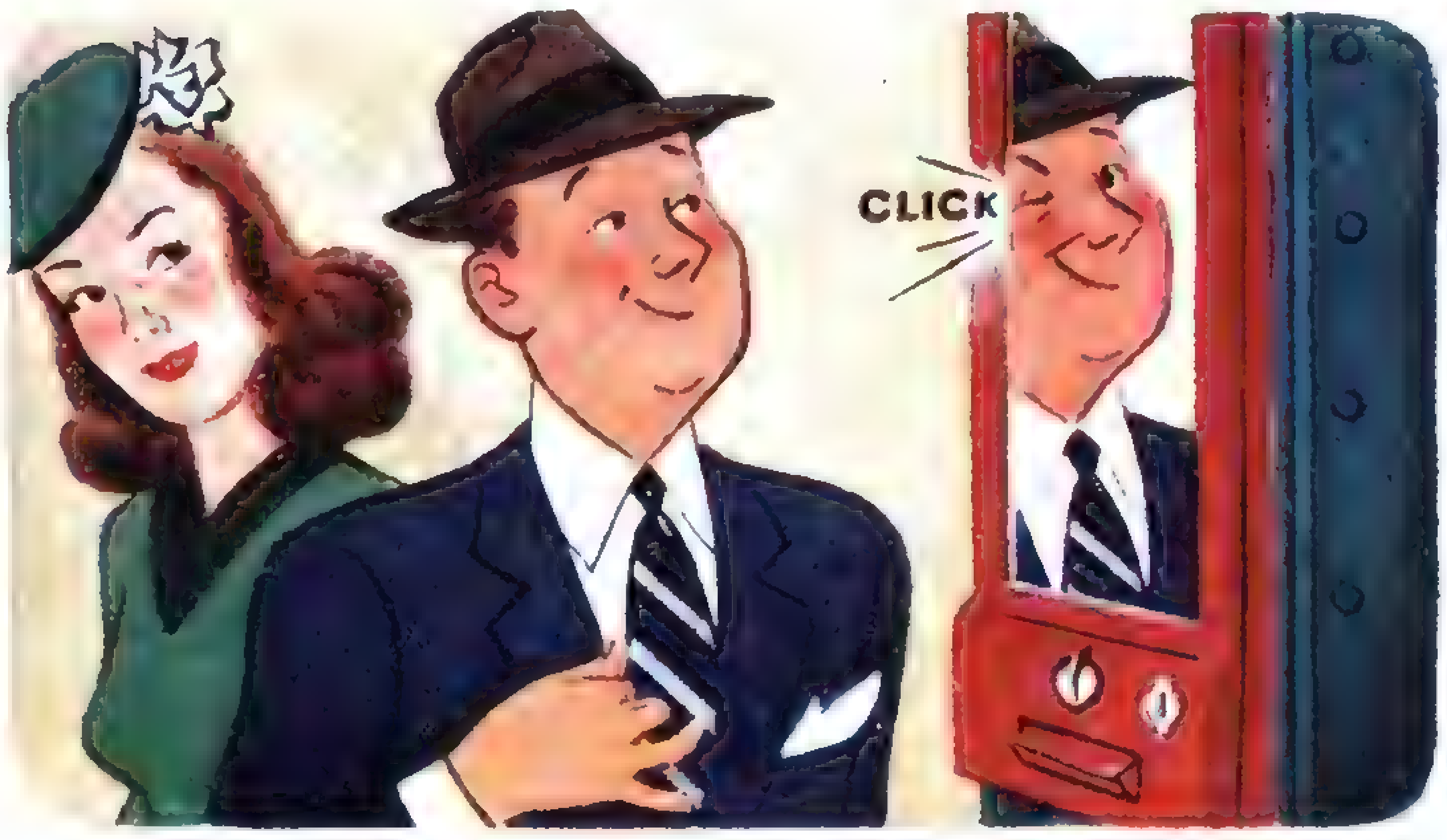
1. **By itself,** a shadow is a colorless, drab thing.

But when it is skillfully incorporated into a tie—*and made to look stylish*—then you've really got something!



2. **And that** is precisely what Arrow Tie designers did for Arrow's newest tie—SHADOSHADE.

It's quite a trick these designers worked out—getting the perfect effect of stripe and shadow, stripe and shadow, stripe and . . . so forth.



3. **The color** combinations are a treat to behold. Each stripe is *in love* with the one next door. It's a case of perfect harmony!

Made of long-lasting rayon, Shadoshade will make perfect knots! Your Arrow dealer has a rack-load of the neatest shadows you've ever admired. They cost only $1.50 per tie-ful of shadows. (In plain colors, too!) See them today.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Arrow
SHADOSHADE

P. S. On your way over to your Arrow dealer's, *make sure* to stop in for an *extra* Victory Bond!

Against
These Three

Mr. Stuart Cloete, distinguished author of "AGAINST THESE THREE"

For Men of Distinction...LORD CALVERT

"CUSTOM" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest... Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America.

So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... it has never been produced except in limited quantities. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Ambitious Lady

How Eliza Jumel took New York and Paris, affecting Hamilton's career

by ODEN MEEKER

ONE April day in 1804, Stephen Jumel, New York's most prosperous wine merchant and one of the town's first sugar-daddies, raced up the steps of his big yellow brick mansion on Whitehall Street. The door was opened by a discreetly sorrowful servant.

Jumel had been summoned posthaste from Philadelphia with the news that the lady of the house was dying. She was the beautiful Eliza Croix, onetime *fille de joie* on the Providence waterfront but now the toast of New York and the mistress of Stephen Jumel. He found her with her gold hair strewn across the pillow; heavy white lids obscured her famous violet eyes. A priest and doctor were in attendance. As Jumel bent over to catch her whispered words, she put a white hand on his sleeve.

"Stephen . . . I want to die a married woman," she whispered brokenly.

Unhesitatingly Stephen agreed. For the past four years this had been the only request of Eliza's which he had refused. Now he looked around in all eagerness for the priest so conveniently by the bedside. With the doctor as witness, Eliza Croix became Stephen's wife. But the last words of the ceremony brought a wonderful change. Mme. Stephen Jumel leaped from her bed and went downtown to show off her wedding band.

Although Eliza's extravagances in the past four years had estranged him from his friends and made serious inroads on his capital, Stephen decided to make the best of it. He gave the gleeful Eliza a society wedding with all the trimmings in old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Prince Street.

The bride framed her wedding certificate and hung it in her drawing room. Thus armed, she set out to break into New York society by main force. But the town had heard of her pyrotechnic past. There was the tale of her return to Providence when she had reeled out on the balcony of her hotel, drunkenly orating on her success to a hooting mob of former admirers until well-aimed rotten eggs and dead cats drove her indoors. Also, her name was coupled with various young bloods about New York, and it was rumored that she had been the real cause of the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton which resulted in the death of the first Secretary of the Treasury.

Nevertheless, "Eliza Jumel" had come a long way from the penniless, friendless Betsey Bowen of nine years before who had left her illegitimate baby son, George Washington Bowen, with an obliging Providence madam and sailed for New York, then a "hobbledehoy metropolis" of 40,000. And even though pigs were rooting in the litter that covered the cobblestone streets, she was sure she had come to the right place. The city of board shanties crowded against the fine old Dutch houses and the newer red brick British Colonial dwellings stretched all the way up to the Wall Street site of Trinity Church which was considered impractical because it was so far uptown.

Betsey Bowen soon found a protector, one Peter Croix. Under his infatuated auspices she began to improve her lot. First she changed her name from Betsey to Eliza. Then she became a rather dubious Mme. Croix, and held

Continued on page 160

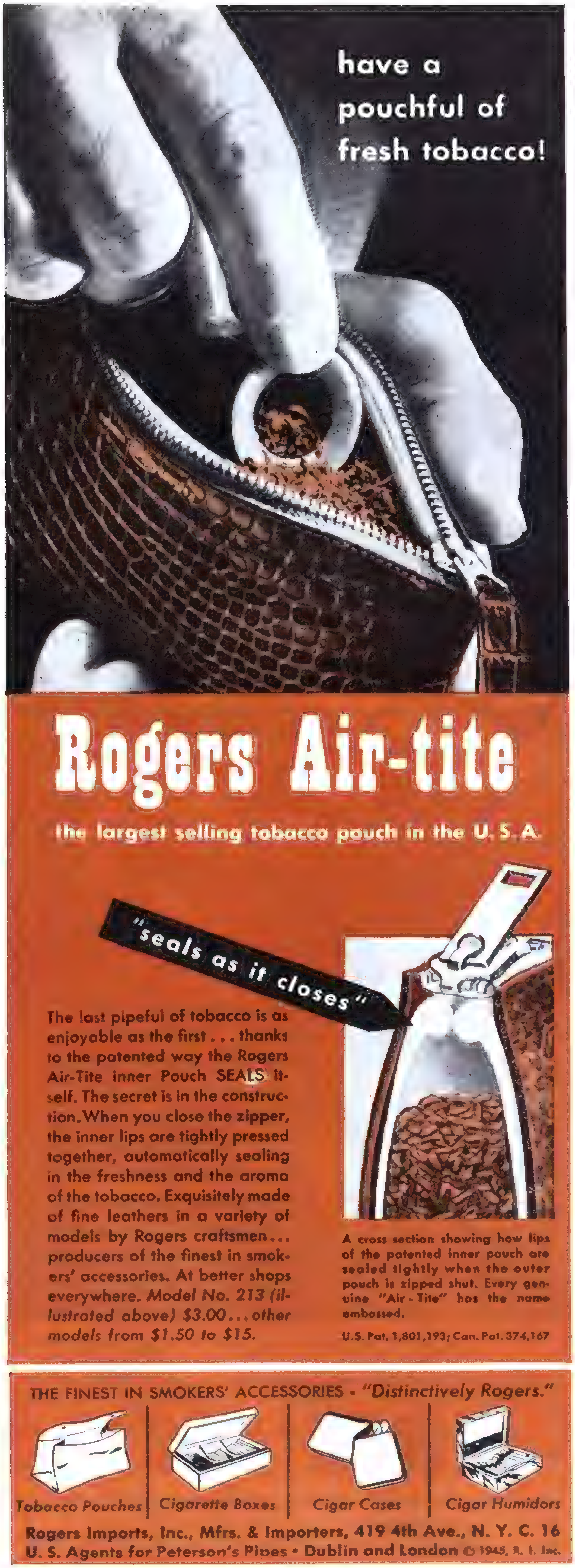
HOTEL RITZ
Eric Ericson

for the most Comfortable Christmas you ever had

It's a gift choosing a gift as welcome as a Block California Rancho Casual Jacket. Block California style-originality, plus impeccable tailoring, makes this jacket your proud comfort-choice for every casual occasion. Shown: "Rancho San Pedro." At better stores, coast to coast.

BLOCK Sportswear

MADE IN CALIFORNIA BY H&L BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO ☆ LOS ANGELES



have a pouchful of fresh tobacco!

Rogers Air-tite

the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

"seals as it closes"

The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models by Rogers craftsmen . . . producers of the finest in smokers' accessories. At better shops everywhere. *Model No. 213 (illustrated above) $3.00 . . . other models from $1.50 to $15.*

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut. Every genuine "Air-Tite" has the name embossed.

U.S. Pat. 1,801,193; Can. Pat. 374,167

THE FINEST IN SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES • *"Distinctively Rogers."*

Tobacco Pouches | Cigarette Boxes | Cigar Cases | Cigar Humidors

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 16
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes • Dublin and London © 1945, R. I. Inc.

Ambitious Lady

Continued from page 159

with Jacques' money a salon which was attended by every fashionable young blade in town.

Eliza was only nineteen but she was shrewd enough to pick up the polish of a lady of quality when she accompanied Col. Croix on his business voyages. She came back with a French accent and tight-waisted, low-bosomed Paris gowns. Also she had invented an imposing set of noble English parents who had been conveniently drowned at sea. No gentleman would contradict her story if it made the fascinating Eliza happier.

But Eliza had other ambitions. The difficulty was that she was the toast of half of New York only—the male half. The ladies snubbed her.

Ringing a change on the old story, she announced the tragic death at sea of her "husband," Croix, and as a struggling young widow went on the stage. She had not long to struggle. A few weeks after meeting the attractive blond Frenchman, Stephen Jumel, she was installed in his big mansion helping her not-too-bright patron comfort his friends, the Schuylers, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr and young John Jacob Astor, with such Jumel potables as All Fours, Ladies' Comfort, and double distilled Life of Man. The now gorgeously bejewelled Eliza bided her time and plotted her next move. It was all very well to have a new coach to drive around the residential districts while the gentlemen bowed and the ladies turned their backs, but her position was not yet secure. And in spite of all her storms, Stephen refused to give her the one ornament she wanted most, a gold band for her left hand. Stephen, however, was no match for Eliza. Four years later he found himself married.

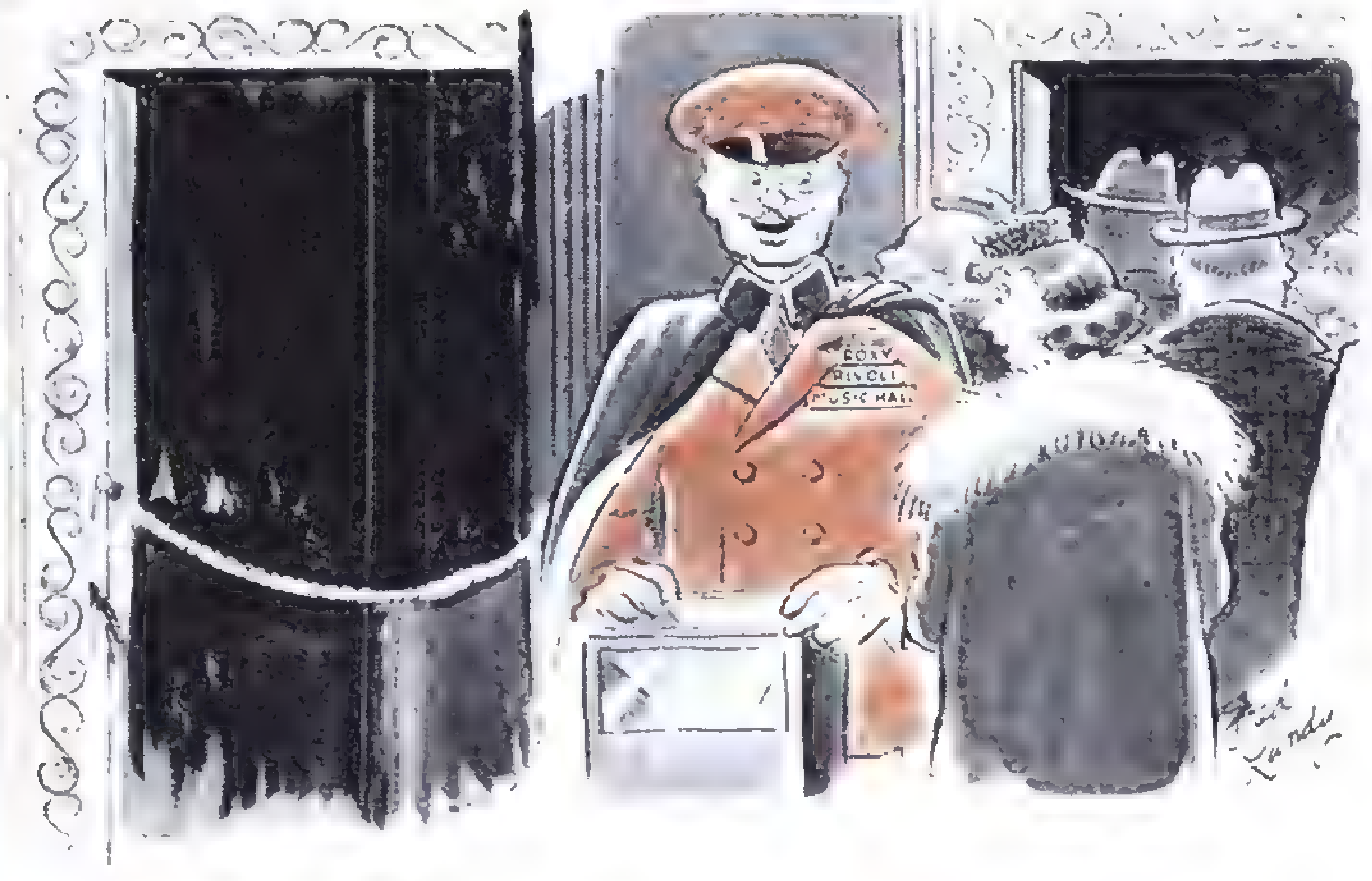
After six years of trying to bludgeon her way into society, Eliza tried other tactics. She adopted Mary Bownes, the illegitimate daughter of her stepsister. Next she bought a beautiful old estate, "Mount Morris," on what is now 157th Street overlooking the Harlem River and turned the mansion into a show place. This apparently was a shrewd move. Ladies whom she had been besieging for years without success began to drag their husbands to Eliza Jumel's parties. Most of the men, of course, had known her from the time she first came to town.

In 1815, however, the Jumels had an unpleasant awakening. Eliza realized that all her social life was one-sided, that in spite of her constant entertaining she and her husband were unacceptable at other homes. Stephen suddenly discovered the existence of his "stepson," George Washington Bowen. After the ensuing storm had subsided, both Stephen and Eliza decided a change of scene would be pleasant. In the spring they sailed for Paris.

While they were on the high seas, Napoleon fought and lost the battle of Waterloo. As the Jumels anchored off the French seaport of Rochefort, a frantic Napoleonic messenger boarded their vessel to say that the Corsican would appreciate their helping him to escape to America. Eliza, with visions of entertaining the Emperor in New York, was overjoyed. But before the messenger could return, Napoleon had given himself up to the English. In recognition of the Jumels' kindness, however, Bonaparte gave them his own traveling trunk and coach. The coach was used a week later for the Jumels' triumphal entry into Paris. Eliza was a heroine to Bonapartist Parisians, and with the aid of her husband's wealth she became a sensation.

Then followed the happiest period of Betsey Bowen's life. In Paris she was not only accepted, but sought after. For ten years she and her husband were entertained by the society of the capitol. The idyll was broken only by a short stretch of awkward banishment by Louis XVIII who was testy as a result of Eliza's excessive Napoleonic fervor. Not only had she enthusiastically

Continued on page 162



"Campaign bars, ma'am"

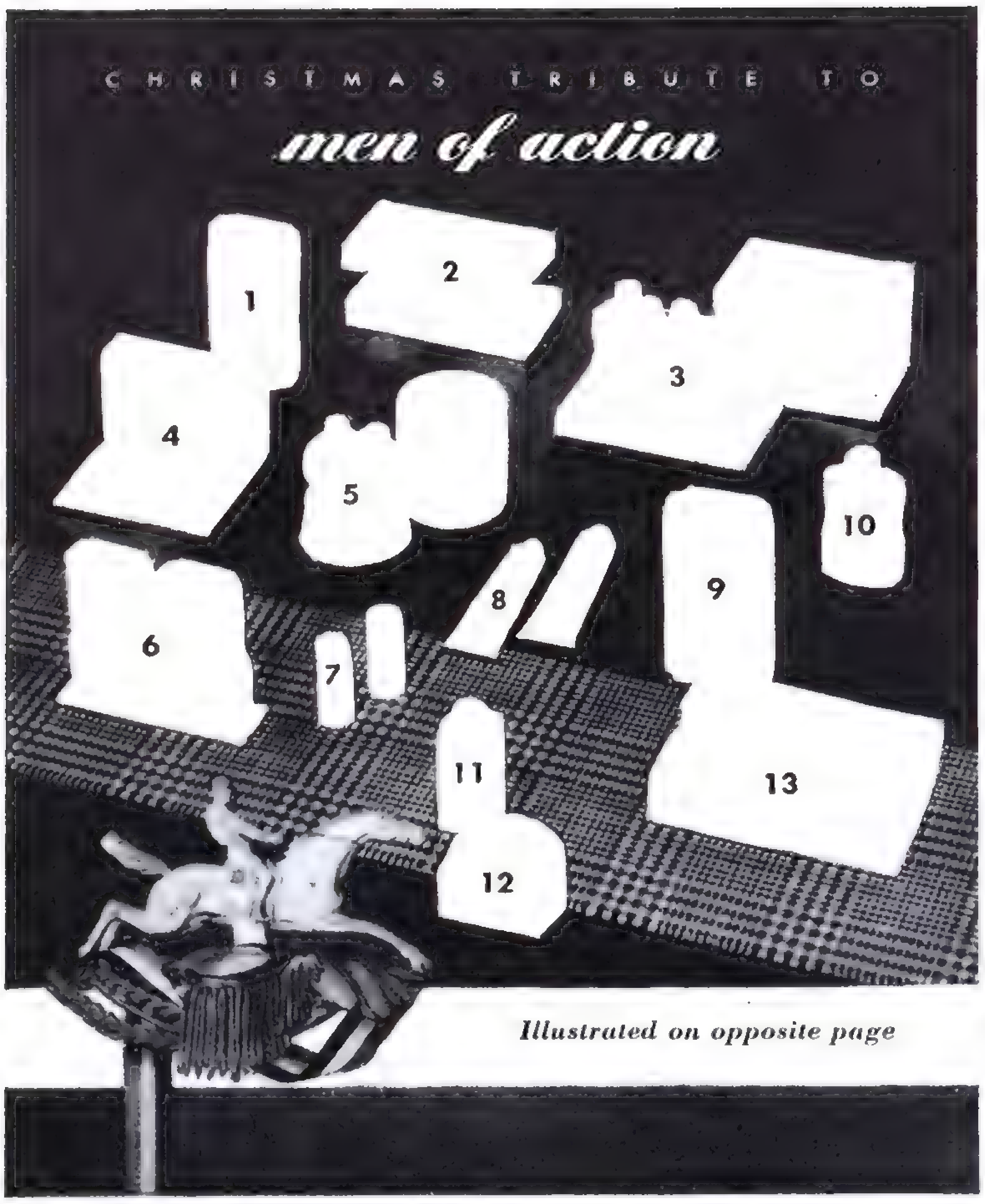
Hand-colored Calf
$5.00 plus tax
Rolfs
"DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD

"The Gift he hopes you'll discover"

NEW as Christmas is old . . . the Rolfs "Director" Billfold is the modern man's idea of the billfold of tomorrow. Unexcelled in features of high utility such as multiple pass cases for eight visible cards, photos, other essentials. Has secret currency pocket to keep big bills a secret . . . spare key pockets that end annoying "lock-outs." Stitched throughout for lasting beauty. Comes in a variety of beautiful leathers . . . at your favorite store . . . $3.50 up plus tax.

MEMO TO MEN . . . *don't forget SHE wants a Rolfs "Directress" Billfold just as much as you want a Rolfs "Director." Rolfs "Directress" is the new big MAN-SIZE billfold, available in the season's smartest colors. From $3.50 up plus tax.*

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES . . . BY Rolfs
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



1. ***"Tanbark"*** Cologne, decanter..................$4.00

2. ***Men's Soap:*** De Luxe box of three cakes ....75¢

3. ***Men's De Luxe Gift Set:*** "Tanbark" Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, Shaving Bowl and After-Shave Powder......$3.85

4. ***"Overnight" Kit:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder........$1.50

5. ***"The Three Musketeers":*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder or Scalp Stimulant.................................$1.95

6. ***"Partners":*** Gift Set, "Tanbark" Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, decanters $5.00

7. ***Lenthéric Shave Stick,*** Brushless or Lather, each....65¢

8. ***Lenthéric Shaving Cream,*** Brushless or Lather, each..50¢

9. ***Eau De Cologne,*** decanter.....................$4.00

10. ***After-Shave Lotion*** ....80¢

11. ***After-Shave Powder***.........................$1.00

12. ***Lenthéric Shaving Bowl***.....................$1.00

13. ***Travel Kit*** in genuine leather, black or brown: Fitted with Shave Stick, After-Shave Powder and After-Shave Lotion.......................................$3.10

All Prices, Plus Tax, Except 2, 7, 8, and 12.

GIFTS BY
LENTHÉRIC

COPYRIGHT 1945. LENTHÉRIC, INC.

Ambitious Lady

Continued from page 160

adopted the high-waisted, flowing "Empire" gown, but she had insisted in tooling up and down in front of Louis' palace with a six-foot Napoleonic gilt eagle mounted on her coach.

After ten years of Eliza's Parisian extravagance, the Jumel finances badly needed overhauling. The doting Stephen gave power of attorney to sell his New York properties, and Eliza sailed for home. There she took over with such efficiency that in the next five years she transferred all her husband's property to her own name, tripled his fortune of a million. In her spare time she furnished the mansion with museum pieces and bought the "finest art collection in the United States." Then she forced Stephen to leave his beloved Paris and come home. With the help of her young niece, Mary Eliza, she began to entertain. This time she was successful.

The town had changed; Vanderbilt and Astor were making fortunes in the fast clipper trade. This and "Clinton's Ditch," the Erie Canal, was changing the little seaport of New York into a great city. New blood flocked to Eliza's parties; New York was in the hollow of her hand. In 1832 she married her niece Eliza to eminently suitable young Nelson Chase, a lawyer of great promise whom she reduced to a sort of human lap dog by keeping the young couple in her house for the first years of their marriage. In the same year Stephen Jumel was killed.

A year after Stephen's death, the mansion blazed with lights when the fifty-eight-year-old widow Eliza in "pearl satin stiff enough to stand alone" was married to the seventy-seven-year-old Aaron Burr.

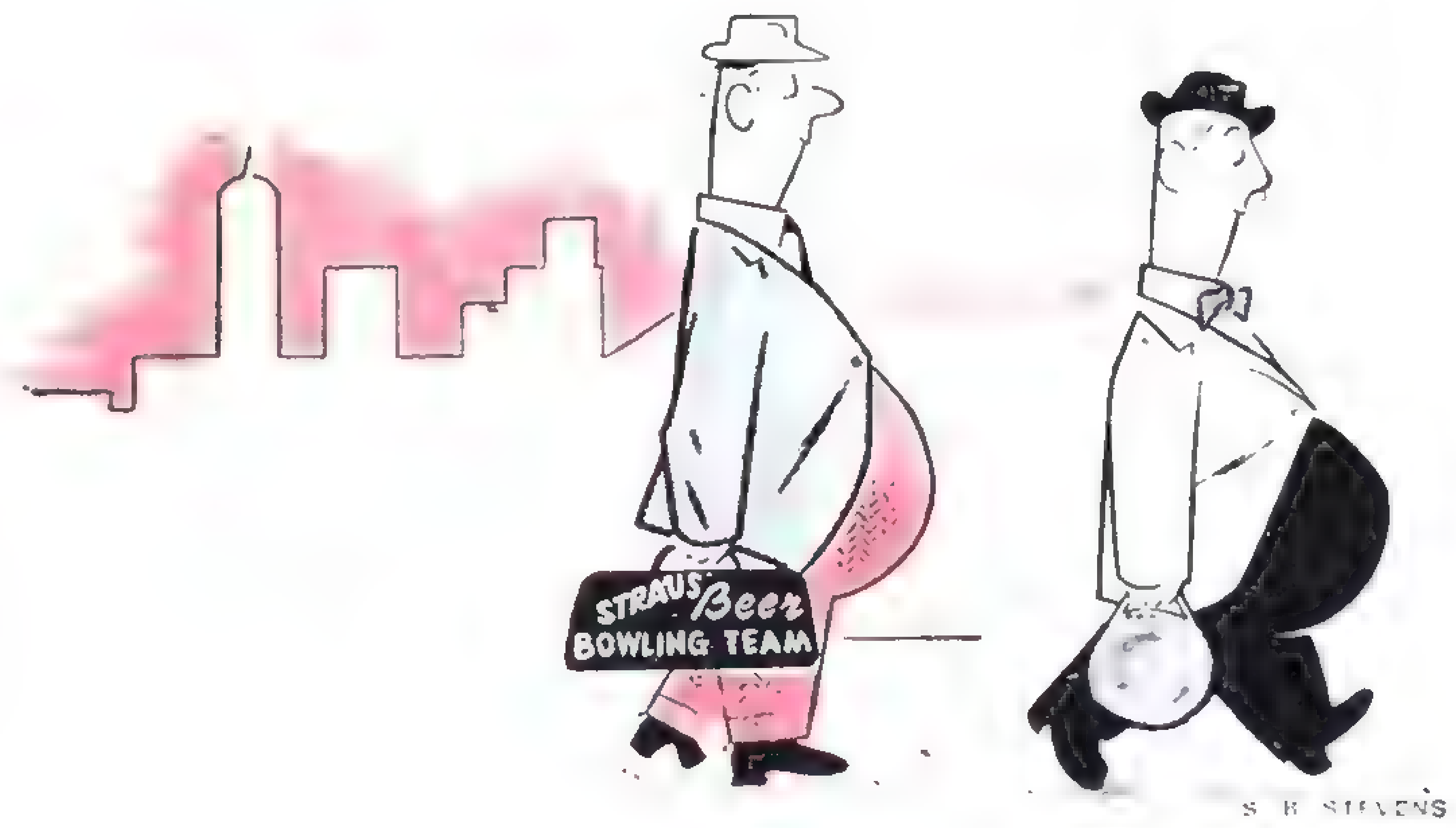
"He came in and I heard him," said Eliza, "and ran upstairs to avoid seeing him . . . and Mr. Burr was waiting at the foot of the stairs and caught my hand and dragged me into the parlor . . . and he was so handsome and brave I allowed him to keep my hand, and I stood up there and like a fool was married to him."

But Burr, though handsome and brave, did not please Eliza for long. It soon became plain that he enjoyed her money only too well, and she threw him out of her house. A few years later, several days before his death, she was granted a divorce.

Burr had not broken Eliza's heart for long. Three years later, at sixty-one, she tried to engineer a marriage of convenience between herself and the young prince Louis Napoleon, later Emperor of France but then only a penniless pretender thirty-one years her junior. Only severe burns from a face salve which prevented her attending a magnificent banquet she gave in his honor cooled her ambitions. Seventeen years later, in a yellow brocade gown with an outsize hoopskirt, she attended the coronation ball of her protégé in Paris. Before she left for New York she married off her niece to a suitable Frenchman.

With the changing times, the city had crept closer to the Jumel mansion. The industrial revolution had resulted in suffering and unemployment; indeed, one of the last winters of Eliza's life was spent mostly on horseback drilling a ragged little army of fifty of the unemployed whom she fed at her kitchen door and reviewed for military style daily.

The railroad had come in, and the forests of masts of the sailing ships along the New York water front were fast disappearing forever. Mme. Jumel herself was becoming more and more of a legend. Exquisitely groomed and poised in her bell-shaped crinolines, she was far from a recluse, however, and delighted in adding to the myth by circulating outrageous stories of her early life. She entertained celebrities and socialites to the end, enjoying herself hugely. Finally, in 1865 at the age of ninety she died as she herself would have wished—in the odor of sanctity, but carefully rouged and dressed in a magnificent negligee and a fetching lace cap with ribbons. ##



CHRISTMAS TRIBUTE TO
men of action
GIFTS BY LENTHÉRIC

Copyright 1945. Lenthéric, Inc.

Relax with a »MARXMAN→

The Pipe of Rare Distinction

①
②
③
PIPES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE
MARXMAN

Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. This name spells mellowness, sweetness, fine and rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes designed by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots into distinctive shapes. Mass production methods are avoided and each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

◆

① **The MEL-O-BRIAR** . . . great favorite with thousands of pipe-wise men. Hand-made and sculptured by old-time craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich, umber tones. **$3.50**

② **The SUPER-BRIAR** . . . a pipe of matchless beauty Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . the grain heightened to enamel-like smoothness and brilliance by careful rubbing and polishing. Available in your favorite shape. **$5.00**

③ **The BENCH-MADE** . . . imported, seasoned briar carefully and skillfully carved by hand into a pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine craftsmanship by MARXMAN, this style offers men a grand adventure in sweet, cool smoking! **$5.00** Regular **$7.50** Large **$10.00** Massive

LOOK FOR »MARXMAN→ ON THE NEXT PIPE YOU BUY

»MARXMAN→

MARXMAN PIPES, 27 W. 24TH STREET
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

If you'd make a hit with a man . . . remember that hits are a habit with Hickok! . . . These are handsomely gift-boxed.

Sterling initial Buckle, gold inlay, with a handsome Seal belt . . . the set, $6.50.

Beautiful engraved initial Buckle on fine Crocodile belt . . . the set, $11.

Natural Pigskin belt with smart, two-tone initial Buckle . . . the set, $3.50.

Hickok Money grip, mounted with U. S. 50c piece . . . $2.50. Classical designs in Hickok Tie Bars . . . gold filled . . . $3.50 each.

2 GIFT HITS IN 1

HICKOK

Prices plus Federal Tax on Jewelry

tastes fresh as a daisy . . . comes ready-to-serve

Glory be! A *ready-to-serve* Dry Martini with all that just-right, *fresh-from-the-shaker* flavor! And you can pour one or a trayful, then put the bottle away for weeks, without losing a whit of the dewy-fresh taste. It's Hiram Walker's Dry Martini —and it's grand to have when unexpected guests drop in.

Hiram Walker's

dry martini

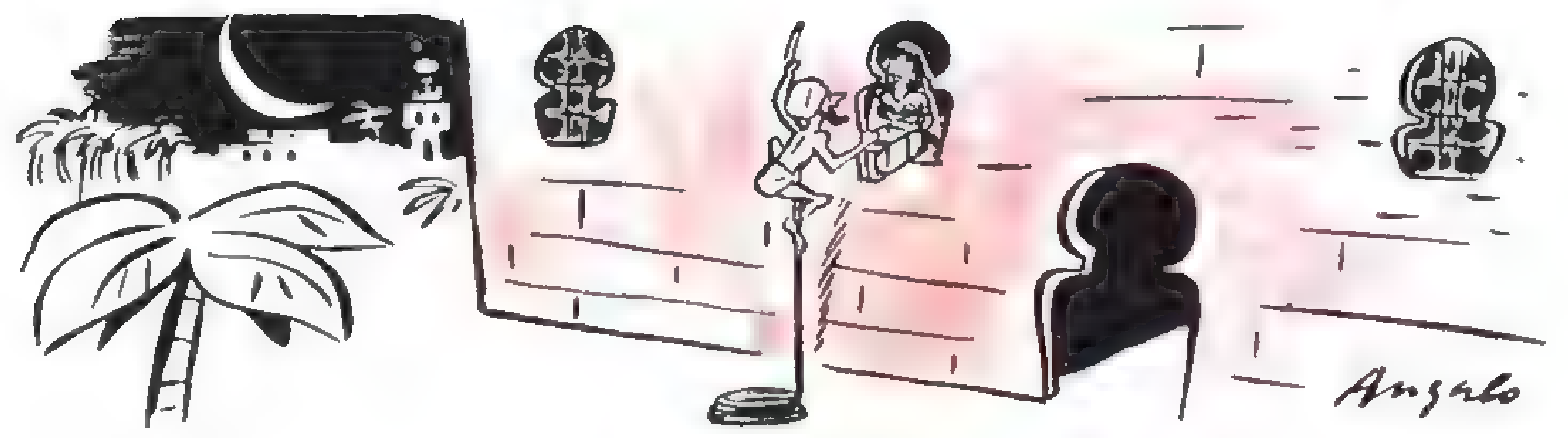
JUST ICE AND SERVE
Hiram Walker
dry martini
Cocktail

66 proof

the ready-to-serve Martini that always tastes FRESH!

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Going the Rounds with Esquire



BILLY SUNDAY, who left a promising baseball career for the sawdust trail of the evangelist, *Sin Can Be Forgiven.*

In the usual line of handshakers was a very nervous woman who asked if he could spare her a moment's privacy.

Pulling Billy to one side she said, "Reverend Sunday, you sound mighty sure about the Lord forgiving sins, but I'd feel a sight better about mine if you'd tell me just one you got forgiven."

"Madame," said Billy, "many's the time I stole second in a baseball game with the Lord egging me on to steal third."

—Pvt. Bill Parker

•

S1/c: "Where'd you all git that Southern accent?"

Girl: "Honey chile, I've been drinking out of Dixie cups."

—Skyscraper

•

Shortly before an invasion, a general and his staff were watching a troop-carrying glider go by. From it came a carrier pigeon. Powerful field-glasses followed the bird to a nearby coop.

A colonel raced over, detached the message on the bird's leg, bounded back breathlessly and handed it to his superior. The latter opened the message, read it, cursed and threw it on the ground. Then he walked away, his face a bright purple.

The colonel waited a moment, then picked up the message. It read: "I've been sent down for being naughty in my cage!"

—The Review

•

Restaurant Owner (to waiter): Higgins, why did that man from table six leave so suddenly?

Waiter: Well, sir, he sat down and asked for sausages, and I told him we were out of them, but that if he would wait a few minutes I'd get the cook to make some.

Owner: Well, what then?

Waiter: I went to the kitchen, and stepped on the dog's tail by mistake, and of course it yelped

—McCall Spirit

•

Junior and his mother were looking through the old family album. "And here," said his mother, "is your Aunt Susie, there's Uncle Bert and there's Grandma."

Presently they came to a picture of a handsome young man with a moustache.

"Who's that?" asked Junior.

"Why, that's your father," said Mother proudly.

"Yeah?" said Junior skeptically. "Then who's that bald-headed guy who's been living with us?"

—Review

•

An eastern go-getter spied a lazy Indian chief lolling indolently at the door of his tepee.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get busy and get yourself a job?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Well, you could earn a lot of money. Maybe thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Why?" repeated the chief.

"Oh, if you worked hard and saved your money, you'd soon have a bank account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For Pete's sake," shouted the exasperated go-getter. "With a bank account, you could retire. You wouldn't have to work any more."

"Me not workin' now."

—The Transmitter

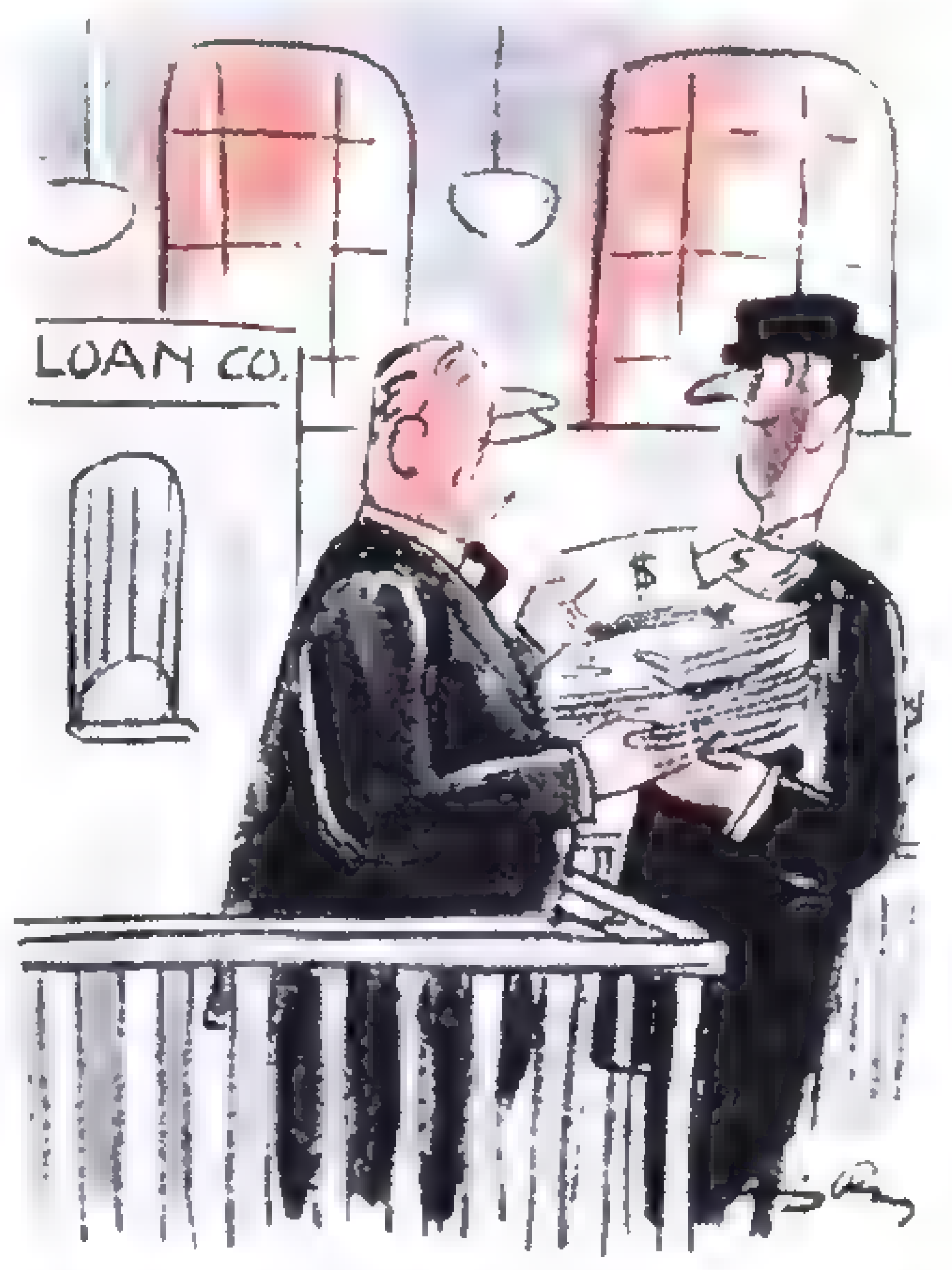
•

It is said that people who stammer often sing well. A deck hand who had an impediment in his speech ran to the captain on the bridge in the midst of a storm. "P-Please sir," he began.

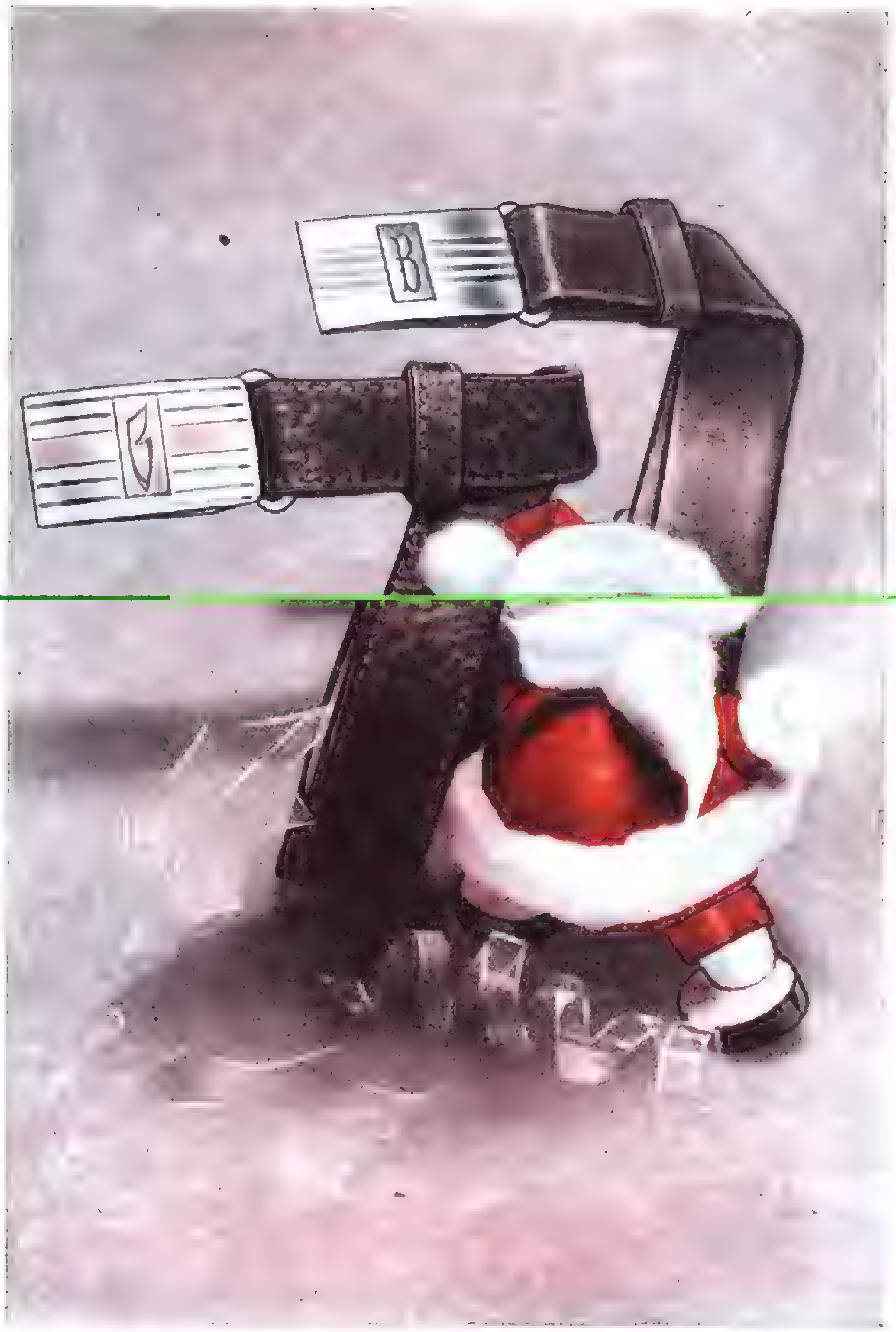
"Well, hurry up," said the captain, "if you can't say it, sing it."

Taking a long breath, the deck hand sang, "Should auld acquaint-

Continued on page 168



"And if you can't repay it, we'll be very happy to have you work it off here"



Give PARIS

• —the Gift that men prefer

Because men prefer Paris Belts and Buckles, your gift will be doubly appreciated. Smart Belts designed by style conscious craftsmen—created from precious leathers—are yours to give in Paris. To add that personal touch, give a brilliant jewelry buckle, monogrammed for him—the final thoughtful touch for his Christmas pleasure.

Above—Genuine sharkskin lined with selected cowhide. $2.50 Black or Brown. Buckle—smart monogramed design in Sterling Silver—$2.50.

Below—Genuine Pin seal—welt seam tubular construction. $5.00 Black or Brown.

Buckle—Sterling Silver 24 karat gold stripe and initial shield. Engine turned design, hand engraved initial. $5.00.

Other Paris Belt styles—$1.00 to $7.00. He'll also enjoy wearing All Elastic Paris Free-Swing Suspenders—$1.50 to $3.50 and All Elastic Paris Garters—55c and $1.00.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles.

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 167

ance be forgot and never brought to mind; the first mate's fallen over board; he's a half mile behind."

—The Barracks Watch

•

Once there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night crawler.

The moral, mates, is this: Ya just can't win.

—Ahwahnee News

•

A dinner guest in a Virginia home was telling his host how to prepare ham that would be even better than the famous Virginia ham. "Place the ham in a deep pan," said the guest, "and then for one whole day soak it in rye whiskey and then cook just a little while. The second day add a bottle of Jamaica rum and cook awhile. The third day add a bottle of port wine, and on the fourth day a bottle of bourbon."

The host turned to his Negro cook, Sam, who had been standing by, listening with great interest, and asked, "Sam, what do you think of that?"

"Ah don't know about de ham, boss," he answered, "but it sho do sound like the makin's of mighty good gravy."

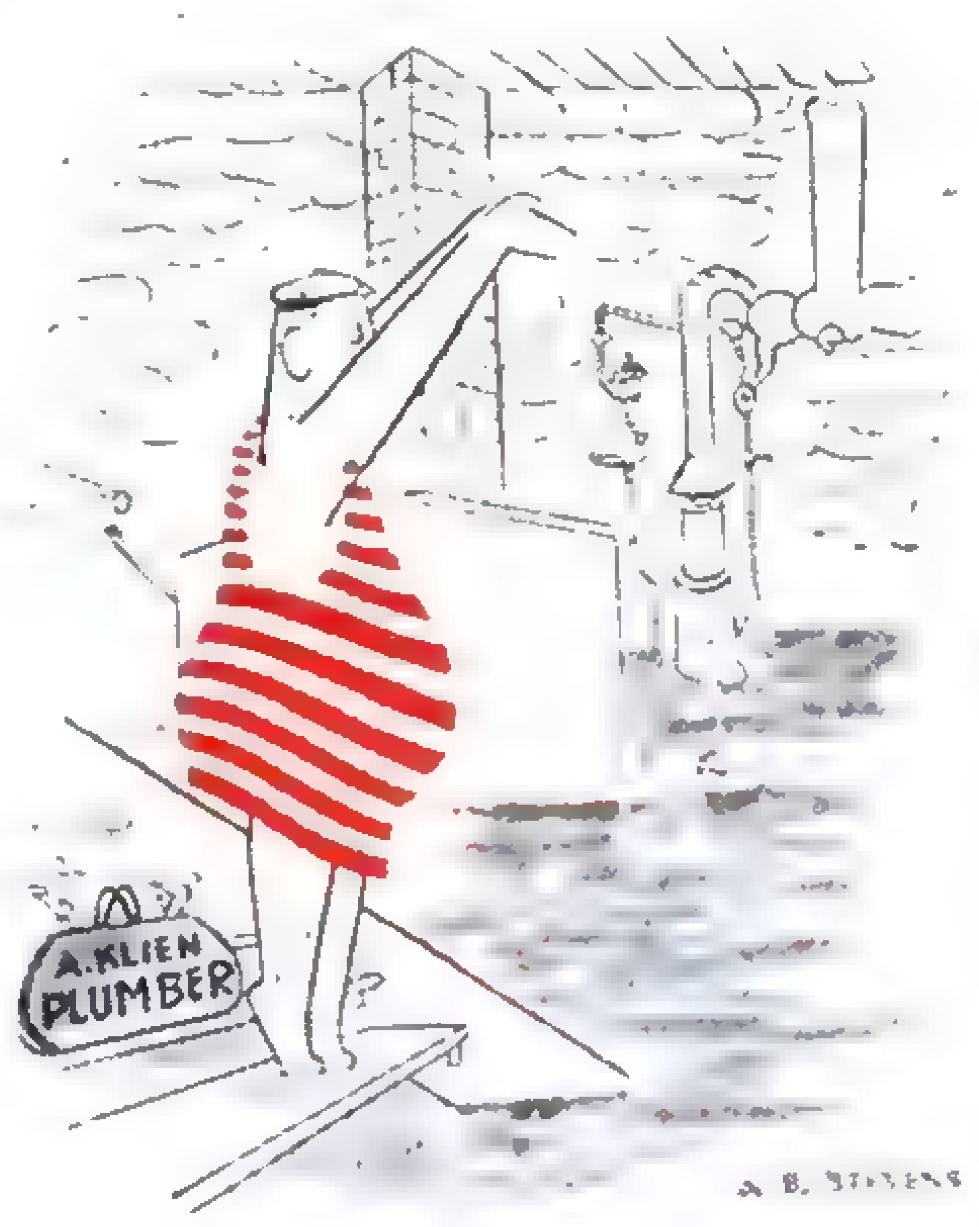
—As-You-Go-News

•

One G.I. walked into the makeshift shower room where Col. H. G. Lauterbach of Twin Falls, Idaho, was bathing, so the colonel wrote friends. Eyeing the colonel's greying temples, the doughboy remarked: "Well, well, pappy, ain't it about time they sent you home for discharge?"

—The Guidon

•



It was a railway station. The girl kissed the sailor passionately, burst into tears, then boarded the train, and waved to the gob standing on the platform until he disappeared from view.

The conductor, watching closely, noticed a wedding ring on the girl's finger, and said sympathetically, "It's hard leaving your husband that way, isn't it?" The young woman sobbingly replied, "I'm not leaving my husband. I'm going back to him."

— The Gee Eye Pilot

•

"Now, Johnny," the teacher asked a little boy who was having trouble with his arithmetic, "if I lay one egg here, another there, and still another over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny hesitated just a moment: "Personally, Teacher, I don't think you can do it."

—Hawk's Cry

•

Our boy was skipping upon the beach when he sighted a lovely young girl and engaged her in a lengthy conversation. To hear her tell it, she was a Phi Beta Kappa, a fencing champion, and beautiful. She was a splendid dancer and had won medals for her fancy diving. She could speak eight languages and she could consume great quantities of Scotch. There seemed to be no limit to her gifts. This was obviously the girl of his dreams and he was enchanted.

He told her so, with some fervor, all the way up the beach and to her home. When they got to the door, she handed him her key and, with a courtly gesture, he unlocked the door and threw it open. Then he froze suddenly in amazement.

Lying in the center of her living room was a horse, very large and very dead. The young man stood speechless.

"What's the matter?" the wonder girl asked demurely.

"A horse!" he exclaimed.

"Well," she replied, "I never said I was neat, did I?"

—Terminal Topics

•

Some Man!

Some fellows can get away with anything. There's one in our neighborhood who does.

Morals don't mean a thing to him. He's unmarried and lives openly with a woman he's crazy about, and doesn't care what the neighbors think. He has no regard for truth and law. The duties of the so-called good citizen are just so much bunk as far as he's concerned. He doesn't vote at either the primaries or the general election. He never thinks of paying a bill.

We have seen him take a two-

Continued on page 170

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!
PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
PHILIP MORRIS

GIVE CASTLE HOME MOVIES

A GREAT, ENDURING, GIFT FOR EVERYONE!

8MM - 16MM

USE THIS HANDY CHECK LIST!
SEE YOUR PHOTO DEALER OR MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Do you own a projector? Or does some special friend or relative of yours have a projector?

THEN GIVE CASTLE HOME MOVIES THIS CHRISTMAS!

Here are thrills, delight, fun, education—lasting enjoyment! You can own and give historic war films, sports films, adventure and travel films. Fun cartoons! Old-time movies!
Castle Films brings you the finest in home movies . . . produced especially for 8mm. and 16mm. projectors! Read this page! See the wide selection! Order from this list. Give Castle Films this year!

Give **"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR"**

Stupendous drama of the most momentous 12 months of all time, packed into one reel! Every big news story of 1945 . . . the only complete record in ONE reel of ALL important events! Ideal for ex-service men! A collector's item . . . a splendid gift!

Give **"FOOTBALL PARADE OF 1945"**

Spectacular plays and red-hot moments from the year's greatest gridiron events! Gridiron history—action-packed movie of the best in college football. An annual Castle Film classic eagerly awaited by fans!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20

Field Bldg.
Chicago 3

Russ Bldg.
San Francisco 4

LOW COST

130 thrilling new movies from which to choose. Historic War Films. Adventure. Sports. Travel. Fun Cartoons!

FREE! New 1945 De Luxe Castle Films Catalog. Profusely illustrated. A thrill in itself. Every projector owner should have it. Send coupon now.

$1.75 . . . A
$5.50 . . . B
$2.75 . . . C
$8.75 . . . D
$17.50 . . . E

	8 mm.		16 mm.		
	50 feet	180 feet	100 feet	360 feet	Sound 350 ft.
	A	B	C	D	E
EPIC NEWS FILMS					
"News Parade of the Year—1945" Dramatic highlights of an eventful year.					
"Japan's Surrender" Historic and dramatic story of final victory.					
"Victory Over Germany" Final battles and Nazi surrender.					
SPORTS PARADE					
"Football Parade of 1945" Flashing runs! Smashing tackles! Peak moments from year's best games.					
"Baer Beats Galento" **"Louis Kayoes Godoy"** Two smashing fights in *one* reel. Exciting action every second!					
"Fishing Thrills" Exciting moments with experts in every kind of salt and fresh water fishing.					
ADVENTURE PARADE					
"Crocodile Thrills" Natives battle man-eating monsters with knives . . . one is dragged under!					
"Chimp's Jamboree" Hilarious monkey business in a huge amusement park. A laugh a second!					
"Here Comes the Circus" Everybody loves the circus, and this Castle Film captures all the fun and thrills.					
WORLD PARADE					
"New England Holiday" A movie second only to an actual New England holiday!					
"Belles of the South Seas" All the romance and mystery of the South Seas . . . featuring beautiful native women.					

$1.75 . . . A
$5.50 . . . B
$2.75 . . . C
$8.75 . . . D
$17.50 . . . E

	8 mm.		16 mm.		
	50 feet	Complete*	100 feet	Complete*	Sound*
	A	B	C	D	E
CARTOONS—Puddy the Pup					
"Home Wanted" Homeless Puddy makes friends with a bulldog, and they foil the dog catcher. A riot of fun!					
"Puddy Picks a Bone" Puddy has a circus in a restaurant, and drives the chef almost crazy!					
"Circus Capers" Puddy slips under the tent, socks the Apache dancer, and does some rip-roaring acrobatics!					
CARTOONS—Kiko the Kangaroo					
"Bear Facts" Kiko takes a mother bear's cubs into the woods, and helps them elude the hunter's hounds in some frenzied action!					
"At the Bat" Jocko the Monk starts a riotous scoring spree and then Kiko comes to bat!					
"Danger on Ice" Kiko organizes a hockey team of honey bears . . . fancy didos on ice!					
FAIRYTALE CARTOONS					
"Puss in Boots" Puss rescues the fair Princess imprisoned by the wicked ogre!					
"Big Bad Wolf" The wolf kidnaps a lamb, and Little Boy Blue and Bo Peep come to the rescue!					
"Jack Frost" A bear cub won't stay home — is caught by bad King of Snow and Ice, but Jack Frost saves him!					
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FILM					
"Christmas Toy Shop" Two youngsters visit cartoon Toyland on Christmas Eve.					

**Complete and Sound Editions are based on original footages of theatrical releases.*

☐ **Remittance Enclosed** ☐ **Ship C.O.D.**

Please send the movies checked in the size and edition indicated. E-12

*Name*________________________________

*Address*______________________________

*City*_______________ *Zone*______ *State*________

☐ **Send Castle Films' Free Deluxe Catalog**

Try This Fine Scotch-Type Whisky

We believe that one smooth drink of Royal Banquet Scotch-type Whisky will tell you the reason it is served and praised by many of the finest clubs and hotels in the country.

Native Scotch distillers make Royal Banquet in a pot still brought complete from Scotland. They follow traditional methods, even to drying the malted barley over peat fires.

You're going to hear Scotch drinkers talk a lot about Royal Banquet—and we tell you for certain that you have a pleasant surprise coming when you sample it for yourself.

Since 1832
Specially Selected
86 Proof
Royal Banquet
"Special"
The Aristocrat of Blended Scotch Type Whisky
Blended and Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts
Limited
Peoria Illinois

35% Malt Whisky
65% Grain Neutral Spirits
86 Proof

*

Royal Banquet

BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

* *Standard postwar bottle illustrated. Today Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round Victory Bottle.*

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 168

dollar taxi drive without giving the driver so much as a pleasant look. The driver only stared at him and muttered something silly. He will not work a lick; he won't go to church; can't play cards, or dance, or fool around with musical instruments, or the radio. So far as is known he has no intellectual or cultural interests at all.

He neglects his appearance terribly. He's so indolent he'd let the house burn down before he'd turn in an alarm. The telephone could ring itself to pieces and he wouldn't bother to answer it. Even on such a controversial subject as the liquor question, nobody knows just where he stands; one minute he's dry and the next minute he's wet. But we all say this for him: in spite of all his faults, he comes from a darn good family. He's our new baby.

—*Ahwahnee News*

•

The drill sergeant had his troubles with one of the new recruits. The more he shouted, the more blandly unconcerned was the recruit.

"Doesn't anything I say make any difference?" demanded the chief.

"No," said the recruit. "I was a baseball umpire in civilian life."

—*The Communiqué*

•

CPO: "I suppose you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."

S/2c: "No, not me—I don't want to stand in line."

—*The Skywriter*

•

A man went into a bar, ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the glass and threw the stem over his shoulder. He continued this for about five or six rounds then noticed that the bartender was staring at him.

"Guess you think I'm crazy," he said.

"I sure do," the bartender replied; "don't you know the stems are the best part?"

—*Trade Winds*

•

"So you heard the bullet whiz past you?" asked the lawyer of Rastus, who was up for disorderly conduct.

"Yes, sah, Ah heard it twice."

"How's that?" he was asked.

"Heard it whiz when it passed me... and heard it again when Ah passed it!"

—*Ahwahnee News*

•

Then there was the salty boy who said, "I'm spending the best years of my wife out here."

—*Skyscraper*

•

Two Waacs were being followed by a lone GI. Finally one of the gals could stand the suspense no longer and turning to the GI, ordered: "Either quit following us or get another soldier!"

•

Medical Officer: "How's Sgt. Saunders this morning?"

Nurse: "I think he's regaining consciousness. He tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

—*The Beacon*

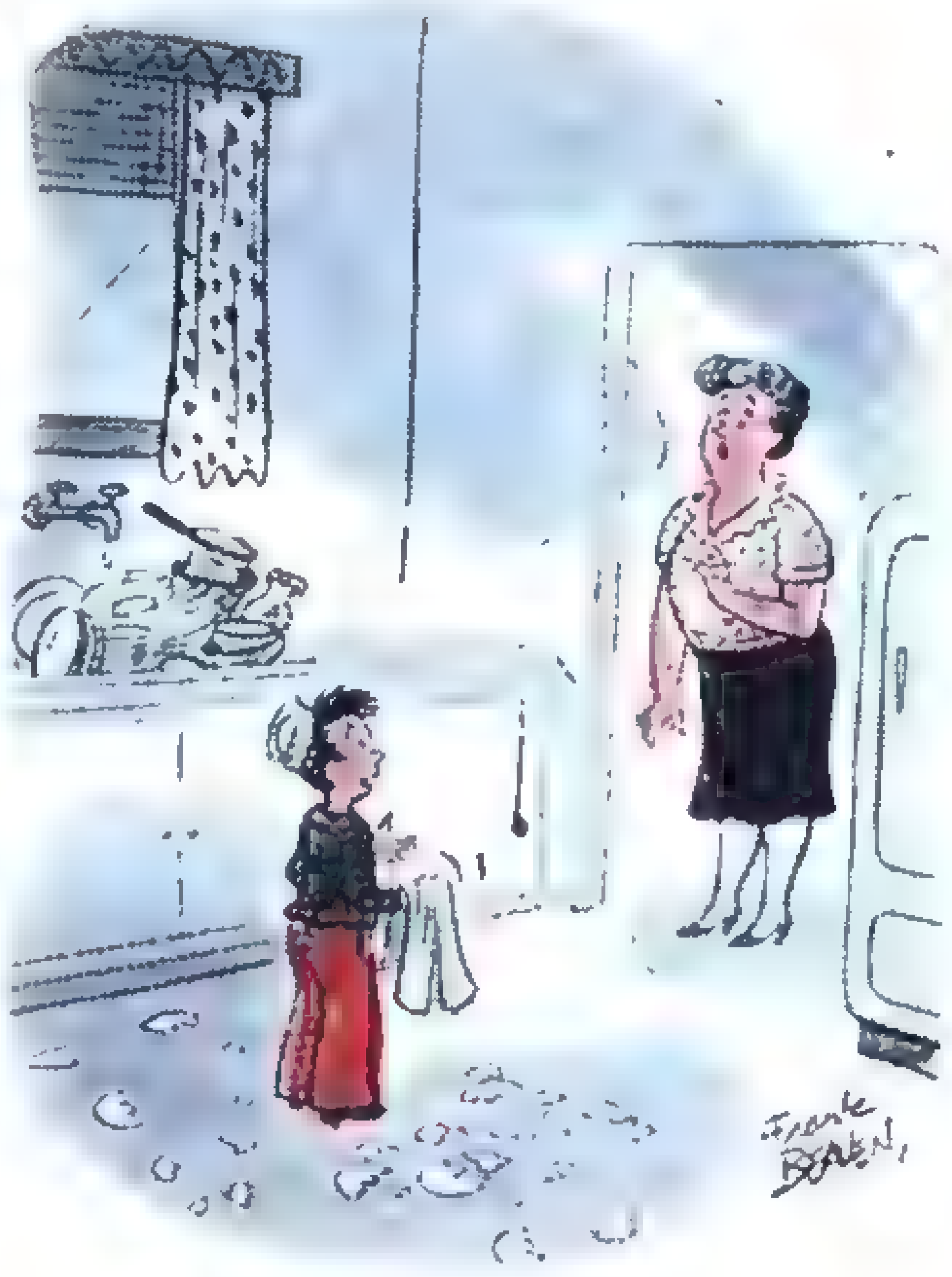
•

TO THE LAST

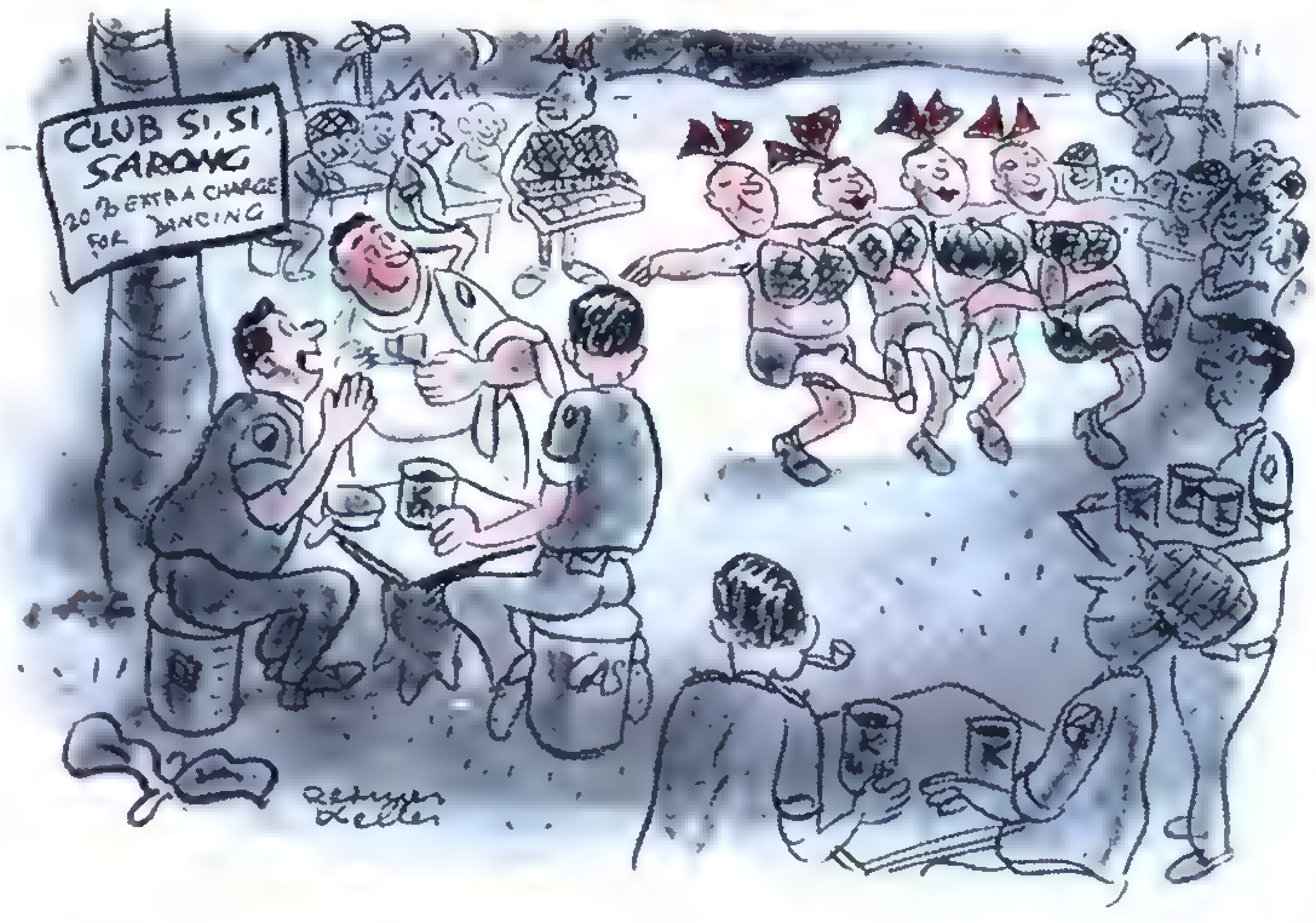
Legend has it that the aunt of Brillat-Savarin shared his love of good food. She died at the age of 97 as she was finishing a rich dinner in her bed.

"I feel the end approaching," she breathed. "Quick, bring me my dessert, coffee and liqueur."

—*Table Topics*



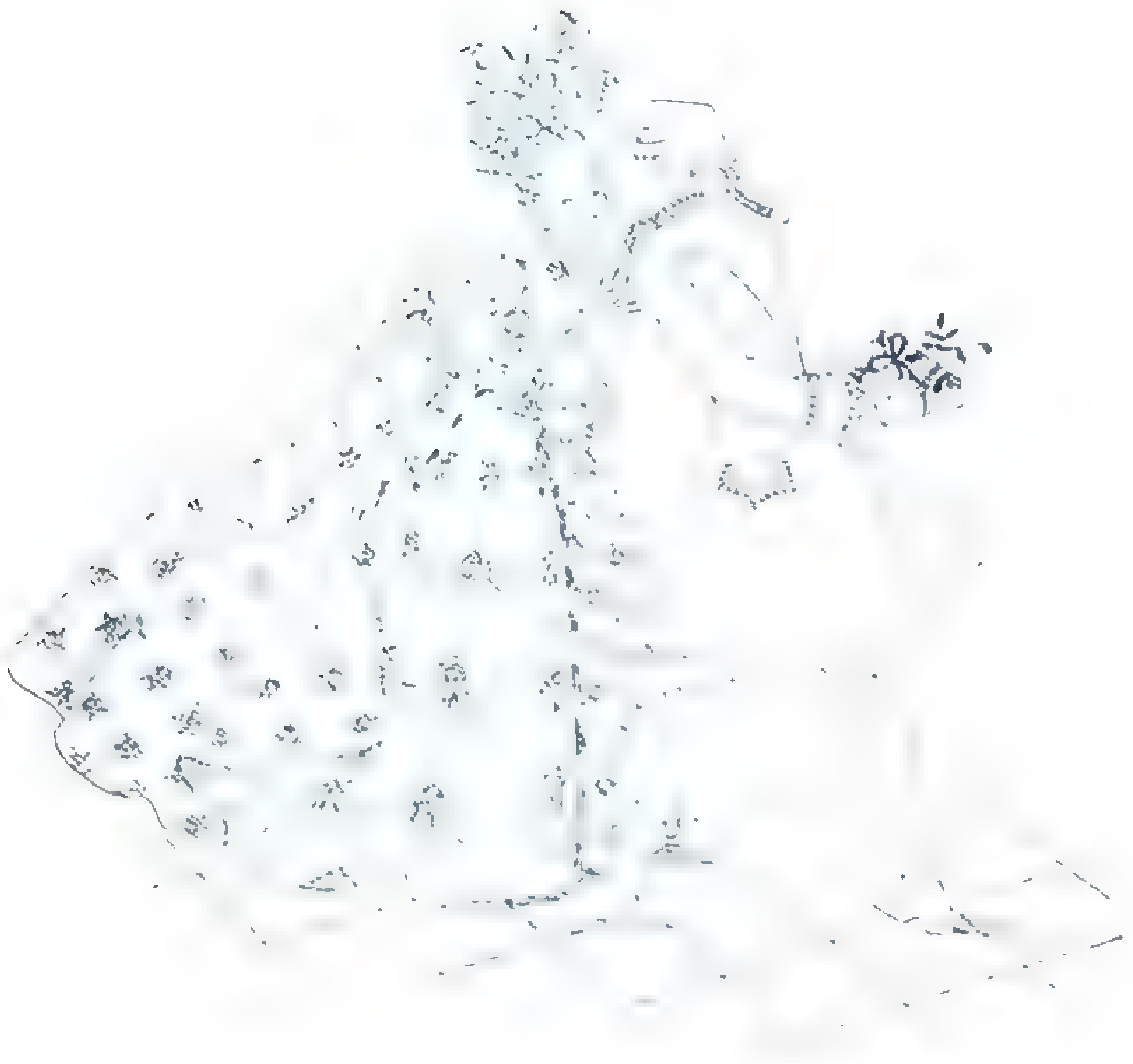
"Now will you believe me when I tell you I'm nervous?"



"Who's the little blonde number third from the end?"

Toilet Water 1.00†
Dusting Powder 1.00†
Bath Salts 1.00†

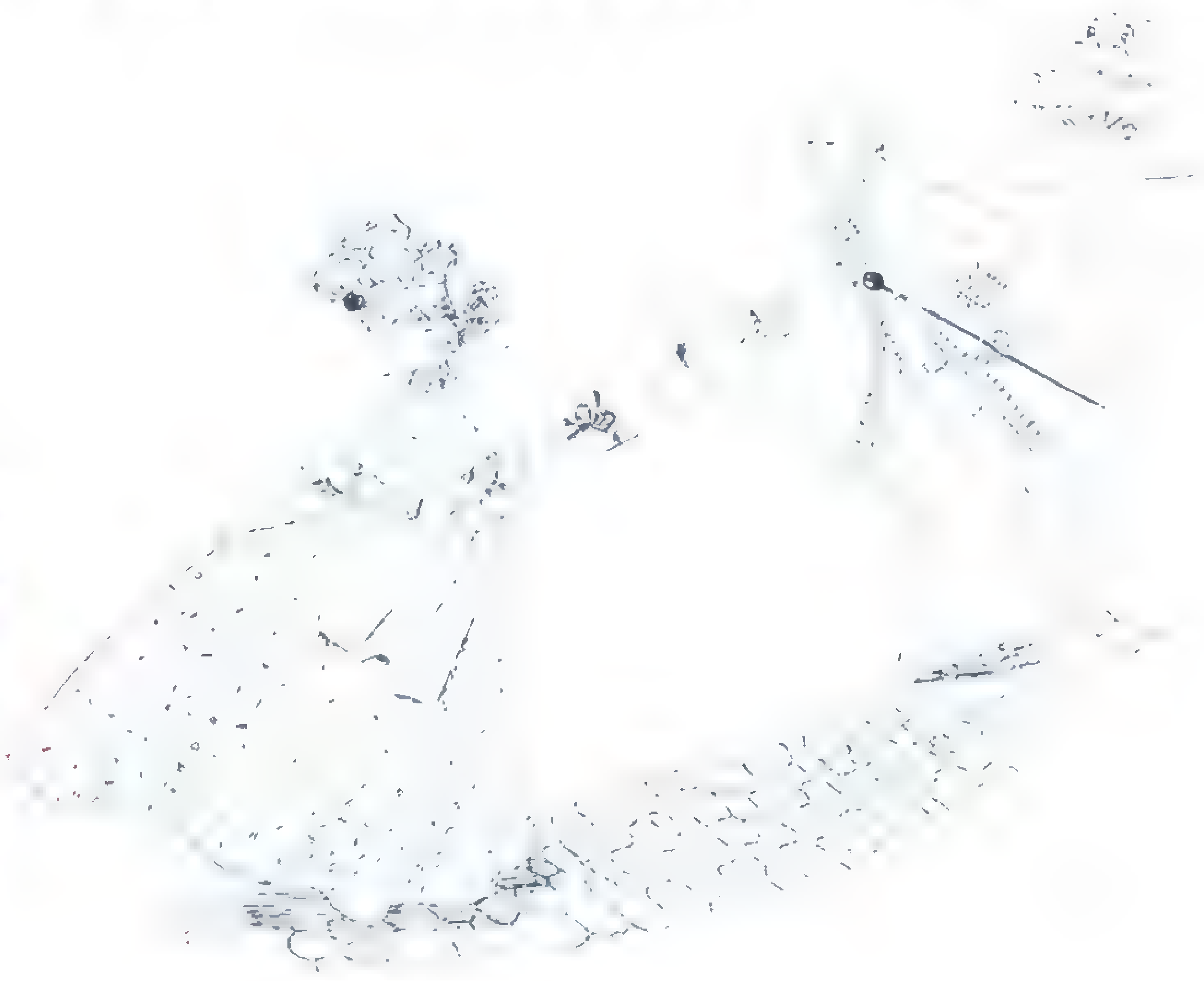
Gifts of Early American Old Spice*—America's Own Fragrance



Toilet Water 1.00†
Body Sachet 1.00†
Sachet Tablets 1.00†

Early American Friendship's Garden* Speaks the Language of Flowers

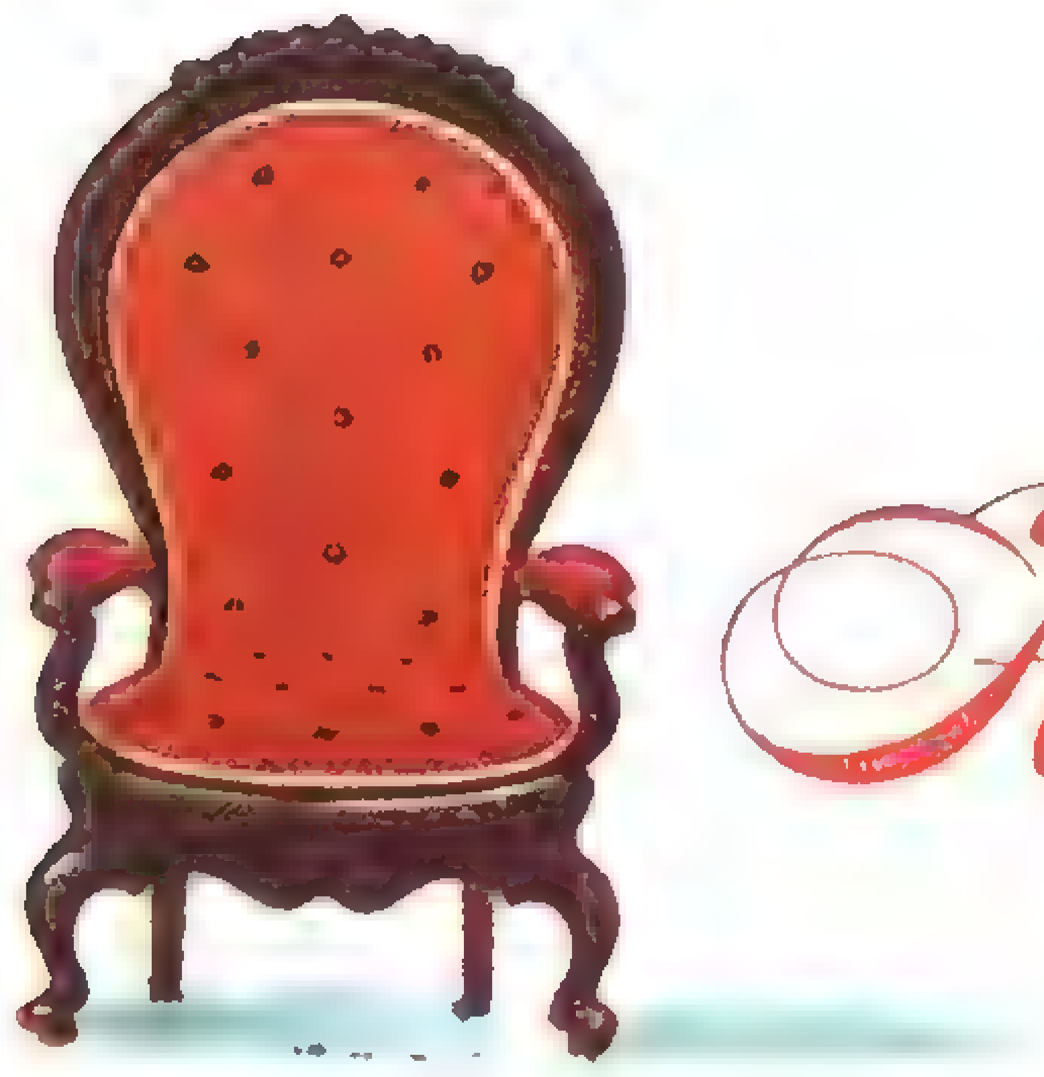
Shaving Mug 1.00
Invisible Talcum .75†
After-Shaving Lotion 1.00†



Early American Old Spice* Shaving Requisites for his Christmas

†plus tax

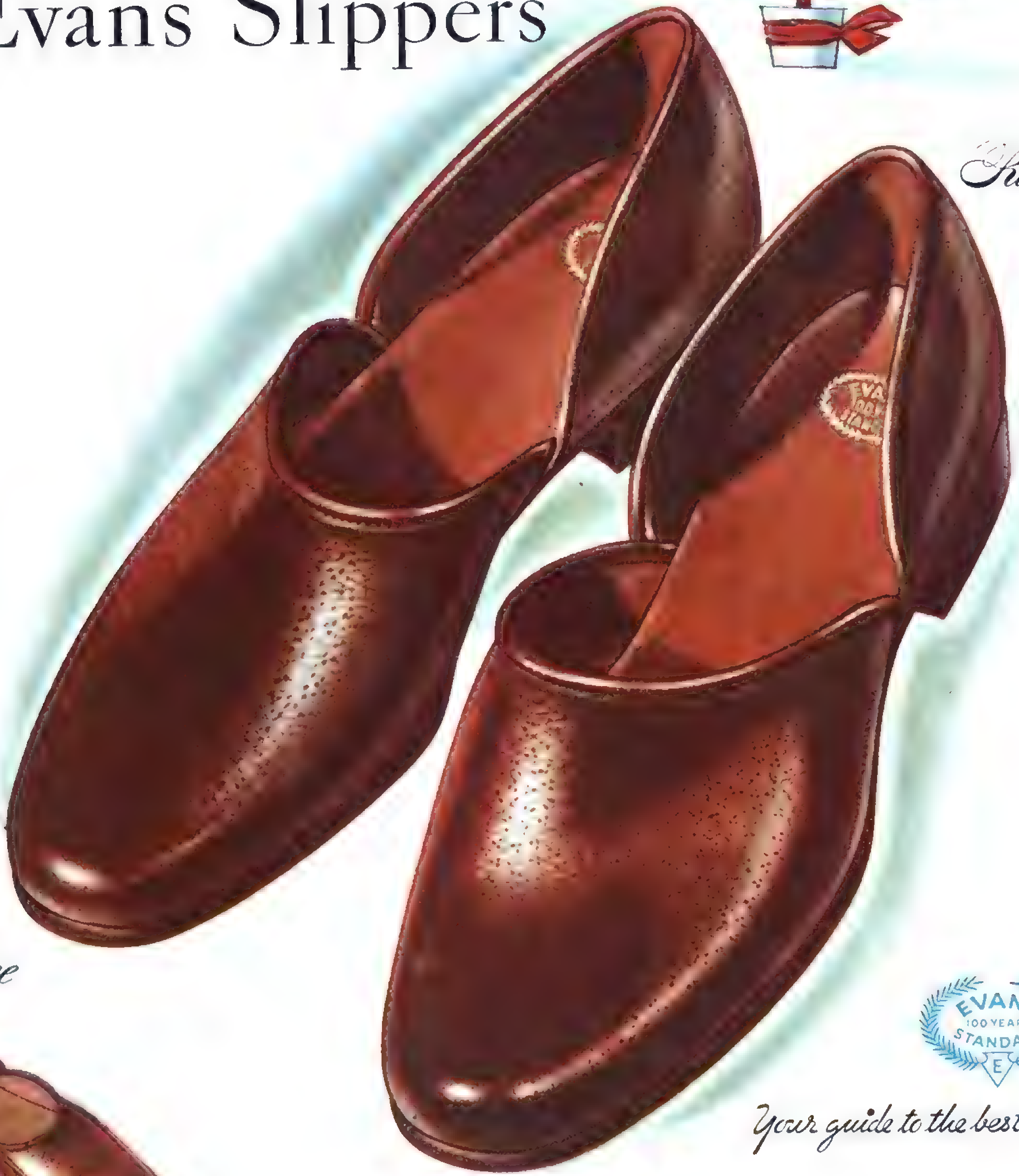
Each a Shulton Original • *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. · Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.

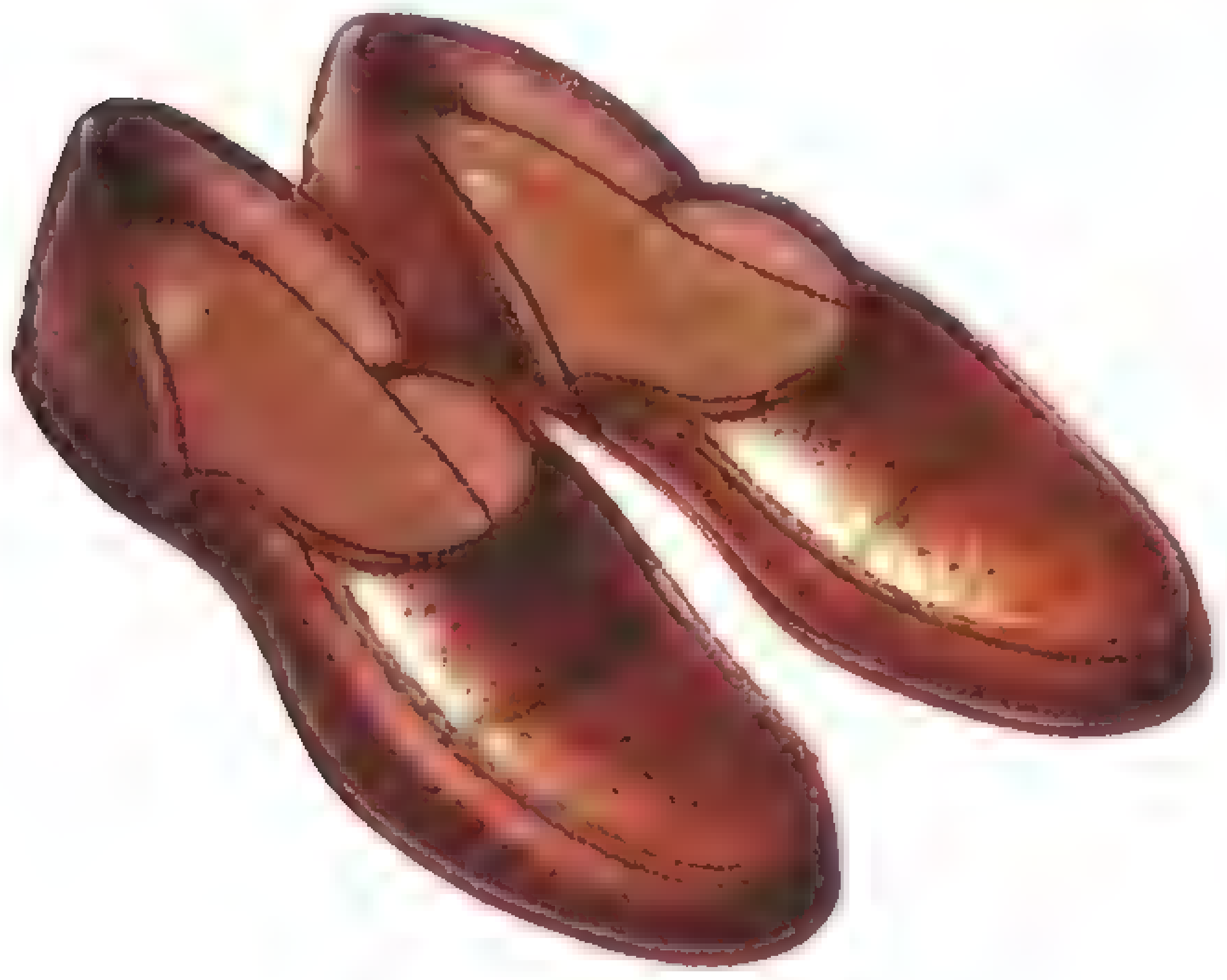


Home * *

Christmas

and Evans Slippers





EVANS 100 YEARS STANDARD E

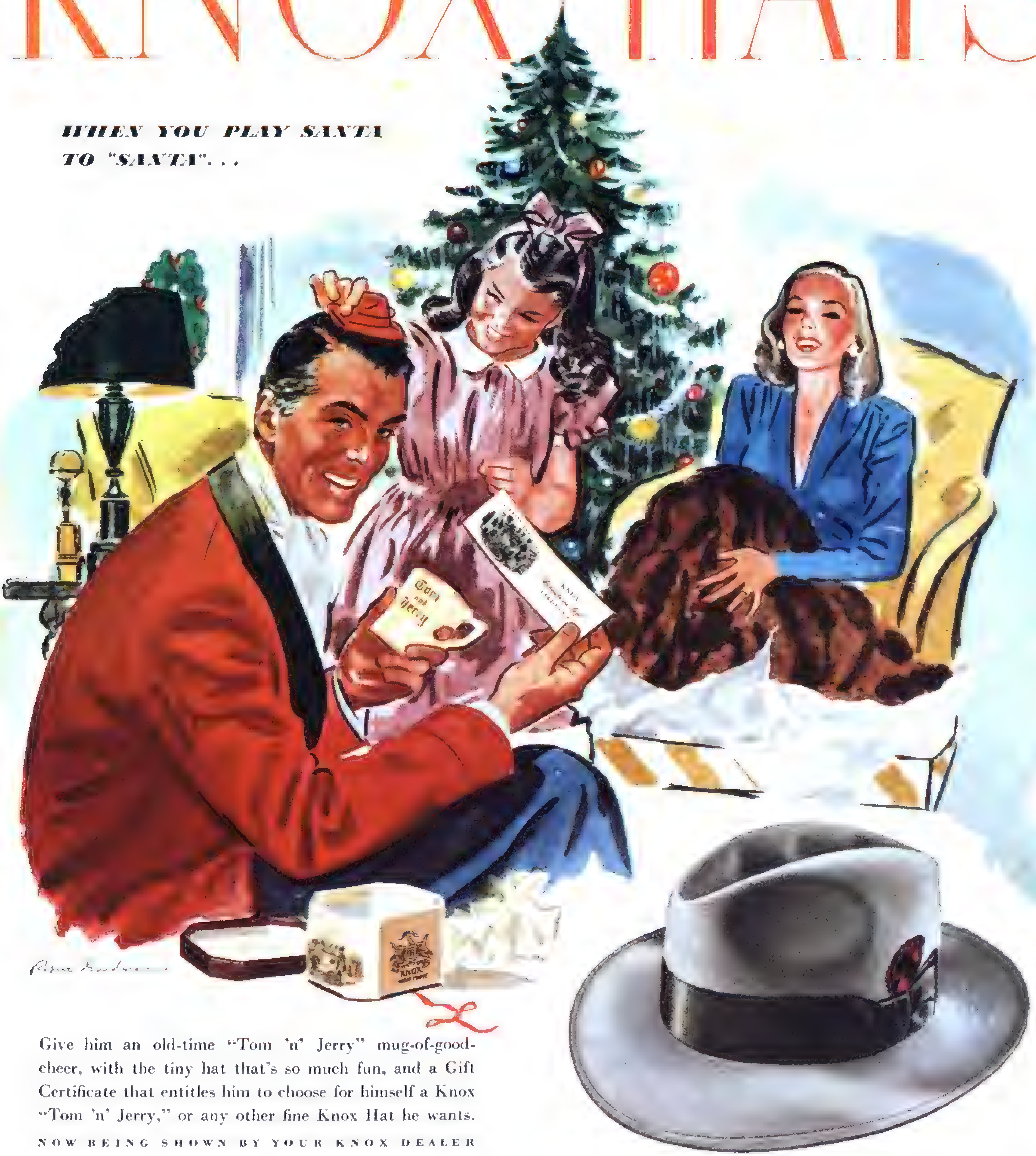
Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

Like all good things, Evans Slippers are somewhat scarce this Christmas. But since Evans is always your guide to the best in men's slippers, be sure to ask for them by name. Our reduced output is fairly divided among our dealers, and it's possible you will find just the pair you want. If you don't find them now, try again later. Evans Slippers . . . greatest gift in the world for a man—at Christmas or any time of year.

L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY • WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

KNOX ★ HATS

WHEN YOU PLAY SANTA TO "SANTA"...



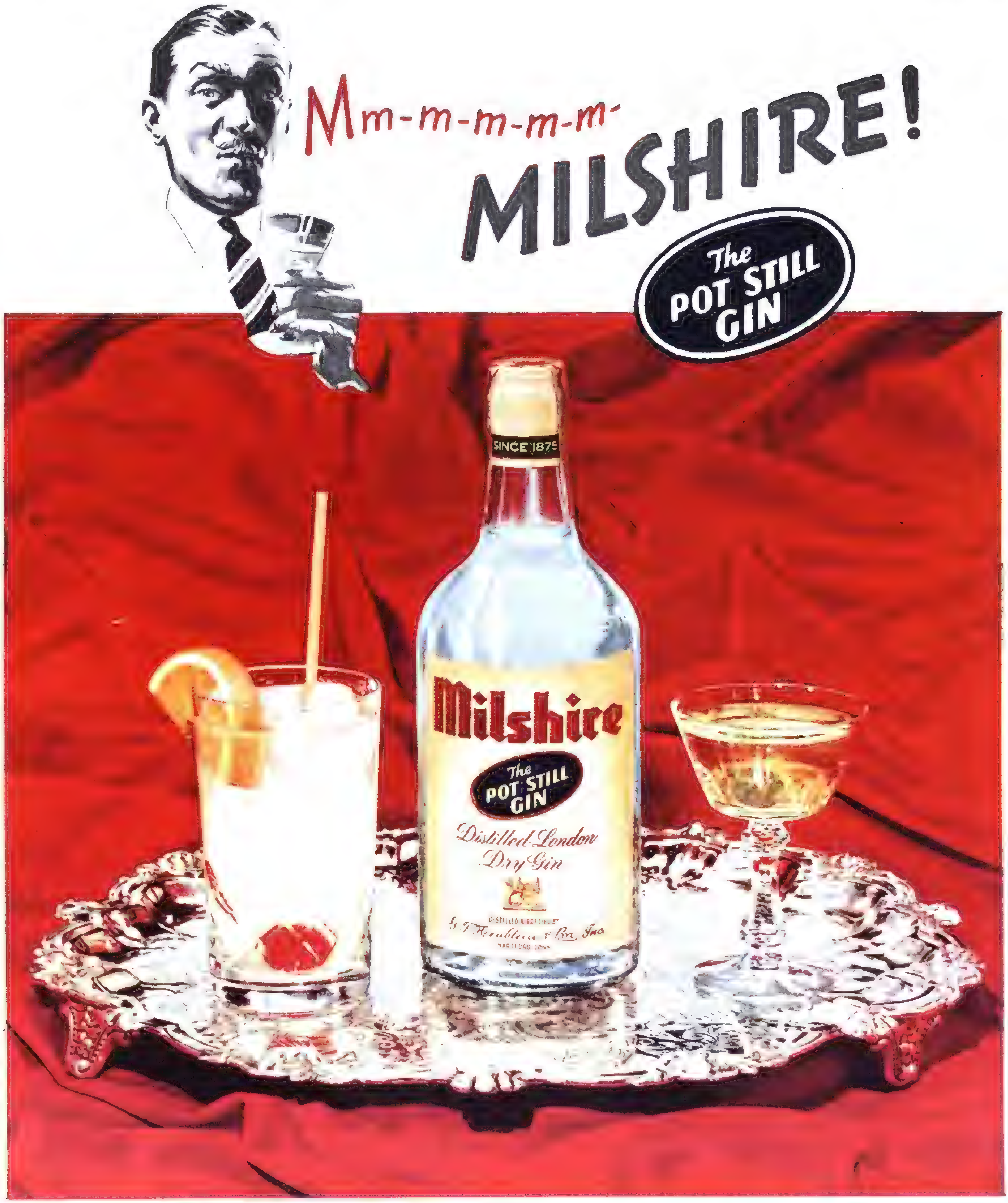
Give him an old-time "Tom 'n' Jerry" mug-of-good-cheer, with the tiny hat that's so much fun, and a Gift Certificate that entitles him to choose for himself a Knox "Tom 'n' Jerry," or any other fine Knox Hat he wants.

NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER

KNOX "TOM 'n' JERRY"

If the Label is KNOX *the Hat is Right*

KNOX *the* HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK


Mm-m-m-m-m-
MILSHIRE!
The POT STILL GIN
SINCE 1875
Milshire
The POT STILL GIN
Distilled London Dry Gin

YOU CAN GET IT AGAIN!

MILSHIRE GIN has been scarce as hen's teeth but we are happy to report that you can get it again. Our pot stills are busily at work, producing the superb MILSHIRE of old—the same *un-ginny* gin that adds excellence to any drink it's in! *If you have a hankering for the best, ask for it by name*—MILSHIRE. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin, 90 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Man the Kitchenette

On dating Jane Russell and dining around Los Angeles

by ILES BRODY

THERE are at least three good things in being somewhat of a *mondaine* writer; you can travel around, carrying your office under your hat; you receive a warm welcome from innkeepers; and most important—you run a better than average chance of getting the most beautiful girl in any town to dine with you.

When I was in Hollywood recently I felt my way around with caution. There are too many beautiful girls there, and I wanted to make sure that right off the bat I would pick the finest rose among them. You see, I had no time to waste as I was only going to stay three weeks, and I remembered my Elinor Glyn whom I had read extensively when I was four or five years old.

So, in a day or so I established that Jane Russell was the only girl in Hollywood about whose beauty opinion was undivided. All the other ladies seemed to have some flaw, according to my informants; and I hasten to add that several women were among my advisors.

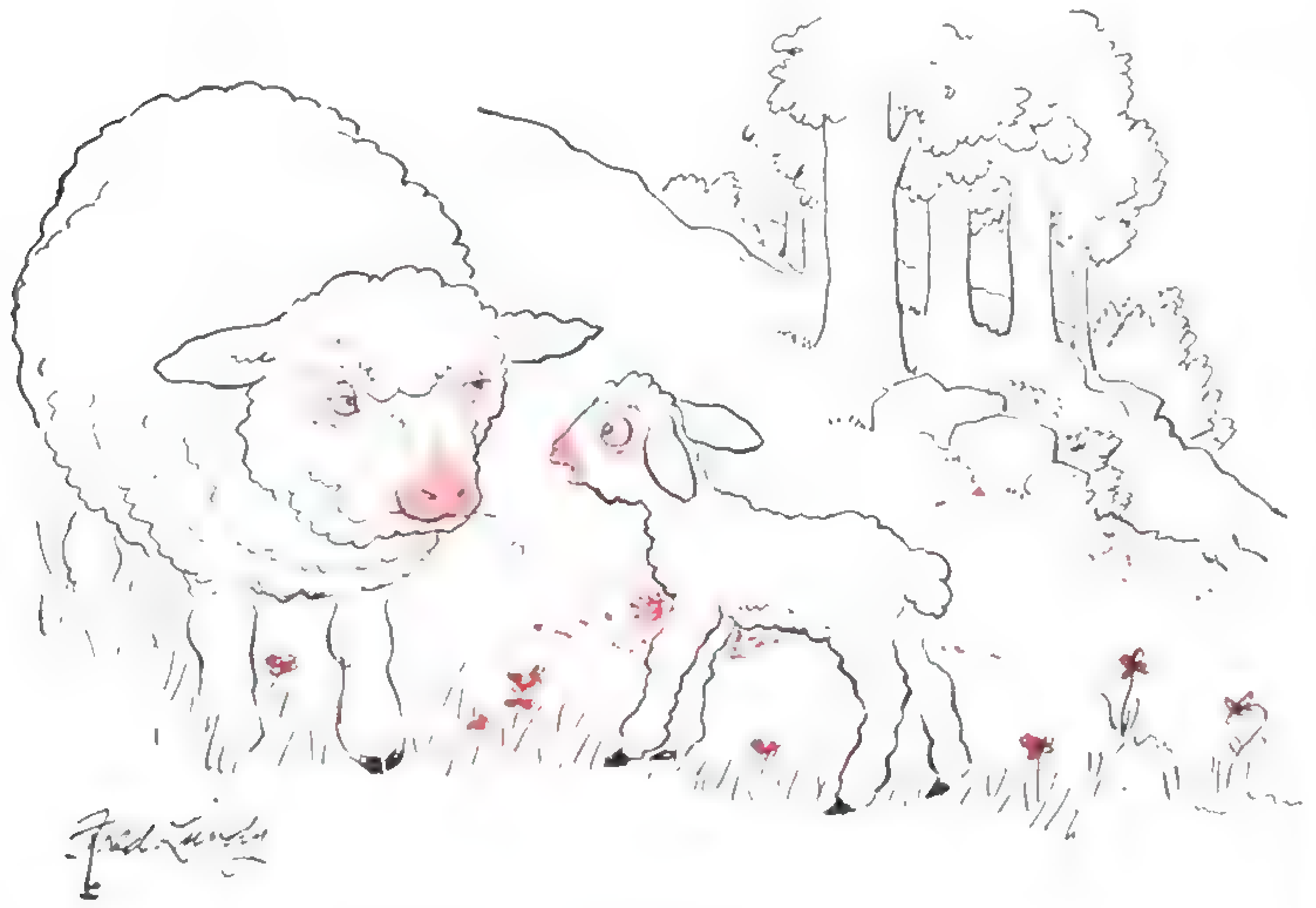
Don't think that I am talking out of turn—food and beauty and sex (we live in the twentieth century, remember?) are closely related. Of course, Jane Russell doesn't want to realize that. "I told them at home that you are harmless. Just a food writer. My folks don't like me to go out with those romantic, latter-day Maupassants . . ."

As she said that, sitting there at La Rue's Restaurant in Hollywood's "Strip"—this is the pet name for the portion of Sunset Boulevard leading from Hollywood to Beverly Hills where many of the fashionable restaurants, shops and offices are located—I devoured her with Maupassantian eyes. The Favorite Pin-up Girl of the U. S. Army, the dream of civilians, the movie actress who has been seen on the screen by only a favored few, but whose photo is secretly carried above more male hearts than that of any other daughter of Thalia, is truly devastatingly beautiful. With her blue black hair, amber colored skin, snowy white teeth (no jackets!), languid motions and graceful carriage, she creates the impression of a sheik's daughter just escaped from a Sahara oasis via gazelle-like, fragile ankles. Oh, those ankles! . . . .

But enough of this—let me rather whet your appetite in my accustomed way. Let's survey the food at La Rue's and at other Hollywood restaurants. I'll give you another glimpse of Jane toward the end of this article, but then, for heaven's sake leave us to ourselves. I don't say "alone," because you know what Epicurus remarked in his *Aphorisms*: ". . . dining alone is leading the life of a wolf." It would seem that that book needs a revised edition and quickly!

La Rue's is owned by Bill Wilkerson who also owns the *Hollywood Reporter*; it has the most metropolitan atmosphere, and is the most "New Yorkerish" place, in a town where restaurants are either too fantastic or too like country inns. Maybe this is because of La Rue's exceedingly pleasing decorations, the attractive green and pink room, the real comfort of the seats and banquets, and the much better than ordinary service. The food is not cheap but neither is it too expensive; lunch (everything is *à la carte*) comes to around three dollars.

Continued on page 176



"Mama, am I 100% wool?"

American Game Birds

CHENEY
CRAVATS

Gift Cravats with a decided American accent. Handsome designs and colors inspired by the plumage of American Game Birds. Printed or woven patterns.

At better stores
$1.50 up

Today's best buy—
VICTORY BONDS
$18.75 up

CHENEY BROTHERS, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

The Big Tie of the Future!

KING SIZE *Cravats*

2 inches longer, 1 inch wider than ordinary ties!

Introduced less than a year ago, Spur's KING SIZE Cravats are today an accepted fashion among better-dressed men everywhere. They tie in a perfect Windsor knot, for casual or business wear... for long-pointed or wide-spread collars. And they're hand-tailored, beautifully tipped, and pure-wool lined throughout. $1.50 to $3.50 at better stores everywhere.

Spur *The Smartest Name in Men's Accessories*

HEWES AND POTTER, INC., BOSTON 11, MASS.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 175

dinner around four dollars. There is an excellent cold buffet prettily laid out on a table in the middle of the room, groaning weakly under lobster, salmon, crab, chicken, turkey, squab, ham, lamb and veal dishes, with plenty of diverse salads and fruit between, not only for decoration, but because under the California climate, one is always partial to green stuff.

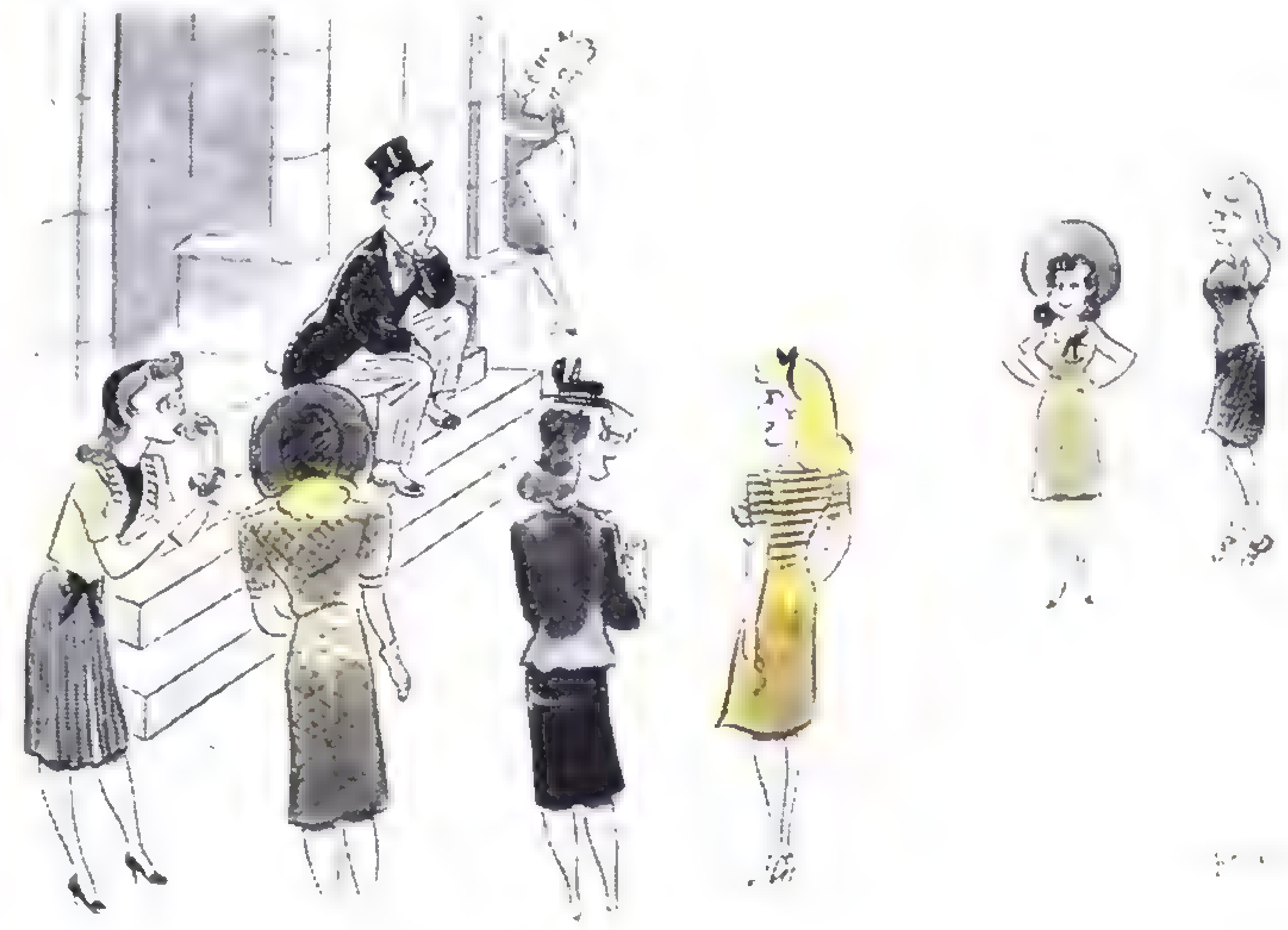
If you ever get to La Rue's I advise you to try their poached filet of sole with spaghetti, their beef *à la mode*, or their pilaff of lamb, Turkish style.

About Romanoff's Restaurant, I should naturally like to talk at length; not only because "Mike" is a friend of mine, but because his is one of the most unique restaurants in Beverly Hills and vicinity so far as history is concerned. Mike doesn't need much introduction; everyone knows him. But for the sake of the less well-informed, I must say that he is the king of all the bogus noblemen in the United States. Apart from his obsession for the ducal title which he granted himself, he is a charming, clever, and kind little man, and despite his early escapades, he turned out to be a terrific businessman.

Southern California's best-known restaurant was started only a few years ago. Mike sold stock at fifty dollars a share to ninety people. The ninety chosen ones thought that once Mike had the money they would never see it again. But they had a great surprise in store for them—a year after he opened Romanoff's, Mike repaid every investor and offered substantial dividends. Today the restaurant is doing unbelievably well. Mike is a rich prince now, living in a beautiful home, with a coveted kidney-shaped swimming pool in the formal gardens. He now gets up only in time to go and exchange pleasantries with the stars who flock to his place at lunch, or to fascinate strangers with his melodious Oxford English. Remembering his turbulent, moneyless days, he is extremely kind to the help, and has established a trust fund for them, out of which they get a pension on retirement.

The Romanoff menu is impressive but five out of ten items are unobtainable. However, in every restaurant in California you hear only too often the disappointing motto: "Sorry, we haven't got it." Now that you may openly mention steaks again and now that we have them once more I'd like to bring to your attention the Romanoff steaks; they are wonderful, one gathers, mainly because "the butcher was a loyal subject of mine; he is Russian, and would lose his head if he didn't give his best to a Romanoff." I might add that it is also due to the fact that Mike has a marvelous charcoal broiler; and good French chefs in the kitchen who turn out a fine Bèarnaise sauce. You have to have plenty of chips (and I don't mean potato) if you want to dine here, for the prices are anything but cheap, but then you may have almost anything at Romanoff's your

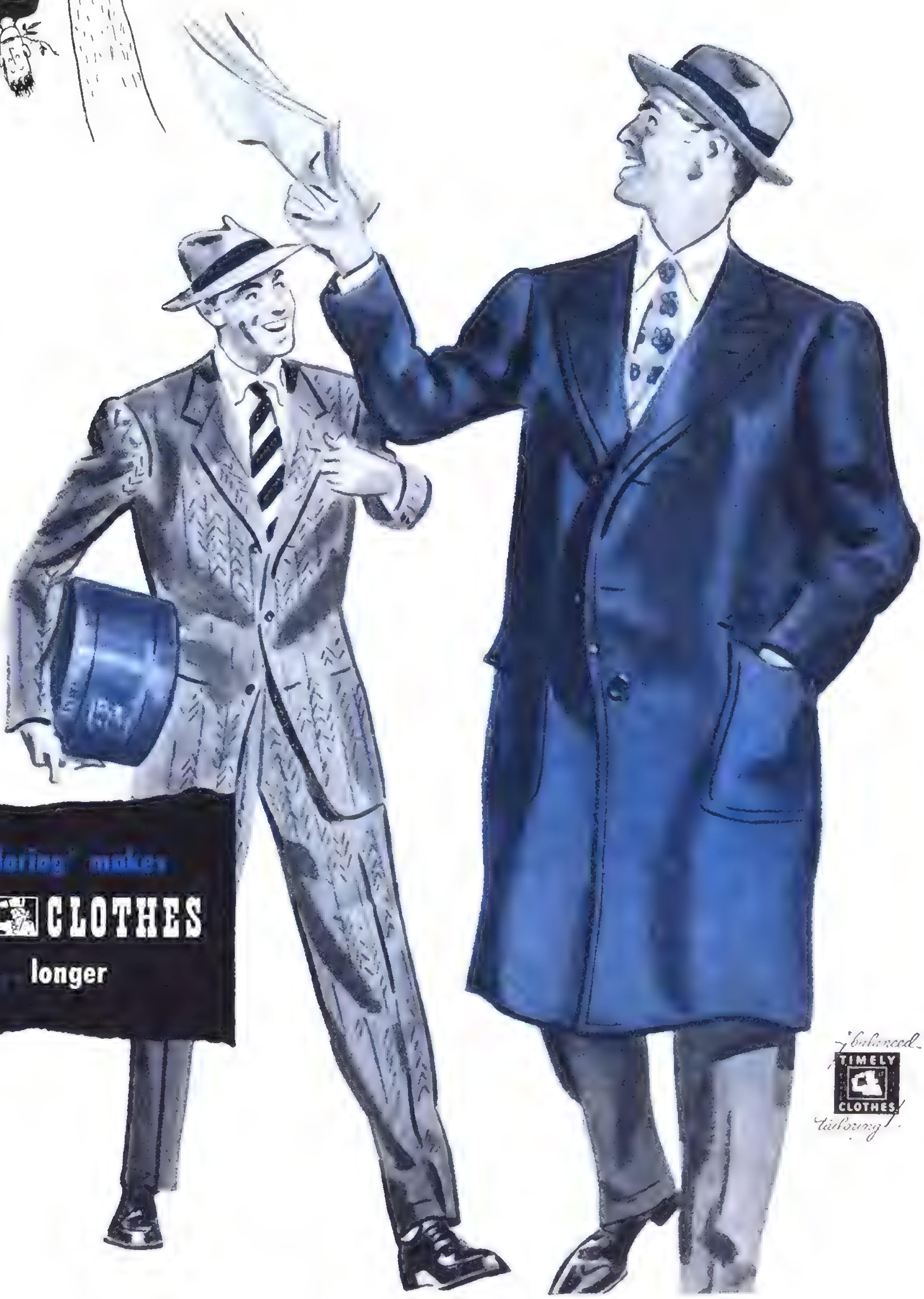
Continued on page 178



"News sure travels fast, doesn't it?"

HE SURE COULD USE

BALANCED TAILORING!*



Active men, especially, get a lift out of Balanced Tailoring, because this exclusive needlework technique keeps Timely Clothes in trim, through the dizziest paces. How? Hand tailoring gives Timely Clothes the flexibility to absorb shock and strain. Sturdy machine stitching sews in the style . . . for keeps. So right around the clock, straight through the calendar, Timely Clothes retain their original good looks . . . thanks to Balanced Tailoring. *About $35 to $75 at good men's stores everywhere, or write*
TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

balanced
TIMELY
CLOTHES
tailoring

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 176

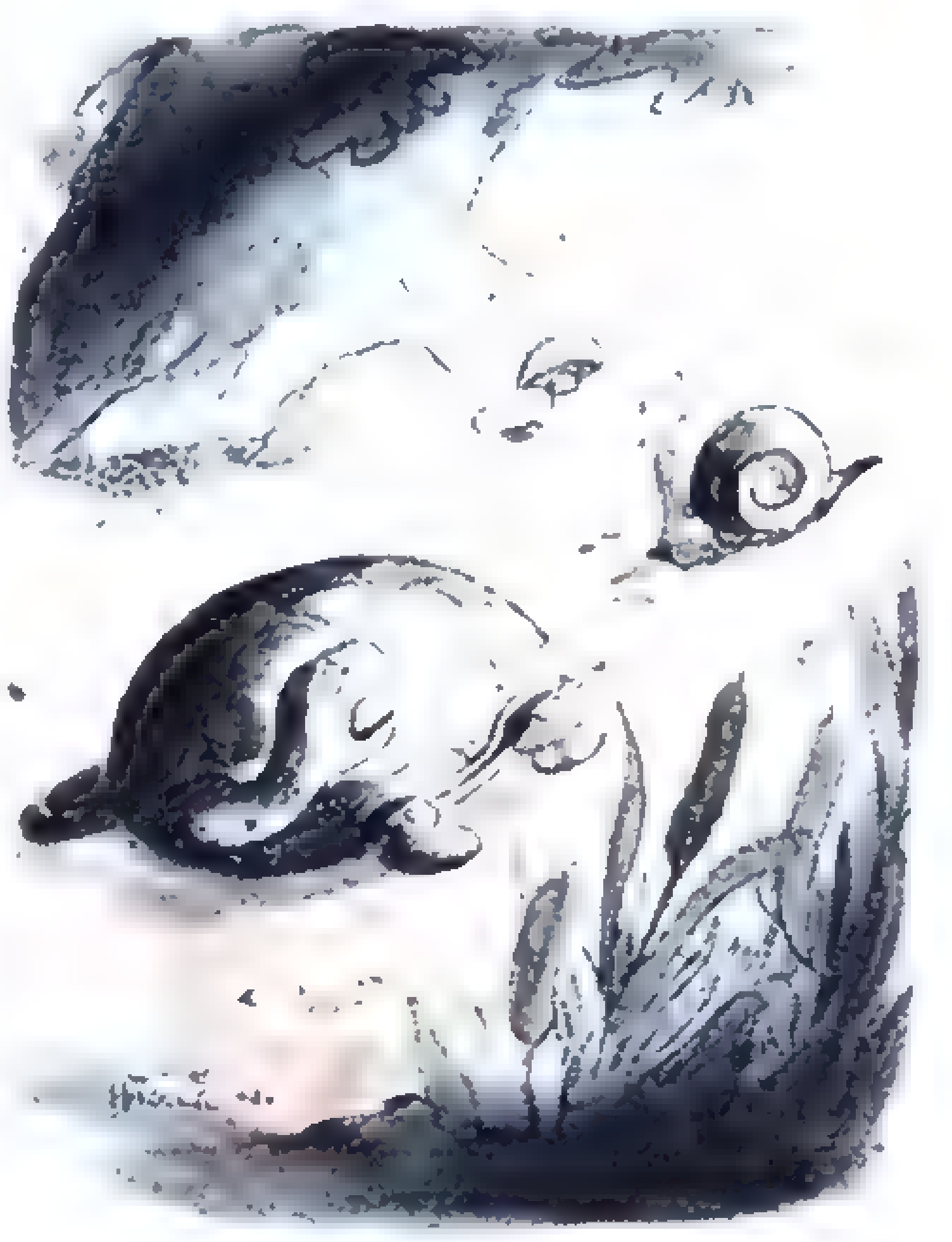
heart or tummy desires—the little prince has great gastronomical flexibility.

There are exactly 4,479 restaurants and cafés in greater Los Angeles and I had time to visit only about a dozen. However, you can rest assured that they were the best. I recommend Chasen's highly, despite the very heavy paneling which disturbed me; I felt as though I were eating in a cabinet maker's workroom, or at Sloane's furniture shop. But even the paneling could not alter the fine flavor of the onion soup, or spoil the taste of the chicken cacciatore, or affect the marvelous Parfait (a sort of super ice cream) Chasen.

There are a few absolutely first-class Italian restaurants in Hollywood—Perino's, Peppino's, and Romeo's. I like Romeo's best (full name: Ristorante Romeo Chianti, 7383 Melrose Avenue) for it is the most unassuming and the most Italian. They have all the *pasta* you can think of, spaghetti, macaroni, tagliatelle, rigatoni, fettucini, lasagne, gnocchi, etc., prepared only as Italians can prepare them, and served with the biggest pat of sweet butter you ever saw, and the finest Parmesan. While most Italian restaurants stick to regional cuisine, Romeo's includes all the regions—there are Venetian, Piedmontese, Neapolitan, Roman, Florentine and Bolognese dishes, and there are at least twenty kinds of chianti wine, besides a very charming, cozy, peasant dining room atmosphere.

Lucey's (also on Melrose Avenue) is owned by Lana Turner's ex-husband, Steve Crane. Very good food (around three dollars and fifty cents for dinner).

The Cock and Bull serves substantial English food, with one of the most impressive cold buffets in town. The Savoy is also noted for its dinner, and so is the Hungarian Csarda in Beverly Hills, where Mrs. Weiss, the owner, will oblige you with some of her fine blintzes. The Town House today is one of the best hotel restaurants, and you'll get good food whether you eat your lunch or dinner in the beautiful garden next to the swimming pool, or in the Cape Cod or the Garden Rooms. Don the Beachcomber is located in the heart of Hollywood; they have excellent Chinese food and potent drinks which look innocent and alluring but catch up with you.



"Hurry up!"

Don the Beachcomber's has the best decorations I have ever seen in any oriental restaurant; it is a beautiful setting, and on entering you imagine that you have arrived at last on a South Sea island. It is a sure-fire atmosphere for courting.

Southern California is the most important place for "Drive-ins." Of course, you know what a "Drive-in" is—you drive up to the café in your car, a pretty girl in tight slacks runs to take your order, and brings it to you on a platter. The best of these places is Dolores' Drive-in on the Strip, but while most of them are inexpensive, you have to pay two dollars and a quarter for a breaded chicken Maryland at Dolores'. Not far from here, also on the Strip, is a terrace restaurant, The Marquis, a new place, with excellent French-Italian food.

"Sorry to have left you alone, Jane, even for the few moments necessary to tip my readers off to the good Hollywood eating places. What's your favorite dish?"

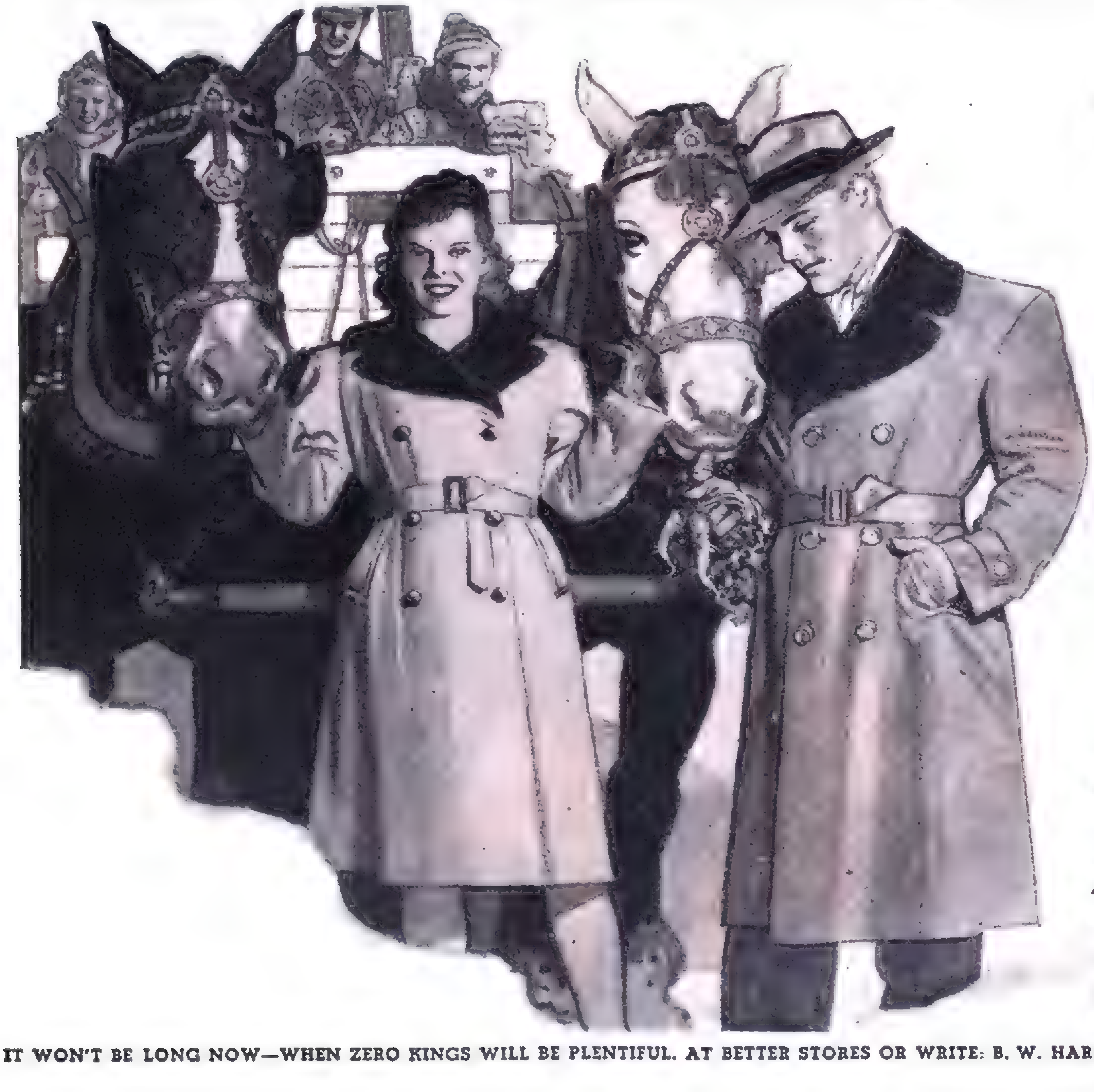
Oh, those velvety eyes, those carmine lips, that exquisitely chiseled nose like a Castilian woman's! That waist, those . . . well, I am not my eminent colleague, Earl Wilson the curve-conscious columnist of the *New York Post*, and this is only Esquire. Besides Jane happens to be married to Bob Waterfield, the University of California football star, who has some physical features himself, not as appealing as those of the missus, but certainly more forbidding.

"What's your favorite dish?"

"I adore corned beef hash. And ice cream."

What can you do with such a woman even if she is the most beautiful in the world? I thought that such a gorgeous person would say that her favorite dish is *filet de boeuf à la Clamart au Madira et aux champignons*, and I could run the recipe.

As to my favorite dish . . . well, that's not hard to guess. Excuse me, Mr. Waterfield. . . . ⌗



POLAR COATS—Two of a Kind

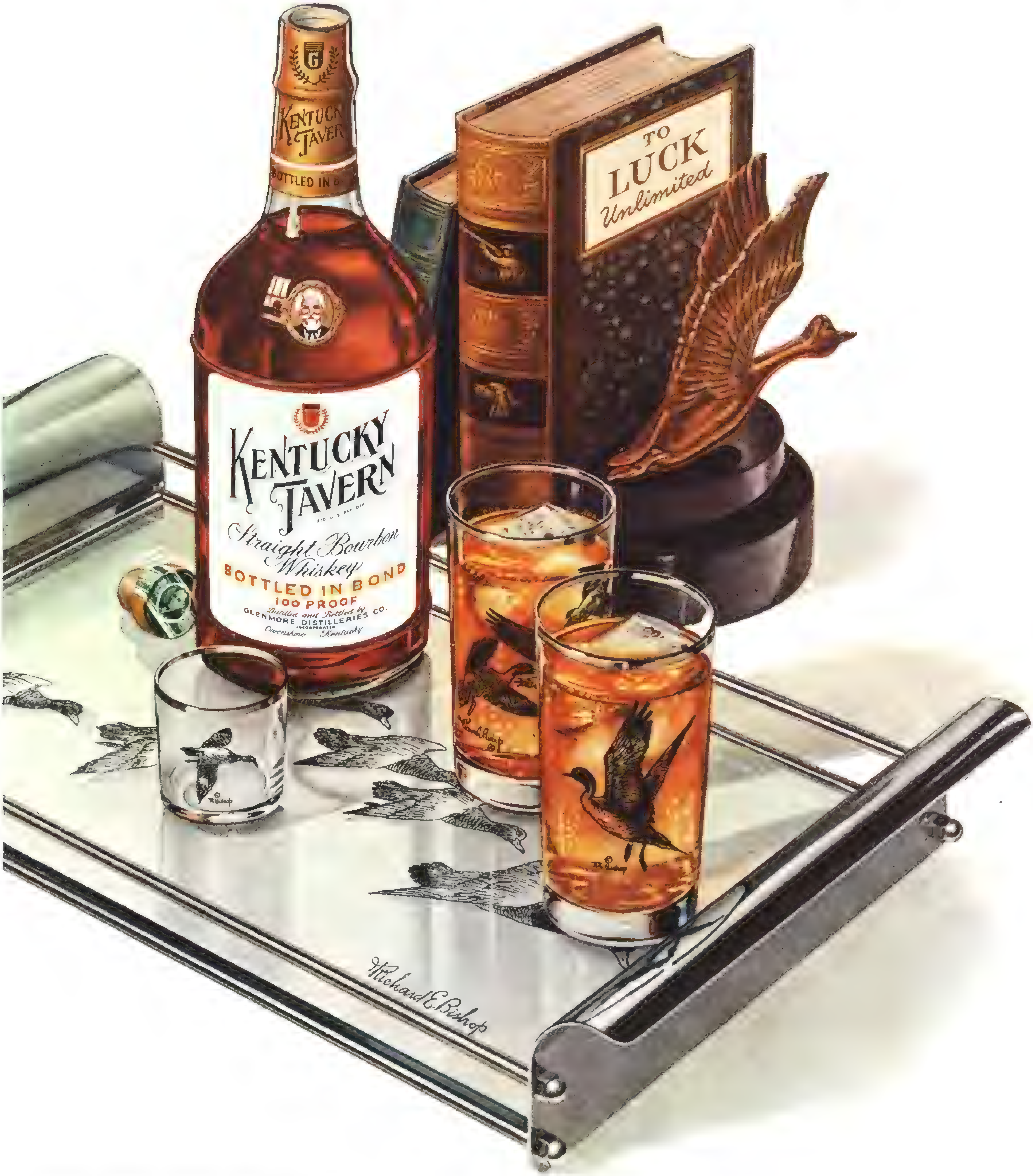
Plenty warm inside—wonderfully comfortable. Finely made by the Pros of Sportswear of rugged Mountain Cloth. Sheep-lined, dyed lamb collars and lapels, knitted wristlets. Water and wind resistant. *Here's your winter heating equipment!* Men's sizes 36 to 46. Mode tan only. Women's sizes 12 to 20. About $40.

B.W.H. MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

ZERO KING

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW—WHEN ZERO KINGS WILL BE PLENTIFUL. AT BETTER STORES OR WRITE: B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., PARK SQUARE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Incorporated
Owensboro Kentucky
TO LUCK Unlimited
Richard E. Bishop

There's pleasure aplenty when the drinks are made with Kentucky Tavern, for this fine liquor with its uniform quality and flavor has been the traditional obligation of the same Kentucky family for 74 years.

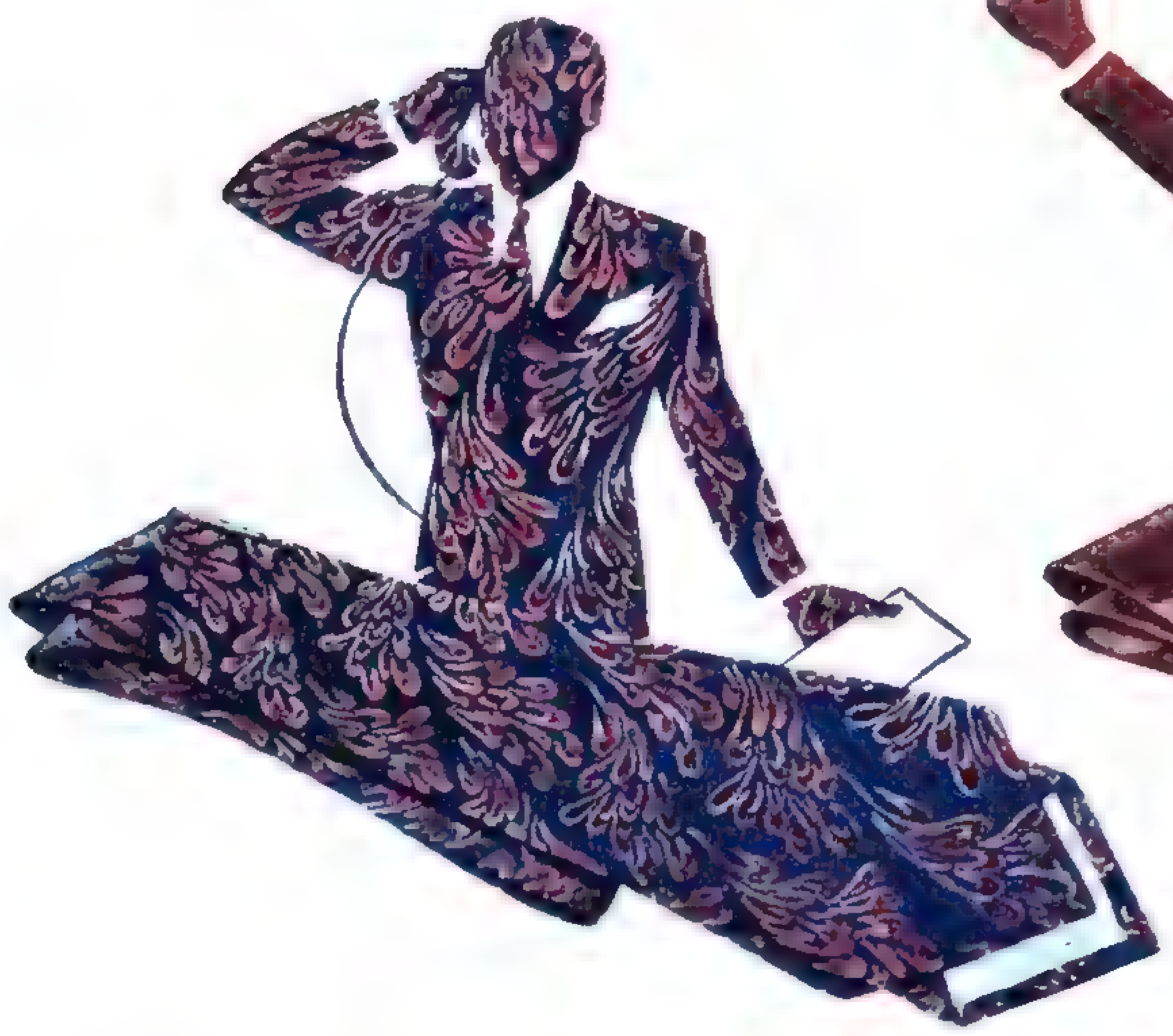
© 1945
Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,*
Louisville, Kentucky

Glassware by Richard E. Bishop, Philadelphia, Pa.

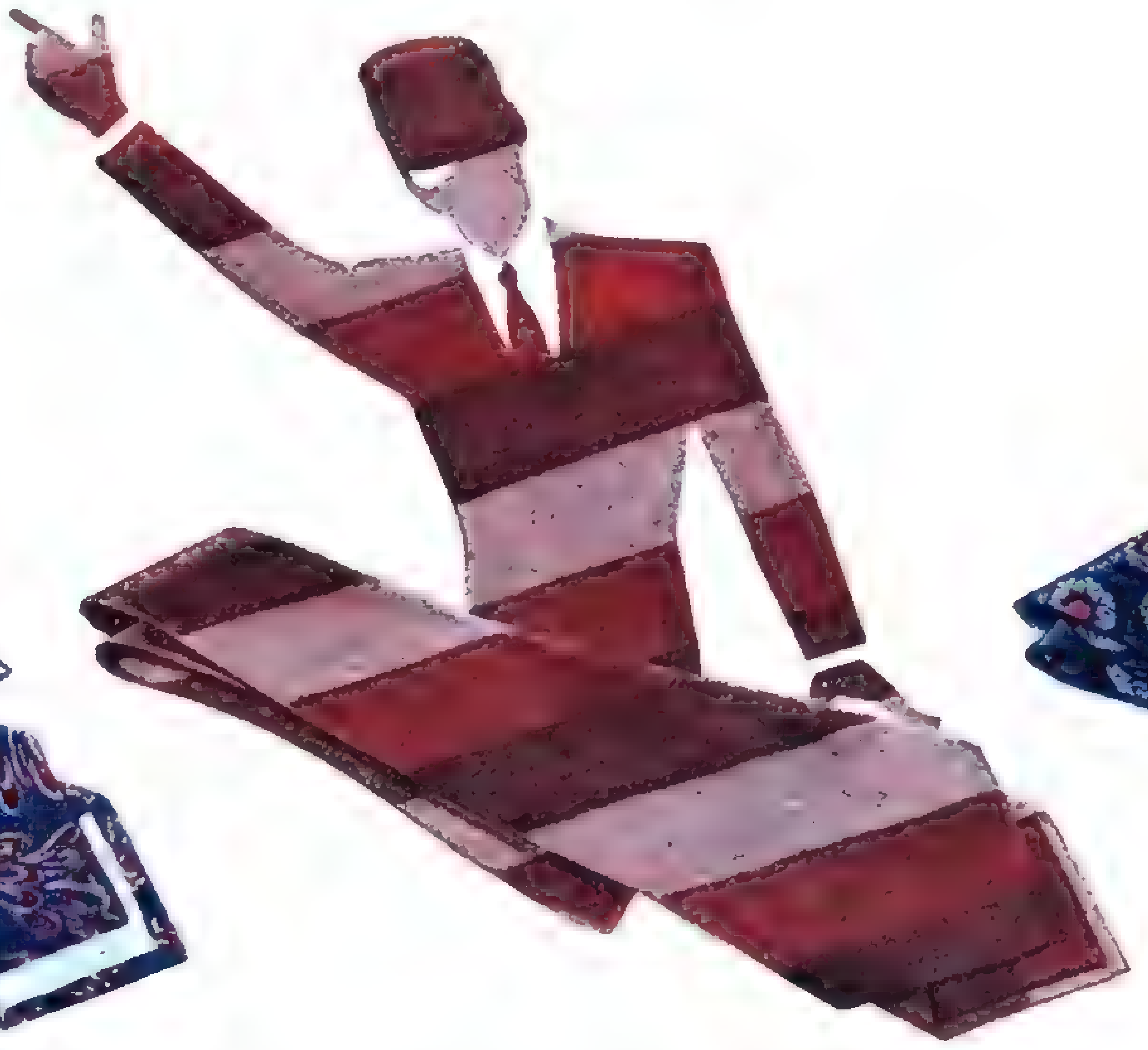
THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS...*VICTORY BONDS!*

Pay this Compliment to his Personality...

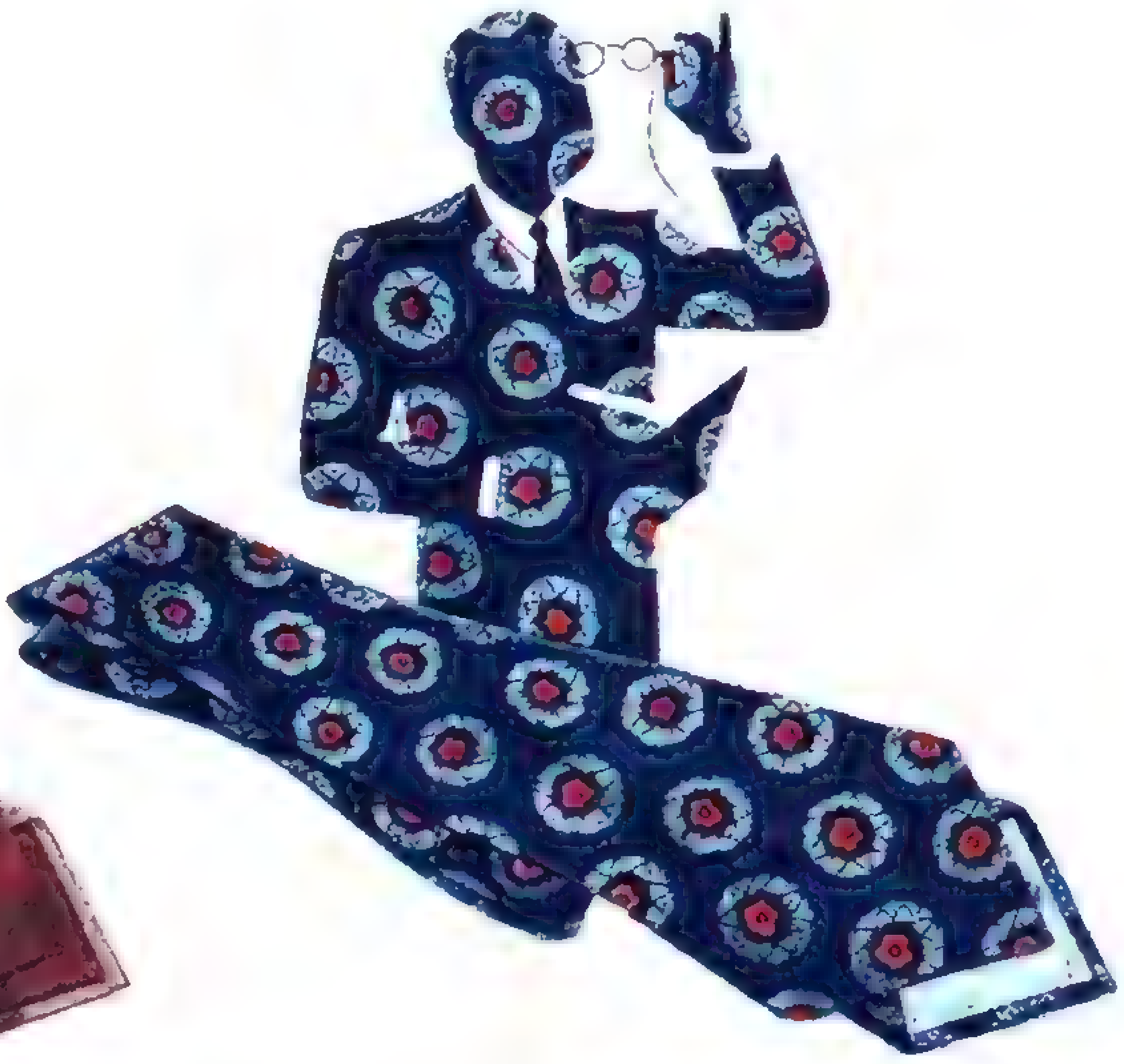
If you know the best that's in him, you'll have your gift prove it—*by complimenting his personality!* Color experts tell us that certain colors best express certain temperaments. On the basis of these findings, Superba creates neckties which you can easily, confidently choose to reflect the finest traits of the wearer. They are flawlessly smart—distinctive in pattern—woven for extra durability and perfect tieing. Your gift of a Superba Cravat will mean even more than all this, for Personalized Color pays special tribute to the best in any man!



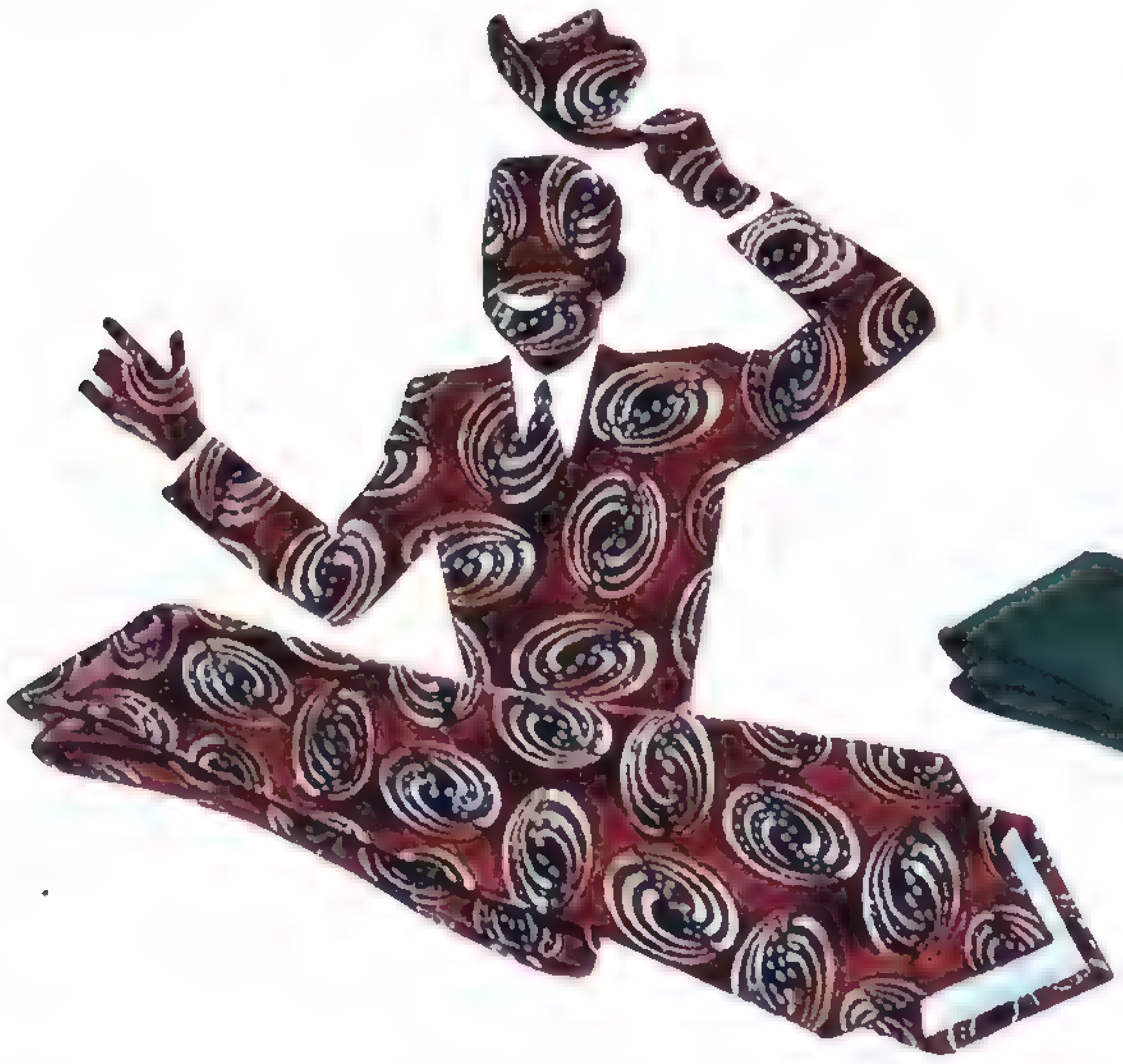
IF HE'S THE EXECUTIVE TYPE: if he gets a special satisfaction from handling men, making money and friends; if people rely on his judgment then the deep, *personalized Navy* hue of this exceedingly fine, richly faced Superba Bern Royal Cravat will compliment him best. 2.50



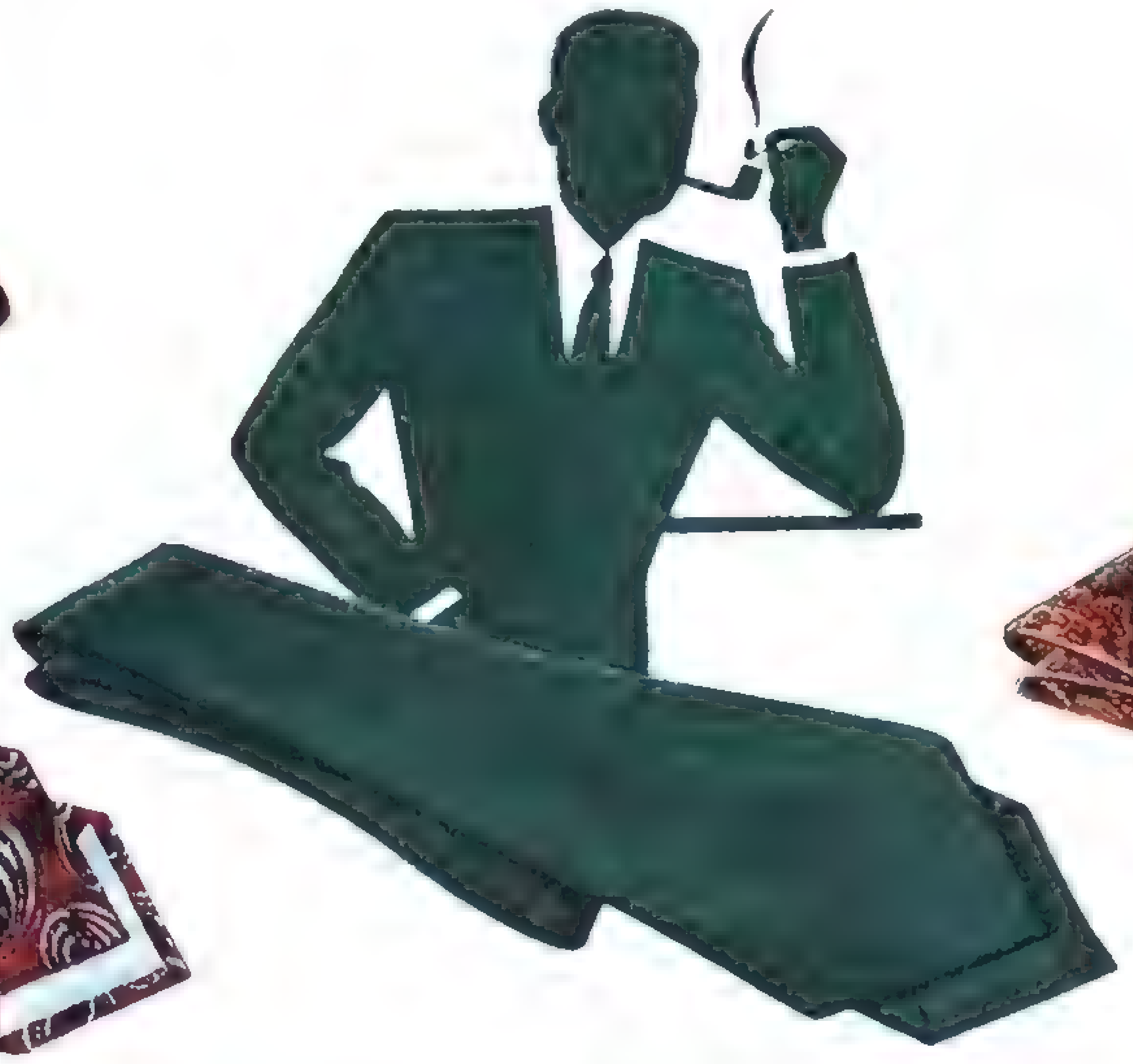
IF HE'S A MAN OF ACTION: if he's vigorous, aggressive, courageous and resourceful; if he's impulsive, optimistic, a lover of sports—then he'll go for the dominant, *personalized Red* of this Superba Sugar and Spice Cravat, with its special texture that fights off wrinkles and ties beautifully. 1.00



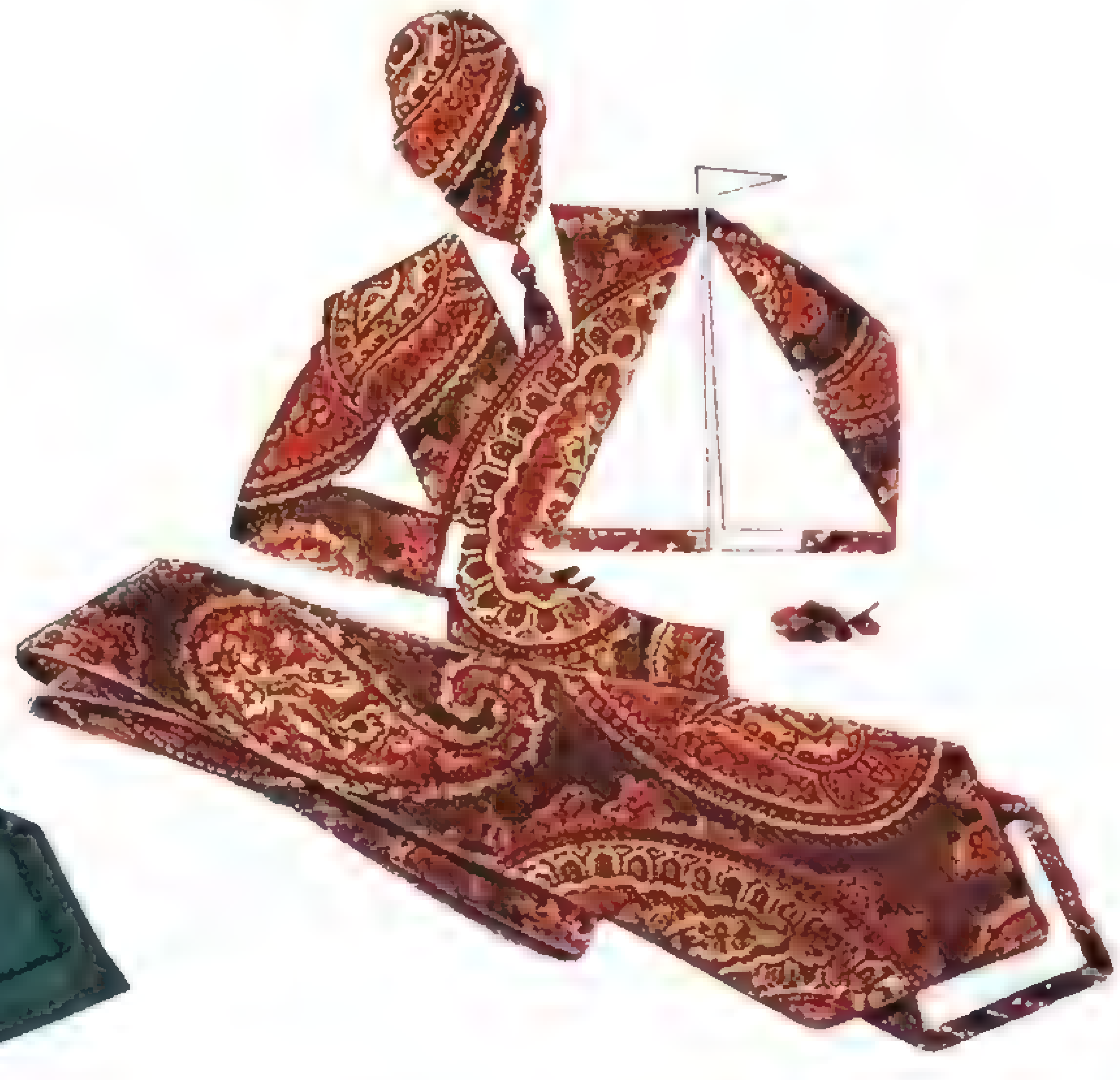
IF HE'S A BORN CONSERVATIVE: if he's serious, systematic and efficient, a careful manager of his own affairs and those of others—then the cool *personalized Blue* of this smartly patterned Superba Mainliner Cravat, luxuriously loomed and richly faced, is perfectly keyed to him. 1.50



IF HE'S CHEERFUL, FRIENDLY: if he's attractive, likeable; if he's especially fond of being with people and finds zest in good living—then the *personalized Maroon* that keys this beautifully designed and richly faced Superba Bern Royal Cravat will do most to express his personality. 2.50



IF HE'S TOLERANT, EASY-GOING: if he's generous, open-minded, charitable, interested in others; if people instinctively trust him—then the subdued, rich *personalized Green* of this 100% wool-woven Superba Ranger Cravat, that fights off wrinkles and ties smoothly, will characterize him best. 1.00



IF HE'S STEADY, THOROUGH: if he's the substantial, dependable type that welcomes responsibilities and always keeps an even keel, whatever happens—then the deep, warm, *personalized Brown* of this distinctively patterned, richly faced Superba Mainliner Cravat will reflect his best traits. 1.50

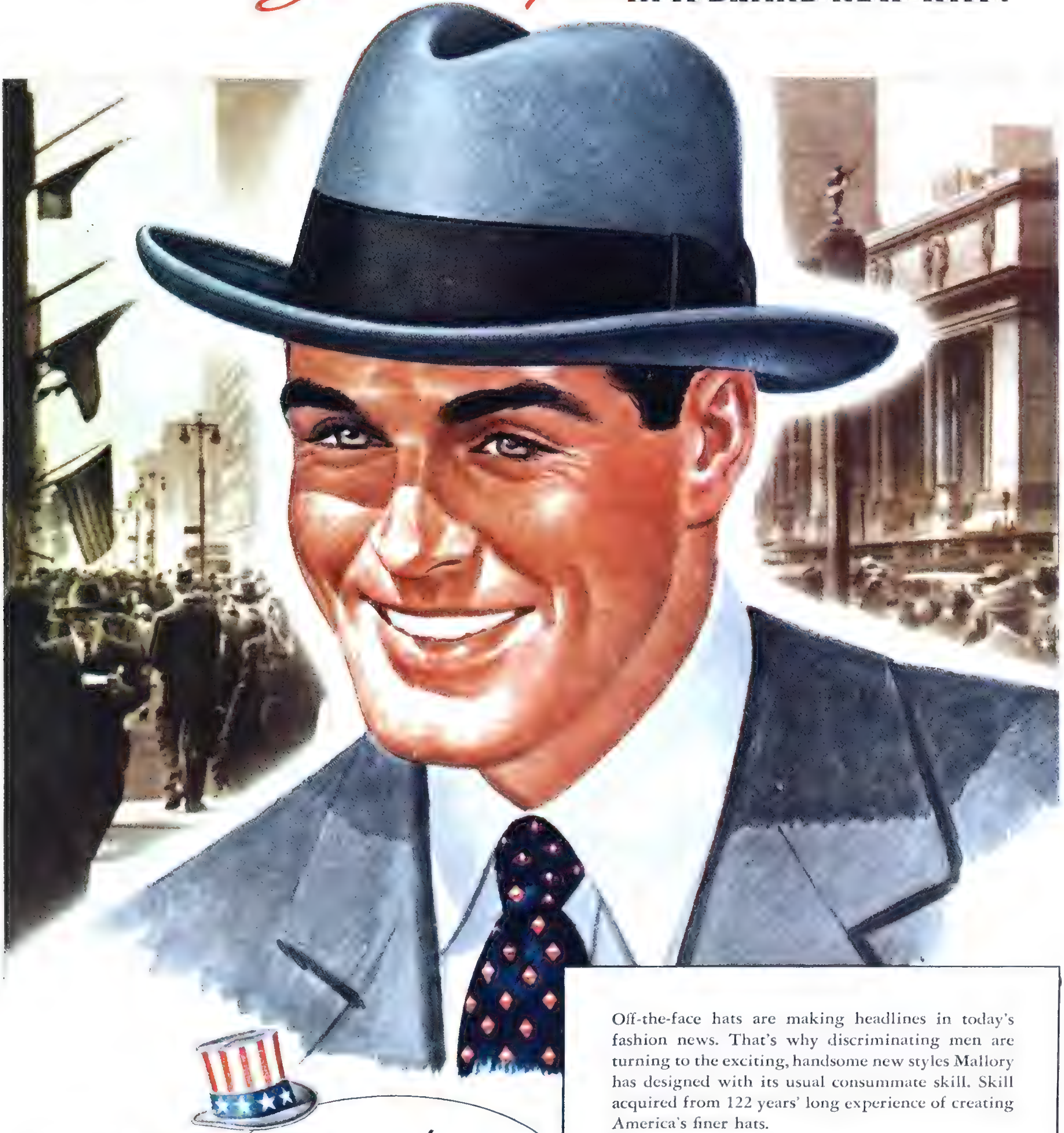
1.00 to 3.50

SUPERBA
CRAVATS
Fashioned to Your Personality
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

SHORTAGES *do happen in wartime.* If the specific SUPERBA CRAVAT you desire is not available from your dealer, you will always find a wide choice of other fine SUPERBA styles—in *correct Personalized Colors.*

Copyright 1945, Superba Cravats

NOW BRIMS ARE "Looking Up" IN A BRAND NEW WAY!



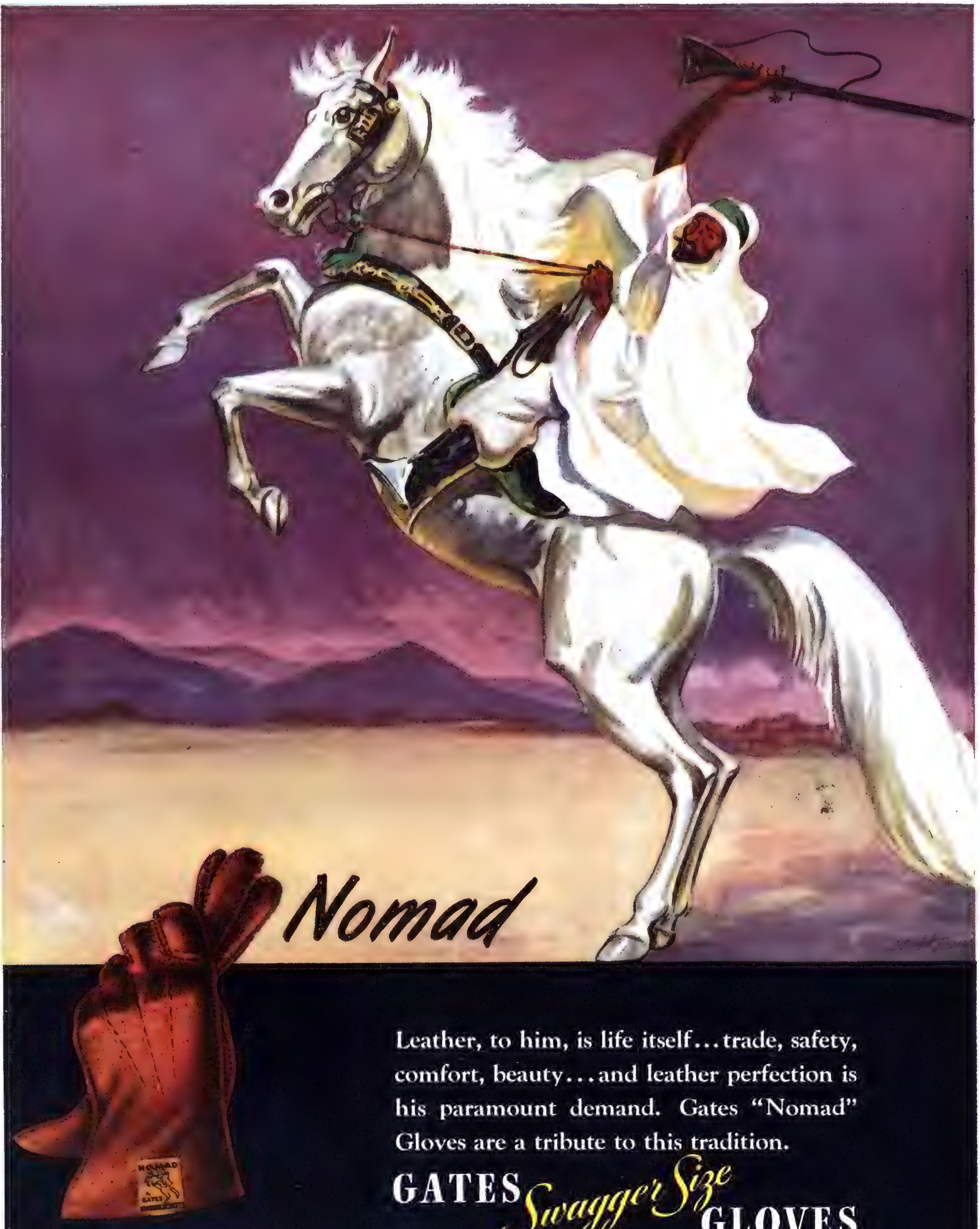
"Keep on buying Victory Bonds to help keep this hat in its rightful place."

Off-the-face hats are making headlines in today's fashion news. That's why discriminating men are turning to the exciting, handsome new styles Mallory has designed with its usual consummate skill. Skill acquired from 122 years' long experience of creating America's finer hats.

No matter what you pay for a Mallory, you know your hat is a stand-out in its field. For Mallory has never lowered its high standards of workmanship, style and quality. And, thanks to *Cravenetting*, an exclusive process, Mallory hats simply laugh at rain and stormy weather.

At fine men's stores everywhere . . . from $6.50

MALLORY
hats
STYLE LEADERS FOR 122 YEARS



Leather, to him, is life itself... trade, safety, comfort, beauty... and leather perfection is his paramount demand. Gates "Nomad" Gloves are a tribute to this tradition.

GATES *Swagger Size* GLOVES

"The gloves with tradition"

GATES-MILLS, Inc. . . . *in historic* Johnstown, New York

Gates-Mills, Inc., will furnish reprints upon request.

The Pipes Are Calling

How to keep the instrument sweet, a thing of beauty, a long-time joy

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Only these pipes, Danny me boy, aren't the kind with music in 'em. They're the last stronghold of tobacco, and they're calling every smoker, from the granite glens of Manhattan to the western mountain sides. But in converting to pipes, desperate smokers are in danger of becoming manic-depressives overnight, unless they understand the few simple, basic rules about the use and care of this ancient instrument of relaxation. No prima donna, the pipe is nevertheless a very dignified party and will turn on you and bite your tongue off if not treated properly.

A minimum of seven pipes, one for each day of the week, is a must for anyone going in for the stem-shank-and-bowl method of enjoyment. Twelve or more pipes would be even better. With good briar pipes available at reasonable prices, and the perennial corncob still around for a dime to half a dollar, investing in a dozen pipes is sound year-'round economics. At the end of the year you will still have your good pipes and they will be more valuable than when you bought them.

First thing the smoker must realize is that he can't fill and smoke, fill and smoke one pipe straight along. A pipe smoked steadily all day would burn out its bowl and certainly your tongue. It would also smell like the bottom of an old herring bucket. It will be a case of deliberately slowing down your smoking or of carrying two pipes every day so you can switch from one to the other. After a few months even feverish pipe smokers decrease their rate of tobacco consumption.

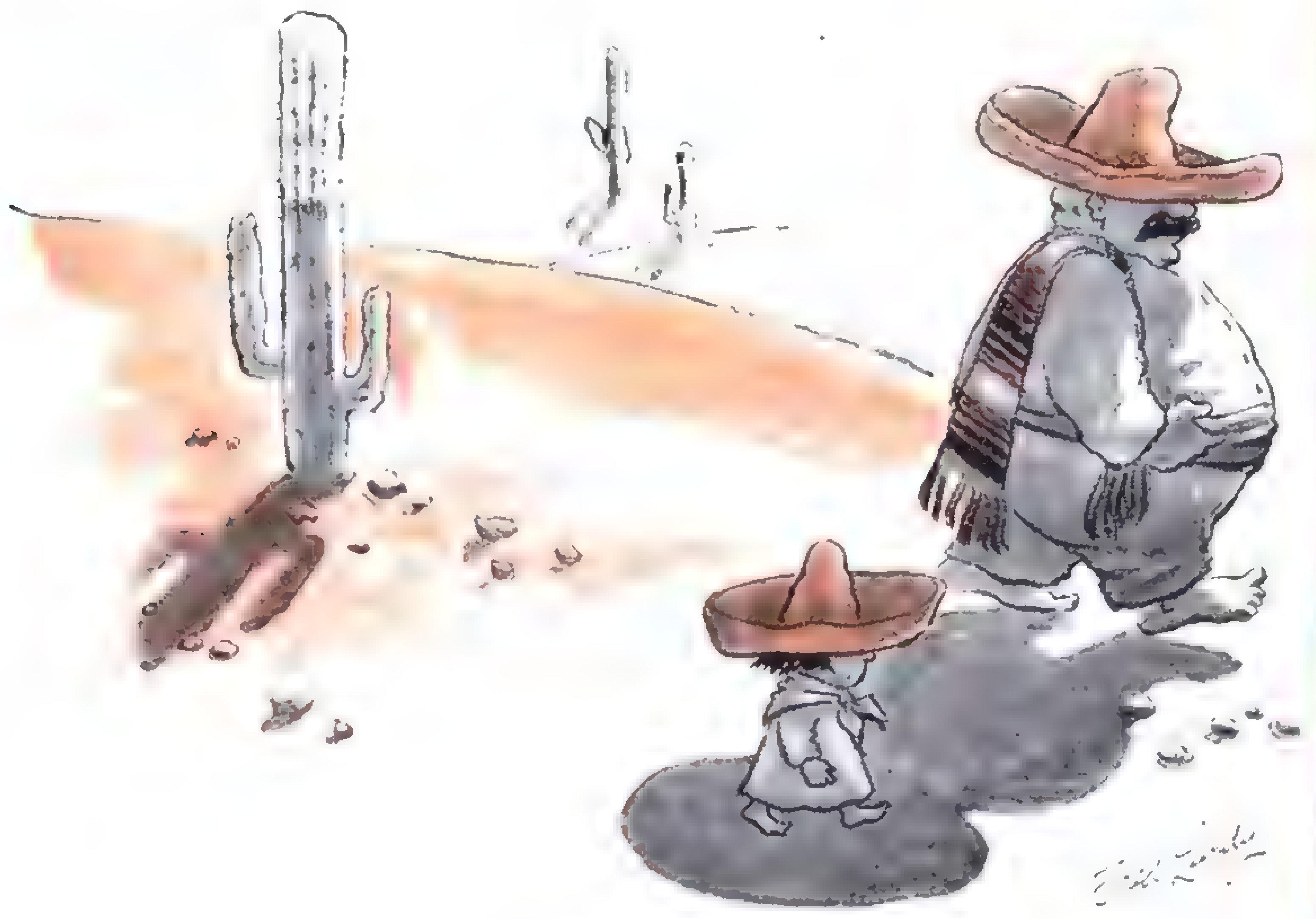
Fundamentally there are two kinds of pipes, the filter and the straight draw. Filter pipes have various devices in their stems to catch impurities in the smoke. Straight draw pipes are clean as a whistle from bowl to mouthpiece (before they're smoked) and give you everything they have. Choice of the two kinds is a matter of taste and experiment. The flavor of the smoke that you get in your mouth is what interests you.

There is no mystery about keeping the instrument in smoking order. Keep it clean, that's all. When you have smoked a pipe for awhile, take it apart. Let it cool first. Don't wrench apart a pipe with stem and shank still swollen from the heat. Run cleaners, the thicker the better, through the stem until they come clean. Do the same with the shank-bowl part. This takes a little longer since most of the goo gathers in the bowl's bottom and the shank. If there's a filter, clean that thoroughly with cleaner and tissue paper. When the parts are clean and dry, put them together again, run a pipe cleaner into the pipe so that it is visible in the bowl, and rack up the pipe *bowl down* until the next time. *Bowl down* is important. Rack your pipe that way and also carry it that way. In your pocket it is safer bowl down and, if you have been smoking, the goo won't run down into the stem and into your mouth when you light up again.

A clean, dry pipe is the secret of a sweet pipe. Sourness comes from goo staying in the bowl and settling into soft spots in the wood. There it stays to rot and ferment, hence the bad smell. Rotten spots also invite cracked bowls.

Cracked bowls also come from

Continued on page 184



No T. P. In Tepee!

HARWOOD "Conformers"

Made of "PRINCE OXFORD" FABRIC by DAN RIVER MILLS

Men who are afflicted by *T.P. (Tight Pants) should wear Harwood Conformers. For Harwood Shorts and Pajamas are designed with a patented seat that "s-p-r-e-a-d-s when you do". They're made for men who move, not for Wooden Indians, in famous "PRINCE OXFORD" FABRIC by Dan River Mills—Sanforized, yarn dyed, and sporting the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for wearability and washability.

they SPREAD *when you do*

Shorts

Pajamas

Patent No. 2,371,584

HARWOOD MANUFACTURING CORP. • 261 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

style,
comfort and service
...fine arts
with Phoenix

PHOENIX
Socks
FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST

58 years of
quality manufacturing

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee 1,
Wisconsin

The Pipes Are Calling

Continued from page 183

too much deposit of the cake of carbon that builds up in the bowl of your pipe as you smoke it. When this cake gets too heavy, its expansion from heat may crack the briar walls. The cake is necessary to protect the wood and the absorbtive power of the cake makes for a cool, sweet smoke, so don't scrape the cake out, but don't let it get too heavy. You want a cake about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. Use a pipe reamer or a small knife blade; don't gouge but scrape 'round and 'round, all the way from top to bottom of the bowl.

A mild tobacco is best to start with. For the novice, a plain, unflavored tobacco is best. Experiment until you and the pipe get used to each other. Later you will have your pet mixtures and combinations. You can get tobaccos aromatized to suit any taste from the heart of a harem to the deck of a racing cutter.

A pipe has to be broken in by smoking, by you or somebody, but the breaking in isn't as tough as it sounds. Moisten the inside of the bowl of a new pipe slightly. Then fill it half full without packing it. Smoke it *very slowly* but smoke it clear out. Fast puffing on a new pipe overheats it and prevents the slow absorption that is necessary to its seasoning.

Never refill a hot pipe, whether it has been broken in or not, unless you want that sour taste.

Proper degree of moisture of your tobacco is a thing you will learn to watch. Too dry tobacco will burn fast and hot, overheating the pipe bowl, burning it and giving you a hot, tasteless smoke. Tobacco too moist will keep you lighting matches and may make the smoke too heavy for you. You can carry an ample day's supply in good condition in a good pouch, but don't let it dry out in the pouch.

Pipes almost as old as the memory of man and made out of everything from African nuts through corn cobs to Corsican, French, Italian or North Carolinian briar (or bruyère) by craftsmen whose knowledge has been passed down through the generations from the days of the guilds have caught American fancy. Pipes are probably here to stay in force. If you had a whiff of the richly-colored, clouded, fifteen-years old calabash that one tobacconist allowed me to sniff you'd agree that, properly cared for, a pipe can be a thing of beauty and a long-time joy. That old pipe was as sweet as springtime and as dry as seasoned ebony. It was as mellow and beautiful as an old violin. It told not only of many hours of serene enjoyment, but of a man who knew how to take care of a good thing. #

Jazz Is Where You Find It

ON THE ROAD—With a gradual elimination of wartime shortages and travel restrictions, you who live in the remoter spots will have a better chance of making a personal acquaintance with bands that had hitherto been unable to go on the road. Despite records, broadcasts and theatres, there's still no better way to get an all-around picture of a jazz orchestra's ability than by catching it on a dance date, known in the trade as a one-night stand. On these dates they loosen up, play anything they like in their library without concessions to song publishers, and have no time limit on any number if they're in the mood to stretch it by several choruses.

Among the new bands that are likely to be on the road by the time you read this are those of two Horace Heidt alumni, Shorty Sherock and Jess Stacy. Shorty's musical policy is a little more progressive than that of his ex-boss. All trumpet-playing leaders nowadays are expected to invest in a certain amount of straight balladeering à la Harry James-Charlie Spivak, but when Shorty gets to blowing some real jazz horn he's great, and some of his arrangements bear study too.

Jess Stacy's band is new and undeveloped at this writing, but shows promise, and the former Goodman-T. Dorsey-Heidt pianist has two aces in his charming Mrs., who sings as Lee Wiley, and in Benny Winestone, a good tenor sax man who, if you catch him for a chat between sets, will surprise you with a broad Scots accent.

ON RECORDS—The amazing Woody Herman band (which will begin to amaze via the networks November 22 from Manhattan's 400 Restaurant) doesn't let up for an instant in *Northwest Passage*, one of the incredible "head" arrangements described here last month. Count Basie's Jimmy Rushing is in his usual fine, fat fettle for *Jimmy's Blues*. Benny Goodman encourages the revival of *It's Only a Paper Moon*, with a vocal by Dottie Reid. All the above on Columbia.

The mad scat singer, Leo Watson, whom we profiled a few months back, lends his legendary larynx to the sides by the Spirits of Rhythm on Black & White, best of which are *Scattin' The Blues*, *She Ain't No Saint* and *Honey-Sock-Me-On-The-Nose* (alias *Honeysuckle Rose*).

Tenor sax fans should get the new Coleman Hawkins album on Asch, featuring Hawk with his own little band, including a good pianist, composer and arranger who, not willing to be outranked by the Dukes, Counts and Earls, is currently calling himself Sir Charles Thompson. And Gene Krupa's great tenor discovery, Charlie Venturo, is one of a bunch of stars who distinguish themselves in *C. V. Jump* on the Sunset label. Red Norvo's *Congo Blues* on Comet, with Dizzy, Flip, Slam, T. Wilson, Ch. Parker, is superb.

A "History of Jazz" on Capitol records, only one album of which is to hand as we go to press, will be microscopically examined in the near future.—LEONARD FEATHER

"Your Bergamot, Sir"

WHEN a man chooses toiletries, he doesn't want to go all over the lot in an orgy of conflicting scents. He wants something special, something distinctive. That is why so many men who have happily discovered Bergamot have adopted it permanently—not only for their shaving soap and lotion but also for their hair dressing, cologne, face and bath talc.

DISCOVER BERGAMOT TODAY...Its herby, tangy scent is refreshing...exactly *suited* to your kind of man. Remember, Bergamot Toiletries by Orloff are no mass production items. Each is carefully compounded in small batches under expert supervision.

"Old Apothecary" Jars inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop, now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Va.

ORLOFF
Bergamot
Men's Face Talc
ORLOFF
Bergamot
After-Shave Lotion
ORLOFF
Bergamot
Men's Bath Talc
ORLOFF
Bergamot
Shaving Soap

BERGAMOT by ORLOFF

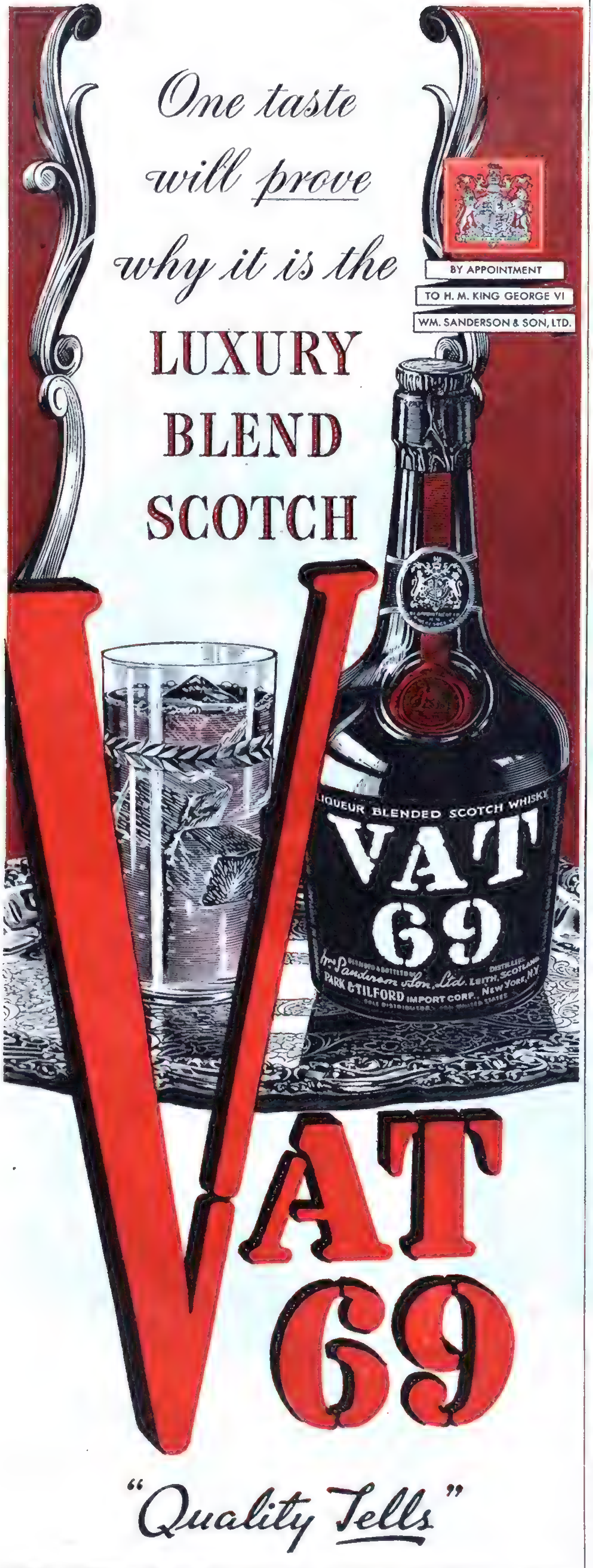
gentlemen's toiletries

IN HANDSOME APOTHECARY CONTAINERS—AT LEADING STORES

Shaving Soap	$1.25	Men's Face Talc	$1.00
Brushless Shave Cream	2.50	Men's Hair Dressing	1.25
After Shave Cream or Alcohol Lotion	1.25	Men's Cologne	1.25
Men's Liquid or Cream Deodorant	1.25	Men's Bath Talc	2.50
		Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment	1.75 and 5.00

plus tax

JEAN VIVAUDOU COMPANY, INCORPORATED • 10 WEST 33rd STREET • NEW YORK CITY 1, NEW YORK


One taste will prove why it is the LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

Delay in the Snow

By adding John to Fred you get the total cost of child labor

by **TRACY PERKINS**

If John can clear all the snow off all your paths in an hour, and Fred's ability is exactly equal to John's, how long will it take the two of them to complete the job working together? You can save yourself the mental arithmetic involved. The answer is three hours and twenty-five minutes.

I know this not as theory but as cold fact. It took John and Fred that long to shovel my place clear of snow recently. Of course I just handed them their two dollars without demanding an itemized bill, and when they asked me if I wanted them to come back the next time it snowed I feebly said, "Yes," hoping we're in for a mild winter.

I can't help wondering, however, what John's and Fred's bill would have looked like if it actually had been honestly itemized—balancing the minutes spent in various activities with the cash outlay it cost me:

1. Shoveling snow off paths and driveway..................44c

2. Arguing whether it would be better to buy a used Jeep, a P-47 or an Amtrack for a jaunt to the North Pole..................23c

3. Assorted wrestling, boxing and judo matches including attempts to throw each other into snowdrifts, wash each other's faces with snow and cram the stuff down the backs of each other's necks..................33c

4. Attempts to precipitate a fight between our dog and the canine from next door—including nudging, shoving, mock-growling and repeated exhortations of: "Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"........21c

5. Arguing whether Stan Musial is a better ballplayer than Tex Hughson or vice versa. "Musial was the best batter in the National League, and batting is the most important thing there is."

"You're crazy! Isn't Tex Hughson the best pitcher in baseball, and everybody knows pitching is what counts most of all."

"You're cockeyed. You mean—"

"You mean *you're* cockeyed, because—"...............11c

6. Throwing snowballs at each other....................04c

7. Throwing snowballs at passersby with particular concentration on Weatherby girls, aged nine and eleven................09c

8. Wondering whether I will pay them, and expressing doubts about my financial responsibility.......................10c

9. Resting...............15c

10. Arguing whether it is going to snow some more and whether that would be good or bad. "Of course it would be good. We can get swell coasting." To say nothing of an added two bucks they might be able to get from another gullible neighbor for cleaning the snow from the paths on his property.

"Yeah, but it would spoil the skating, and I'd rather play hockey any day."

"Not me. I'd rather ski."

"Ah—if you tried to ski you'd bust your neck."...........08c

11. Building snow forts, snow landing fields and snow skyscrapers......................09c

12. Short fist fight brought on by argument over whose father did the most to help win the war.......................01c

13. Discussing school problems with special reference to the loathsomeness of mixed fractions, the difficulties of English grammar, the soporific qualities of early Roman history, the question of whether or not Susie Framer is carrying the torch for Junior Gilbert, and the strategic risks involved in attempting to smuggle a dead mouse into Miss Caldwell's top desk drawer...........05c

14. Imitation of polar bears, arctic foxes and seals and other animals......................03c

15. Miscellaneous heckling, horseplay, gossip, pantomime, disputation and plain ordinary loafing......................04c

Conclusions: A.) Small boys at work together are an interesting sociological and psychological study—if you can afford it.

B.) Before hiring outside juvenile labor it is a good idea to look at your waistline and consider what a couple of hours of brisk snow shoveling on your part would do for it.

C.) You could move to a climate where it doesn't snow, but you'd probably have more grass to cut and little boys can waste more time in the warmer weather than in cold.

D.) If the only help you can get is two boys who insist on working together, leave them alone for only five minutes. At the end of that time corral one of the boys and send him in search of a store that will sell him a pound of butter for only eight cents and one point per pound, and forbid him to return until he has gone to every store in town. Pay both boys at the per-hour rate they demand for shoveling snow, and buy yourself a couple of drinks with the amount you save by employing this method. ##

COMMANDO SET contains Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc and Men's Cologne . . . $3 plus tax.

SET E — Shaving Mug and Soap, with Shaving Lotion and Men's Talc . . . $3 plus tax.

SET A with Shaving Mug and Soap, and Shaving Lotion . . . $2 plus tax.

SET B contains Shaving Mug and Soap, and Men's Talc . . . $2 plus tax.

SEVEN WAYS TO

Do Right by a Man on Christmas

No matter which of these all-man gifts you select for that man of yours, he'll be getting That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling. Here are those fine Seaforth good-grooming aids, to set a man up with an *air* of Scotch heather and fern. At good stores everywhere.

SHAVING MUG • MEN'S TALC
MEN'S DEODORANT • HAIRDRESSING
SHAVING LOTION • MEN'S COLOGNE
MEN'S HAND SOAP

Seaforth! FOR MEN

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

NDIVIDUALLY, Seaforth good-rooming aids, in handsome polished toneware jugs . . . $1 each plus tax.

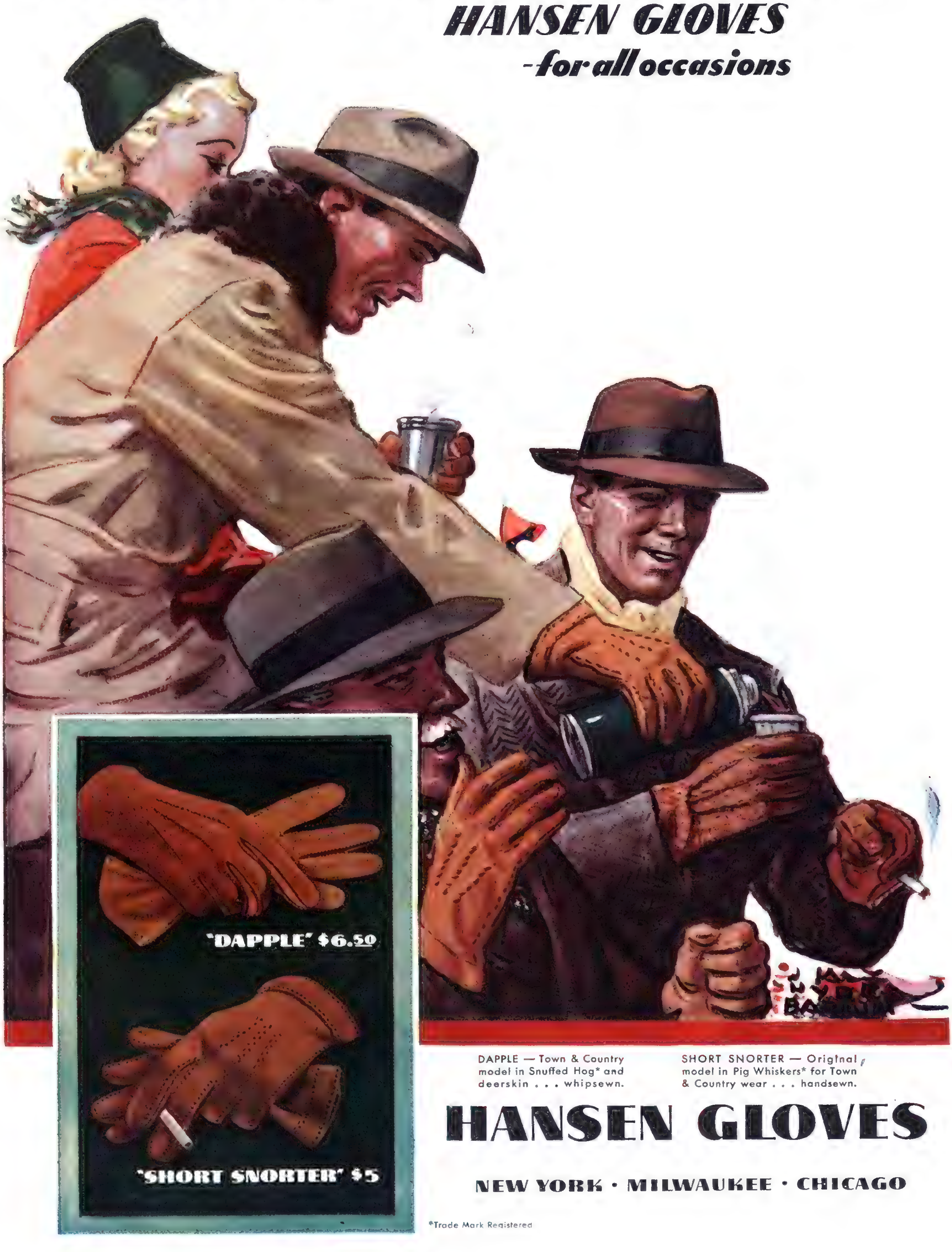
SHAVING MUG — creamy, rich-lathering shaving soap in a Tom-and-Jerry mug . . . $1 plus tax (Refill, 60¢)

SET F with Shaving Mug and Soap, Men's Hand Soap, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc and Hairdressing . . . $5 plus tax.

SET H — Here's the A-to-Z outfit, with Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Hand Soap, Deodorant, Talc, Men's Cologne and Hairdressing . . . $7 plus tax.

A mark of Correct Clothes...

HANSEN GLOVES
-for all occasions



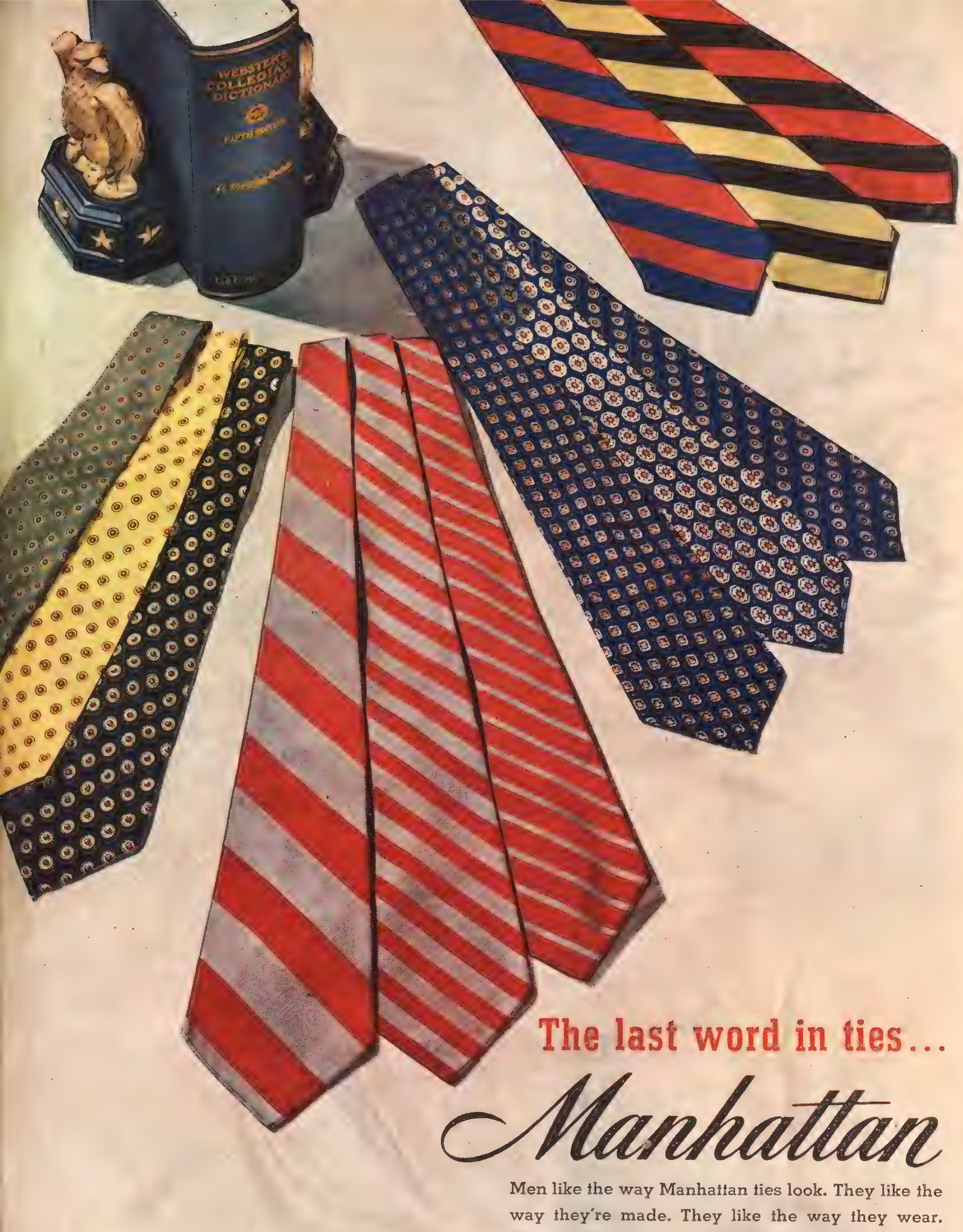
DAPPLE — Town & Country model in Snuffed Hog* and deerskin . . . whipsewn.

SHORT SNORTER — Original model in Pig Whiskers* for Town & Country wear . . . handsewn.

HANSEN GLOVES

NEW YORK · MILWAUKEE · CHICAGO

*Trade Mark Registered


WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

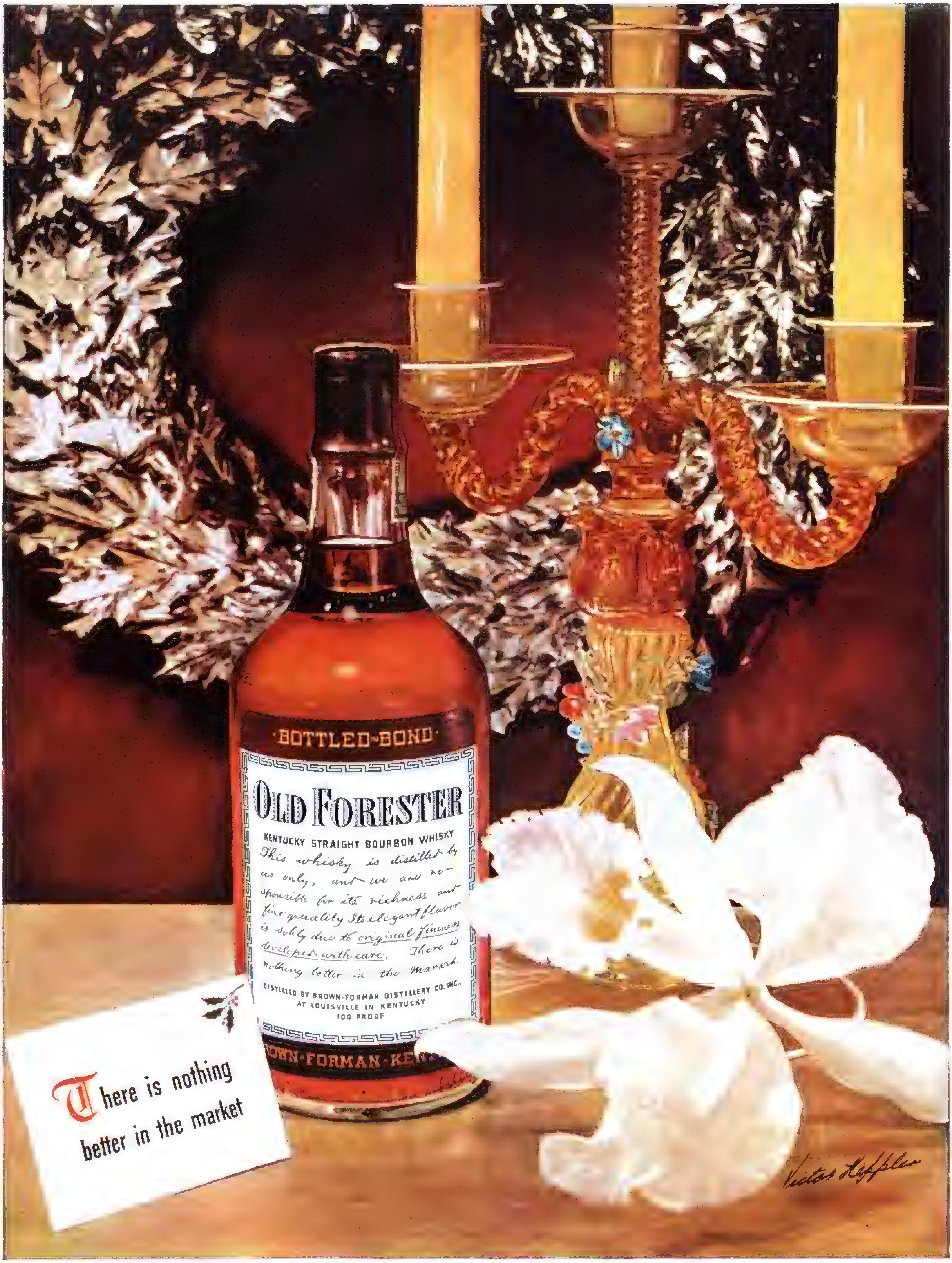
The last word in ties...

Manhattan

Men like the way Manhattan ties look. They like the way they're made. They like the way they wear. There's more than meets the eye in a Manhattan tie!

Illustrated are "Vintage Classics" and "Repp Classics"

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., NEW YORK


BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
OWN-FORMAN-KEN
There is nothing better in the market
Victor Keppler

1945—Diamond Anniversary . . . One Family—One Tradition For 75 Years

© 1945—B F DIST. CO., INC.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

The Rhythm Section I

Being a short course in some terms that qualify great jazz

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER

The appreciation of jazz music parallels the appreciation of any kind of music. A discussion of appreciation, either in the written or spoken word, requires complete understanding of word meanings, implications and qualifications. To avoid misinterpretations and misunderstandings, it is essential that the reader-listener give his best attention to the inner meaning of the music — the almost elusive quality that reaches beyond all words. Only then can he grasp the subtleties of jazz appreciation, for although I can offer a *method* for arriving at critical judgments, I cannot bring to my method a scientific approach. Not, at least, in the sense that scientists utilize methods for organizing and recording their researches and arriving at provable conclusions. But I can present, in words, all the steps that lead up to the final judgment. The ultimate judgment rests on individual intuitive perceptions.

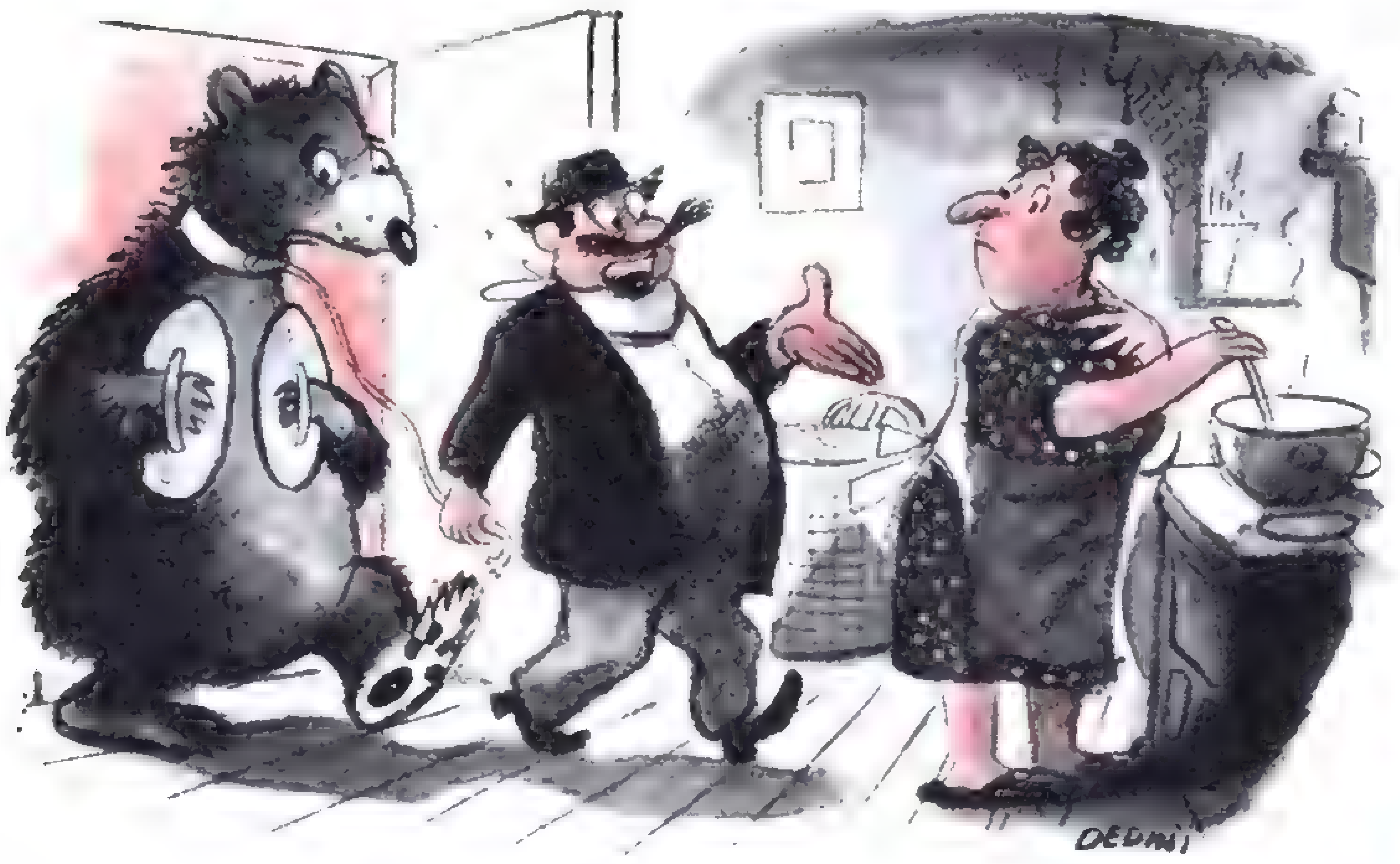
In jazz appreciation there exist *degrees* of feeling, organization and technique which can be perceived only by the inner ear, by the very fibers of the body's nervous system. Such perception always results from long hours—months and even years—of listening to jazz, to all kinds and qualities of jazz; of intuitively sensing what is heard physically, through the ears, and combining it with an intellectual comprehension of what comprises good jazz. Appreciation concerns itself with the *combined* intuitive-intellectual perceptions. To understand music requires maturity in both realms. What I am saying, in other words, is that what the listener feels when he hears jazz is but one factor in appreciation; the other enables him better to understand what he feels and to talk about those feelings in language so pertinent that it serves as a common meeting ground for fellow jazz fans.

We cannot forget that jazz is music. Jazz is an organized externalization in musical sounds by men who instinctively "feel" the spirit of our times. And because jazz is a sincere contemporary expression through music, it possesses potential art-quality. Some jazz aspires to reach this quality: only a small part of it actually does. The job of jazz criticism is to delineate a method for determining when jazz does reflect this quality. The judgment and appreciation of it rests upon a *method of approach* which enables the listener to ascertain the presence and degree of this quality and to support his judgment with articulate language-explanations. The language, words, as I have said, comprise the means by which jazz fans may communicate, via a denominator, what they feel—to make themselves intelligible and lucid.

What, then, is this method? How does one determine art-quality? What differentiates the good jazz music from the bad?

First, all great art, including music, radiates an illusion of spontaneity. The best jazzmen play *as if* the music were being played for the first time. This results in a surging spirit of vitality. It is what I call the *artistry* of jazz—the qualitativeness with which the performer plays, *over and above* sheer technical aspects. It is that extra something which a band sometimes achieves on a one-nighter, or a pianist or a trumpeter when the after-theatre crowd is at

Continued on page 192



"I was fined 50 bucks today—he was behind in his dues to the musicians' union"

A STAHLY
LIVE-BLADE
RAZOR

The World's Finest Shave for You!

You can now get the wonderful STAHLY LIVE BLADE RAZOR—the razor that men say is "the world's finest." Here's the *one* way of shaving that combines the advantages of all other ways and adds a thrilling advantage of its own . . . the cleanliness of a wet shave, the smoothness of a keen blade . . . plus the *speed* that can be added by POWER . . . you get a clean, close, *powered* shave right from the *start—anywhere, without electricity!* The Stahly frees you completely from scraping, pulling or burning . . . All this, plus the invigoration of a gentle massage.

LIVE-BLADE . . . 3000 SHAVING STROKES PER MINUTE

REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR

Never before, a razor like this. A few turns of the handle and the blade moves in an even flow of over 3000 gentle strokes per minute, cleanly slicing off whiskers. Uses any good double-edge safety blade. Live action makes blades last several times as long. Watch-like precision mechanism is factory-sealed, water tight in a reservoir of oil.

NOT ELECTRIC
SHAVE WET • CLEAN

Shave your natural way. Enjoy a powered shave anywhere, even when hunting or fishing . . . No electricity is needed. The Stahly is ready and trouble free.

STAHLY
LIVE-BLADE
RAZOR

Weight 6 ounces . . . (illustrated one-third larger than actual size to show mechanism clearly.)

MAKES AN IDEAL GIFT!

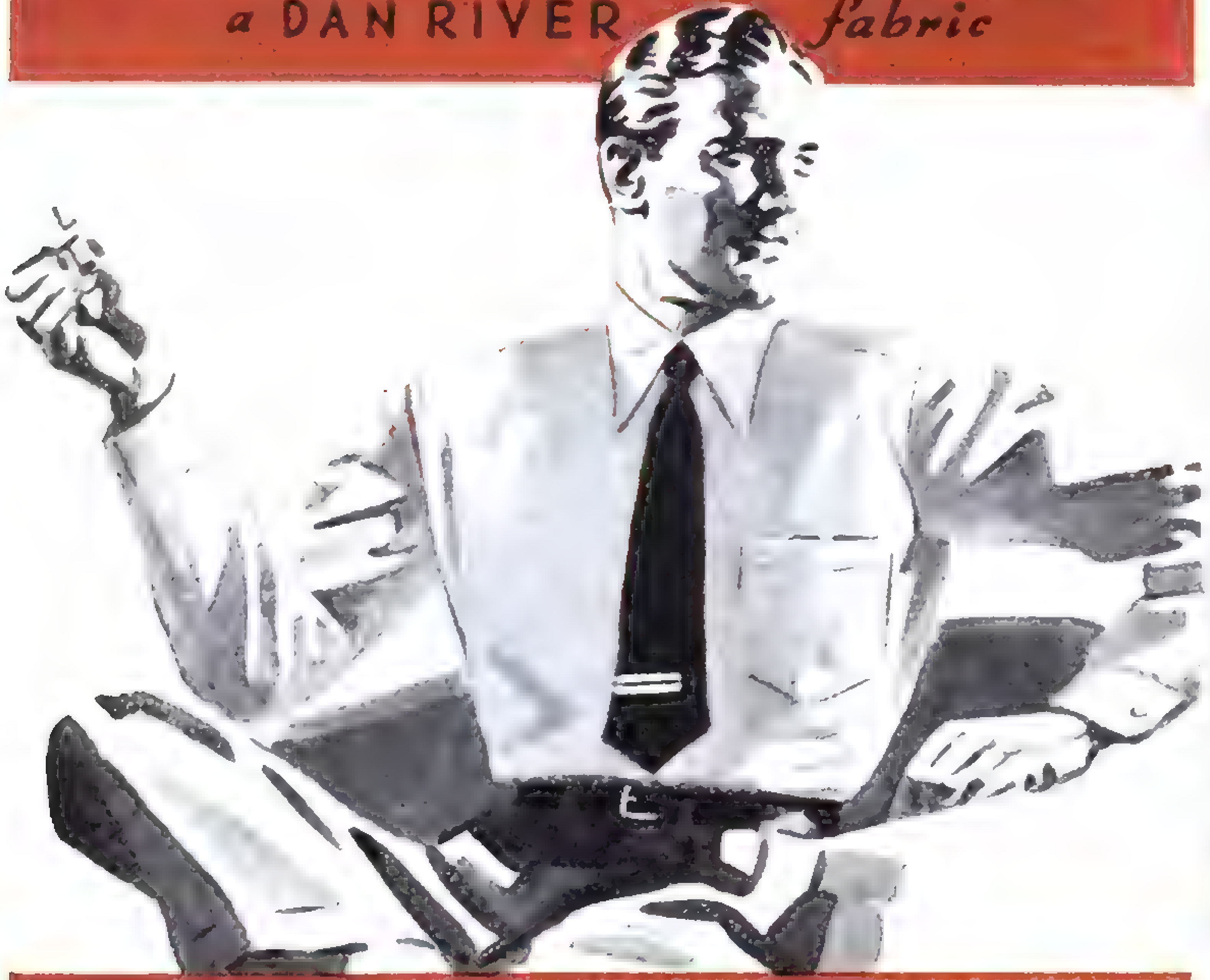
Those who were fortunate enough to be able to get STAHLY Razors for gift purposes before the war, found them the most lasting and appreciated gifts they had ever selected. A Stahly will make a hit with your friends too!

NOW—AT LEADING DEALERS

Thousands have waited for the STAHLY Razor, so get yours now! There is no other razor like it. If your dealer doesn't sell the genuine STAHLY—write for information, giving your dealer's name. Delivered in deluxe walnut case.

STAHLY *Incorporated*
DEPT. 112, 406 COLUMBIA ST., SOUTH BEND 4, IND.

Prince Oxford
a DAN RIVER fabric



Smartly interpreted in
MARLBORO
Leisure Shirts

We selected this "premium cotton" Dan River Fabric because it's spun, woven and finished for finer-looking, longer-wearing, year 'round service. Yarns vat-dyed in unusual tones . . . Color fast! Sanforized for shrinkage control.

MARLBORO SHIRT CO., INC. BALTIMORE

Marlboro
Shirts ★ Sportswear

The Rhythm Section I

Continued from page 191

its height. It is that additional life flow which the best jazz men almost always attain, whenever they play.

Second, all great art, including music, possesses *quality* of emotion: that means range, depth, dignity and intensity of emotion. This I call the *content* of jazz. It was treated at some length in Esquire's 1945 *Jazz Book* under the heading, *The Main Currents of Jazz.* My collaborator, James Crenshaw, and I were offered a classification through which the listener might observe and study the varying degrees and kinds of emotional content. We felt that our approach was a method which might be applied to this facet of jazz by any listener who wished to sharpen his understanding—just as the appreciation of music generally is a method constructed for the same purpose.

As a corollary to the above, the ability effectively to project this emotional content is essential; i.e., the jazzman must have a thorough technical command of his instrument. In short, the best jazz (the musical material itself) possesses the implied overtones of qualitative emotional content, while the finest jazzmen have the ability to project this emotion—outward, to the listener. It is a judgment of the player himself—the facility with which he performs, his knowledge of harmony and phrasing and of dynamics and his avoidance of frequent stereotypes in these categories.

Third, all great art, including music, results from the artist's personal experience (his material) and the subsequent range and depth in the superior organization of that material. This I refer to as the *architecture* of jazz. The coherence and logicality of the total effect of the music comprise important but often overlooked factors in arriving at critical judgments. If the jazzman himself does not project his music in a well-ordered manner, then the listeners as well as the jazzman are likely to be confused. Good jazz does not confuse either the listener or the musician.

Since true appreciation implies the ability to arrive at sound critical judgments which can be intelligibly communicated to another jazz fan, the necessity for combining *all* the factors in jazz appreciation seems incontestably evident. Too often the jazz fan listens for or talks about only one or two of the ingredients of appreciation. But if he adopts a method which includes all the essentials, he cannot fail to gain not only articulation and understanding of the music, but of himself as well.

Appreciation of jazz, then, as of any other music, is dependent upon the listener's comprehension of spontaneity — its sincerity; emotion—its intensity; technique —its facility; and organization—its clarity.

To apply this method is to know jazz. ⁂

On the Edge of the Clef

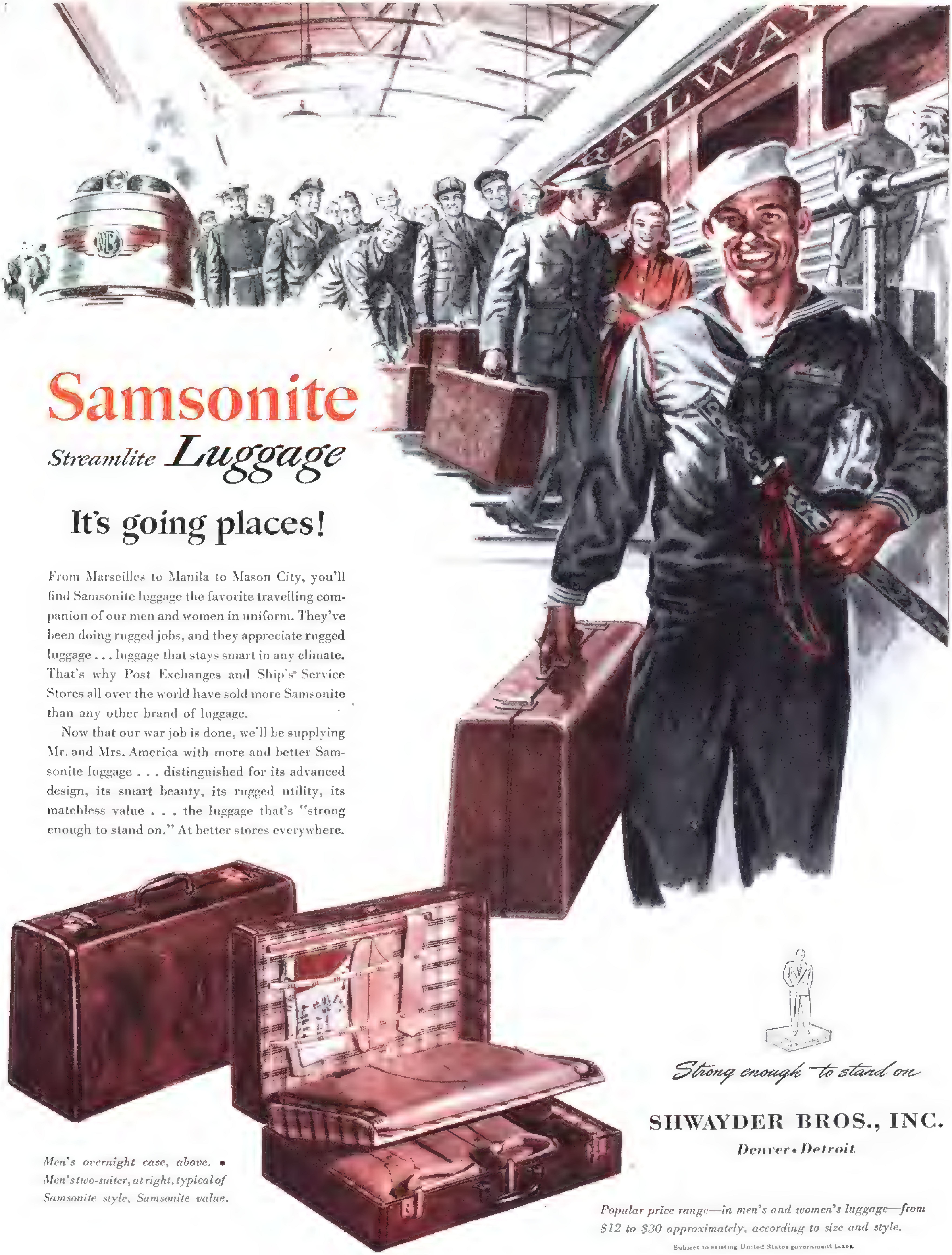
Several months ago RCA-Victor released its first album of what it calls "Red Seal De Luxe" records. This type of disc was developed from a formula based on the use of vinyl resin plastic—not new, but heretofore prohibitive in cost for home consumption. Now Victor plans to make such records "in limited quantities." They can be dropped or bent without breaking or cracking; they are considerably lighter in weight than shellac platters; and they maintain the same high fidelity of the best shellac waxings. These, as any record collector knows, are desirable improvements.

But the collector of jazz, alas, apparently will not reap the same benefits as the lover of the classics. This, significantly, is a continuation of the same policy and attitude which the major record companies have consistently maintained toward jazz music. The first album which Victor released in its de luxe offering was the Boston Symphony Orchestra's interpretation of *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks,* the Richard Strauss orchestral rondo. My information indicates that only classical compositions will obtain this special attention. Why? There can be no other alternative but to assume that recording company executives believe that the public which buys jazz somehow is less worthy of attention and respect than the public which buys classical—the "red seal" or the "masterworks" fans who receive a higher rating via a static traditionalism. I say that kind of thinking must be challenged.

If it were true that classical records comprise the larger share of income, then the traditional attitude would be less difficult to understand. But, so far as I know, the reverse is true: popular records, which include jazz, offer the larger income. I have never seen any publicly revealed sales statistics to refute this statement, and until I do I will continue to believe that jazz and popular music comprise the bulk of the recording companies income.

It would seem both proper and just, then, that simultaneous with this first de luxe classical release, there should also be a de luxe jazz release—say an album containing the complete version of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige.* Ellington is a Victor artist; it easily could have been accomplished. Ellington fans are legion: a limited edition de luxe album, I am confident, would prove it in dollars and cents—and jazz history would be made, with Victor grabbing the prestige. Or can it be that Victor still frowns on jazz as art and is afraid?

—Paul Eduard Miller



Samsonite

Streamlite Luggage

It's going places!

From Marseilles to Manila to Mason City, you'll find Samsonite luggage the favorite travelling companion of our men and women in uniform. They've been doing rugged jobs, and they appreciate rugged luggage . . . luggage that stays smart in any climate. That's why Post Exchanges and Ship's Service Stores all over the world have sold more Samsonite than any other brand of luggage.

Now that our war job is done, we'll be supplying Mr. and Mrs. America with more and better Samsonite luggage . . . distinguished for its advanced design, its smart beauty, its rugged utility, its matchless value . . . the luggage that's "strong enough to stand on." At better stores everywhere.

Men's overnight case, above. • Men's two-suiter, at right, typical of Samsonite style, Samsonite value.

Strong enough to stand on

SHWAYDER BROS., INC.

Denver • Detroit

Popular price range—in men's and women's luggage—from $12 to $30 approximately, according to size and style.

Subject to existing United States government taxes.

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS

WINTHROP'S
RUSTIC GRAIN

There's plenty of style and many a mile in this husky Winthrop brogue. Rustic grain upper and extra heavy sole put it in a class by itself for masculine smartness and long-lasting good looks.

$5.50 to $9.50
(SOME HIGHER)

WINTHROP JRS. for boys
$4.50 to $5.50

WRITE FOR FREE
STYLE BOOKLET

The Style Endures

WINTHROP
SHOES

Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • Saint Louis

The Rhythm Section II

Recounting the story of Pvt. Mel Powell and the great Lady Brown

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

The first musical sound Pvt. Mel Powell heard, when he arrived back in this country, was the sound of a voice in an automobile radio. A friend was driving him to a pizzeria, and a record by Peggy Lee, who used to sing in Benny Goodman's band when Pvt. Powell was Benny's pianist, came on the air. "It was a wonderful sound," said Pvt. Powell. "Made me realize that I was home."

Mel's six months in England, six in France and two in Germany were spent as a member of the late Maj. Glenn Miller's AEF band, directed after Glenn's disappearance by arranger Jerry Gray. Mel, who was twenty-two last February, is typical postwar jazz material. At seventeen he was a discovery, playing at a Greenwich Village night club in his native New York. At eighteen he was a star with Benny Goodman. His tunes—*I'm Here*, *The Earl*, *Mission to Moscow*, *Clarinade*—and his piano solos on BG's records of *String of Pearls*, *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, *Limehouse Blues*—have kept his name alive during his three years in the service. Last year's Esquire board of jazz experts elected Mel Powell the best new star in the armed forces.

As the outstanding soloist of the first American swing band to visit Europe in five years, Powell was lionized. He made records in Paris for the Hot Club de France, along with Ray McKinley, Peanuts Hucko, Bernie Privin, all colleagues in the Miller band. He was escorted to hear all the top local musicians, including the gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt, of whom he says, "Tremendous talent, but hybrid—gypsy music, not real jazz. I found a conception in Paris that jazz is more or less an art, and I found French musicians who saw Django's limitations just as I did; they were sensitive that what he was playing was an adulterated form."

"How about the Germans—did they have any conception of jazz?"

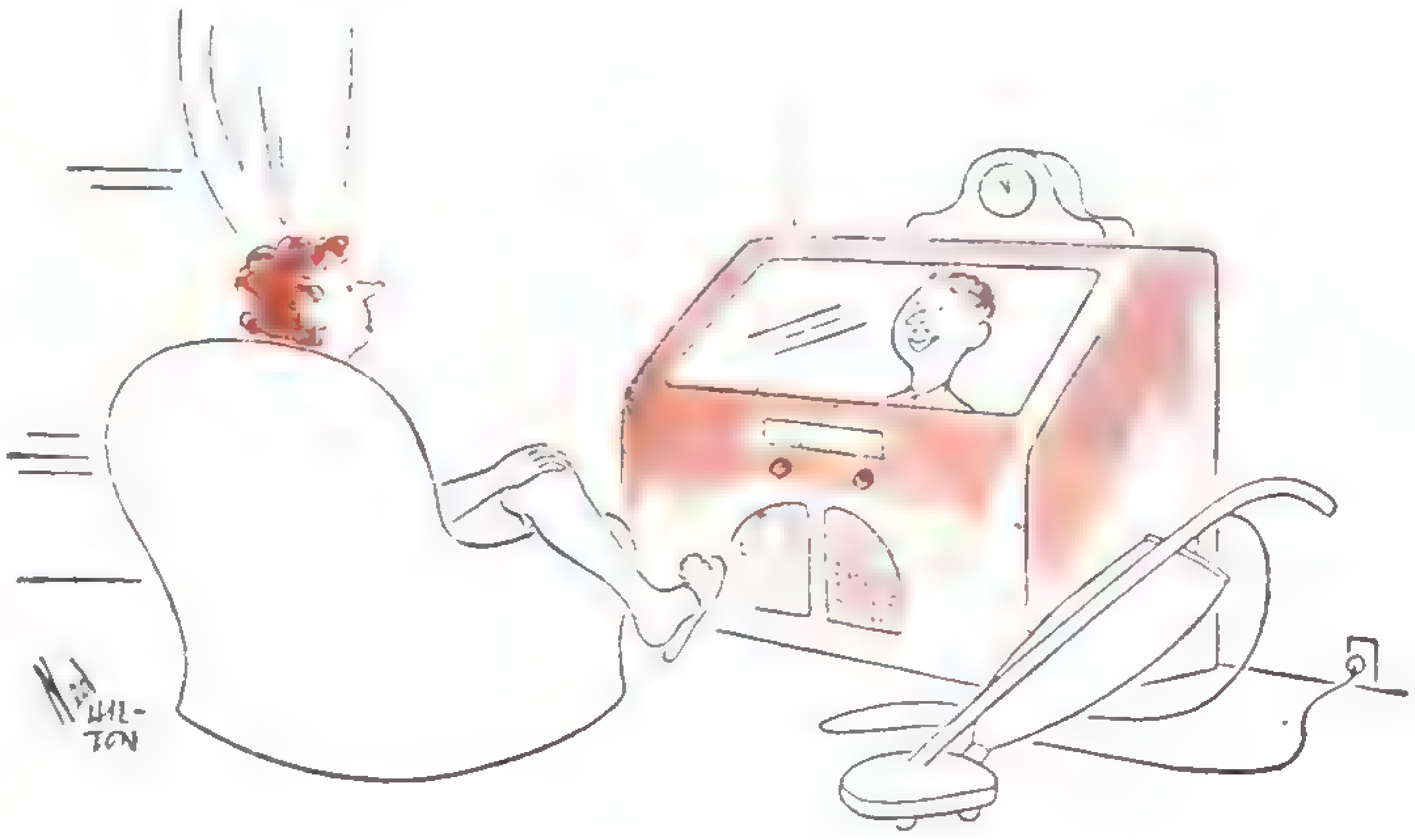
"Their musical ideas are completely militaristic; though I did hear of an Oberkommandant at St. Nazaire who rushed out to greet the Allied troops with requests for some new Count Basie records."

But most of the interest in jazz, and most of the best musicians, were to be found in England. Pvt. Powell had some good times in London. He was lucky enough to find someone who knew how to guide him to all the best jazz. "London wouldn't have been half as much fun," he reflects happily, "if it hadn't been for Lady Brown."

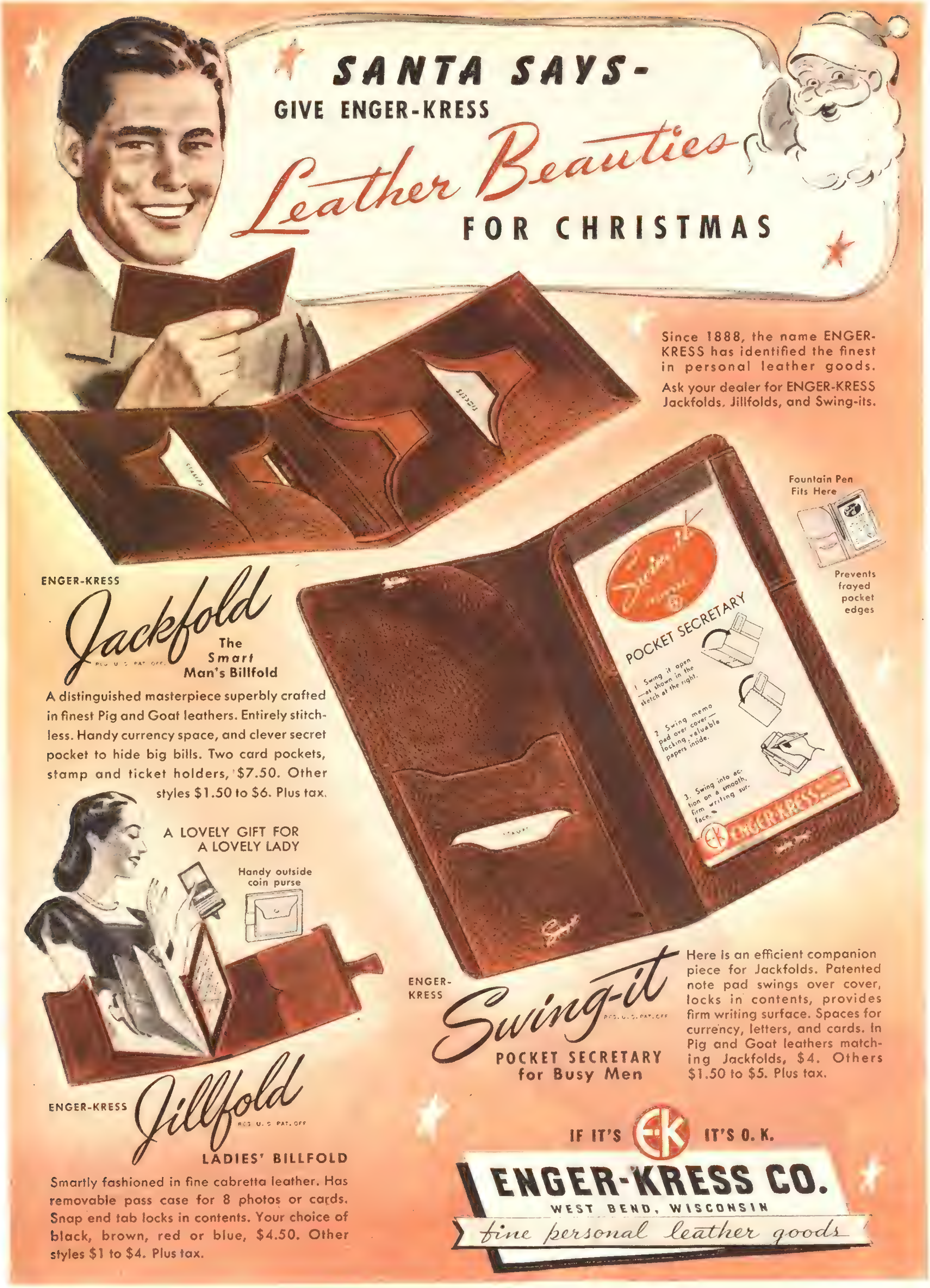
Lady Brown, said Mel, was the most popular and lovable character in musical circles. Not a young woman, nor a pretty one, she had more friends than many a chorus girl.

"Lady Brown used to be known as Elma Warren, when she ran the Nut House. That was a night club where musicians used to hang out. Then she married this tall, slim fellow, Sir Ulick Brown, who looks more like her son than her husband, and they took a house in a mews, or alley, off Marble Arch. It was a duplex, with a nice little spinet piano, a record changer, and Elma's huge collection of jazz records. And what made it so handy, she had a set of drums permanently installed in the house, so that musicians would

Continued on page 196



". . . and now, ladies, a five minute pause so you can get in another lick at your housework"


POCKET SECRETARY
1 Swing it open —as shown in the sketch at the right.
2 Swing memo pad over cover — locking valuable papers inside.
3. Swing into action on a smooth, firm writing surface.
ENGER-KRESS
Fountain Pen Fits Here
Prevents frayed pocket edges
Handy outside coin purse

SANTA SAYS-

GIVE ENGER-KRESS *Leather Beauties* FOR CHRISTMAS

Since 1888, the name ENGER-KRESS has identified the finest in personal leather goods.

Ask your dealer for ENGER-KRESS Jackfolds, Jillfolds, and Swing-its.

ENGER-KRESS

Jackfold REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Smart Man's Billfold

A distinguished masterpiece superbly crafted in finest Pig and Goat leathers. Entirely stitchless. Handy currency space, and clever secret pocket to hide big bills. Two card pockets, stamp and ticket holders, $7.50. Other styles $1.50 to $6. Plus tax.

A LOVELY GIFT FOR A LOVELY LADY

ENGER-KRESS

Jillfold REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LADIES' BILLFOLD

Smartly fashioned in fine cabretta leather. Has removable pass case for 8 photos or cards. Snap end tab locks in contents. Your choice of black, brown, red or blue, $4.50. Other styles $1 to $4. Plus tax.

ENGER-KRESS

Swing-it REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

POCKET SECRETARY for Busy Men

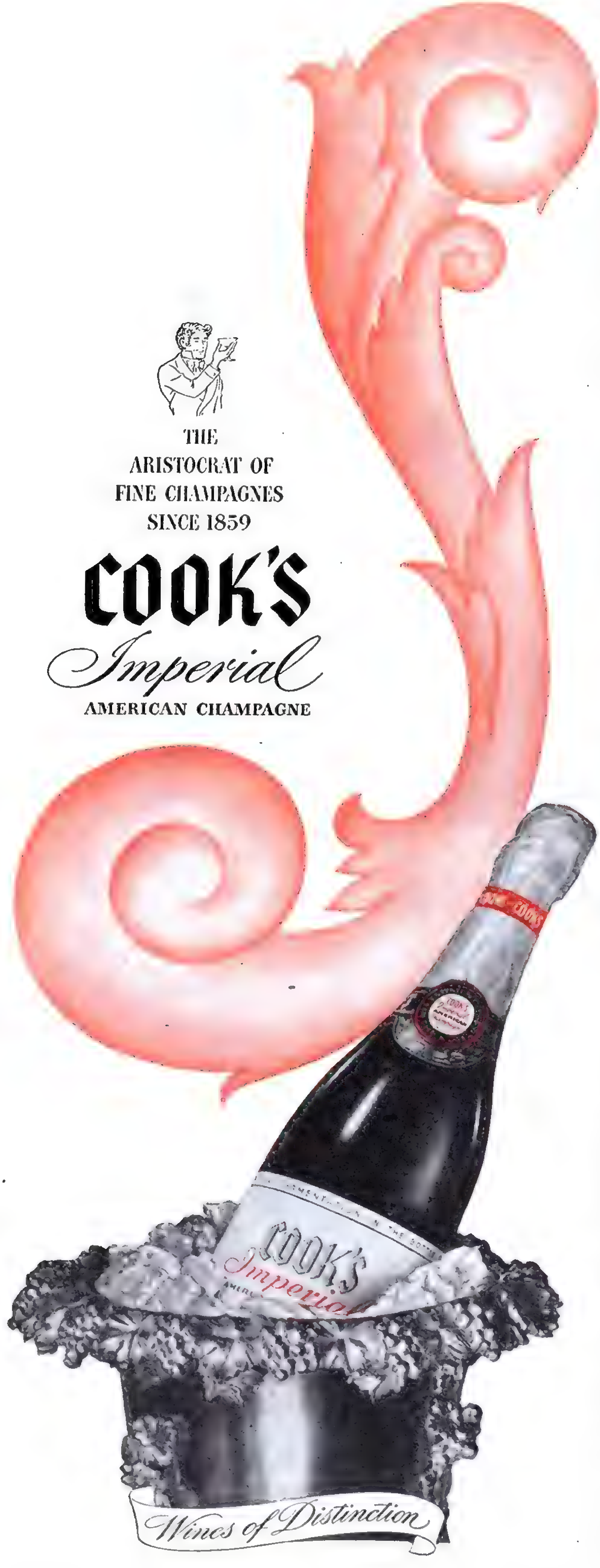
Here is an efficient companion piece for Jackfolds. Patented note pad swings over cover, locks in contents, provides firm writing surface. Spaces for currency, letters, and cards. In Pig and Goat leathers matching Jackfolds, $4. Others $1.50 to $5. Plus tax.

IF IT'S E-K IT'S O. K.

ENGER-KRESS CO.

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

fine personal leather goods



THE
ARISTOCRAT OF
FINE CHAMPAGNES
SINCE 1859

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

Wines of Distinction

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. • EST. 1859

The Rhythm Section II

Continued from page 194

know they would always have the basis for a jam session on hand. Often Elma's brother, Maurice Burman, came and sat in—he's one of the best drummers I heard there, playing with Geraldo, who's the local Glenn Miller.

"Lady Brown's place is called Capener's Close. I wrote a piece dedicated to her and called it *Capener's Close*. Everything happened there. I'd be playing, say at the London Casino, for a combined Allied service audience. At 9:30 Elma would come by in a cab and we'd go to a little restaurant in Soho, then back to the house, where people would begin to drop by; some of Geraldo's men and their chicks, some American people from the Embassy, and all the members of Elma's clique, like Buddy Bradley, the British colored dancer, and Tommy Bromley the bass player, and this very exotic East Indian girl they called Marquis.

"Things would keep jumping, behind blackout windows, until maybe 3 a.m. People had so much fun, they wouldn't stop to think how much Elma had suffered through the war, though part of her face was paralyzed and her eyes had gone very bad. Maybe it was because of her bad eyesight, but she seemed to have developed a very acute sense of hearing, and we'd never notice the buzz bombs until Elma would suddenly break into the middle of a record and say, 'There's one coming over now.' Most often we didn't do anything about it anyway.

"Elma always managed to keep plenty of gin and a fair amount of Scotch. After we left her place we'd go to some of the all-night spots. Then I'd catch the 6:30 a.m. train and take a nap on the fifty-mile trip to Bedford, fifty miles outside London; that was where we were stationed. Then in the evening I'd be back again."

Gradually, at Lady Brown's or in the clubs they visited, Pvt. Powell got to hear England's best musicians. "I had a narrow, limited view of the scene, but I found plenty of talent. For instance, there's nothing simulated or synthetic about the trumpet style of Kenny Baker, who's a sort of local Harry James; or George Chisholm, who's the local Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenney and everything else rolled into one. Then one night while we were doing a benefit at the Plaza Theatre a young blind Cockney boy came backstage to meet me, and we went on to the Swing Club to hear him play some terrific piano—very Tatum-conscious. Name's George Shearing.

"The Swing Club—that was quite a place, too. Very bright lights by night club standards, but they had to make a contrast with the blackout. We saw a lot of servicemen of all nations there, as well as members of the royal family who were ardent jazz fans.

"One night there we were jamming a few numbers when a small, thin kid about ten years old, wearing a brace on his teeth, came up on the stand and asked to sit in. He asked me how I liked drummers to play for me and went through all the formalities that veteran musicians go through when they first meet. Then we played *Sweet Georgia Brown*, real fast, and that kid played the most amazing drums I'd ever heard! I never saw such stamina and such real talent in a kid his age. Boy, would he look good in the center of the stage at Radio City Music Hall.

"His name is Vic Feldman, and his father is the owner of this Swing Club. A real unspoiled kid, but he knows all about Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa and everyone. By the time we got through I was asking him how he likes pianists to play for *him*!"

Later Pvt. Powell heard Stephane Grappelly, former violinist of the Hot Club de France Quintet, who has been in England for several years. Pvt. Powell was not very much impressed. "No beat." There has to be a beat. He was impressed, however, by the "authentic American accent" of singer Beryl Davis, and by the fact that the best tenor sax player he heard in England was a girl, whose name he's forgotten.

As for clarinetists, Mel found nobody to match the talent of his former boss. "There's a complete deficit in local Benny Goodmans," he told me emphatically.

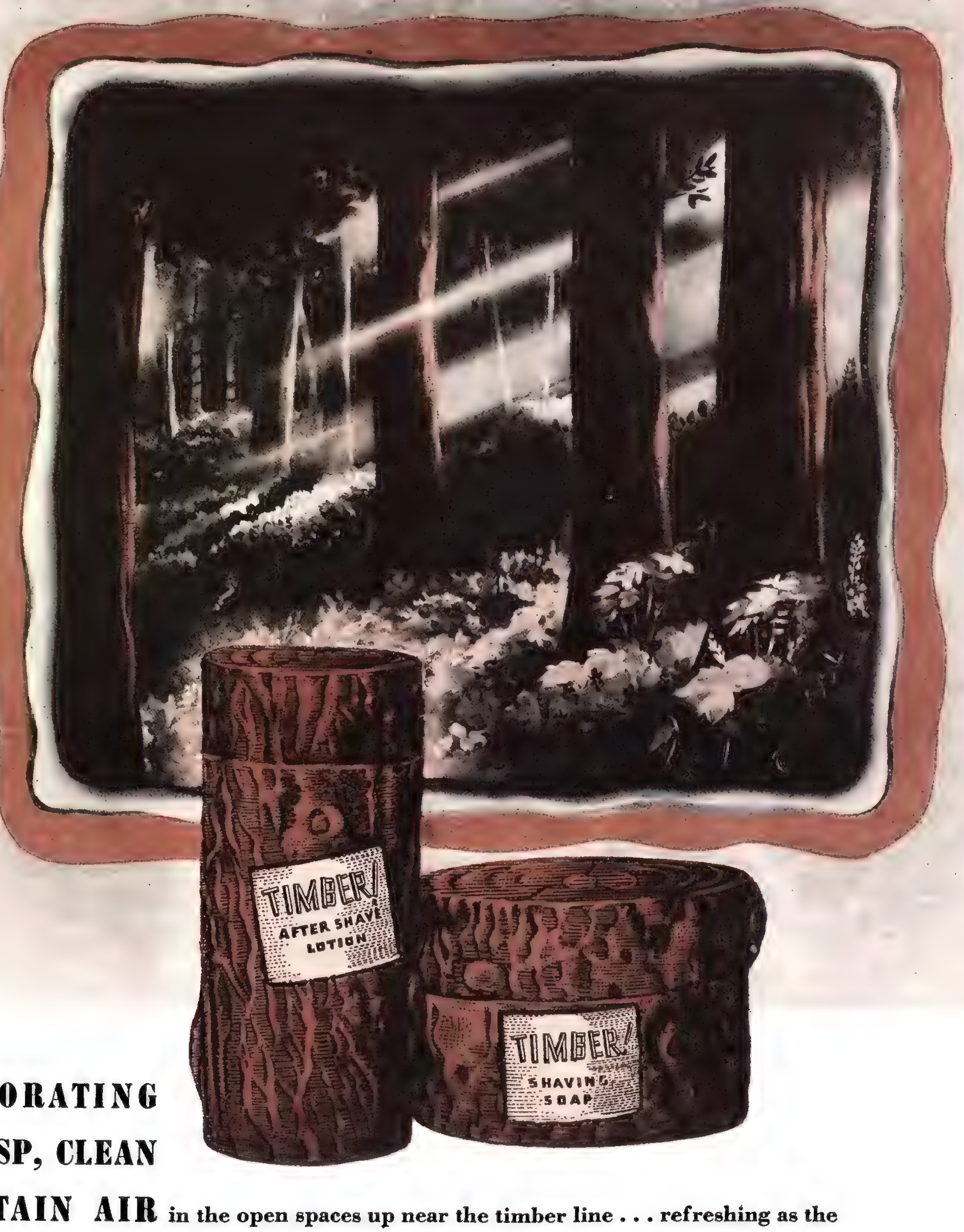
Parting from England was sweet sorrow, despite shortages and buzz bombs. The orchestra had only been out of the country a few hours when a V-2 made a direct hit on the barracks which it formerly occupied.

When the band reached New York at the end of its fourteen months overseas, the members dispersed on a thirty-day furlough. Mel found a large Welcome Home sign plastered on the door of his mother's apartment on West End avenue. He relaxed completely for a couple of days, then started to catch up on some of the music he'd been missing. We went to hear Woody Herman's fine band at the Pennsylvania, and Erroll Garner, the new piano rage, at the Three Deuces. Then Mel got a call from Benny Goodman, who was in Louisville appearing with a symphony orchestra, and Mel promptly went there to join Goodman and spend a week reminiscing.

Tall, blond and handsome, Mel hasn't yet decided what he'll do after he gets out of his uniform. Maybe he'll form a band, maybe he'll concentrate more on his composing and arranging.

"One thing I do know," he says. "I'd like Lady Brown and Ulick to come over here sometime so I can show them around the jazz spots. I certainly owe them some hospitality." ╫

FOR MEN AT THE TOP . . . AND ON THEIR WAY UP


TIMBER!
AFTER SHAVE
LOTION
TIMBER!
SHAVING
SOAP

INVIGORATING AS CRISP, CLEAN MOUNTAIN AIR in the open spaces up near the timber line . . . refreshing as the zesty aroma of newly felled lumber deep in the verdant forest.

TIMBER After Shave Lotion	$2.00*
TIMBER Men's Eau de Cologne	$2.00*
TIMBER Men's Talc	$1.00*
TIMBER Shaving Soap	$1.50*

*plus Fed. tax

TIMBER *Toiletries for Gentlemen*

MAURELLA PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

For a Regal Christmas give him
Regal Ties
Famous for
Exclusive Features
Exclusive Fabrics
Exclusive Styles
$1 and up
at better stores

Regardless of the price of a Regal tie, whether it is Hand-Woven or Hand-Painted, loomed in U. S. A., England or Switzerland, made of Silk, Wool or Rayon, the "Regal" label is your assurance that it is the best tie, at the price, that money can buy.

Look for the "Regal" label . . . for two generations the finest name in neckwear.

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO. • MANUFACTURERS • ST. LOUIS

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

News Item

A couple of months ago Victor announced a new record which is translucent and unbreakable. It is believed to reduce surface noise considerably. For the moment, I gather, it will be used for new recordings of expensive stuff selling at something like two dollars a record. This is one answer to the "menace" of wire recordings; in good time you can expect the other companies to come through with something of the same sort. Actually Asch has already announced Vynalite "unbreakable and noiseless" recordings of a USSR recorded *Prince Igor*. Now what remains is for someone to find a way to store records so that they are handy, won't warp, and will reject dust.

Not to give a false impression, I note that the important thing is still to record well and faithfully things people want to hear and things of permanent value; to seek for new talent; to be enterprising and a little daring, too, in the search for new music; and to be clever, too.

New Edition

Pillar of Fire—Schoenberg (Verklaerte Nacht)	The effective ballet of Puritan passion using Schoenberg's sonorous music, is the reason for issuing this album under this title. The music is impassioned even when, at moments, it seems empty.

Singles—Classic Pops

Bachianas Brasileiras—Villa-Lobos (Columbia—Bidu Sayao) *Italian Street Song*—Herbert (Victor—Jeanette MacDonald) *Polonaise* (A Flat Major)—Chopin (Columbia—Egon Petri)	Columbia's promotion says that customers "will probably not be attracted . . . by the name" of the Brazilian Bachisms—but the combination of Bidu Sayao's elegant soprano voice and a support of eight celli and bass will entice the curious; and Villa-Lobos has done a skillful tribute to the master of musical statement.

Strange Company

Coleman Hawkins (Asch—With Howard McGhee (trumpet), Charlie Thompson (piano), Eddie Robinson (bass), and Dansil Best (drums) *Kostelanetz Conducts* (Columbia—*St. Louis Blues, Blues in the Night, Mood Indigo, Stardust, When Day Is Done*, etc.	These two albums are intentionally coupled here because they ably represent two extremes. Hawkins has played his tenor sax in dance halls, but is outstandingly a recording artist; you notice I have named his cast, not his numbers. Kostelanetz represents a high point in radio production, with a taste and tact all his own, with no more energy than the melodies demand. Listen to the records to note how powerful and varied hot music is. Compare them with the controlled intelligence of the Kostelanetz arrangements.

Instrumental Mostly

Who Threw the Whiskey in the Well (Majestic—Louis Prima) *Hawaiian Melodies* (Sonora—Lani McIntire) *Feather Merchant* (Columbia—Count Basie) *The Steam is on the Beam* (Decca—Johnny Green)	These are as various as the companies that produce them. Prima and McIntire have been famous for a long time at movie houses or hotels, and Prima, a Majestic stand-by for years, is in for top exploitation now. The others are not what you could call obscure either.

Voices Mostly

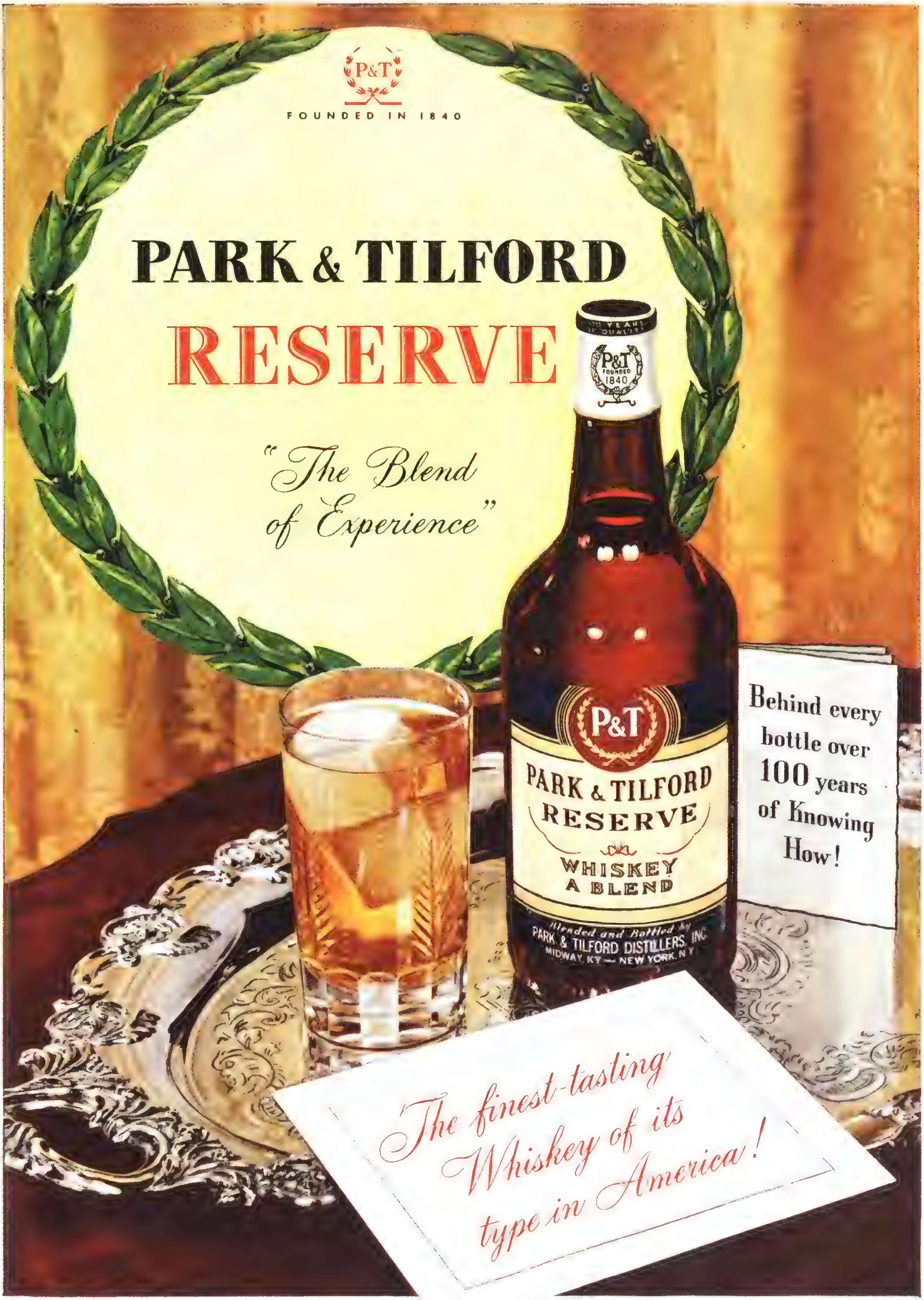
On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe (Decca—Judy Garland and the Merry Macs) *A Dream of Love* (Majestic—The Three Suns) *I'll See You in My Dreams* (Musicraft—Phil Brito) *I'll Buy that Dream* (Decca—Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes)	I am in a low mood, or bad temper about most current songs. The ones noted here are average, and don't give one as much of a pain as most. That's not enthusiasm—but it's the best I can do at the moment.

Good-bye

War Songs	Except for half a dozen cheerful ditties and two manly war songs, the recent patriotic output has been awful. I hope there will be no atomic bomb or reconversion blues, no "Okinawa Baby" songs. I have read the lyrics of Irving Berlin's "blue serge suit" song and turn with regret against my favorite composer. Let's all stop being topical and go back to writing songs.

Just Arrived

Symphony No. 1—Barber (Columbia—Bruno Walter, Philharmonic) *Cephale et Procris*—Gretry (Victor—Defauw, Chicago Symphony)	An American "conservative," an ancient composer for the quality. Announced, not yet received, is an album of three records by one of the few great piano teams, Vronsky and Babin (Columbia); it is all of Russian music.


P&T
FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. — NEW YORK, N. Y.

P&T

FOUNDED IN 1840

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

Behind every bottle over 100 years of Knowing How!

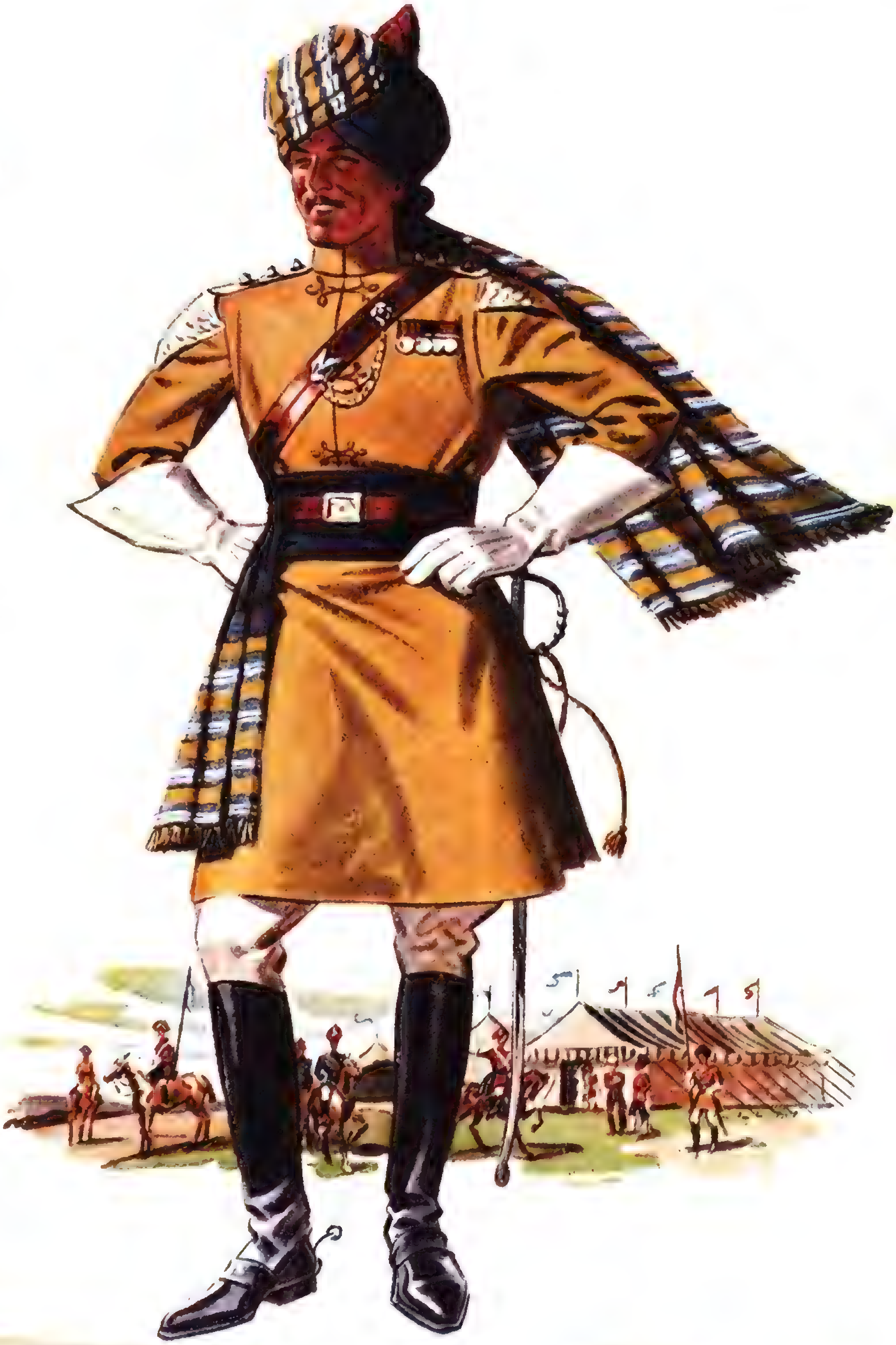
The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

AS SWANK AS A REGIMENT ON PARADE

Sutton

Toiletries for Men



• Brisk, buoyant fragrances with masculine appeal — favored by Men who go in for good grooming. Presented in handsome flacons of Bengal Red & Gold and Black & Gold — identified by the swank, distinguished Regimental top-man, traditional symbol of authority and good taste.

For better living through better grooming make Sutton Toiletries a daily habit.

After Shave . . Cologne . . Talc
Deodorant . . Lather Shave

Appropriate gifts from Her to Him.
Available wherever Toiletries are sold.

Sutton SINGLES

After Shave	$1.00
Cologne	$1.00
Deodorant	$1.00
Lather Shave	$1.00
Talc	.75

(plus tax)

Sutton TRIO Sets

No. 506	After Shave, Cologne & Talc	$2.75
No. 507	Lather Shave, After Shave & Talc	$2.75
No. 508	After Shave, Cologne & Deodorant	$3.00

(plus tax)

Sutton DUO Sets

No. 504	After Shave & Talc	$1.75
No. 505	After Shave & Cologne	$2.00
No. 509	Lather Shave & After Shave	$2.00

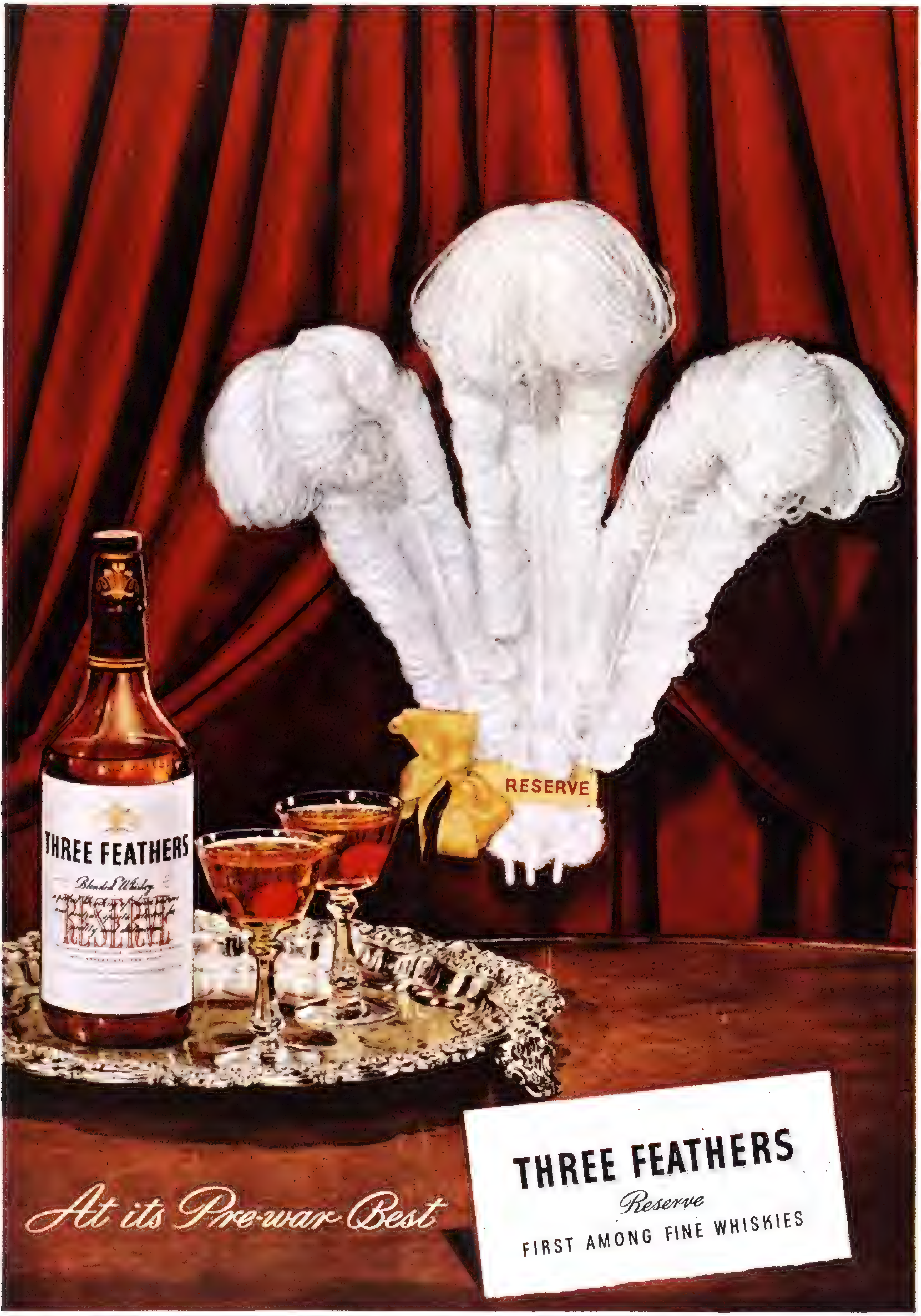
(plus tax)

SUTTON SALES, Inc. • Salesrooms, 385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

It's a Kuppenheimer

No two ways about it. Kuppenheimer clothes can be counted among the better things of life. And the men you usually see wearing them are the kind for whom the best is none too good—in life or in clothes.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE


THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whisky
RESERVE
RESERVE
At its Pre-war Best
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
FIRST AMONG FINE WHISKIES

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N. Y. . . . Buy Victory Bonds!

I Live with a Phobia

Contending you can't cure fear of high places by pyschiatry

by ALBERT PARRY

For the last sixteen years I have been a man with a phobia. In that period there were times when the phobia caused me sharp sufferings. On a few occasions it endangered my life. The least unpleasantness was being sorry for myself, being ashamed before others, and being deprived of a few additional pleasures or conveniences enjoyed by those fellow-humans who do not know the chain-and-ball of my strange trouble.

But in the same stretch of years I found that many other men and women suffered from the same malady, and that, although some perished from it or had a most irksome time surviving it, the trouble could be accepted philosophically and life could be interesting and fruitful despite the curious handicap. In other words, it was—and is—possible to live with a phobia without succumbing to it.

My phobia is a fear of high places. It is also known as "the gravity fear." A foremost specialist in the field, the late Professor G. Stanley Hall, called it barophobia. Being on a high, open terrace, bridge, tower, mountain, or in front of a deep well or a high-story window, strikes me with an all-pervading panic. I feel like falling or jumping. I have to strain every nerve and muscle to keep myself from carrying out the impulse to jump.

Tension and nausea seize me. Almost in a convulsion I grab the very first solid object away from the sheer drop. I cling to a wall, a bench, a door. I want to call for help, but I never do. I prefer to get away from the awful place, and bend my head and shoulders, almost in a crouching position—almost on all fours, if no one is looking.

"You're sure the railroad won't mind our using the middle track?"

And as I live through each such experience, I never know whether it is my feeling of insecurity marking my desire to live, or my seeking of insecurity in my desire to end it all.

Many a person dies in a dive from a high story or a mountain, and no one knows whether the individual fell accidentally or jumped deliberately. Actually, I believe, many such unfortunates themselves did not know whether it was an accident or a deliberate step that caused their fall.

The gravity fear seldom comes alone. In almost every case it has certain complications and ramifications. Some sufferers fear not only high places—they fear also the falling upon them of street signs, telephone poles, chandeliers, pictures, even of remote mountains.

One young girl could never sail past the Palisades on the Hudson without fearing they would fall and crush her. My gravity fear never had such a complication, even though a heavy portrait over my desk once *did* fall upon me. But in my childhood, I remember, I had nightmares each time I realized the immensity of time and space. Tension and giddiness overwhelmed me on each occasion. Years later, reading Professor Hall's texts, I learned that such spells, called cosmic giddiness or cosmic agoraphobia, were part of the gravity fear.

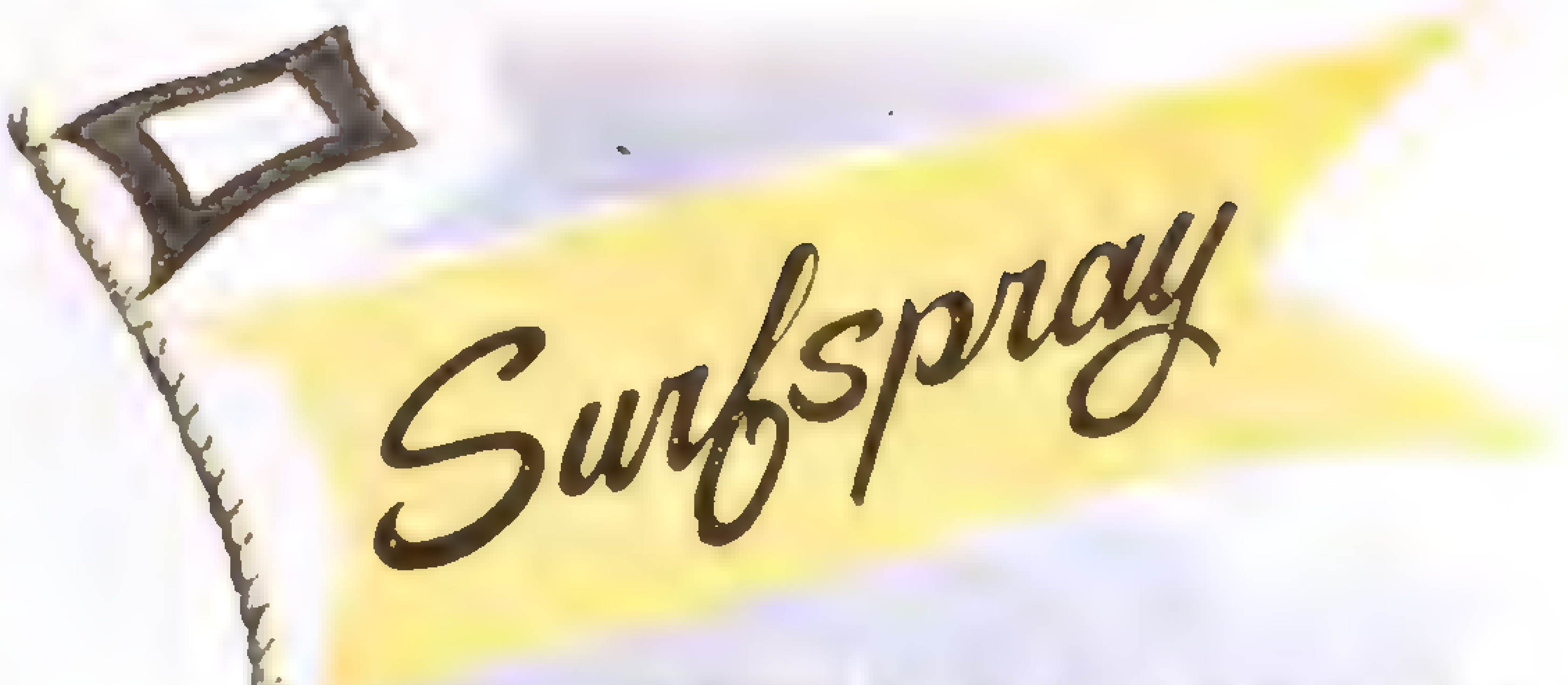
Whence comes this fear or compulsion of self-destruction through falling?

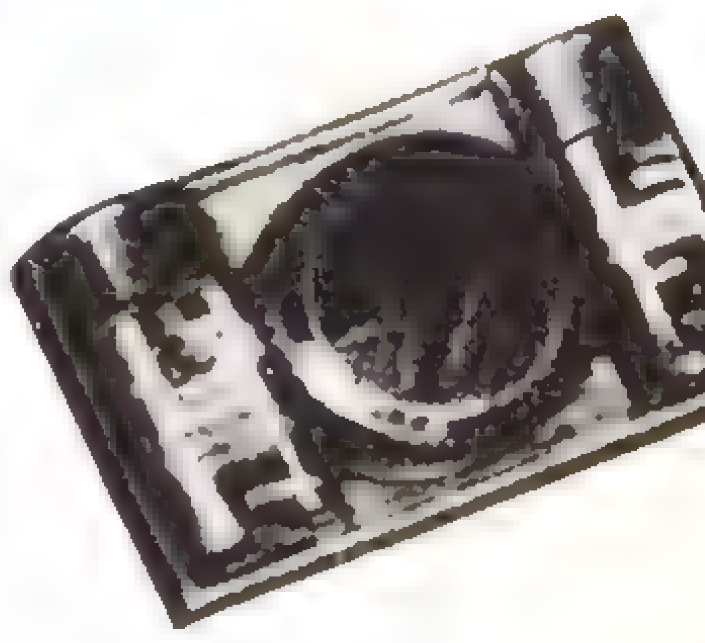
A bad scare in early childhood, perhaps. Parents and fond relatives should be more careful in lifting babies toward the ceiling, surely. Falls of children at play leave their share of indelible psychological marks. Yet, I suspect, more often a child is born with the gravity fear. It is probable that the fear—as many another fear—runs in certain families. Only last year, for instance, I discovered that a first cousin of mine also suffered from barophobia. She was born in California, years after I was born on the border of Europe and Asia. We have seen each other only a few times in our lives. Years and thousands of miles apart, we react to heights in precisely the same ways.

The remarkable thing is that in the fear of falling we go through the same physical reactions as if we were actually falling. Hall wrote:

"In actually dropping through space, the usual pressure of brain,

Continued on page 204





Surfspray
TALC
Surfspray
Surfspray
SHAVE BOWL

MEN'S TOILETRIES

Singing wind in the sails of a tall ship;
Flashing whitecaps dancing in the sun;
The clean scent of an ocean breeze — these
are the reminiscences of Surfspray,
Men's Toiletries that take their inspiration
from the cool, crisp tang of the sea.

BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED FOR GIFTS

Every man appreciates the superb ingredients, the bracing stimulation and distinctly masculine scent of Surfspray Toiletries. A wide selection of handsomely packaged sets offers you a gift that is always appreciated—a gift of good grooming. *At fine stores everywhere!*

DISTRIBUTED BY JAMES E. COATES & CO. 510 N. DEARBORN • CHICAGO 10

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
Everything for the boys
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.

The most sought-after girls . . . the most cherished cigarettes . . . Marlboro. DO share your Marlboros with him. So much keener pleasure in every puff! (Merely a penny or two more!)

For Him or Her { PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS

Specially for Her { BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

I Live with a Phobia

Continued from page 203

heart, liver, kidneys and all other parts of the body upon those beneath is removed. The stomach with its contents is often the first to be affected, and nausea arises."

This, more than anything else, may show that an atavistic leftover, from a time untold centuries back, is at the root of the gravity fear. Man's ancestors lived in mountain caves and treetops, and falls must have been frequent. Only through developing a wholesome fear of excessive height or insecure hold did man survive.

In our own times, of course, the fear is no longer wholesome. It is a nuisance. In his interpretation of the origin of the phenomenon, Professor Hall went even further when he wrote:

> Our animal ancestors were not birds, and we cannot inherit sensations of flying, but they floated and swam far longer than they have had legs, had a radically different mode of breathing, and why may there not be vestigial traces of this in the soul, as there are of gill slits under the skin of our necks; and why may not the former come to as great prominence in exceptional states and persons as the latter do in some monstrous human births? To deny it is to make the soul more limited in its backward range than is the body. For one I am too idealistic and cannot think so meanly of the soul as to do this. Although it cannot be demonstrated like rudimentary organs, I feel strongly that we have before us here some of the oldest elements of psychic life, some faint reminiscent atavistic echo from the primeval sea, not as primitive as the strange geotropism of plants, but antedating perhaps limbs, and possibly even visual factors of space perception.

In other words, we who fear the high places are paradoxically akin to those who love heights or flying—to human flies, steeple jacks, aviators, skyscraper-window washers, riveters, trapeze performers, skiers. The same primeval desire to float and swing operates in us all. However, in those of us who have the gravity fear, it operates somewhat differently than in the trapeze and airplane flyers.

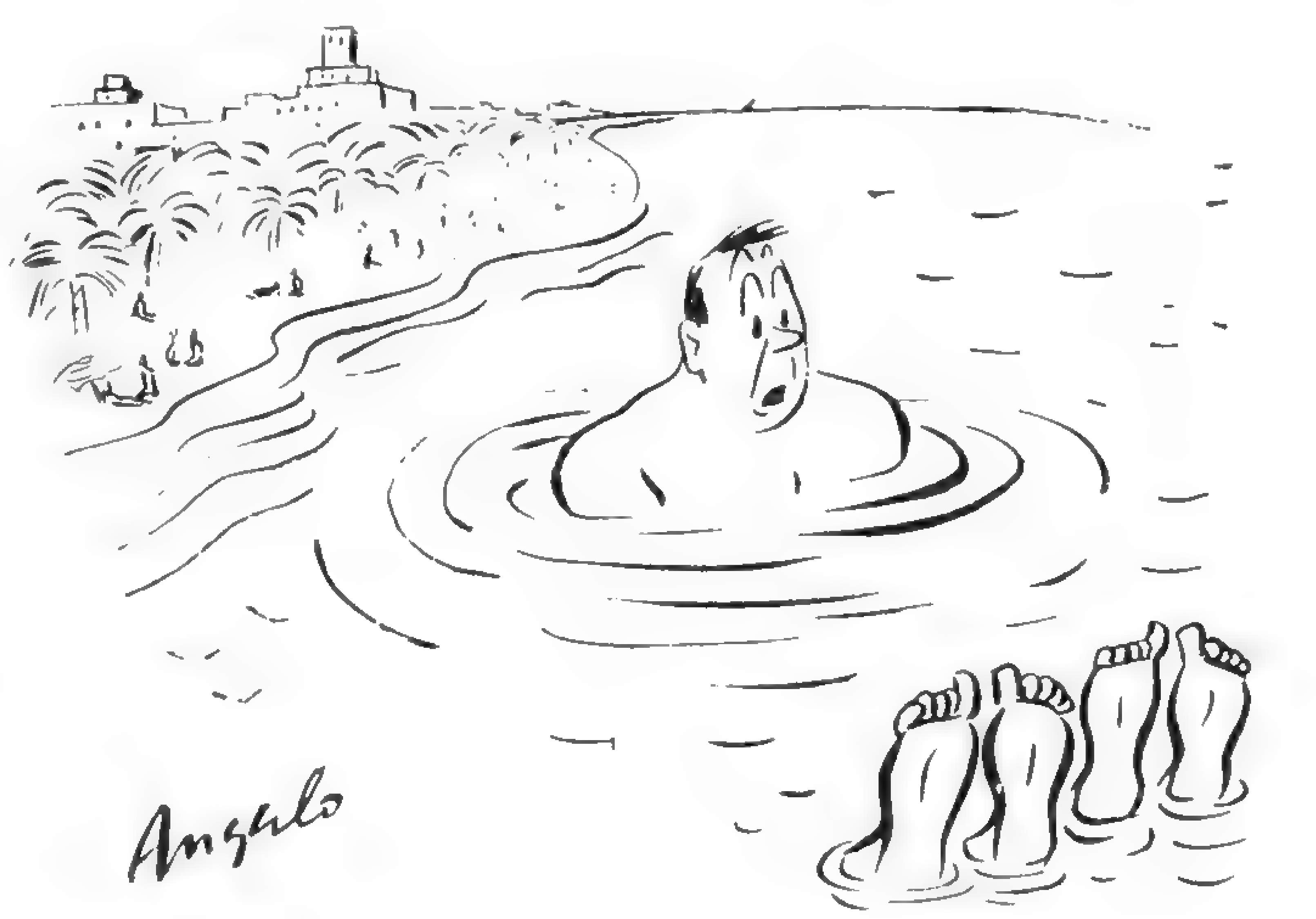
"Why, shame on you, a grown-up person like you having a silly fear like this! You should get a hold on yourself. You should make an effort and fight it out with yourself." This I have heard many a time from friends, acquaintances, and business associates. Nothing can be more pernicious than such an admonition. I speak from personal experience.

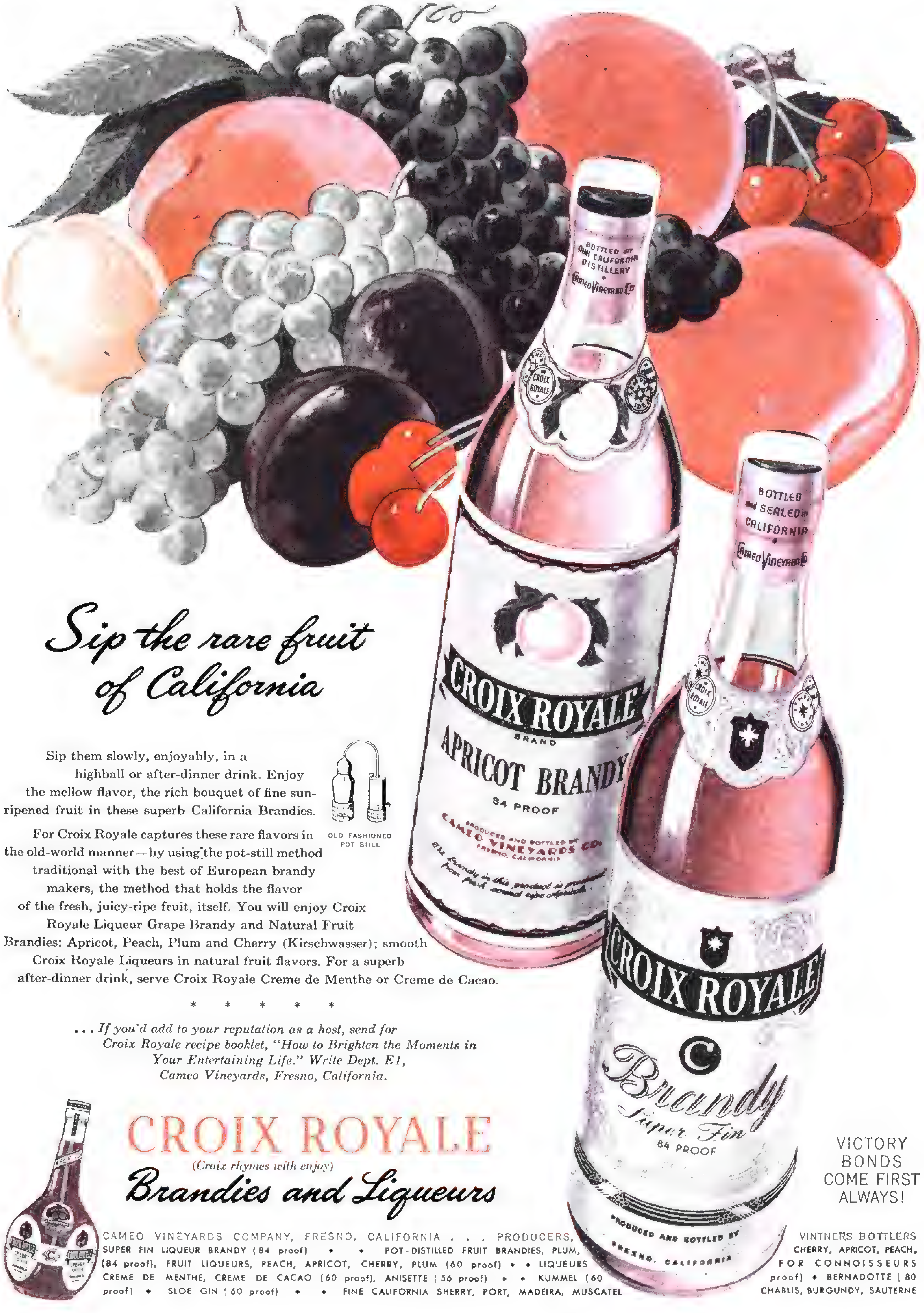
The first time I discovered that I suffered from the gravity fear I was very much astonished. It was in New York, in 1924. I was twenty-three years old, three years in this country, and healthy in every respect, or so it seemed. In Europe and Asia I had been in high mountains, although never over sheer precipices. I had climbed to tops of ten-story buildings and church steeples, but always in company of friends, whose presence apparently gave me a feeling of security. In 1924 I decided to see New York from the top of a skyscraper, and one Sunday took an elevator to the observation tower of the Woolworth Building. Once there, I was dumfounded to find myself ill. I had a most amazing desire or fear—even then I could not figure out which one of the two it was—to fall down all those innumerable stories. A strange force was pushing me over the top of the railing.

"That's childish," I said to myself. "I must fight it out with myself right here and now." And so I stood there for some twenty minutes, in deadly fear, sweating, swearing at myself for being a silly ninny. The twenty minutes seemed an eternity. Several times I felt I was going to jump after all. When I finally left the platform and came down in the elevator, I had to see a doctor. He was a wise old man. "You are young and foolish," he said, "but not because you have the gravity fear. You are foolish when you try to fight it. You should never again try to fight it. You can't fight it. When you are affected that way by high places, leave 'em alone. And don't ever listen to anyone who will tell you differently."

Shaken by the experience, yet relieved by the advice, I stayed away from high places for the next seven years. Once in that

Continued on page 206




BOTTLED AT OUR CALIFORNIA DISTILLERY
Cameo Vineyard Co
CROIX ROYALE
CROIX ROYALE BRAND
APRICOT BRANDY
84 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY CAMEO VINEYARDS CO. FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
The brandy in this product is produced from fresh sound ripe Apricots
BOTTLED and SEALED in CALIFORNIA
Cameo Vineyard Co
CROIX ROYALE
Brandy
Super Fin
84 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
OLD FASHIONED POT STILL

Sip the rare fruit of California

Sip them slowly, enjoyably, in a highball or after-dinner drink. Enjoy the mellow flavor, the rich bouquet of fine sun-ripened fruit in these superb California Brandies.

For Croix Royale captures these rare flavors in the old-world manner—by using the pot-still method traditional with the best of European brandy makers, the method that holds the flavor of the fresh, juicy-ripe fruit, itself. You will enjoy Croix Royale Liqueur Grape Brandy and Natural Fruit Brandies: Apricot, Peach, Plum and Cherry (Kirschwasser); smooth Croix Royale Liqueurs in natural fruit flavors. For a superb after-dinner drink, serve Croix Royale Creme de Menthe or Creme de Cacao.

* * * * *

. . . If you'd add to your reputation as a host, send for Croix Royale recipe booklet, "How to Brighten the Moments in Your Entertaining Life." Write Dept. E1, Cameo Vineyards, Fresno, California.

CROIX ROYALE

(Croix rhymes with enjoy)

Brandies and Liqueurs

VICTORY BONDS COME FIRST ALWAYS!

CAMEO VINEYARDS COMPANY, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA . . . PRODUCERS, VINTNERS BOTTLERS
SUPER FIN LIQUEUR BRANDY (84 proof) • • POT-DISTILLED FRUIT BRANDIES, PLUM, CHERRY, APRICOT, PEACH, (84 proof), FRUIT LIQUEURS, PEACH, APRICOT, CHERRY, PLUM (60 proof) • • LIQUEURS FOR CONNOISSEURS
CREME DE MENTHE, CREME DE CACAO (60 proof), ANISETTE (56 proof) • • KUMMEL (60 proof) • BERNADOTTE (80 proof) • SLOE GIN (60 proof) • • FINE CALIFORNIA SHERRY, PORT, MADEIRA, MUSCATEL CHABLIS, BURGUNDY, SAUTERNE

Your
ALBERT RICHARD
Coat

You're headed for great discoveries in this top-flight leather coat—a new world of comfort, a wealth of style and distinguished tailoring. "The Valiant" is just one of many new, pace-setting models by Albert Richard—coats, jackets, fingertips and ulsters in quality leathers and fine fabrics for men and boys. See them now at leading stores! All Action-Fit*, of course. A real find for your wardrobe. A real find for Christmas shoppers, too!

A Real Find

Your
ALBERT RICHARD
Gloves

Your most important accessories—good-looking gloves of rich, supple leather by Albert Richard. Action-Fit* to give you full finger freedom. Manly in style. A real find! Always a welcome gift! Ask for them at leading stores everywhere.

ALBERT RICHARD
ACTION-FIT* COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • MITTENS
Division of Fried, Ostermann Company, Milwaukee
40 Years of Style Leadership

Here's Adventure! Excitement! Romance!
"BURIED TREASURE MAP" FREE! Get a wall-size, colorful pirate and buccaneer map. For your den or game room. Shows location of world-famous buried treasures of fact and fiction. Free at your Albert Richard dealer's. Or send 10c (no stamps) to Dept. B, Albert Richard, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I Live with a Phobia

Continued from page 204

period I had a job on the twenty-fifth floor of a midtown building, but it was a short-term task full of gay doings amid friends. It was then that I discovered the value of friends in high places! It also mattered whether there were roofs beneath the windows breaking the sensation of the sheer drop, also whether my desk was too close to a window opened from the bottom. The main thing was to remember the good old doctor's advice, to watch all the circumstances carefully, and leave 'em alone if they sharpened my fear. Calmly, matter-of-factly, I advised my friends and associates of my affliction beforehand, and in each case enlisted their sympathetic co-operation.

Thus, happily, I lived in the city of skyscrapers until the Summer of 1931. That year a girl I loved began to show an impatience with my gravity fear. She started to tell me that I could certainly cure it if I stopped "pampering" it. All I had to do, she said, was to understand that it was a trifle, that height was nothing to fear, and that everything would be all right if I listened to her. Love is a great force, indeed.

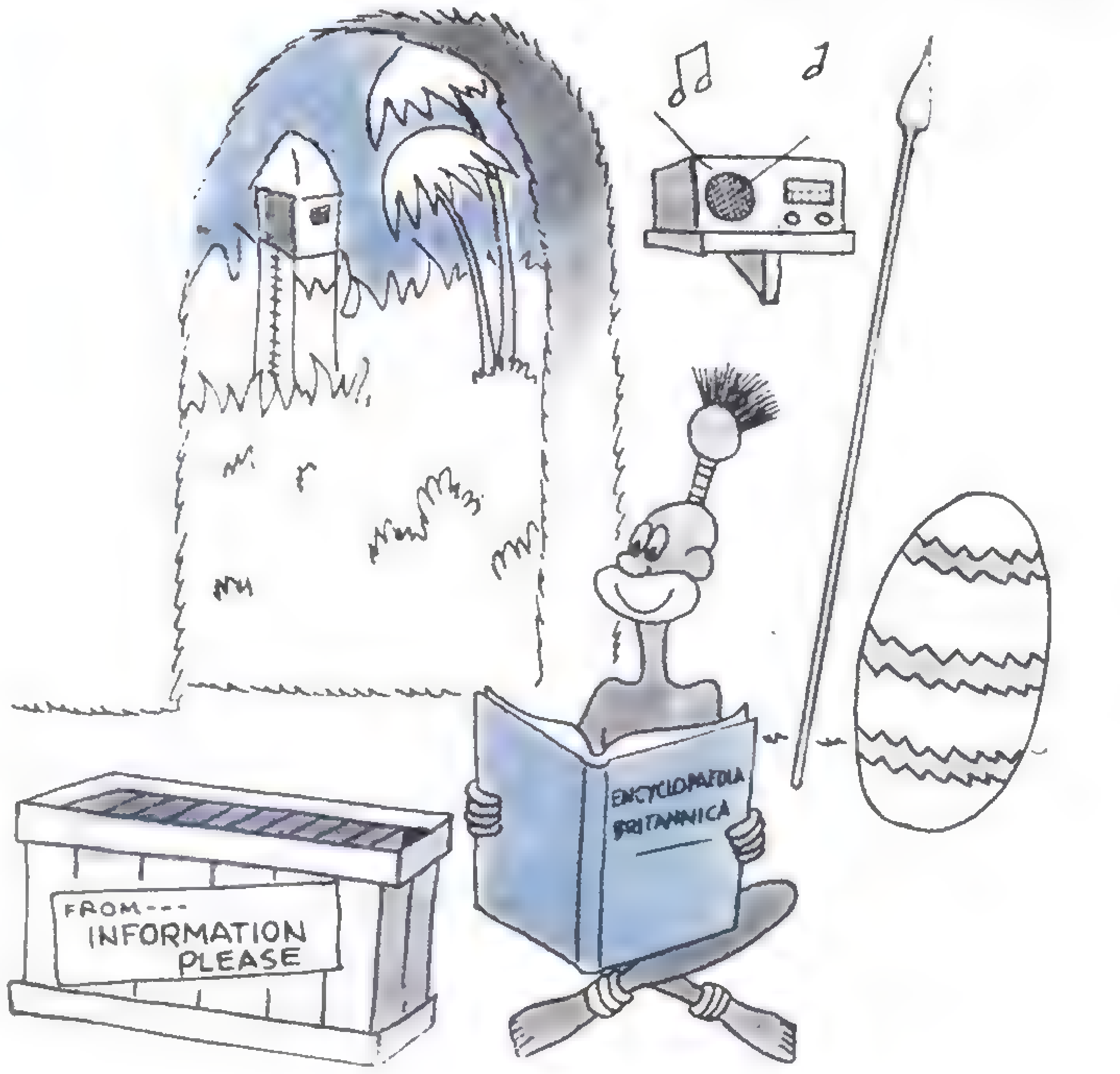
And so, little by little, I tried to follow the girl's prompting. I went to high places with her and without her, I moved into an eighth-floor apartment with huge casement windows—and soon was a nervous wreck. It took much medical care and quite a bit of readjustment in my personal life to bring me back to the health which I enjoyed before I met the young lady. This was the last time I took advice in the matter of the gravity fear from anyone except a qualified doctor of medicine. And when I say, "doctor of medicine," I exclude those rare physicians who would try to cure the gravity fear through the use of psychoanalysis.

And that is another thing which I think should be remembered by those afflicted with barophobia: no psychoanalysis can cure you of the gravity fear, so save your nerves and money. A well-meaning friend or an overconfident Freudian specialist may tell you that all you have to do is to talk to an analyst until the hidden source of your fear becomes apparent. They may tell you that thus exposed this source will be forthwith cured, eliminated, banished from your system as it were. But it is not as simple as that. It just does not work that way. I have yet to meet a man or a woman cured of the fear of height through psychoanalysis. He or she may be considered cured—until the body is found at the foot of a mountain or a building.

To such and other meddlers I would say: "Don't nurse us, but don't force us either!" The egotism of those who refuse to comprehend the terror we go through, who laugh or sneer or even curse at us as we try to get out of the danger! Recently I watched a couple in the row ahead of me, while on the screen there flashed the famous tower scene of *Foreign Correspondent*. The man was trying to stop his girl, clearly a barophobia sufferer, from leaving her seat. She was shaking and trembling, the while he muttered through clenched teeth: "Don't be a fool, sit down, sit down!" I felt like hitting him on his stupid head, and already half rose to do so, when the girl finally broke loose and fled sobbing to the lobby.

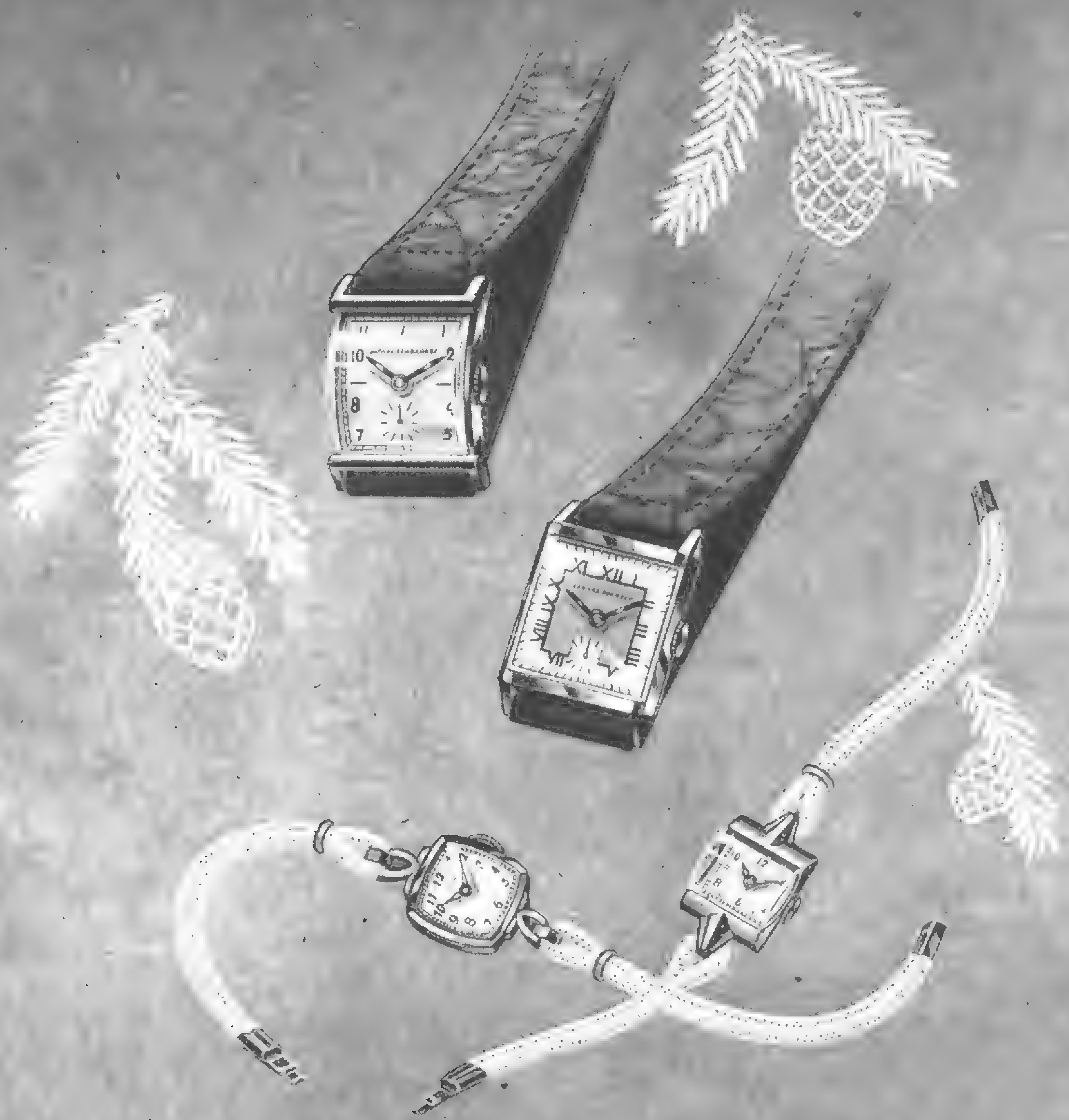
That is another thing about certain times in the course of our malady: on occasion we cannot bear even a suggestion of a high place or a fall from a height. One year my phobia was so bad that I could not even read descriptions of high places. I raced ahead in the book or magazine, skipping the awful paragraphs. Even now, I cannot stand the sight

Continued on page 208



GIRARD·PERREGAUX

Fine Watches since 1791



Sold by selected jewelers . . . priced from forty dollars. Write for new, illustrated Booklet E-35.

Girard Perregaux is the maker of the world famous *SEA HAWK* waterproof watch.

GIRARD-PERREGAUX • 9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

A Rain Topcoat for Double Duty...Rain or Shine!

From Super-Fabrics With Tailored-in Smartness that "Stays With" the Garment for Life!

Remarkably improved showerproof fabrics now provide dual-purpose coats styled for the smartest occasions!

Not of old-type non-porous raincoat materials—but of fine fabrics that "breathe"—that hold their shape and can be styled like the smartest topcoat.

RAIN TOPCOATS by Rainfair are of soft draping fabrics processed to keep out the wind and rain, yet without sacrifice of fine tailoring and style. Colors, fabrics and models are in sufficient variety so you can be individually dressed to personal taste. A double duty coat—a RAIN TOPCOAT by Rainfair--will draw approving glances on many *more* than the 122 rainy days of the year.*

*28 largest cities in U. S. average 122 rainy days per year . . . PLUS days you need a good-looking topcoat!

Ziprain . . . $13.75—(*at left*) styled after the English manner. Softly draping gabardine of fine combed cotton yarn. Shoulder and back area and sleeves lined with strong silky rayon. Colors: Bleached Bone or Light Olive.

Regent . . . $30.00—(*at right*) tailored and styled with the same skill and precision as the finest topcoat, this smart shower-proof coat of fine wool gabardine leads our distinguished line of rainwear. Set-in sleeves give clean, square shoulder effect. Button fly front. Open-through pockets permit easy access to inner clothing. Even the inside is expertly tailored with a deep yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous rayon.

RAINFAIR

An unexpected shower is no excuse for a bedraggled appearance.

RAINFAIR shower proof Rain Topcoats

EE BOOKLET . . . How to make your raincoat last . . . our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the popular Rainfair styles. Write for it today.
RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE, WIS.

For that future rainy day BUY VICTORY BONDS

I Live with a Phobia

Continued from page 206

of anyone leaning out of a high-story window or getting upon a narrow ledge. Closing my eyes does not help. I have to turn away; still better, go away. However, seeing window washers or telephone repairers at their perilous work does not bother me. The security of their sundry safety-contraptions is enough to reassure me, I guess.

As centuries roll on, we may get rid of the gravity fear, or at least of some of the temptation to jump. Not because men would consciously do anything to relieve their unfortunate fellows of the phobia, but because the present trend of skyscraper building tends incidentally to eliminate the fear of height. The cities of the future will be of set-back skyscrapers, not of sheer-drop walls, in order to assure a maximum of sun and air to the inhabitants. Thus, gradual terraces will break the awful spell for those who fear precipices.

Meanwhile, those of us sufferers who live in this day and age should give themselves a break—not a fall. Over a period of a few years, handled sensibly and gently a phobia may show signs of lessening in its force and effects. Mine did. The greatest delight of my life was experienced in January, 1938, when I risked my first airplane flight.

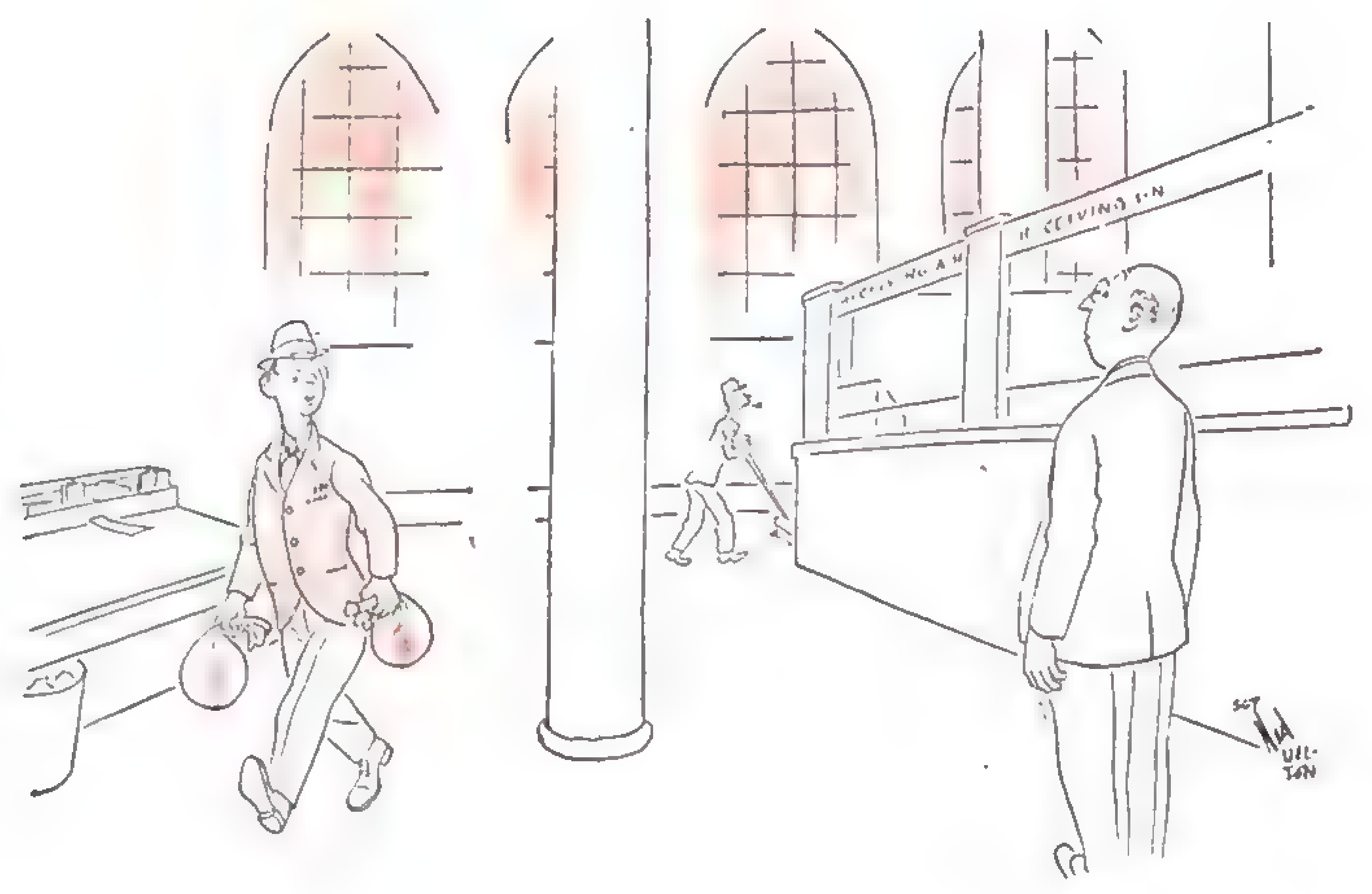
This is how I dared it. Studying my barophobia as carefully as I had done for years, there was a growing conviction in me that what I feared was the sheer-drop line of mountains and houses; that the eagle-eye view from an airplane might in fact agree with me. I also reasoned that the windows of a modern airliner were closed, thus affording a sense of security. My reasoning proved to be entirely correct. Nothing could compare with my feeling of triumph and exaltation—nay, of power—when high up in the plane I could look at the ground way below without experiencing any fear, tension or nausea! Since then I have taken frequent flights, some of them over long distances, much to the wonder of my friends who know of my fear of height.

Of course I knew that flying as a passenger in the security of a modern airliner, with its bird's-eye view and closed windows, would not cure me for the enjoyment of sheer-drop views from the open terraces of Empire State or Radio City buildings. Yet even there I soon found an improvement. I could now go to the observation terraces high above the city, although I still had to remain inside the closed-in spaces while my friends took walks on the open platforms outside.

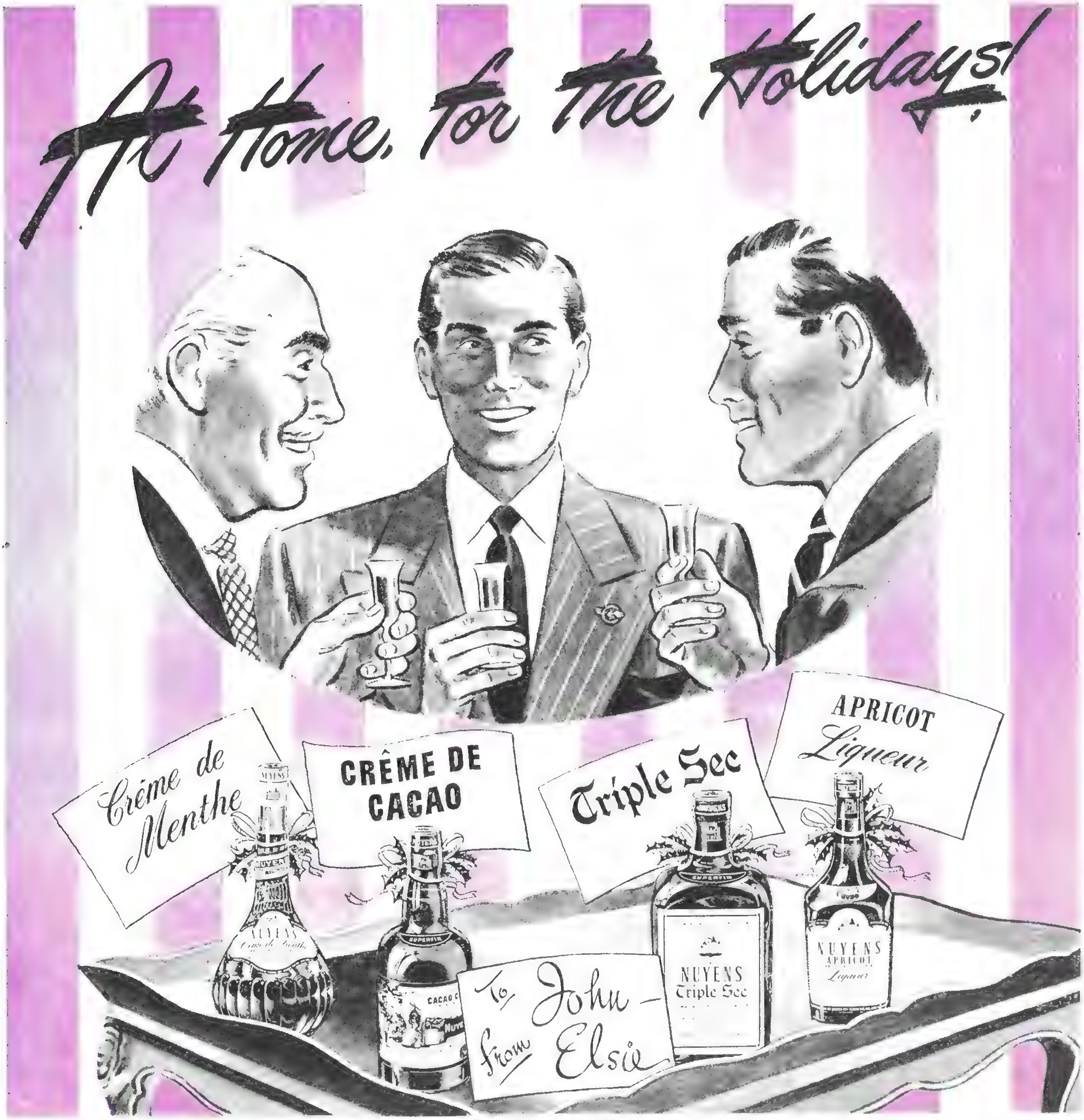
At least in part, the improvement was also due to the fact that my life in general was happier and healthier than in the earlier years. A modicum of success and security in life has a great deal to do with your so-called "silly" fears.

Yes, naturally, I would like to be a complete stranger to this curious trouble of mine. When I was younger I used to dream of being unafraid of heights, of flying up in the air (much like Eric Knight's Flying Yorkshireman—and thus again confirming Professor Hall's thesis that flying and gravity fear go together in their origins). I remember the envy with which a few years ago I read about a certain woman in Rosamond Lehmann's *Dusty Answer*: "She could walk without a tremor on the bit of the roof that made everyone else feel watery inside." But, on the other hand, I remember the utter disbelief with which I read Robert Graves' assertion in *Good-Bye to All That*: "I had a bad head for heights and trained myself deliberately and painfully to overcome it . . . The simple fear of heights was the most obvious to overcome." I knew that he either had not cured it or never suffered from it in the first place.

For you cannot cure a phobia—not the barophobia, at any rate. But you can learn to skirt its dangerous edges. You can, and should, learn to live with it intelligently, philosophically. Even cheerfully. #



"Goodnight, Mr. Jordan"


At Home, for the Holidays!
Crème de Menthe
CRÊME DE CACAO
Triple Sec
APRICOT Liqueur
NUYENS
SUPERFIN
CACAO
NUYENS Triple Sec
NUYENS APRICOT Liqueur
To John — From Elsie

TOASTS TO PROPOSE . . . old times to recall . . . gifts to exchange . . . amid the heart-warming cheer of re-united families and friends!

More than ever this season, the delightful Nuyens liqueurs . . . perfectly at home in every home . . . will be joining family circles . . . adding to holiday pleasures.

Prepared in America for 10 years, just as in France for 140 years, the Nuyens cordials come in a wide selection.

* * *

WANT YOUR PARTIES TALKED ABOUT?

Nuyens liqueurs are ideal for cocktails and tall drinks, too. Write for booklet, "Delightful Surprise by Nuyens," for unusual drink suggestions.

NUYENS
Liqueurs

Apricot (60 proof)
Cherry (60 proof)
Triple Sec (80 proof)

Blackberry (60 proof)
Peach (60 proof)
Kummel (86 proof)

Creme de Menthe (60 proof)
Creme de Cacao (60 proof)

Curacao (60 proof)
Anisette (54 proof)

and fruit flavored brandies (70 proof)

Distributed exclusively by CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Officers, 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). One of a series of paintings in the Kings Men Collection by Donald Teague. Color reproduction, suitable for framing, and without advertising matter, will be mailed to you upon receipt of 25c.

Toiletries With a Golden Heritage of Britain's Great Traditions

Colognes...lotions...
shaving requisites...$5.00.
Essence...$10.00.
Sets of varied combinations to $15.00.
Refills for most items.

FIRED IN
23-KARAT GOLD

Copyright 1945—Windsor House, Ltd.

KINGS MEN
"TOILETRIES IN GOLD"
Trade Mark
For the Man who Commands Life's Finest

A PRODUCT OF WINDSOR HOUSE, LTD., LOS ANGELES

The Way of Good Eggs

Advice to donors of Xmas cheer along with a recipe for eggnog

by LAWTON MACKALL

It's considered crude to write on the parcel: "Not to be uncorked till I get there." If presentation is made in person, the manner should be casual, offhand. No telltale gleam of desire in your eye. No leaning your ear to the game of listening to what's within. As for the lump in your throat at parting with such treasures, keep smiling as though self-robbery were your hobby. And maybe, with luck, hope will come true in the form of Giver's Gleanings.

Particularly slow pay propositions are those gala basket cargoes which, outglamouring any tree they are installed under are likely to be admired long before they are enjoyed. Hence, where thirst is of the essence, the hell with art arrangements. Give him a gift he won't hesitate to molest and get busy with, such as bottled cocktails—a set of them: Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey Old-Fashioned, Daiquiri, Side-Car, and so on.

"Am I pleased with these!" he enthuses, tossing their wrappings hither and yon. "Don't have to shake, stir, or anything."

"That's right," their donor assures him encouragingly. "They're ready-mixed for serving any time you feel like it."

"Swell, I'll stick them in the refrigerator this very minute." And off he strides with them, right from under the donor's wistful nose.

The host's kitchen expedition has run into difficulties of riches. The refrigerator, loaded to the eaves with Yule materials from turkey up, won't accommodate six bottles of cocktails unless a clique of mason jars of golden creaminess check out. They're there awaiting a date with a ladle, come eggnog time; and here's their make-up:

Eggnog

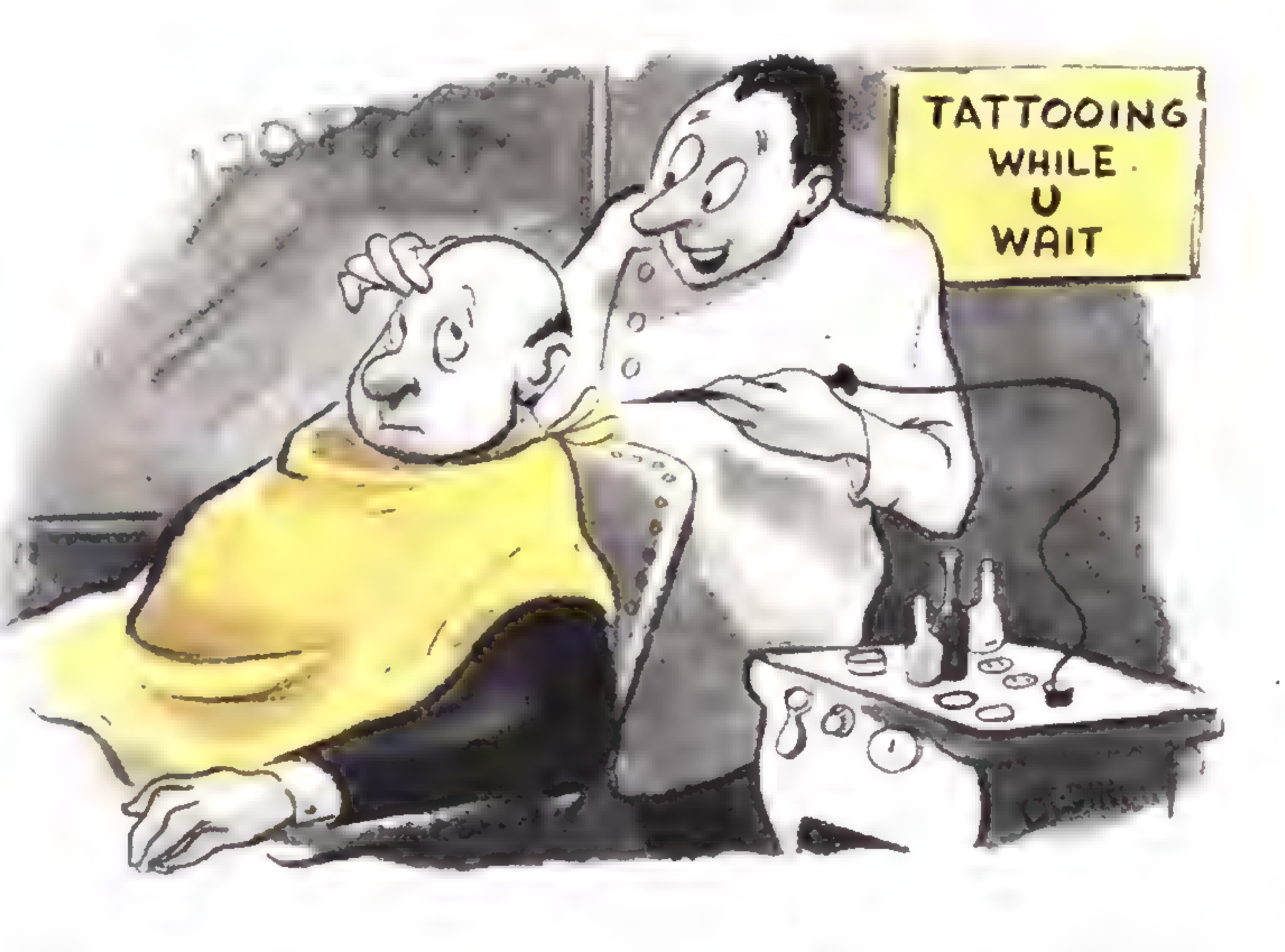
Separate 12 eggs, putting aside whites. Beat yolks thoroughly and feed into them slowly 12 level tablespoons of sugar, not letting up on them till it is dissolved. Pour in stirringly 1 pint, or a little more, of good whiskey or brandy; then ½ pint, or maybe a trifle less, of bouquet rum. (The liquors cook the yolks more expertly than the smartest chef could.) Add 1 pint of milk and ½ pint cream, still keeping that spoon going.

Clean eggbeater and attack the whites till mountainous and self-sustaining. Fold them into the main show, adding 1 grated nutmeg, or its powdered equivalent, in final stir. Repose in the refrigerator reduces the hazard of over-dilution in the punch bowl.

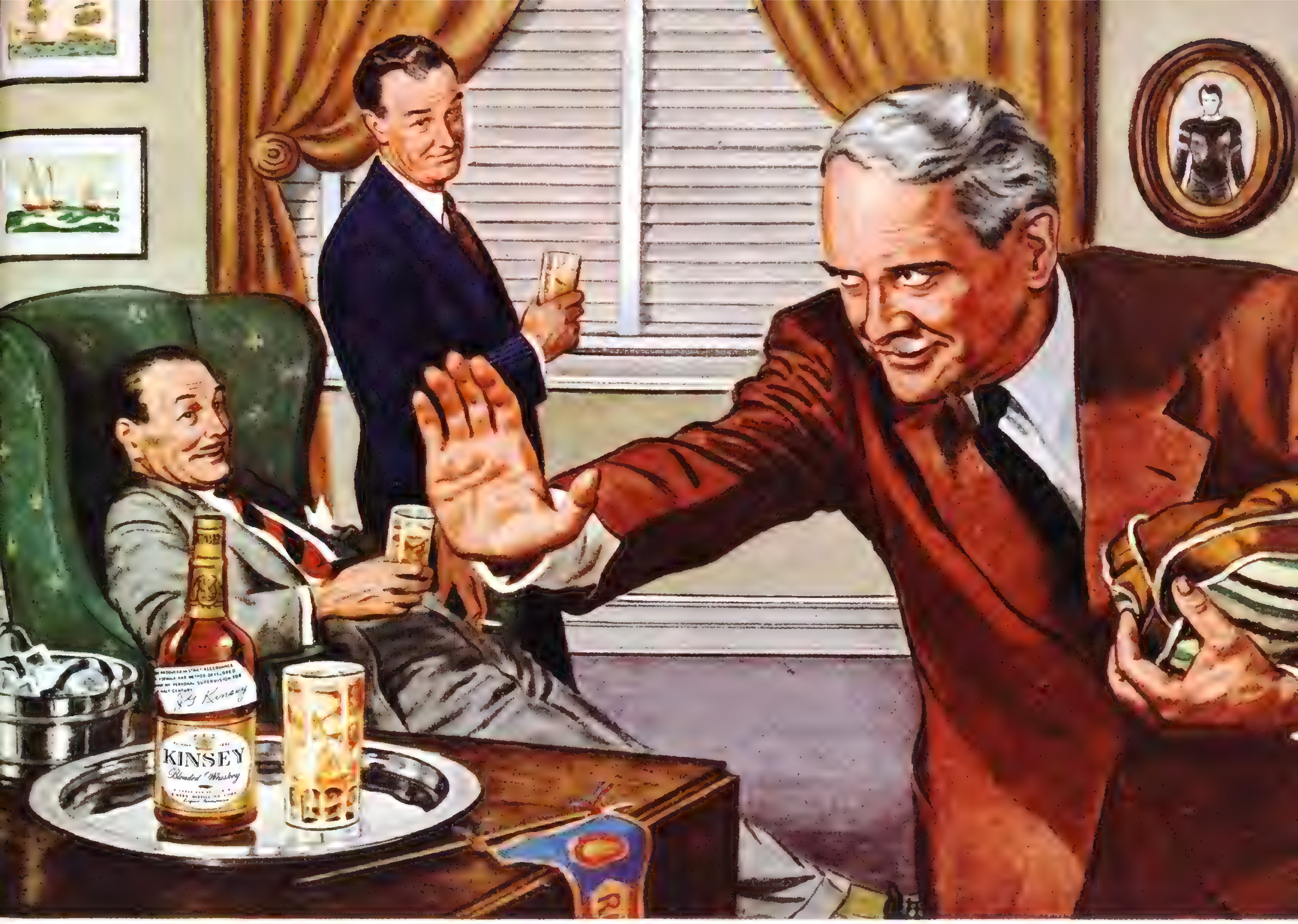
As though by radar from realms of infinite wisdom, there clicks in the brain of this potion puzzler a terrific idea. By bowling the eggnog he can not only cool the cocktails but also at the same time assuage their bestower, along with all the other parcel bringers dropping in. So served it is, and eagerly gone at—thereby preserving his baskets and other tree trove from sacrifice.

You know the interest that beverage gifts draw from more or less innocent bystanders—the label-ogling, the silent whistling, the oh-boying—from which other types of gifts are mostly exempt. A guy taking an approving squint at snazzy hankies wouldn't itch to nose through them blow by blow. Nobody hauls a festive necktie out of its box to hold it up against his suit, or gives his toes a free

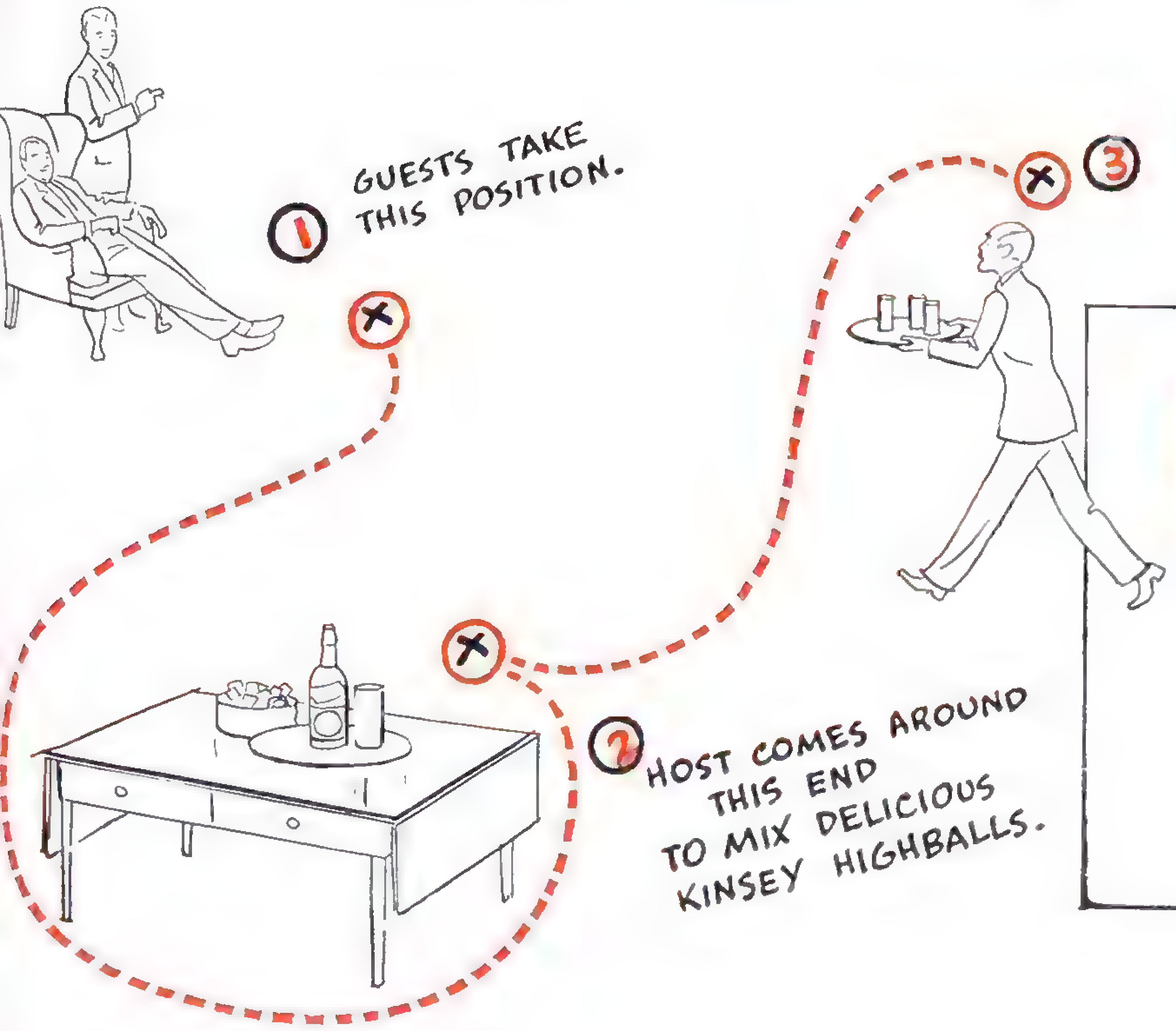
Continued on page 215



"Do you want it parted on the side or in the middle?"


KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Now here's a smart play—



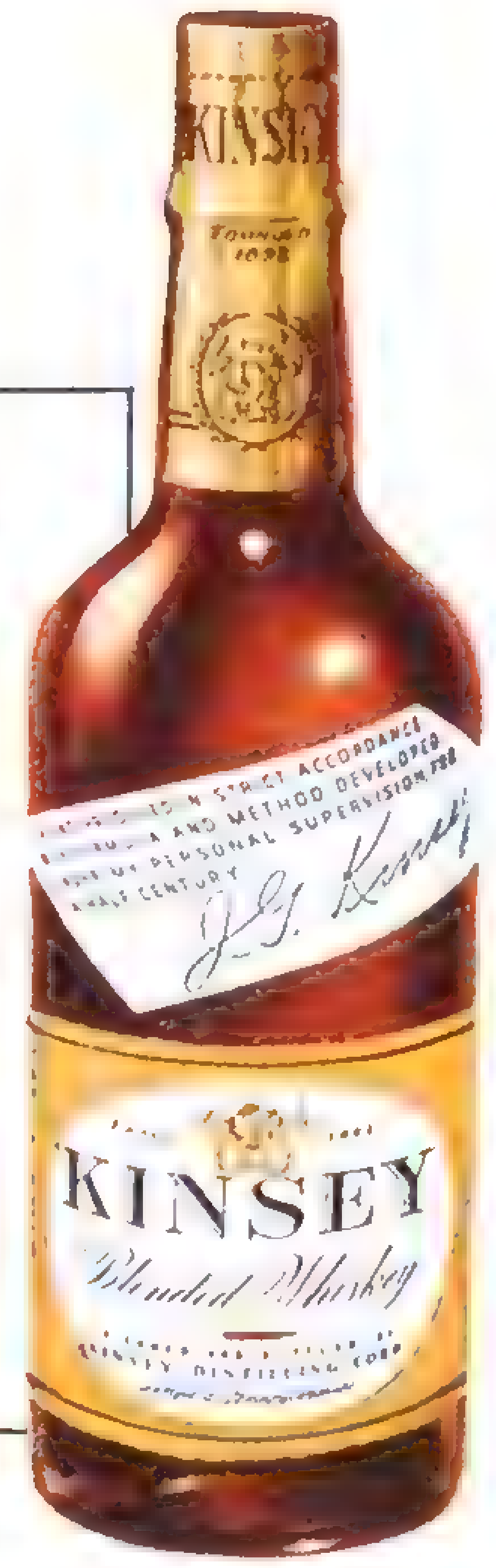
① GUESTS TAKE THIS POSITION.

② HOST COMES AROUND THIS END TO MIX DELICIOUS KINSEY HIGHBALLS.

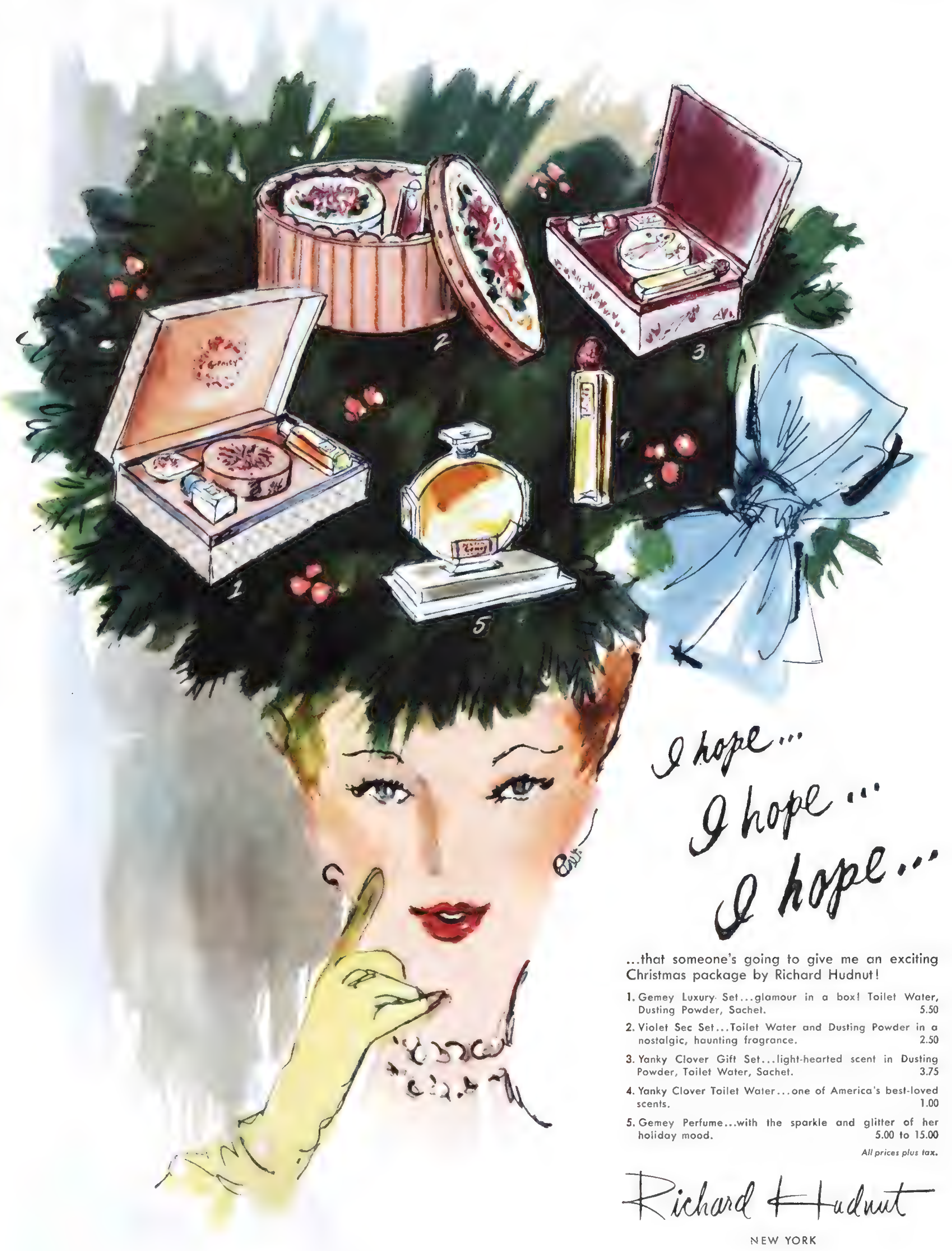
③ SINCE EVERYBODY ENJOYS MELLOW, SUPERBLY SMOOTH KINSEY, HOST SCORES EASILY WITH HIS GUESTS.

TRY THIS PLAY YOURSELF SOMETIME!

KINSEY
the unhurried
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Since 1892


KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



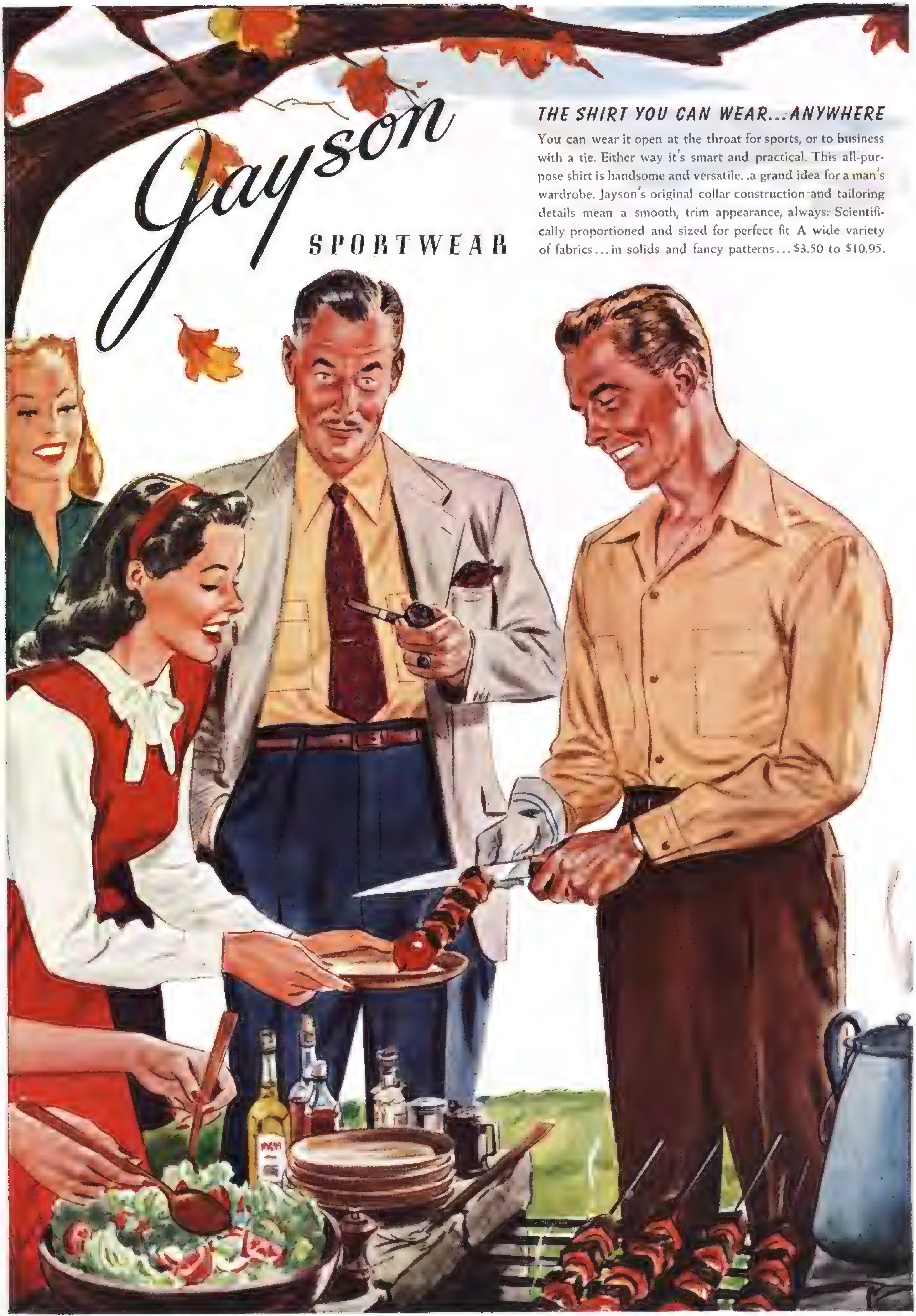
...that someone's going to give me an exciting Christmas package by Richard Hudnut!

1. Gemey Luxury Set...glamour in a box! Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Sachet.	5.50
2. Violet Sec Set...Toilet Water and Dusting Powder in a nostalgic, haunting fragrance.	2.50
3. Yanky Clover Gift Set...light-hearted scent in Dusting Powder, Toilet Water, Sachet.	3.75
4. Yanky Clover Toilet Water...one of America's best-loved scents.	1.00
5. Gemey Perfume...with the sparkle and glitter of her holiday mood.	5.00 to 15.00

All prices plus tax.

Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK



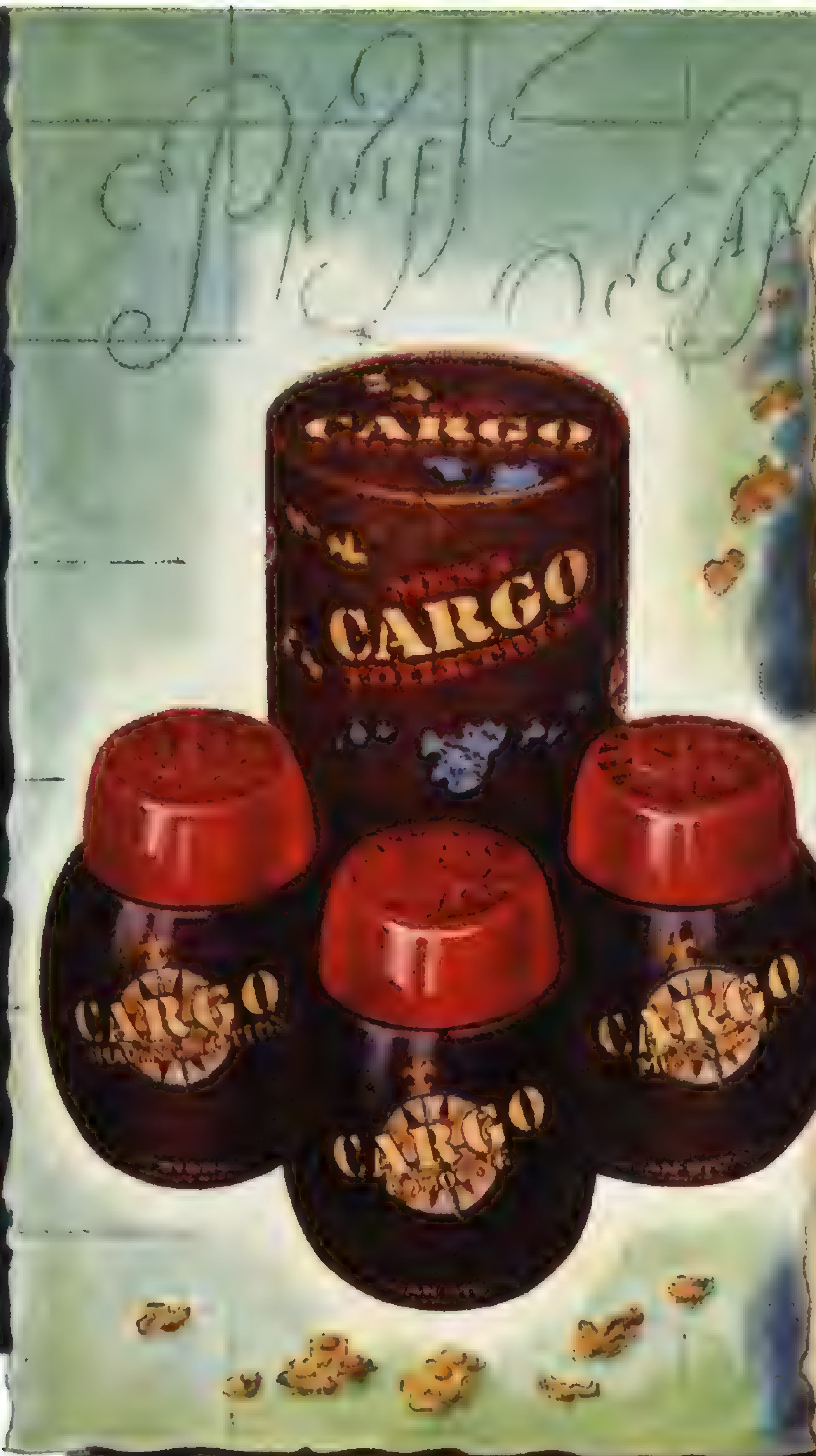
Jayson

SPORTWEAR

THE SHIRT YOU CAN WEAR...ANYWHERE

You can wear it open at the throat for sports, or to business with a tie. Either way it's smart and practical. This all-purpose shirt is handsome and versatile. .a grand idea for a man's wardrobe. Jayson's original collar construction and tailoring details mean a smooth, trim appearance, always. Scientifically proportioned and sized for perfect fit A wide variety of fabrics . . . in solids and fancy patterns . . . $3.50 to $10.95.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC. • 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR • MAKERS OF EXCELLO SHIRTS



CARGO

MEN'S TOILETRIES

Capturing the crisp freshness of the seven seas CARGO toiletries offer a new experience—truly an adventure in luxury!

Men like CARGO, its clean fragrance, the soothing coolness of tropic moss reminiscent of the blue white spray of the open sea. The romance of far off places is captured in the sparkling brown jug with its scarlet "Marco Polo" cap.

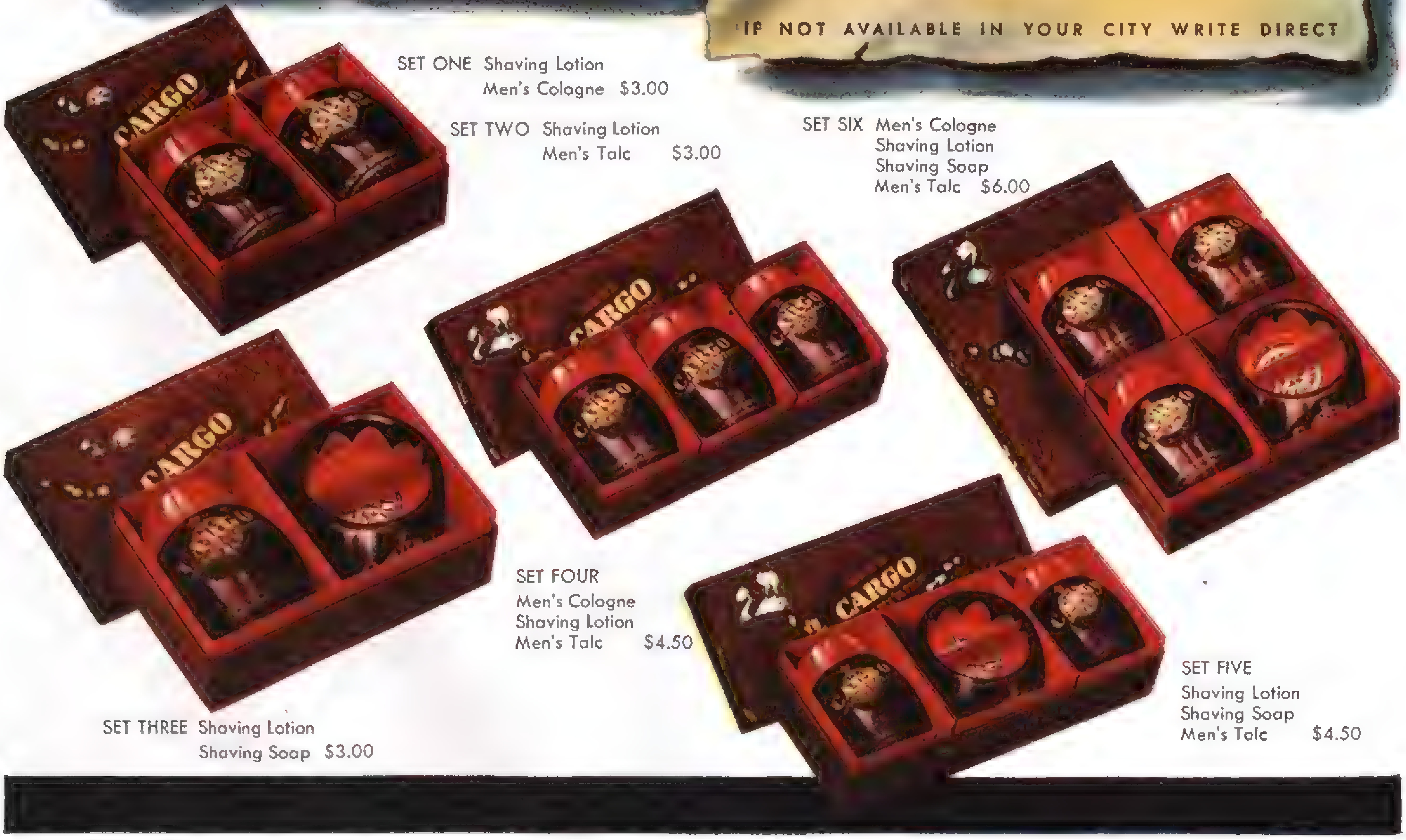
CARGO will be cherished as a gift for in it is sealed the quality that makes for luxurious grooming.

There are several combination sets from which to choose the most appropriate gift. Let CARGO make his Christmas the most romantic of all time.

Single Items $1.50 Sets $3 to $6
(Plus Tax)

DUNCAN STORM, LTD.
2601 FRANKLIN AVENUE EAST
MINNEAPOLIS 6 MINNESOTA

IF NOT AVAILABLE IN YOUR CITY WRITE DIRECT



SET ONE Shaving Lotion
Men's Cologne $3.00

SET TWO Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc $3.00

SET SIX Men's Cologne
Shaving Lotion
Shaving Soap
Men's Talc $6.00

SET FOUR
Men's Cologne
Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc $4.50

SET FIVE
Shaving Lotion
Shaving Soap
Men's Talc $4.50

SET THREE Shaving Lotion
Shaving Soap $3.00

The Way of Good Eggs

Continued from page 210

wriggle in your Christmas slippers, or clamps tusks upon your straight-grained briar, or earmarks your gift pajamas for a week-end at Atlantic City. What's yours is *yours*. But with drinkables, you're the host, alias steward-cellarer-bartender, and it's "What's yours?" to all and sundry. Yuletide would rockbottom you if some of your "co-proprietors" failed to come up with conscience bundles—and I am not referring to the Santa Claus in Spades who brings one pint of punk-brand champagne all done up in ribbons and knocks off three quarts of famed. I mean real repairers and builders who not only make restitution for what they have consumed during the past year but also set up stockpiles for friendly operations under your roof in the months to come. If there were more such princes around, hosts would be less haggard under holiday pressure.

To persons of the Scrooge temperament all this flow and glow seems squanderous. If a body wants to make holiday, why can't he be conservative about it?—extract a bottle from its paneled hiding place, lift out cork, sniff, recork, and replace till next Christmas? Instead of which there's mania for sociability and sharing and here's-to-you-ing—some of it with traditional interlocking of elbows or little fingers. Sir Turk is floated down with claret, sparkling burgundy, sauterne, or champagne. Ye pudding flames its fragrance of rum and brandy. Coffee is squired by cordials. Walnut nibbling is intersipped with port, brown sherry, muscatel, or Madeira. Happy memories are under construction.

The biggest giftee, God bless him, is our Uncle Samuel. Christmas parcels left at the door of his Treasury with the best wishes of the distilled spirits industry, add up to an estimated one billion, 525 million simoleons in federal revenues for the calendar year 1945. From *all* alcoholic beverages the estimated federal figure is two billion, 315 million. The total since Pearl Harbor runs well over seven billion. And this doesn't count income taxes of persons employed in liquor, wine and beer plants and sales organizations, and those in 200,000 hotels, restaurants, taverns, and package stores—not to mention orchestras and entertainers in night spots which couldn't prosper on a water diet.

As for war bonds, the industry sold, to members and friends, something in excess of two billion dollars' worth during the first seven drives, and didn't slacken on the one this autumn either. I could go on and fill you with cheery statistics about these helpful folk, but if you'd rather listen to their products mysteried up with holly and mistletoe, well, every man to his Christmas music. ###

"Never Tip Your Mit" Mizner

Wilson Mizner was a veteran of the Alaska Gold Rush of 1897—a burly, six-foot-four giant of a man, who dazzled Broadway for years as a dramatist, publicity expert, professional gambler and wit. Some of his pals in the Klondike days were Tex Rickard, Jack London, Rex Beach and Robert Service. He was a genuinely tough hombre—with a magnificent sense of humor. He is the man who coined the phrase: "Never give a sucker an even break." Cleaned out himself in a crooked roulette game, he explained without rancour: "Sure, I know the wheel was crooked. But what could I do? It was the only one in town!"

A "big shot" approached a poker game that Mizner was banking. He asked to be declared in. "This game is too big for you," warned Mizner. The big shot was very much put out. "What do you take me for—a piker?" he rasped. "Cut me in here for ten thousand dollars." Mizner calmly slipped the ten one-thousand dollar bills into his cash drawer. "Joe," he commanded, "give the gentleman a blue chip." At one time, Mizner persuaded all his fellow gamblers in New York to wear roses in their lapels as a means of identification. Times had got tough and they had begun to prey upon each other.

During one of his intermittent periods of prosperity, Wilson Mizner managed a hotel in New York. A sign in the lobby read, "Please do not smoke opium in the elevator." He ordered a steak in his own dining room, snipped off a piece and put it in his pocket. "When I went out alone tonight," he explained, "that dame in 811 said I should choke on the first bite. This ought to fool her!"

Invited to lecture before a women's club, Mizner got hold of an attendant and told her to be sure to place a pitcher of ice water and a glass on the speaker's table. "Do you want it for drinking?" she asked. "No," said Mizner, "I do a high-diving act." Another time he began tossing money about with unwonted abandon. "Where did you get it?" they asked him. "Playing a horse," he explained. "Where—Saratoga?" "No—vaudeville." Once he persuaded his friends for a week that he was going to marry a beautiful girl. Then he announced that the engagement was broken. "I told her about my rich uncle," he explained mournfully. "Now she's my aunt!"

In the hospital for a variety of ailments, Mizner submitted to a colonic irrigation with the worst possible grace. When it was finished, he inquired of the nurse, "Now how about checking me for oil and water?"

Mizner never minced words about his numerous sins of omission and commission. "They'll find out anyhow," was his philosophy. "There's something about a closet that makes a skeleton terribly restless!" —Bennett Cerf

Founded P&T in 1840
From the Treasured Stock of a Century Old House
P&T FOUNDED 1840 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. New York, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

THE WHOLE WORLD SMOKES A PIPE OF PEACE

In all the four corners of the earth, LHS pipes are aglow today, bringing solace and cheer to our service men.

At home, because Peace has reduced the need of the military, we can devote our energies to making these famous LHS's, in all models and finishes, for our civilian friends.
It takes time and craftsmanship to make pipes as fine as these, so don't expect every model in every LHS line immediately. But your dealer is getting more and more of them, and every one of IMPORTED BRIAR

LHS
STERNCREST
STERLING

$5
Model No. 14
plain finish
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

KEEP
ON BUYING
VICTORY
BONDS

Other LHS pipes include:
Ultrafine $10—genuine meerschaum-lined bowl, 14K gold band
Certified Purex $3.50—with aluminum air-tight safety lock
Purex Superfine $1.50—choice domestic briar
Write for your copy of "Pointers on Pipes". Free
L&H Stern, Inc., Stern Bldg., 56-64 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Nonagenarian on Ice

About the figure skating triumphs of the everlasting Oscar Richard

by PAUL GOULD

IN THE conventional annals of sports, Iron Man McGinnity, Big Bill Tilden and Willie Hoppe are generally accepted as all-time hardy perennials upon whom the passing years seemed to lay only a feathery touch. Actually, however, there is one competitor who makes them look like youngsters just out of swaddling clothes. In 1947 he will mark three-quarters of a century of active competition, a record that is probably unsurpassed in all of athletic history. It is a standard only two other figures today can ever approach—King Gustav of Sweden, an active tennis player, and bowling's Louis Stein—both of them eighty-seven. But it's not likely that they, or eighty-three-year-old Connie Mack, still active in a passive role, can equal the achievement of Oscar L. Richard.

It was in 1872, four years before Custer made his last stand, that a seventeen-year-old lad glided out on the ice at MacMillan Rink, "far uptown" in New York City, and won his first figure skating competition. Ninety years old on June 2, 1945, Oscar L. Richard appears to have changed little since those days, for he's still winning trophies, medals, prizes and cups at figure skating.

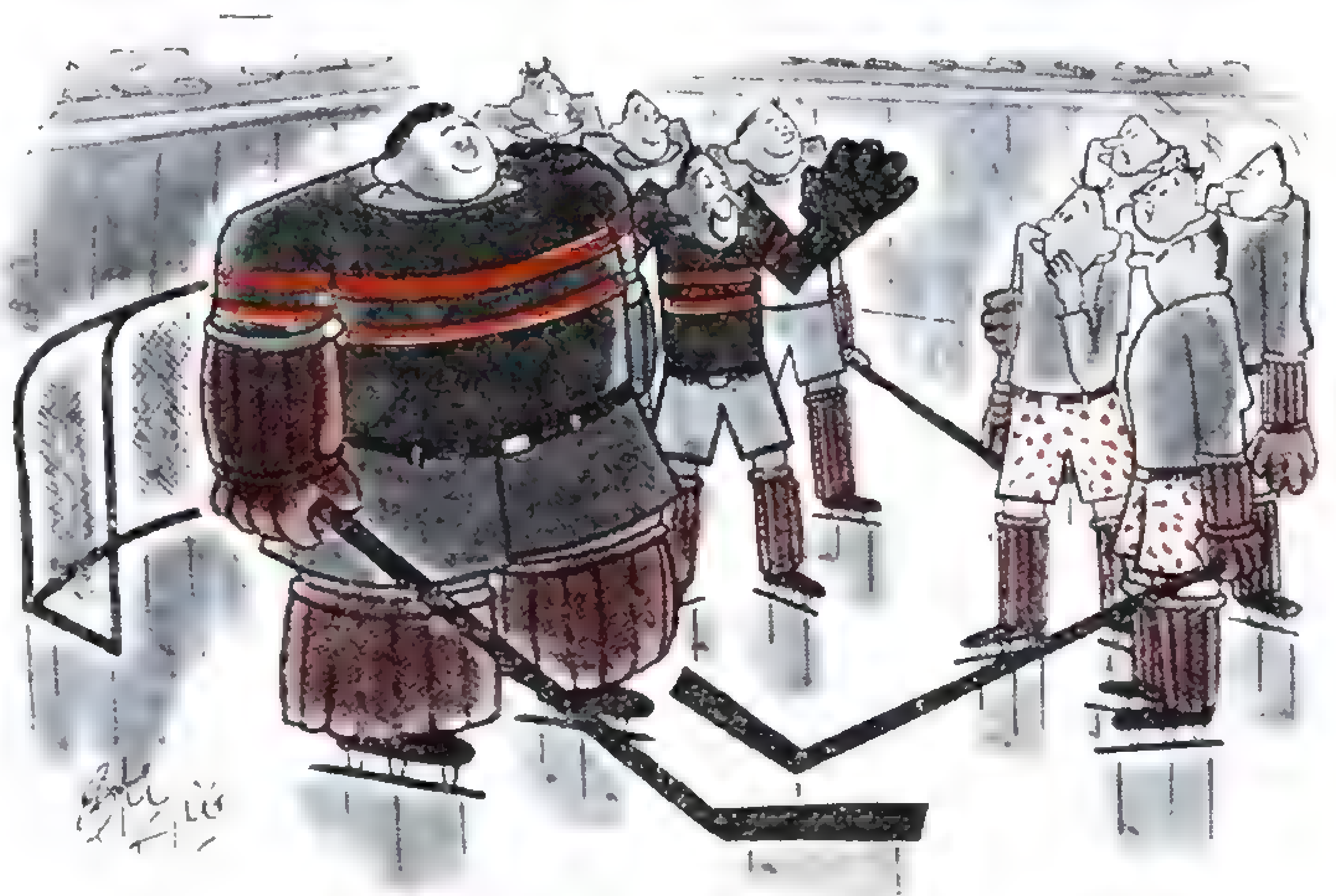
And if he were an agent of free will, he'd probably be supplementing his impressive collection of awards with booty from other sports. For, over the period of seventy-three years, Richard has indulged with more than passing skill in golf, hurdling, high-jumping, skiing, tennis, boxing, horseback riding and cycling. His "retirement" from these associated activities isn't attributed to the fact that his spirit is willing but the flesh weak. Perish the thought! As a matter of fact, only a few years ago he entered a three-day tournament at the Winged Foot Club and outlasted a field of "minors" in the rain to win one of the honors—going thirty-seven holes in the final. It's because he's been persuaded that it would be folly for him to pursue too many sports if he is to protect his underpinnings for his first and abiding passion—that of figure skating.

This circumstance was most forcibly brought to his attention in 1931 at St. Moritz, Switzerland, which he visited for seventeen successive years. Out skiing one day (at the young age of seventy-six) he came a cropper on a steep slope and a medico was hastily summoned. The doctor was astonished to see a patient with shiny white hair, a neat Van Dyke, and twinkling eyes. He looked for all the world like a bantamweight edition of Monty Woolley.

"Don't you think you're a trifle too old to go skiing?" the doctor asked after learning Richard's age. But it took a lot of persuasion to get Oscar to abandon the sport. He finally did so when he became convinced that if he were injured he'd have to forego his figure skating—and secondary pastimes such as golf and ballroom dancing.

Though he carried off his first gonfalon in 1872, forty-eight years were to elapse before Richard actually broke into the hallowed Hall of Champions of the United States Figure Skating Association. In 1920, when he was sixty-five years old, he was needled into entering the Junior National championship by friends who pointed out to him that he had

Continued on page 218



". . . and this is Ferguson, our goalie"

Let Esky Fill Your Christmas Stocking!

Esky's Christmas gifts will be tops in any stocking . . . they're the slickest buys of the holiday season . . . attractive, useful, inexpensive, designed to bring the very merriest Christmas ever . . . AND don't forget that "guy" in the service, if he's in the U. S., it's still not too late to send him a Christmas gift.

Esquire Date Book

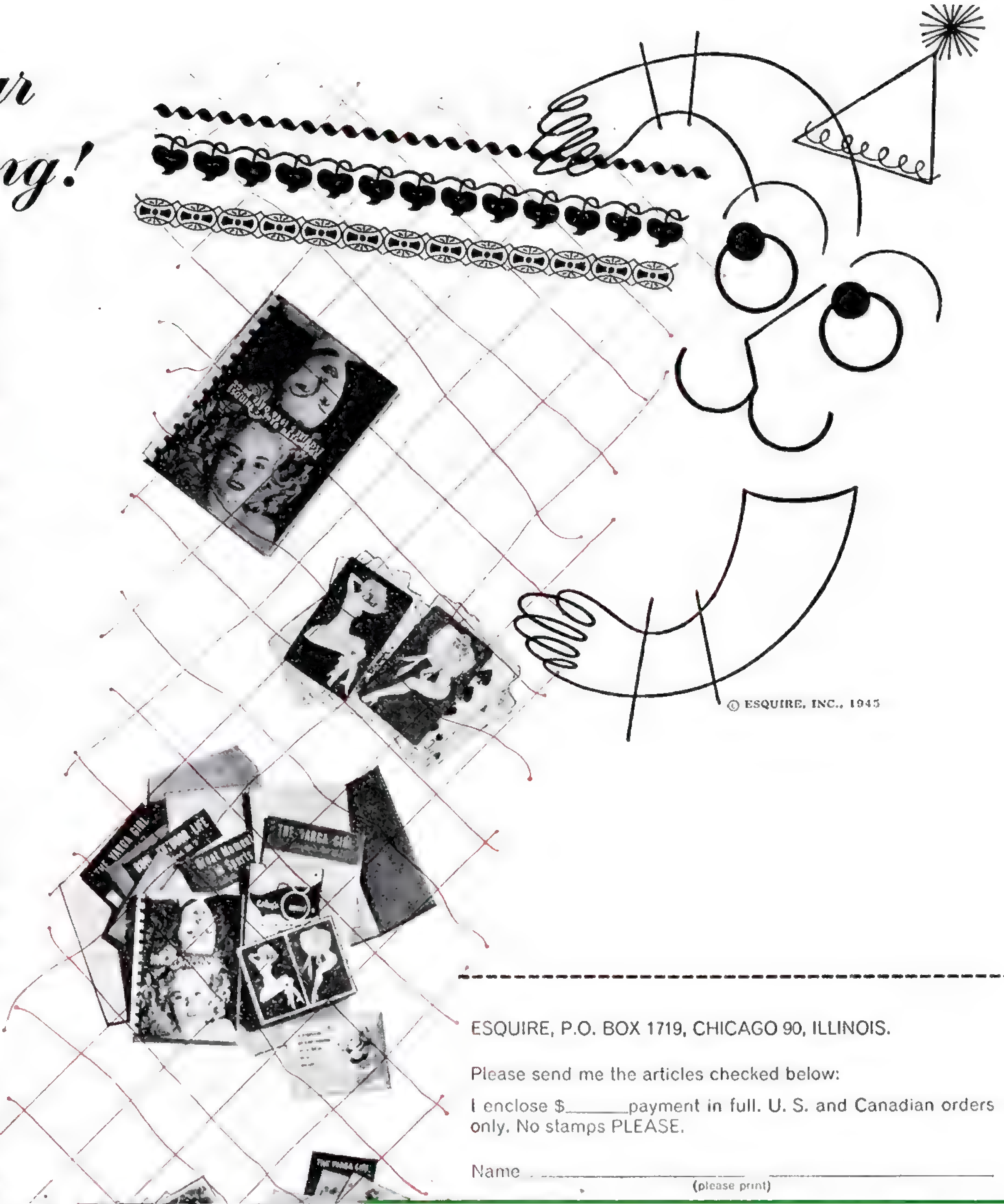
1. the 1946 Esquire Date Book . . . 104 plastic bound pages . . . 69 pages including an indexed telephone section, date-data, and 3 year calendar . . . 6 gayly colored Varga girls . . . 26 photographs and kodachromes of OUTSTANDING models and screen "glamourables" . . . 11 Esquire cartoon classics . . . a game section guaranteed to amuse . . . be sure to get one for your own use as well as one for a friend . . . 50c per copy.

Varga Playing Cards

2. the Varga Playing Cards . . . bridge-size, beguilingly sleek, smooth appearance . . . resistant to wear . . . INSTANTLY refreshed by a damp cloth when soiled . . . deck "A" in glamour-red . . . deck "B" in winter-blue . . . the twin decks include a free card manual, ESKY'S EIGHTS, packed with card tips, and score-pad pages . . . all for $2.00—the single decks are $1.00 each.

Gift Kit

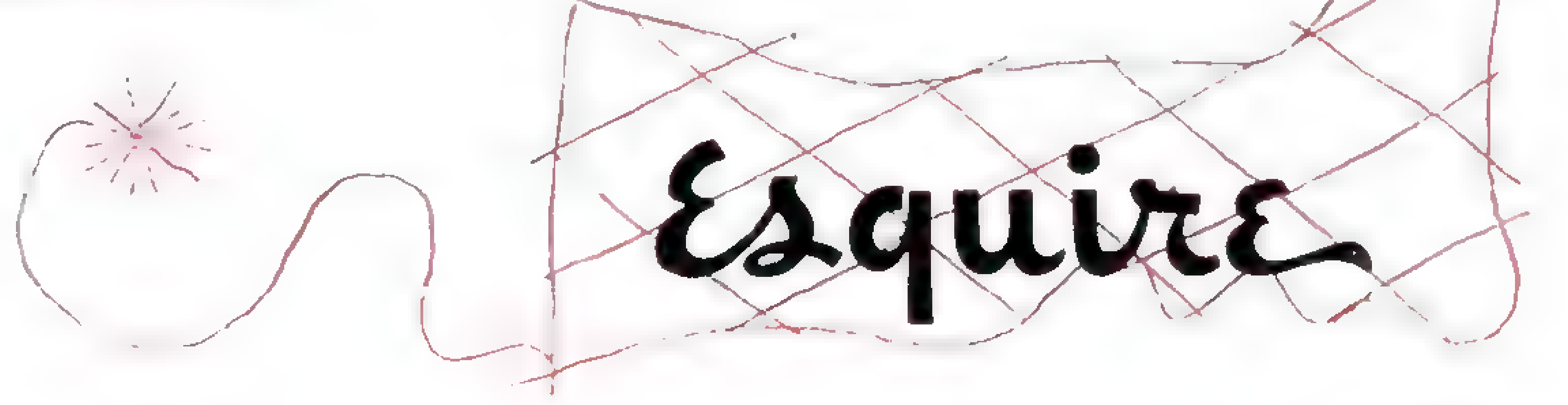
3. the Gift Kit—a superbly packaged, gift composite of the Date Book, 2 decks of Varga playing cards, Esky's Eights AND 9 complete sets (6 cards to a set) of choice super-size Esky Post-Cards. We wrap, package and enclose a special gift card . . . all ready



© ESQUIRE, INC., 1945

Coronet Quiz Cards

4. the Coronet Quiz Cards, Esky's NEW Buy-Product, a party-perfect game set designed for group use. These whiz-proof quizzes contain 5 duplicate question cards (allowing 5 people to compete at the same quiz) and 1 master answer card to each quiz . . . 2 complete quizzes to a set, smartly packaged, attractively designed and colored . . . 6½" x 4" . . . individually printed on sturdy quality card stock . . . these clever quizzes and their variety of subjects chase boredom away . . . 5 different sets . . . 10 quizzes . . . 60 cards for $1.00.



ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS.

Please send me the articles checked below:

I enclose $_______payment in full. U. S. and Canadian orders only. No stamps PLEASE.

Name _______________________________
(please print)

1. _______copies of the 1946 Esquire Date Book (50c per copy)
2. _______pairs of 1945 Varga playing cards and a free card booklet called Esky's Eights ($2.00 per pair)
    - _______"A" decks of Varga playing cards ($1.00 a deck)
    - _______"B" decks of Varga playing cards ($1.00 a deck)
3. _______Gift Kits at $4.50 each (U. S. orders only)

SPECIAL NOTE FOR CANADIANS ONLY
Price of Varga playing cards in Canada is $1.50 a deck.
Price of Varga playing cards in Canada per PAIR is $3.00.
Price of Esquire Date Book in Canada is 75c per copy.
Please make all CANADIAN REMITTANCES payable and send to:
Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

CORONET QUIZ CARDS sell at five (5) sets for $1.00.

I have selected_______sets checked below:

_______Sets No. 1 (PAGING THE SPORTS) (WHODUNIT)
_______Sets No. 2 (LEGAL LINGO) (GOING PLACES)
_______Sets No. 3 (WHERE IN THE WORLD) (CHERCHEZ LA FEMME)
_______Sets No. 4 (WHO STARTED IT ?) (JUST FOOLING)
_______Sets No. 5 (QUESTION HOUSE) (SPORTIN' ROUND)

I enclose $_______payment in full. U. S. orders only. No stamps PLEASE.

Name_______________________________
(please print)

Address_______________________________

City_______________Zone_______State_______

Nonagenarian on Ice

Continued from page 216

never before competed in this event.

No whit daunted, Richard with all the urbanity of a sixteen-year-old did compete and to no one's great surprise he captured the championship. That same day a nineteen-year-old youth from Boston won the Senior title. This unusual circumstance came about as the result of the rule that no figure skater could enter a Senior event until he had won the Junior competition. And those who know their "Oscar of Park Avenue" are certain that one of these days he will make his bid for the Senior crown.

That will come some time in the next ten years for Richard has often announced, "When I am 100 I shall consider I am old and retire."

Richard's first three-score-and-ten have been brilliant for his enthusiasm and skill in many sports. The New York A. C., the world's largest athletic club, had no building when he became a member in 1876, but young Oscar's feats helped to bring it renown. He was the 120-yard high hurdles champion and figured as a leading high jumper.

"I did only five feet, three inches in high jumping," he recalled, "but then we didn't have the Western roll or any other kind of roll. We simply dashed for the bar and leaped. As a matter of fact, sports were hardly a science then. We cared little about training and there were no hard and fast rules for amateur athletes. Fifty years ago the highly-trained competitor was a rare bird, indeed. We just went out and indulged in sports for the sheer fun of it."

On one of those occasions, Richard was challenged by the noted actor, John Drew, another member of the New York A. C., for his high-hurdles championship. They were racing neck-and-neck when the thespian took a bad fall at the fifth barrier. Twenty-seven years later, in 1905, at a banquet of the club Drew pulled up his trouser leg to show his conqueror the scars on his knees resulting from that event.

In 1896, Richard became the first American to import a motor vehicle from Europe and because of his love for speed in machines as well as on foot, became famous for his jousts with the law. The motor vehicle was a one and one-quarter horsepower De Dion-Bouton tricycle shipped from France and Richard promptly set forth to explore its potentialities. But three times he was arrested for exceeding the speed limit of ten miles an hour. Twice the case was dismissed and once he was fined five dollars.

On one occasion he succeeded in persuading the court that he could not possibly be breaking the law, arguing that the tricycle manufacturer would have paid thousands of dollars to produce a motor capable of doing the fifteen miles an hour he was charged with doing.

Three years later he acquired his first automobile, a Haynes-Apperson, and it was not without trepidation that he set forth in it. Motoring through the Berkshires, he was compelled to ask his wife to dismount at every hill for the machine could never make the grade otherwise. It was a converted buggy with hard-rubber tires and a handlebar steering gear. The seven horsepower single-cylinder motor was aft of the driver's seat and was cranked on the side, but the automobile was Richard's pride and glory for several years.

Forty years after his previous traffic violation, Richard was hailed into court again in a celebrated suit. He was given a ticket for parking, but proved to the court's satisfaction that he had been in a florist shop only 180 seconds and that, with his chauffeur seated in the car, he couldn't possibly have breached the law. He demanded a trial, got it and was vindicated. It was a far cry from the day that a mustached policeman had to chase him on a bicycle, but the case was cleared up just in time for him to catch the sailing of the *Aquitania* that would make the skating season at St. Moritz.

Richard humorously attributes his longevity to a "narrow escape" he had from Brooklyn. It seems that he was born in that noted burg and for the first six weeks of his life did nothing but cry, rant, squawk and exercise those celebrated limbs. His parents, duly solicitous, decided that perhaps the climate wasn't agree-

Continued on page 220

SWANK
WALLETS
SWANK

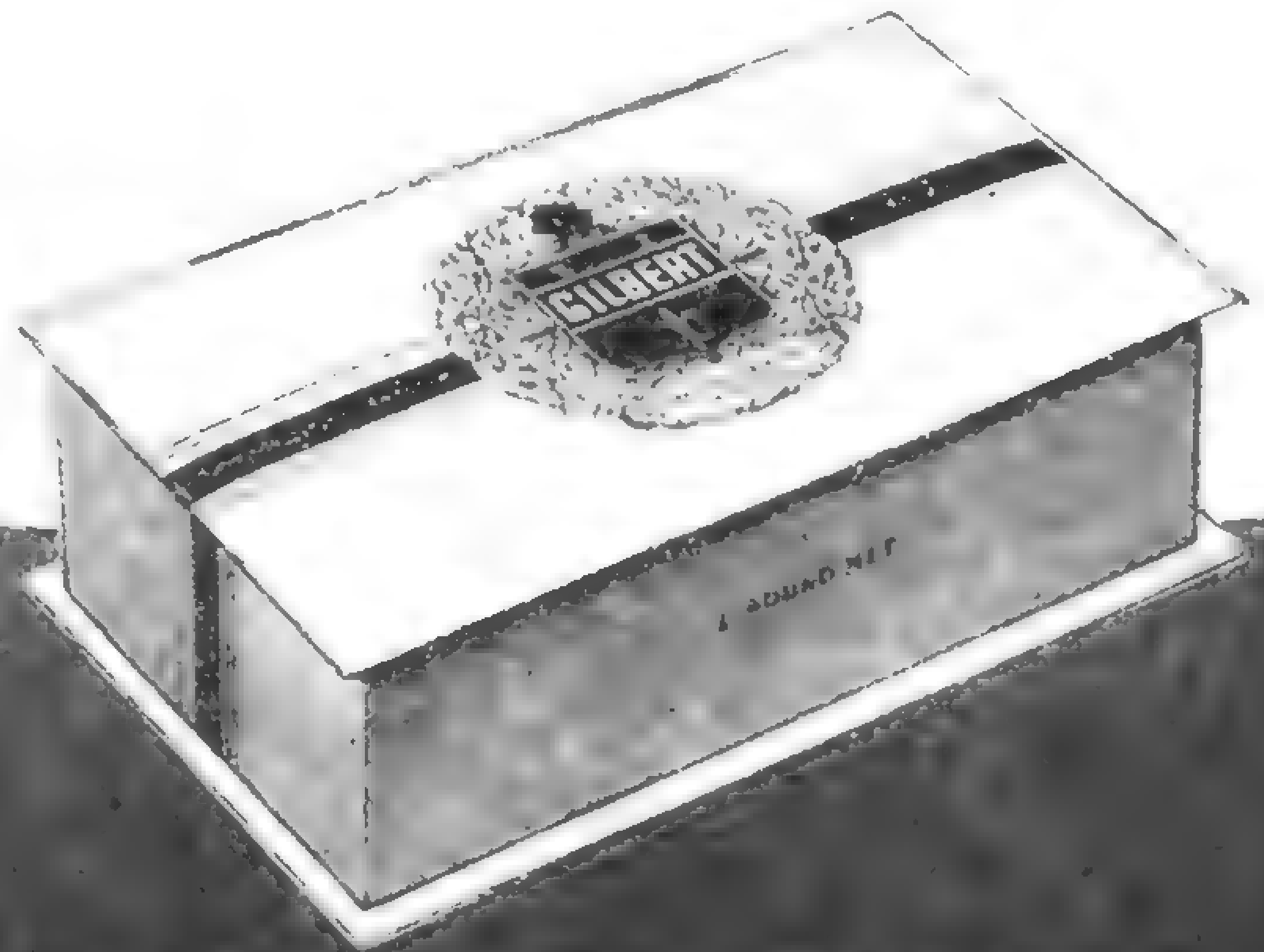
"The Senator" . . . $5

Combines billfold and pass case, which can be used together or separately, plus hidden money pocket. Fashioned in the traditional craftsmanship you associate with Swank. Genuine Morocco. Black or brown

TAKE the brown satin of rich chocolate from the jungles of South America . . . the cream that is a direct descendant of lush meadows and clear brooks . . . the spices of Far Eastern ancestry that moved West in Marco Polo's caravans . . . the fruits and nutmeats of sunny lands.

Poetry? So is a Gilbert Chocolate on the tongue. Blended by a master of the arts of flavor counterpoint and harmony, each is dipped by a knowing hand, each is the product of long-respected candy craftsmanship. Each will linger satisfyingly in your sweet-toothed memory until the next one.

JOHN O. GILBERT CHOCOLATE CO., Jackson, Michigan, U. S. A.



GILBERT
Chocolates

FILTERS FOR
WDC
ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

This Filter in ROYAL DEMUTH

cools the smoke...as it cleanses the smoke -makes pipe function superbly

FILTER
WDC
Royal Demuth

$3.50

BOX OF 25 FILTER REFILLS WITH EACH PURCHASE

THE changeable filter has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices *before* the smoke reaches your mouth.

Royal Demuth is thoroughly seasoned, expertly styled, exquisitely fashioned. Over 100 skilled manufacturing operations go into each pipe.

If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.

WDC

Nonagenarian on Ice

Continued from page 218

ing with him, so they crossed the East River on the ferry and set up a habitat in New York.

Moving to Manhattan did not totally shut Richard off from the land of his birth as there he was to establish the first branch of a bank he founded. In 1890 he organized the State Bank in Brooklyn and he served as president of that institution for twenty-six years before resigning in favor of his son, Harold. His father, head of the stockbrokerage house of C. B. Richard and Company, took him in as a Wall Street and shipping partner and Oscar became head when the elder Richard died. He relinquished his shipping interests during the first World War but is still head of the stockbrokerage house.

The Richards had a continental flavor to their lives and young Oscar spent some time in school in Berlin when the family went to Europe in 1868. Upon his return to America he became a student at the Institute Charlier, located at 24th St. near Lexington Ave., not far from the present downtown branch of City College. It was a private boarding and day school that accommodated 250 pupils, 100 of whom lived there, and so rigid was the master's philosophy of education that he stationed monitors at every corner to see to it that only French was spoken.

During those early years, Richard's father hit upon the idea of flooding his backyard during the winter and upon this crude ice young Richard mastered the intricacies of figure skating. After his first splurge at the MacMillan Rink, he decided that he would make a career of that sport, and in the seventy-three years since he has distinguished himself in many countries. Prior to the war he made annual pilgrimages to St. Moritz and was a steady patron at Sun Valley, Idaho, both in winter and summer, until that resort was taken over by the Navy. But wherever his travels took him, he was certain to win some sort of honor. Rarely a year went by but that he was excelling in one sports event or another.

Often he has paired with youngsters with striking results. Skating in some of the capitals of Europe, he reeled off prizes for sixty successive years. In 1935 he took an event for waltzing on skates on the Suvretta House rink at St. Moritz where he and his nine-year-old partner were "tumultuously greeted," to quote a newspaper account. His partner was Megan Taylor, an English girl, who is now a well-known professional skater in the United States.

At other times at St. Moritz he paired with an eight-year-old skater who had distinguished herself in Paris events. A few months later he received a brief cable from the young lady's father, Baron Egmont de Zuylen. It read, "Your young skating partner Sybil passed away today."

Once, at the Midnight Skating Club in New York, he was urged to enter an event at the last minute, and he consented. At random he selected a partner and when it was announced that "Mr. Oscar L. Richard and his partner have been selected as the winners," the unknown lady politely applauded. Richard was pleased to inform her that she was half of the title team.

His most unusual expedition occurred in 1928 when he was making a trip through the Panama Canal to Valparaiso, Chile. He had been informed by the Argentine Consulate of an ice establishment in Buenos Aires that was the counterpart of the Palais de Glace in Paris. So he packed his skates and set forth from Chile. In Valparaiso, meanwhile, a friend invited him to a game of golf at his club in the mountains. Each player had his caddy and an extra caddy who went ahead with two differently colored flags, which they posted when a ball rolled down a steep hill.

His next stop was at Santiago and from there by train he went 10,000 feet over the Andes and down to the coast of Buenos Aires. He hastened to the rink—only to discover it had been closed two years.

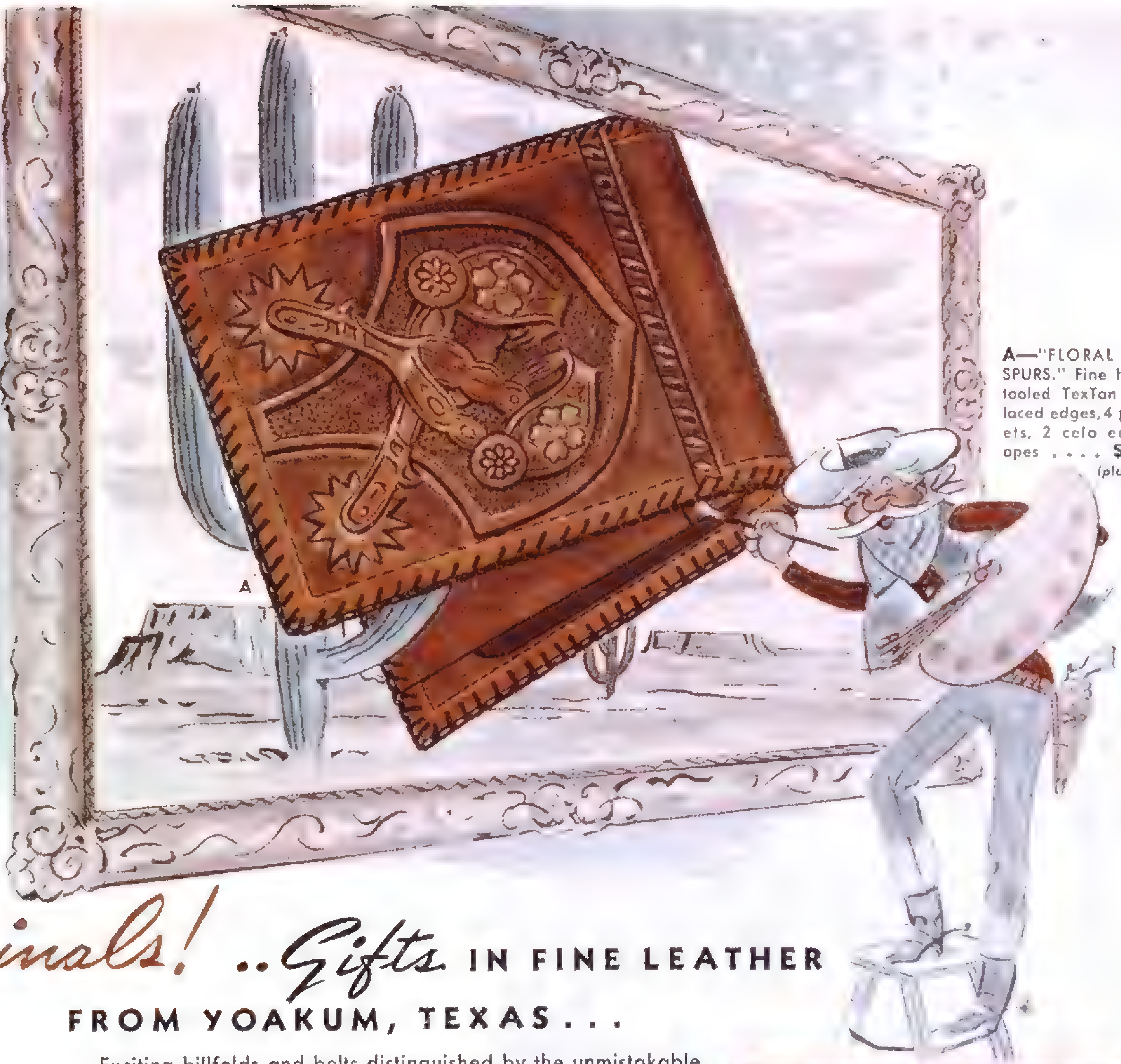
In the United States, Richard is regarded as one of the patron saints of figure skating. Every year since it was opened in 1936, the Rockefeller Plaza rink comes to life to the tune of his twinkling skates. Likewise he has performed for the masses at Central Park. The Commissioner of Parks has called upon him in winter to provide a bit of color with an exhibition when the public schools' skating competition comes off.

But it's with the Skating Club of New York that his heart lies. Prior to the war, this organization annually staged a colorful show at Madison Square Garden and Richard's appearance as soloist was as inevitable as death and taxes. Whether it was an enactment of a Currier and Ives lithograph showing a skating scene in Old New York or a patriotic motif in keeping with the times, Oscar L. Richard was almost certain to prove the liveliest performer.

Honorary vice president of the Skating Club as well as the U. S. Figure Skating Association, and an honorary member of the Philadelphia Skating Club and the Sun Valley Figure Skating Club, Richard has his own ideas on what constitutes artistic skating.

Accordingly it was no accident that on March 3, 1945, a new prize was introduced at the National championships. It was the Oscar L. Richard Trophy for artistic skating and the judges' panel consisted of a painter, a musician and a sculptor. The aim of the competition was to get the reaction of renowned people in

Continued on page 222

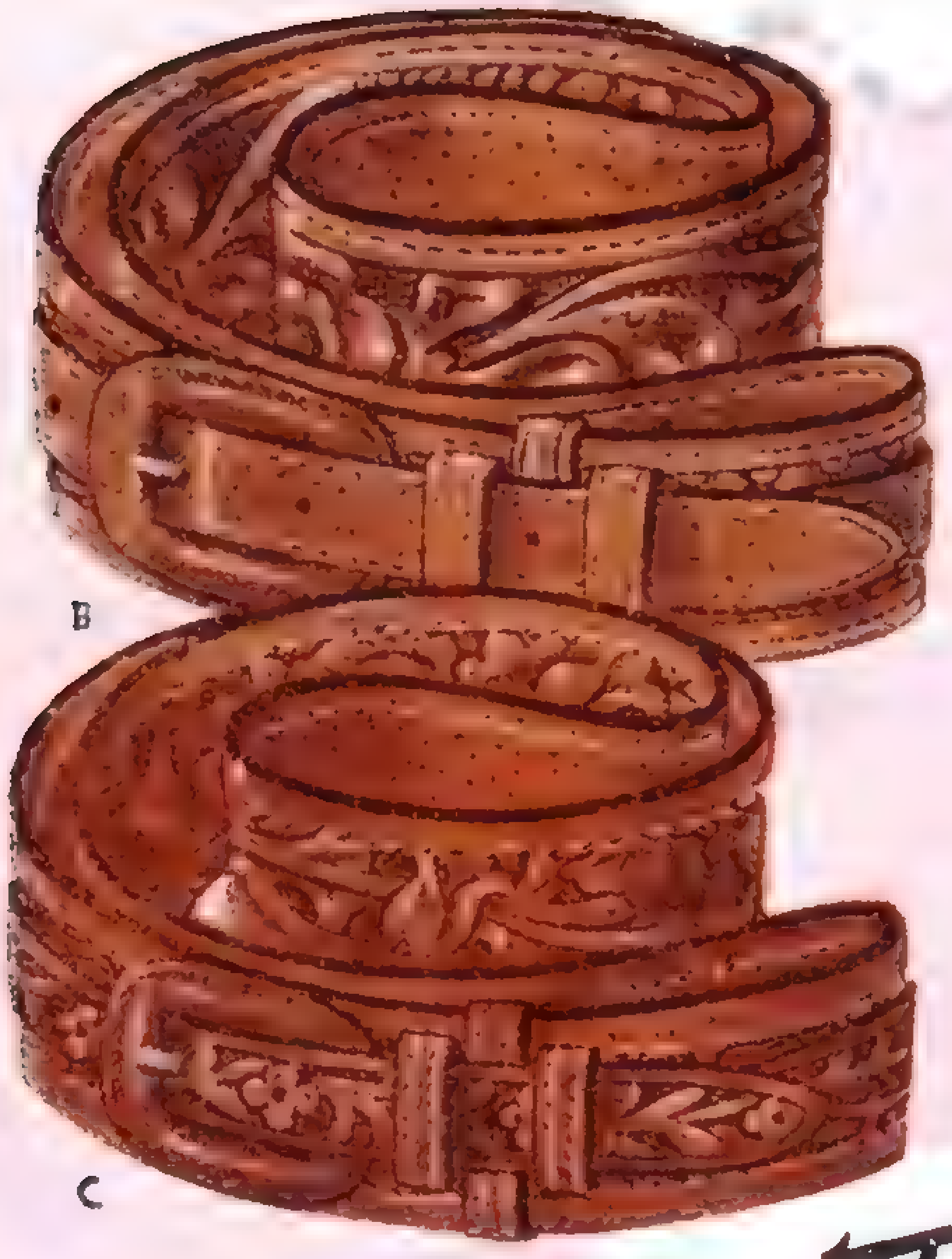


A—"FLORAL AND SPURS." Fine hand-tooled TexTan calf, laced edges, 4 pockets, 2 celo envelopes . . . . $9.00 *(plus tax)*

Originals! ..Gifts IN FINE LEATHER FROM YOAKUM, TEXAS . . .

Exciting billfolds and belts distinguished by the unmistakable craftsmanship and styling of creations by TexTan of Yoakum, Texas . . . Land-of-Leather.

Whether carved by hand, embossed or unadorned, each TexTan belt and billfold is a striking example of original art by masters of the traditional leathercraft practiced in Texas since its introduction by the Spanish Padres over four centuries ago. Ask your dealer to show you TexTan belts and billfolds.

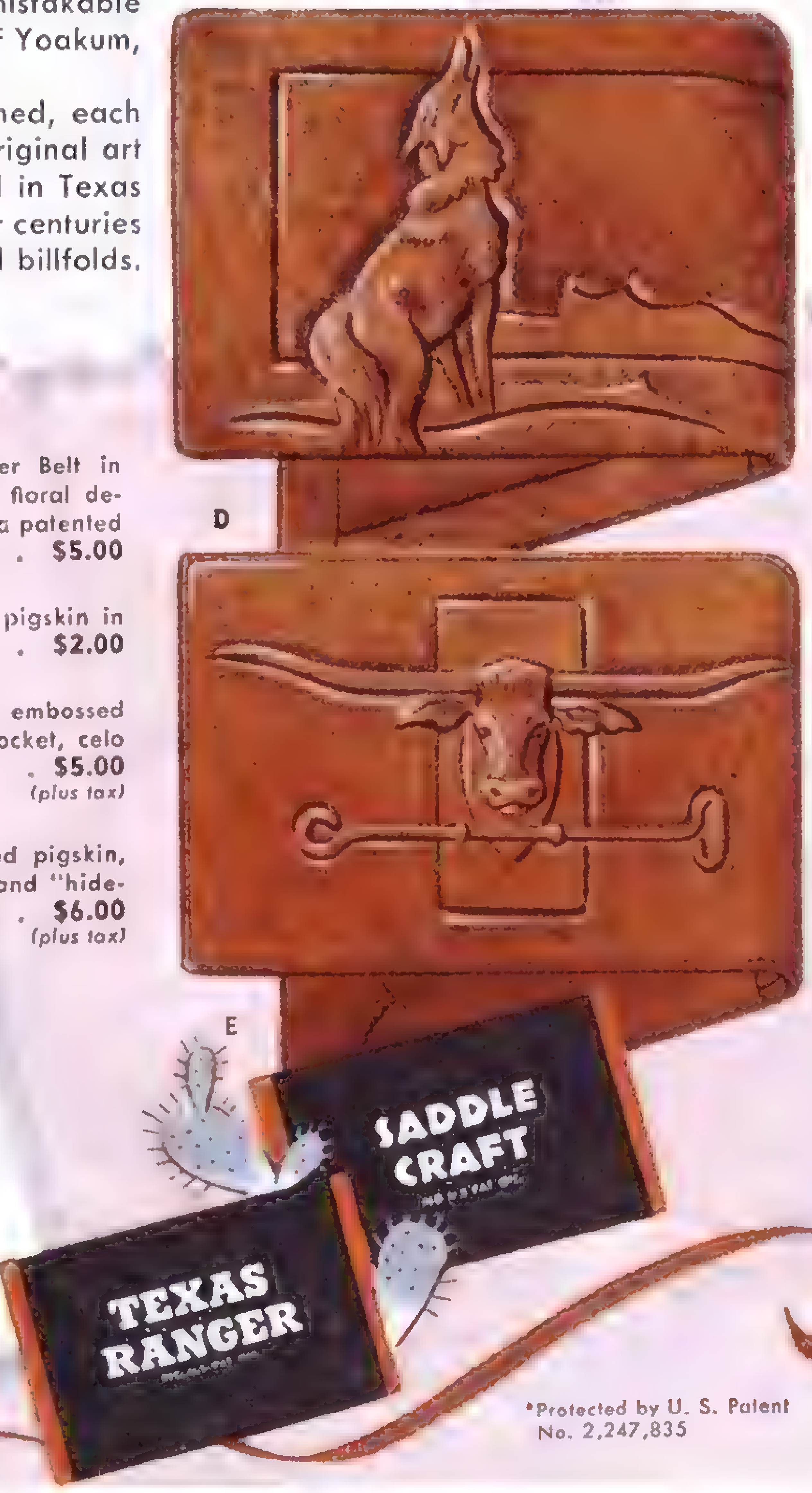


B—The "DON PEDRO." A Texas Ranger Belt in the popular 1¼-inch width. Hand-tooled floral design in pigskin. The removable* buckle is a patented Tex-Tan feature $5.00

C—Embossed Texas Ranger Belt of fine pigskin in smart floral design $2.00

D—The "COYOTE." Tex-Tan pigskin, embossed cover, snap coin purse, business card pocket, celo envelopes . . . . $5.00 *(plus tax)*

E—The "LONGHORN." TexTan embossed pigskin, double Longhorn on cover, four pockets and "hide-away" pocket . . . . $6.00 *(plus tax)*



TexTan
OF YOAKUM, TEXAS
NEW YORK OFFICE: 47 E. 34th STREET
LOS ANGELES OFFICE: 608 SOUTH HILL

*Protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,247,835

Darling—
What could
be nicer for my
best beau than these
Beau Brummell Ties
Peggy
all America is saying
BEAU BRUMMELL Ties the best

Beau Brummell Ties

AT BETTER MEN'S SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES
ONE TO TEN DOLLARS

AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO...SO GOES THE FASHION

B. B. T. INC., CINCINNATI

Nonagenarian on Ice

Continued from page 220

the world of the arts to the type of skating being presented.

And when the judges—Gerald Brockhurst, renowned English painter, Leon Barzin, music director of a radio station, and Georg L. Lober, well-known sculptor—rendered their verdict for Miss Janette Ahrens of St. Paul, they said she "represented complete grace and rhythm." That's Richard's own theory, for he scorns "jumpers and acrobats on skates.

"Skating," says Richard, "centers around full control of certain prescribed school figures and dances in a graceful manner, and in rhythm with the music the skater selects. When the school figures and dances are thoroughly mastered, the skater is at liberty to compose for free skating as many movements as he can combine and perform with ease, grace and in rhythm with the music he has chosen."

If it can be said that Richard spends his leisure days in figure skating, it can be likewise added that his nights have been devoted to the waltz. It was not unusual for him to carry off a prize in the afternoon for figure skating and that same evening be similarly acclaimed in the ballroom. Because of the publicity attendant upon his winning prizes for dancing, he has often been approached by elderly women who have in most dignified terms requested that he become their partner in ballroom dancing competition as "the oldest dance pair in the country."

Richard has given up horseback riding, along with other sports, but he likes to recall how he trained a saddle horse and won the competition at Durland's riding academy.

He likes, too, to reminisce about the time forty years ago when he read that Irving Brokaw, the U. S. Champion, had introduced a "new" method. "I was in St. Moritz when I decided to learn to skate the International style, which was different from the American style—with the arms raised instead of close to my sides. I found there was a measure of grace and power added this way—and two years later I was astonished and amused to read how Brokaw had "introduced" a style I had been using for the past two years!"

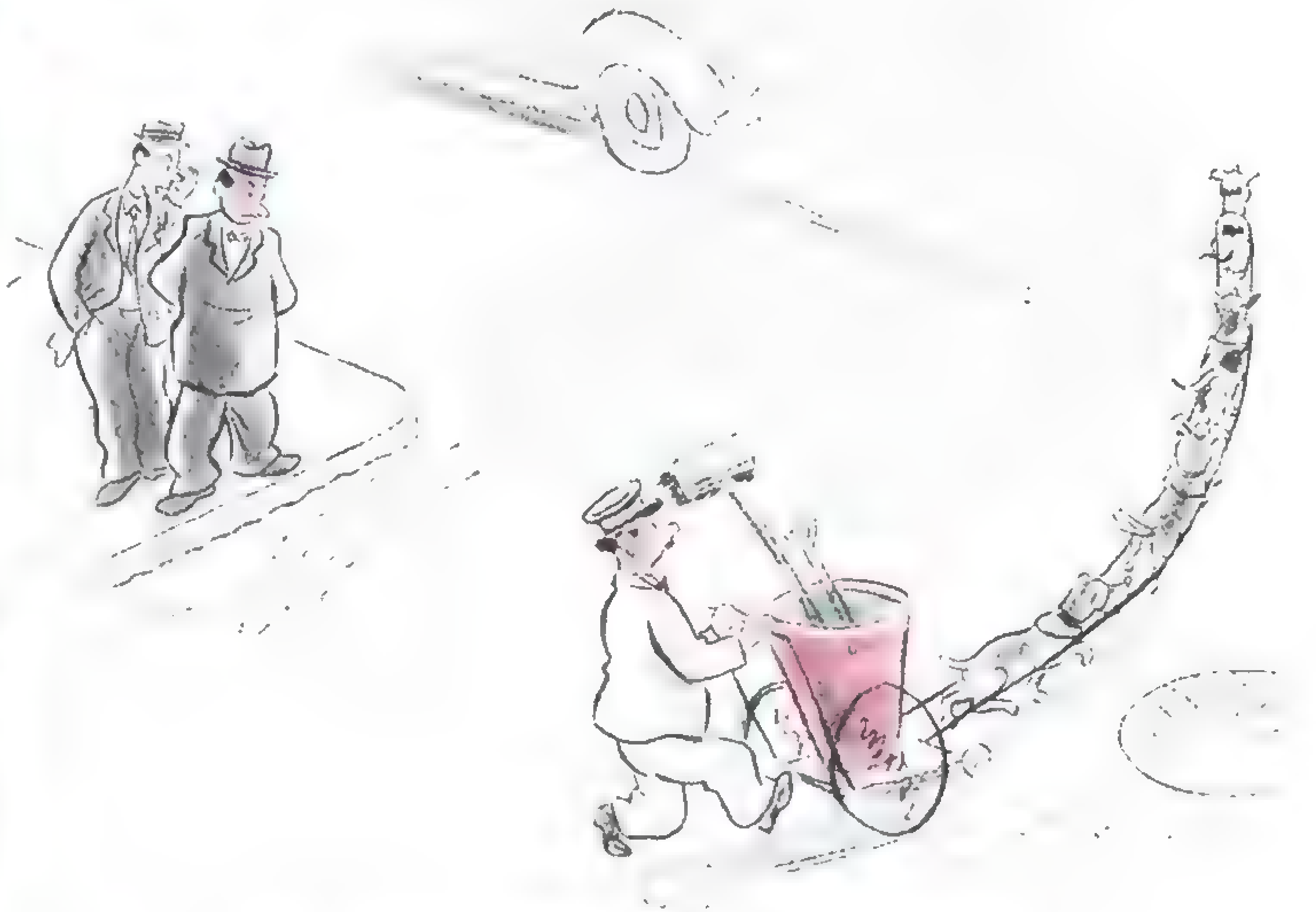
Last April, 125 convalescent soldiers, newly returned from the front lines, were brought from Halloran Hospital, Staten Island, to the Skating Club and here the "dean of skaters" gave a dramatic performance. The welfare of the men in the service is close to him, for he has four grandsons serving in the Navy, one of them a lieutenant commander, skipper of a DE boat.

At heart he remains the seventeen-year-old star of the MacMillan Rink event. When making one of his numerous ocean trips, while an octogenarian, he consented to being initiated by "Father Neptune" upon crossing the equator. Thereupon he was thoroughly whitewashed and egged—head, face and body—and shaved with a large wooden razor, according to established ceremony. Thereafter he was thrown into the deck swimming pool. Everyone hummed, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Richard lives in a beautiful eight-room penthouse apartment atop a Park Avenue skyscraper and on several occasions has exhibited his gardens.

In the handsome living room, over the fireplace, hangs a painting showing him in his favorite pose—skating on an iced lake against a background of snow-capped mountains and firs. Everywhere about him are souvenirs, mementos, medals, and prominent in his own den are some massive loving cups, most notable of his dozens of prizes.

"That one?" he said. "Oh, yes, that's the only one that's got nothing to do with my athletics. I received that big cup from my brother-in-law after having been married twenty-five years!" #



"He hails from Alaska, I understand"

ROMA
Estate
Burgundy

Add This Festive Touch!

Serve ROMA *Burgundy*

Delightful...Delicious...Distinguished

Elsa Maxwell

Because of Uniformly Fine Quality at Reasonable Cost—More Americans Enjoy Roma Than Any Other Wine

Speaking of holiday meals, famed hostess Elsa Maxwell suggests: "Serving ROMA California Burgundy with dinner is smart and gracious, lending friendly warmth to the holiday mood. I serve glassfuls of ROMA Burgundy at each plate. Looks so inviting . . . tastes so good. Simple . . . yet adds so much to mealtime enjoyment."

Try ROMA Burgundy—tonight. Delight family and friends with the fruity, robust, piquant taste of this superb wine. Like all ROMA Wines, ROMA Burgundy gives you the goodness of luscious grapes from California's choicest vineyard districts, gathered at peak flavor, gently pressed... then, *unhurriedly*, guided to perfection by ROMA's ancient winemaking skill. Bottled at the Winery. Always unvaryingly good. Enjoy the finest *for only pennies a glass.*

ROMA
Estate
California
BURGUNDY

Exclusively from Selected Grapes

ROMA
Sherry

ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES

First call for dinner... ROMA Pale Dry Sherry at cocktail time. During evening hours, enjoy the sweeter, golden-amber ROMA Sherry. For fullest enjoyment of the delightful bouquet, glorious nut-like flavor . . . *serve cool.*

Other fine ROMA Wines include:

Sauterne, Claret, Zinfandel...Muscatel, Port, Tokay...Sparkling Burgundy, Champagne... Vermouth.

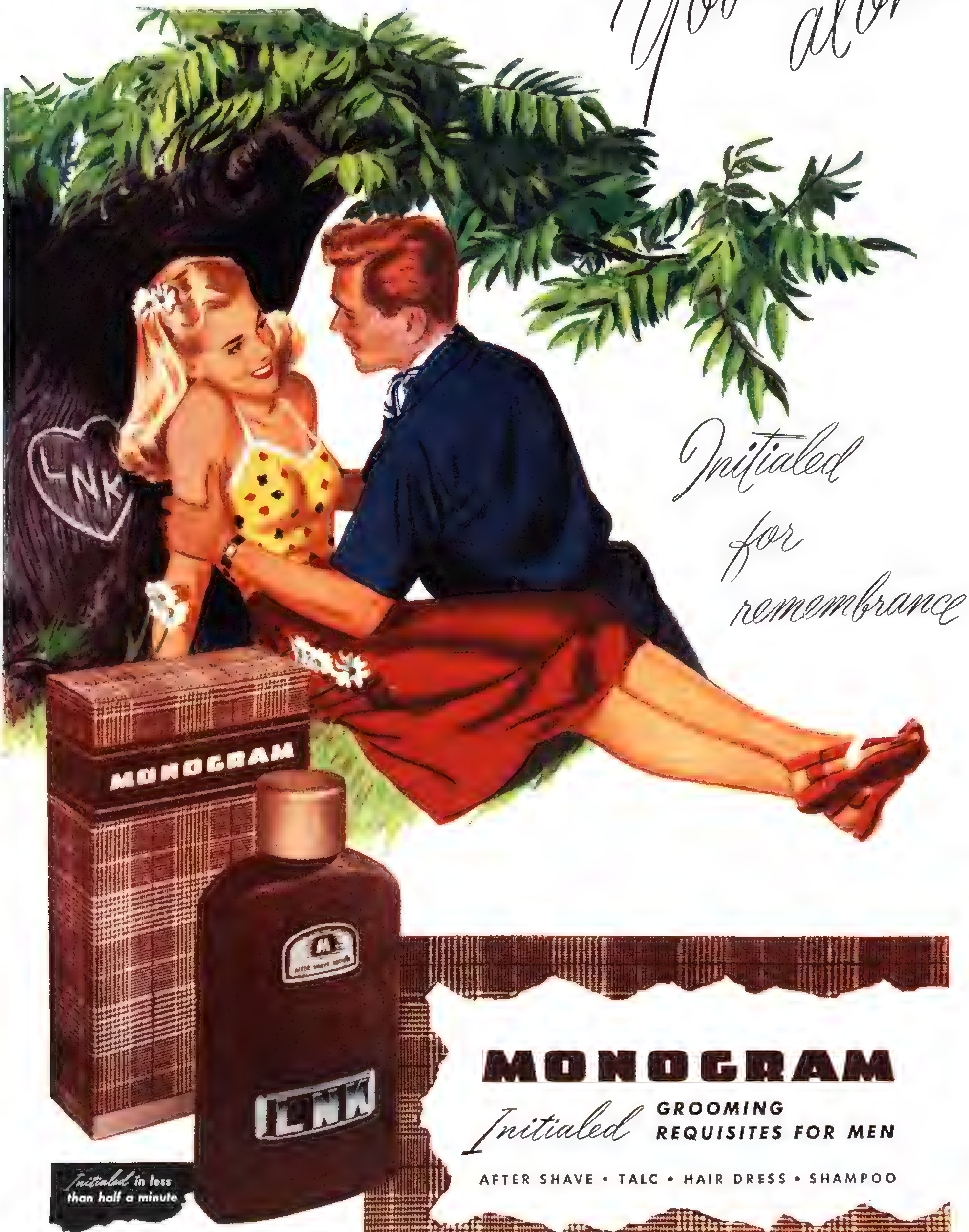
HELP BY HOLDING WAR BONDS

ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

© 1945 ROMA WINE COMPANY • LODI • HEALDSBURG • FRESNO—CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT FOR MEN THAT SAYS . . .

"Yours alone!"



Initialed for remembrance

MONOGRAM

Initialed GROOMING REQUISITES FOR MEN

AFTER SHAVE • TALC • HAIR DRESS • SHAMPOO

Initialed in less than half a minute

$2 per flask including the initials

Packed in Single, Double and Triple sets

© 1945 L. & K. LABORATORIES & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Colors that sing

Not loud—just lusty—arranged for you by McGregor, Master of the Chromatic Chorus, as Christmas gifts that give wardrobes a tilt and life a lilt. Give McGregor—and you give sportswear with a brilliant reputation for being as style-right as it's color-bright.

McGREGOR

Sportswear made in U. S. A.

And here's what they're singing . . .

(FROM LEFT TO RIGHT)

BOB the BASS

voice so strong, it needs a yellow muffler.

SILVER WOLF GANG CANADIAN WARM-UP COAT—Genuine Whitman Gabardine. Warm Timme Tuft collar. Alpaca lined; sleeves, too. **$42.50**

McDRUMMOND WOODSMAN SHIRT—Scotch plaid in authentic clan patterns. A warm, soft blend—75% wool, 25% rayon. **$7.50**

NATURAL COLOR CASHMERE MUFFLER—Luxuriously soft and wonderfully warm.......**$5**

TED the TENOR

throws his head back and his voice far.

GLENBIRD SUEDE LEISURE JACKET—Genuine Lawrence Suede leather front. Back and sleeves of 100% pure wool Hockanum flannel. Full rayon lining.................................**$25**

AUSTINIZED TELO-WEAVE SPORT SHIRT—Washable by Crown Test Green Light tests. Town—Country collar.........**$5**

KINGYLE PULLOVER SWEATER—100% all wool; Argyle Patterns. **$6.95.** Sleeveless, **$5.95** Juilliard Cord Slacks, **$8.50**

BARITONE BILL

he can grin—he knows you can't hit him.

FLYING RED FLAME LEATHER JACKET—Conmar Zipper-front flying jacket. 100% Seymour all-wool red blanketing lining. Beaver-dyed lamb collar. Knit cuffs and waistband...........**$25**

ROYAL BUCKINGHAM SPORT SHIRT—Summit Single Needle Tailored of luxurious 100% pure worsted flannel, product of the Newnan Looms. Brilliant new plaids distinguish this handsome example of the shirtmaking arts...........**$13.50**

Monotone MIKE

can't sing—but the red shirt sends him.

BIG ELK CANADIAN WARM-UP COAT—Genuine Whitman Gabardine—lined with Golden Shearling Sheepskin. Tawny beaver-dyed lamb collar. Twill rayon lined sleeves—with wristlets for *extra* comfort.......**$50**

McMOORE WOODSMAN SHIRT—100% all-wool in solid colors. Quality tailored of Parkella Flannel **$7.50**

McHIGHLAND PLAID MUFFLER—all wool; good-looking, authentic Clan Tartans.....**$3.95**

ALFY the ALTO

he makes music with his muscles.

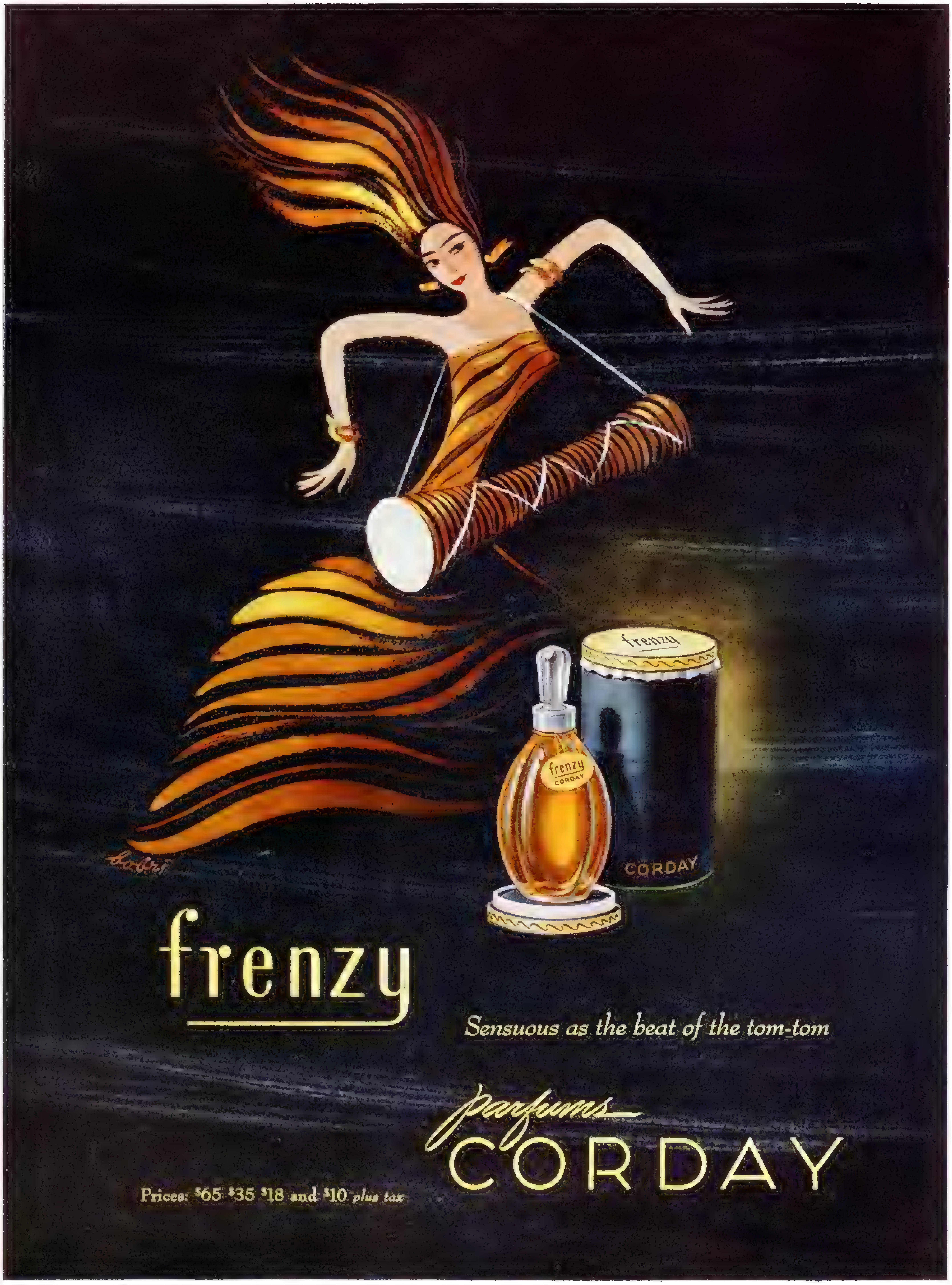
PREP MOUNT HOOD REVERSIBLE COAT—Zipper-front Parka Gabardine shell. Reversible lining is wool plaid. With hood. **$20**

PREP SCOT TARTAN SHIRT—Fine Seymour all-wool in authentic clan plaids. As colorful as it is warm.................**$7.50**

PREP HALSEY SLEEVELESS SWEATER—In warm, rich colorings..............................**$2.95**

All merchandise available at men's stores, department stores everywhere or write

DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.


bobri
frenzy
frenzy
CORDAY
CORDAY

frenzy

Sensuous as the beat of the tom-tom

parfums CORDAY

Prices: $65 $35 $18 and $10 *plus tax*

Tadeuz and the New Year

Continued from page 77

paper at the tool crib and was handed a turkey. He held it on his hands like an offering and ran to where the younger men were eating their lunches at the long wooden tables. He was so excited he started talking in Polish.

"Open 'er up and let's have a look," somebody said.

Tadeuz unwrapped it proudly and laid it on a table for them all to see. They marveled: "Boy, ain't she a beaut! There's a bird to end all birds. You're a lucky guy, Polack."

Tadeuz's heart spilled over. "I wish I could ask you guys over to the house, too," he said.

Somebody said something he couldn't hear and the men laughed.

Tadeuz hurriedly put the paper around the turkey and went out of the room. He was a little ashamed of his emotion. But he worked with these guys and he liked them because they had the same kind of troubles he had himself. When you worked with men and got to know them you found that they were just like yourself. Maybe they laughed and kidded and stuff like that, but down inside their hearts they were plenty okay.

When the five-minute whistle sounded, Tadeuz looked about for a cool place to put the bird. There was a wide window ledge a couple of hundred feet from where he worked. He went over and pulled the chain that opened the window and put the turkey outside. He hadn't wrapped it very well, and its head and neck and feet stuck out of the paper. He patted the feet affectionately with his thick fingers before going to his place of work.

A half dozen times during the endless afternoon he ran over and opened the window and checked with the fates. The bird was there, sure enough. And each time, before he closed the window, he patted the huge, cold, projecting claws.

On the bus going home, women moved away from Tadeuz. He was smiling into everybody's eyes and they thought he was drunk. Toni was asleep when he arrived, although it was very early evening. He didn't bother her. He inspected all the dainties she'd prepared and realized that she'd need plenty of rest before tomorrow. He took his precious package and set it on the floor of the pantry. There wasn't room in the refrigerator, of course, but the pantry was always so cold in winter that you had to keep the door shut to keep from chilling the rest of the house.

Tadeuz poked into the refrigerator in search of something for his dinner, but it was so full of the good things that go with a roasted turkey that he couldn't find his way around. He did find some rusk and some milk and after that was inside him, he forgot about everything but tomorrow. He took a bottle of sherry and a glass into the living room and switched on the lights of the Christmas tree. The tree was a symbol of all the blessings he enjoyed; the epitome of everything he knew that was of value. Tadeuz sat on the davenport and poured himself a glass of wine. He set the bottle on the rug and pushed it out of harm's way with his foot. He took a deep breath, leaned back, and grunted long and slow on the exhale. This, then, was completion. He sipped, raised his glass to the tree, and sipped again.

It wasn't long before he was sleepy. He bathed, washed the not inconsiderable ring out of the tub, and put on clean underwear. He raised Toni's window several inches and then went into his own room. During the night he laughed in his sleep.

In the morning Toni awakened him violently; he wasn't even sure she hadn't slapped him.

"Papa! Papa! Papa! wake up! Papa, they played a joke on you!"

"Huh?" he said.

"Papa! they played you a dirty trick! There isn't any turkey! Papa, for goodness sake, wake up!"

She jerked the covers off him. "Get up," she commanded "and look at what they did to you."

She pulled and pushed him to the kitchen. On the table were the head, the neck and the feet of a turkey, and also a scramble of cardboard, wires, cords, steel shavings and nuts and bolts.

* * *

Snow started falling again; granules as before. Although it was only a little past noon, the day became darker and darker until lights began appearing in the windows of the cottages across the street. Toni came into the living room and lighted a lamp. She had a cup of soup.

"You eat this, Papa," she said, "and I'll sit right here and see that you do."

Tadeuz put the cup to his lips, then set it down on the floor beside his lunch pail. He couldn't eat anything.

"You're just being silly, Papa," Toni said. "You're acting like a little boy."

Tadeuz looked sorrowful.

"Everything went all right yesterday; you know it did," she said. "Nobody cared that they didn't have turkey."

"I know," he said.

"And all those other things we had. The sausage from the basement and the cans of corn beef. And the cakes and the candies for the kids."

He knew.

"And after the people started drinking, nothing made any difference anyway. You know that, don't you?"

Tadeuz nodded and sighed. "I know it," he said.

"And you believe that everybody had a good time, don't you?"

"Sure," he admitted heavily;

Continued on page 228

Pajamas . . . Plus!
designed for
sleeping,
loafing,
living

This year—give that man a gift he can wear and enjoy . . . for sleeping comfort and lounging ease . . . a pair of First Nighter pajamas.

Crew neck pullover of soft combed, mercerized balbriggan. Broadcloth trousers tailored as meticulously as his favorite slacks with pleated tops, roomy side pockets, breathe-with-you Wonderbelt.

Tops in solid colors, bright cluster or multicolor striping. Trousers in Wine, Blue, Brown. Sizes A to D. About $4.

FIRST NIGHTER
by Weldon

LUBIN-WEEKER CO. INC. 1270 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

... in a Nutshell!

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

Here's the whole story—

If you want the finest cocktails possible—*in the fastest time possible—just add ice to Heublein's.*

These famous prepared cocktails are made from superb ingredients—including genuine, pot-stilled Milshire Gin.

Always ready and always right. Ask for *Heublein's Club Cocktails* at your local liquor store. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford 1, Connecticut.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

THE FIVE KINDS: Manhattan, *65 proof* · Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof* · Side Car, *60 proof* · Daiquiri, *70 proof*

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Tadeuz and the New Year

Continued from page 227

"sure they had a good time."

Toni was more and more perplexed. "I don't know what to do with you, Papa," she said. "I hate to see you sitting there so miserable."

For quite a while they watched the snow falling down through the dusky afternoon. Toni was sitting on the davenport beside the mackinaw and the cap and the mittens.

At last she said, "Is it because they'll laugh at you? You hate to have them laugh at you at the mill?"

Tadeuz's face got more pinched than before.

"So that's it, then!" she exclaimed. "And why should you care if they laugh? They're hooligans—the whole bunch of them. They're mean and cruel. They enjoy themselves when other people suffer. They enjoy *making* other people suffer."

Tadeuz shook his head stubbornly. "They're all right," he said.

"Papa," she cried in exasperation, "sometimes you are a fool about people. You think that everybody's nice. A lot of people aren't nice at all. Just because you're so swell doesn't make other people like that too."

But Tadeuz kept shaking his head with slow firmness. Tadeuz was a lover of his fellows.

Toni had an inspiration: "Why don't you quit, Papa? Why do you go back to the mill at all?"

Tadeuz snorted at such a silly suggestion.

"Well, why don't you?" she insisted. "You could if you wanted to. And I wish you would, too. The heck with them. Let them laugh at somebody else."

"Such talk," he said.

"It's not, either," she said hotly. "You could quit if you wanted to. You have some money and you could get another job. Plenty of people would want you to work for them."

Toni talked on and on in this vein. Tadeuz seemed to be paying no attention. But suddenly he jutted a forefinger into the air. He pivoted around and announced explosively: "You are right. I could quit the mill."

"Sure, Papa, you don't have to go back at all."

"I could just give you my badge," he exulted. "I could give you my badge and you could go and get the things out of my locker. That's what I could do."

"Sure, Papa, that's all there is to it."

He slapped his leg. "By golly!" he cried, "I wouldn't have to go back there at all if I didn't want to." He frowned in happy concentration. "Let's see now," he said very slowly, fixing once and for all the strategy of the operation, "you could take my badge and go to the office. You tell them I quit. Then they go get the things out of my locker and give them to you. And then you bring them home here."

"I'll get the things," she assured him. "Let them laugh at somebody else."

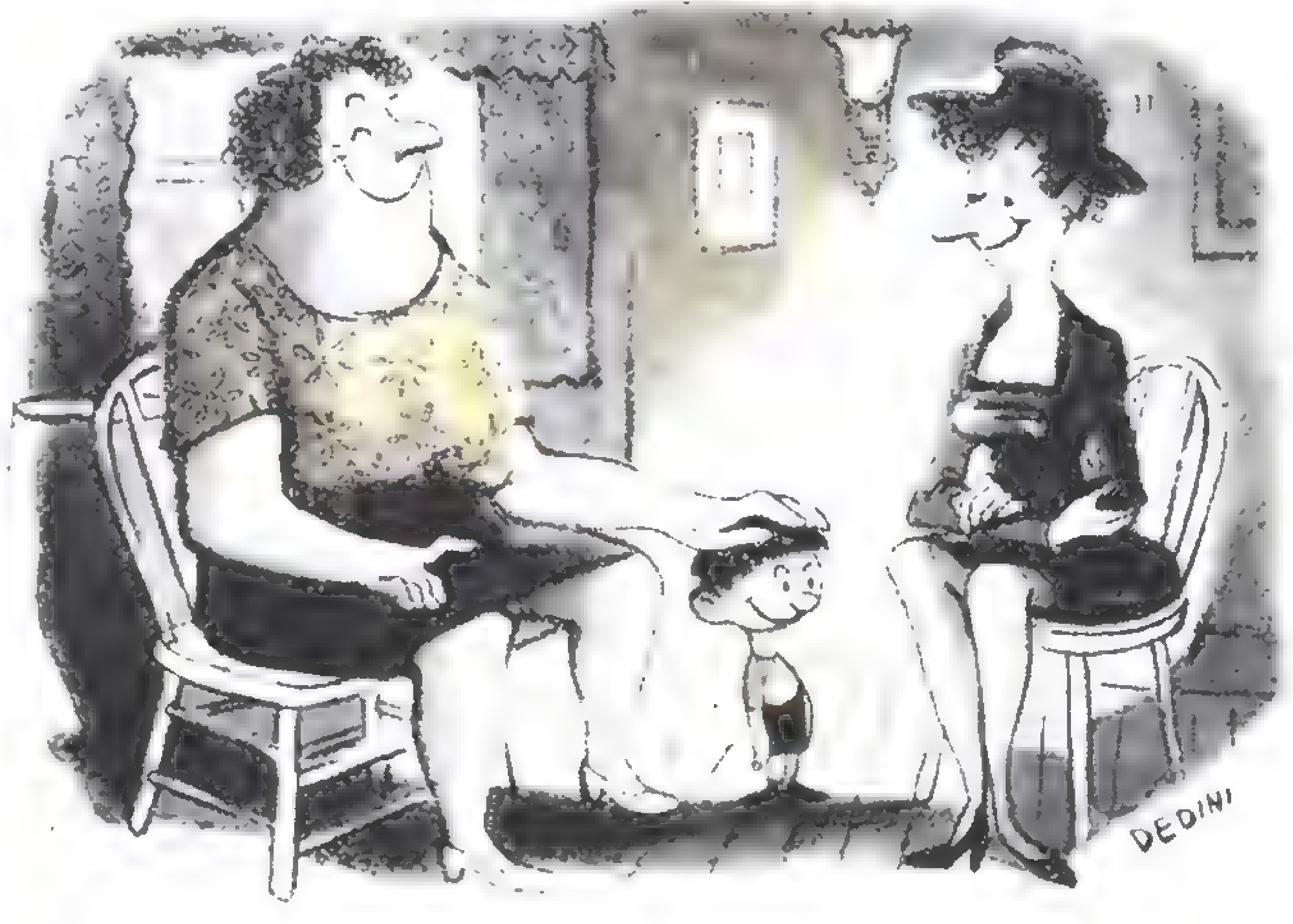
"So you see I don't have to let them laugh at me if I don't want to," he said smugly.

The record inside Tadeuz had been silenced since yesterday morning. Now it started playing again. It was playing again with all its incessant and lovely reiteration. All the tabulating and retabulating of his gifts: the many good friends in the mill and out of it; the citizenship papers; the love of Anna, safe these eight years in the arms of the Virgin Mary . . .

But an important gift had been added; a gift so tremendously gratifying that it became an overtone which seemed almost to sublimate all the others. He didn't know what it was. He just knew that he didn't have to go back if he didn't want to.

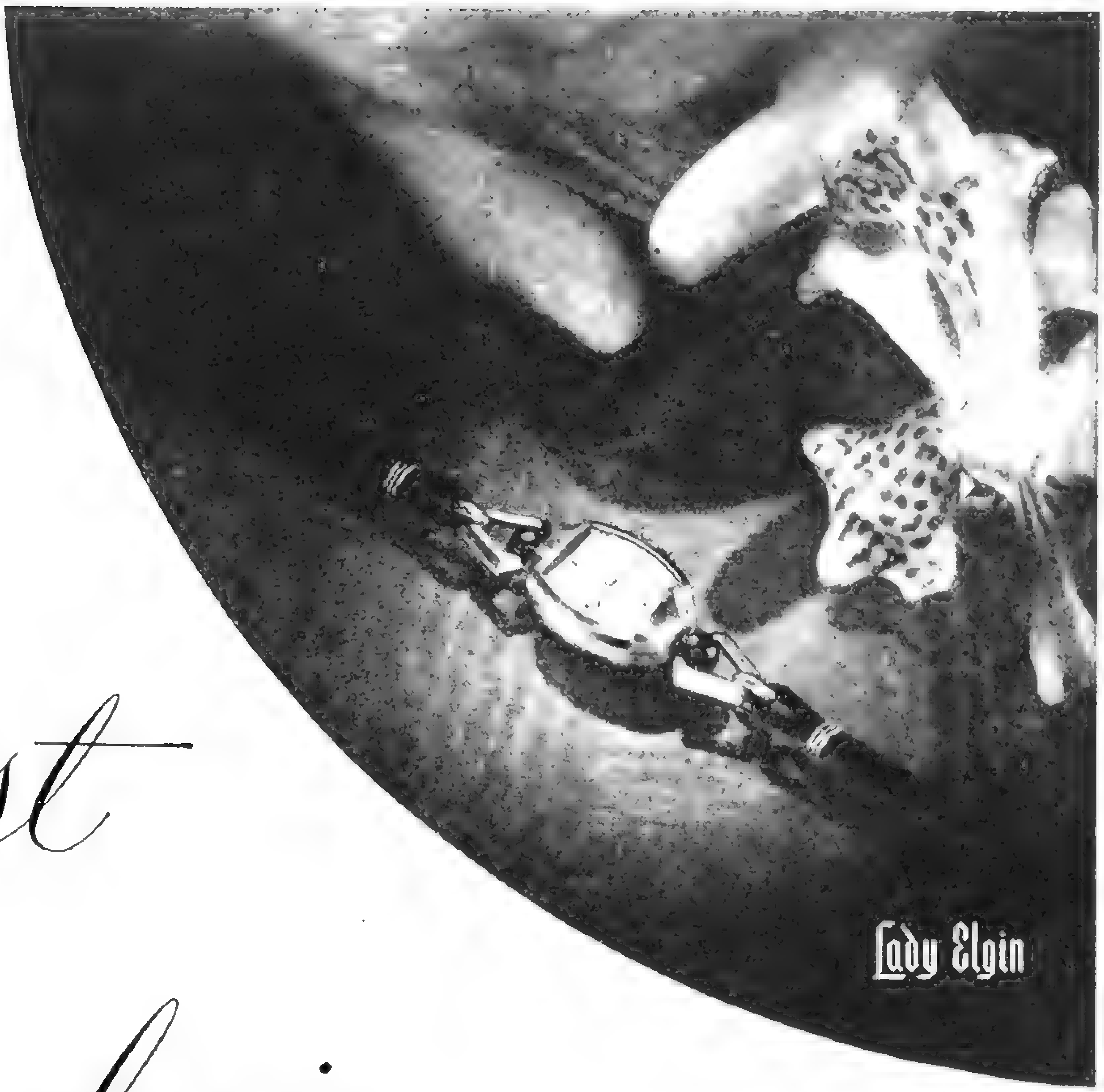
Tadeuz was chuckling. He went over and switched on the lights of the Christmas tree and the tree chuckled too. Quietly he put on his mackinaw, his cap and his mittens. He tucked his lunch pail under his arm. He was still chuckling as he hurried down the snowy street in the direction of the mill. #

Continued from page 77



"Tomorrow he goes to reform school"

Hold fast to your desire...



THERE WILL BE MORE ELGINS

Perhaps you have been patiently waiting for an Elgin Watch—America's favored gift choice since 1865. If you have, don't change your wish now.

Until V-J Day Elgin's fourth generation craftsmen were serving the nation by making vitally needed precision instruments and timing devices. But that need has been filled. Elgin's war-sharpened skills are now happily applied to the creation of supremely fine watches for you.

It will be a while yet; the making of fine watches is a pains-taking work. But what a reward for *your* patience will those watches be! Utterly beautiful; precisely accurate.

In the confusion of claims for foreign-made watches, hold fast to your desire for a Lord Elgin, a Lady Elgin or an Elgin DeLuxe. There *will* be more of these superb, American-made watches—reasonably priced, styled in unquestionable taste and timed to the stars. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A. (*This is our 80th Anniversary.*)

BUY THE BONDS OF VICTORY!

Again on Thanksgiving and Christmas—Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS"—coast to coast over CBS Stations, 4 to 6 p. m. ET.

ELGIN

Gift choice of American Families since 1865

Lord Elgins

by Clipper to Hawaii...
with

OSHKOSH PLANE-FLIGHT LUGGAGE

Exotic names and exciting places are no longer half a world away! They're just a few hours by fleet clipper planes. And when *you* hit the air lanes—you will find that Oshkosh "Plane-Flight" Luggage gives you beauty and durability *plus* lightness and compactness. Oshkosh is luggage you can be proud of —wherever you go. Wait for "Plane-Flights" —available *soon!*

Made by the makers of OSHKOSH "CHIEF" LUGGAGE

OSHKOSH *Luggage*
THERE IS NONE FINER

OSHKOSH TRUNKS & LUGGAGE • OSHKOSH, WIS.

Twilight of a Cowman

Continued from page 109

grave, I think I'd give you a whipping right here.' 'Pardner,' I said, 'the late Samuel Colt, of Connecticut, made all men equal. I am ready to start when you are.' This yellow-bellied bum just walked off. Why didn't he stay and fight? No courage. I think he's a Seventh Day Adventist, to boot.

"But to get back to bad men. They taught me one thing. Do you know the best disguise a man can have when he's hiding out? Growing a mustache won't do any good. Just get a new and very different hat from the one you've been wearing. You'd be surprised how people won't recognize you, especially if you wait till it's getting a little dark before you go out on the streets."

A slatternly old woman with a bad leg, which caused her to walk with that sidewise, hitching motion known in Texas as "antigodlin," ambled past the window. "There goes another one," he said. "Another what?" I asked. "Another O'Daniel supporter." This put him in high spirits.

"Some days I feel all right," he said. "But I know I can't live long. Nobody will miss me much. But what of it? I learned my lesson early in life. When I was a young buck I was courting one of old Caesar Dinwiddie's girls, the one with the black eyes, and I thought she liked me."

"She," interjected Aunt Aggie, "is the one who later became a madame in Tulsa."

"Don't interrupt me with your family skeletons," the cowman continued. "I went out to Arizona and was gone eighteen months, and when I got back I met this girl on the street one day. I lifted my hat and started to say howdy, or maybe something sweet, and she said, 'Oh, have you been away?' Had I been away? She knew damn well I had been away. I never had any use for her after that. But they're all alike."

BEWARE OF DOG

The old man sat there thinking, looking out the window intently. After a time he said:

"I just noticed something funny. Lots of folks wouldn't notice it. They don't keep their eyes open, and they don't think. You saw those little turkeys out there—just babies? Well, there's a big spider that's got a hole out there in the grass. He waits till the little turkey gets over the hole and then he tries to grab it by the leg and pull it down. He got one the other day. Well, that spider was crawling across the little bare space near his hole just now, and all of a sudden something scared hell out of him. It was a bird of some sort. There's a bird that's death on spiders. Well, what does all this add up to? It's life itself. The grasshoppers and the worm are afraid of the little turkey. The little turkey is afraid of the spider, or would be if it had any sense, and the spider is afraid of this killer bird, and the killer bird maybe is afraid of me. And I guess I'm afraid of God, though sometimes I think there's not much to be afraid of."

"You'll find out some of these days," said the pious Aunt Aggie.

"God and I," said the cowman, "have always minded our own business. We're as independent as a couple of hogs on ice."

We had another drink. The cowman said he couldn't afford good whiskey any more, even if he could get it.

"I ought to be a rich man today," he said. "Outside of the money I've made and lost, I should have been born rich. My old pappy—you remember seeing him when you were a kid—was a young fellow with a herd of 800 fine cattle running out in the San Saba River Valley when they brought the news to him that the Civil War had started. So he said to a friend of his, 'Here, keep an eye on these cattle. I've got a job to do. It will take me about six months.' He went off and joined Terry's Rangers and fought all through the war. Four years later he came back sick and wounded, but he knew he would be all right, for he had those 800 cattle. But he didn't have 'em. When he got there he found only eight poor old cows. Indians and rustlers. He never got on his feet again.

"But there was a brave man. We were moving northwest in the Spring of 1878. I was a little shaver and there were two brothers and two sisters, all little. Mother was not well. We had two wagons, some horses, and a little herd of cattle, and that was about all. It came on dark one night somewhere in the west end of Williamson County, and pappy pitched camp near a man's house. It was a cold night and he went up to this man and asked if we could take some of his wood to start a fire. The man refused, which was very unusual in those days, but you must remember that the early settlers were all scared they were going to run out of wood some day. The wood started growing after the Indians stopped burning off the country. There's more wood here now than

Continued on page 232

wanna be an angel?
RPW
Germaine Monteil
Germaine Monteil
mau
teil

say NOEL, NOEL

with beautifully packaged

Cosmetics and Perfumes

by Germaine Monteil

A flat hat may be a happy accident...
...but a flat drink is always a tragedy!
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER
PIN POINT CARBONATION
Keep drinks Lively with
CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

Why spoil drinks with an inferior mixer? Unlike ordinary club sodas . . . or carbonated tap waters . . . sparkling Canada Dry Water is scientifically made to *improve* your drinks, rather than just dilute them. Original "Pin-Point Carbonation" keeps 'em bubbling with life—to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula points up . . . never drowns out . . . flavor.

In addition, it has all the purity, all the uniformity that has made the name Canada Dry famous the world over.

It's smart to serve Canada Dry Water at home—to ask for it when you're out. You'll agree...it's the only club soda that belongs in your glass.

Twilight of a Cowman

Continued from page 230

there ever was. Anyhow, Pappy told this man that, by God, he had a sick wife and some freezing kids and he was going to take the wood whether he liked it or not. I thought they were going to fight, but the man finally backed down. That was a cold night. This man, if I remember right, was a German Lutheran."

"Why do you have to always put in what a man's religion was?" asked Aunt Aggie.

"I don't have to," said the cowman. "I do it because I like to, and for the moral effect, you might call it. I learned early in the cattle business that people with a bad case of religion would just as soon skin you as not. Some are fine folks, but their religion hasn't got much to do with it. Colonel Ingersoll felt much the same way about things."

I began to wonder about what urgent matter had caused the old man to send for me. "I must go pretty soon," I said. "Did you have anything special on your mind?" Instantly he became alert. Aunt Aggie, sensing that something was in the air, withdrew.

"Have you got any money—I mean big money?" he asked. "No," I said, "I'm just about broke." "That's all right," he said, "none of your folks ever had much money either.

"The idea is this," he went on. "You can get money. Ever been over in Old Mexico? I know a tract of land over there we can get on a long lease. It is a paradise. Best grass in the world. The government is sound now, and we could do business with 'em without being robbed. You and I will be together. I'll supply the brains and you can help whatever way you want to. We'll raise beef cattle and ship 'em into the States. There's a fortune in it for both of us, and for the man who backs us."

"Where," I asked, "would we get the backing?"

"New York," he said. "I don't care who you get it from. The Morgans, Myron C. Taylor, or one of those bright young Rockefellers. Anybody. If he's got any vision he'll see it's all right. If they want to know about me, ask anybody in the Southwest."

I hesitated to tell him that vision of that sort was as rare in New York as anywhere else, and I did not want to allude to his record of failure, or to the fact that his battered body could not bear up under such strenuous activity. All I could say was, "All right, I'll do the best I can." He sensed my doubt, and said dully:

"If it works out, fine. But something will stop it. I guess I ought to realize I'm through, but when I think of something like this Mexico thing, I get crazy to get in the saddle again.

"Maybe it's best to forget it." He motioned toward the kitchen and Aunt Aggie. "Even if we made a million dollars, she'd get rid of it. She always has."

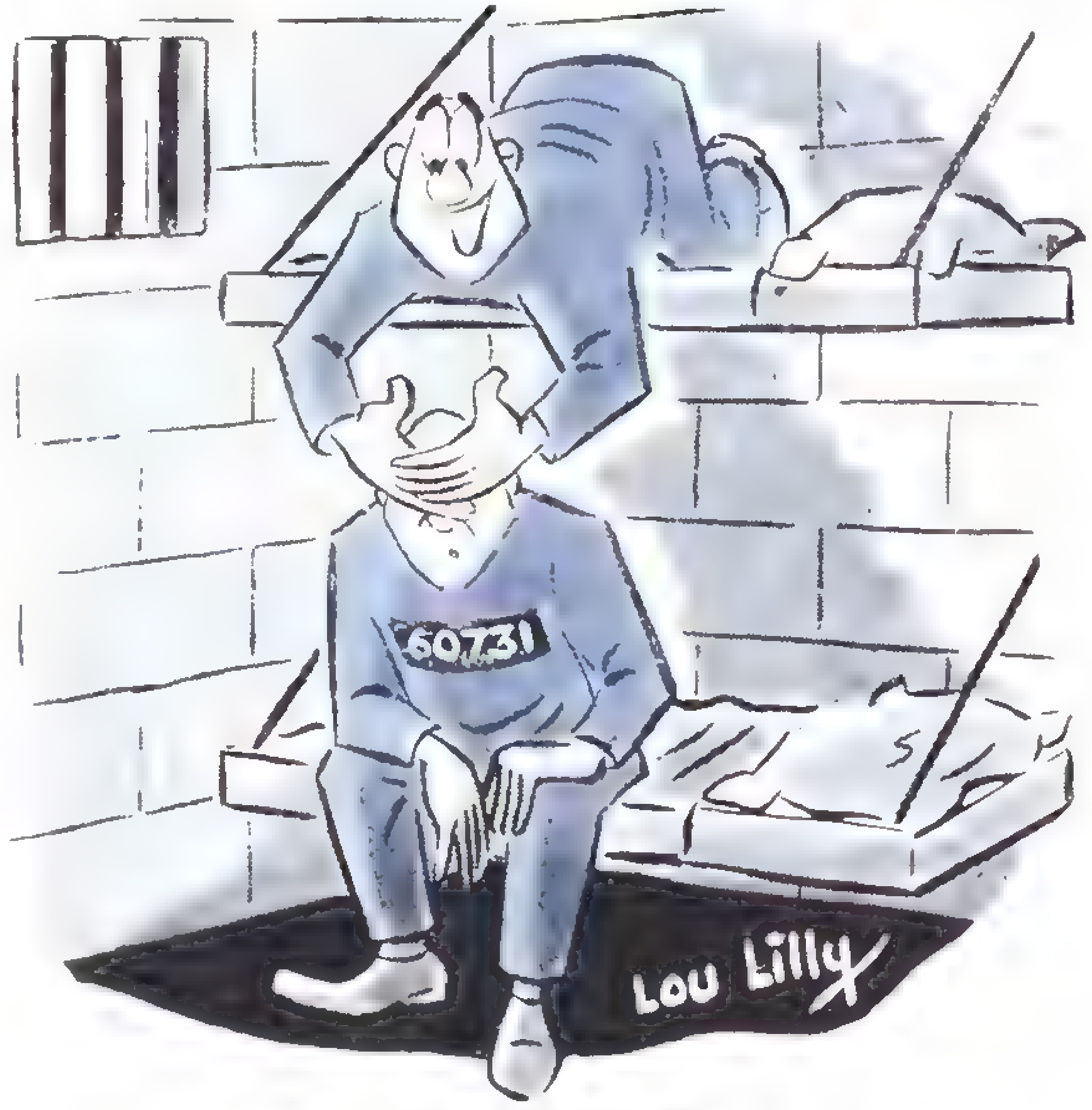
There didn't seem to be much more to say. Trying to say goodbye was awkward. As I was trying to think of the right words we saw, passing along the street, one of the town's grossly underprivileged characters, a superannuated wastrel who, I understood, lived in a shack made of old automobile license plates. The cowman grinned slyly. "There goes another one."

I was getting wise now. "An O'Daniel supporter?" I asked. "That's right," he chuckled. "You can spot 'em a mile off."

Then he half rose from his bed, stretched out his hand and said: "Thanks for listening. Come by any time you are down this way—if I'm still here." I said I would. There was a brief farewell for Aunt Aggie. I was able to break away just before she could start a story about how one of her relatives had been a cousin of Commodore Vanderbilt.

Outside it was growing dusk. Neither the cow, the lonely nanny goat nor the turkey hen with the little ones paid the slightest attention to me as I waded through a path in the weeds. ++

Continued from page 109

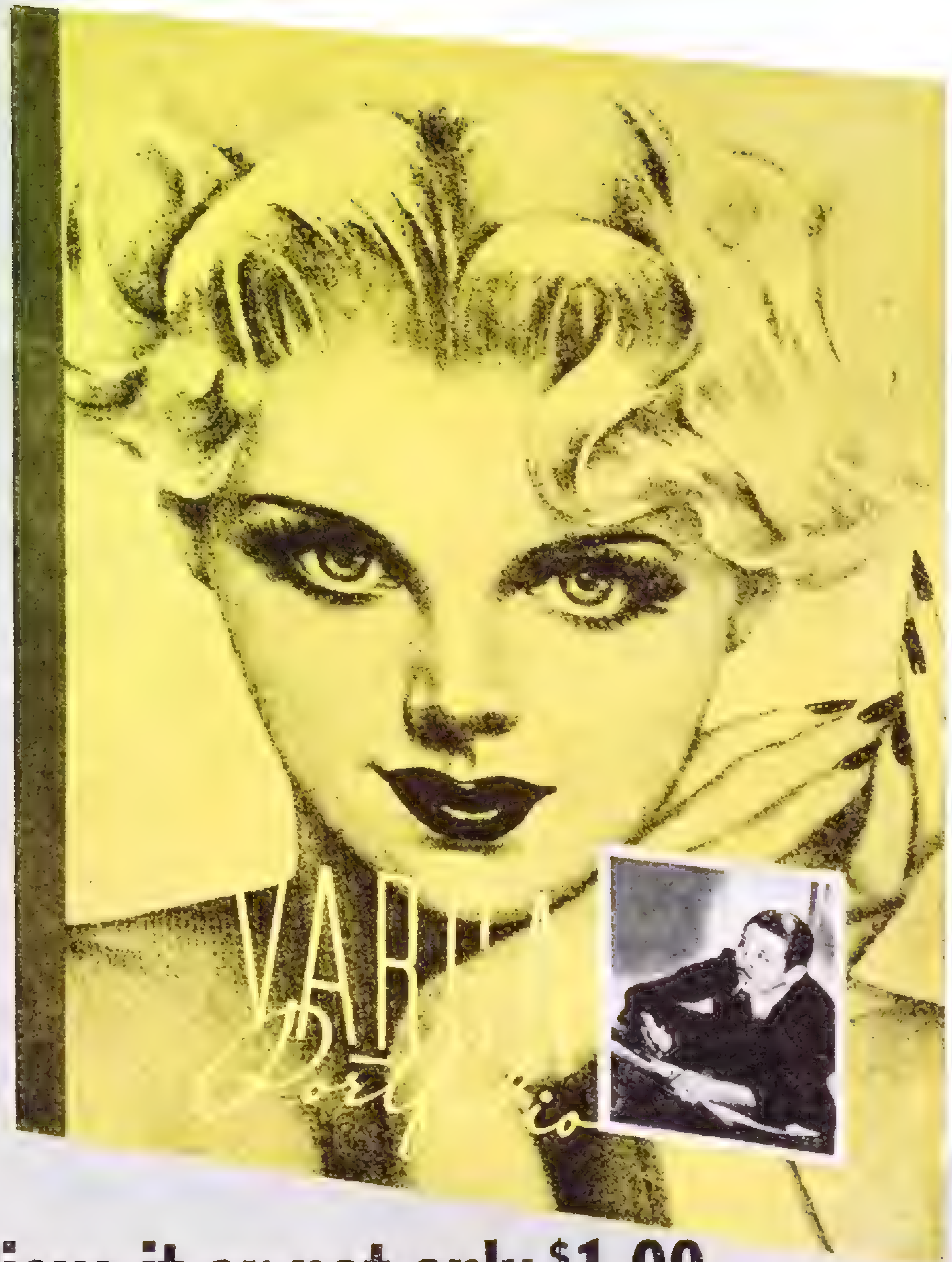


"Guess who?"

A super-de-luxe calendar—ESKY'S HOLIDAY TREAT

STOP WORRYING!!!

Esky has solved your holiday problem with the new and terrific VARGA PORTFOLIO, a top biller in desk appeal complete with 12 knockout pin-ups, illustrated calendar, date notations and space for stationery or correspondence all in one cheerfully colored, comment catching portfolio for ONLY one buck.



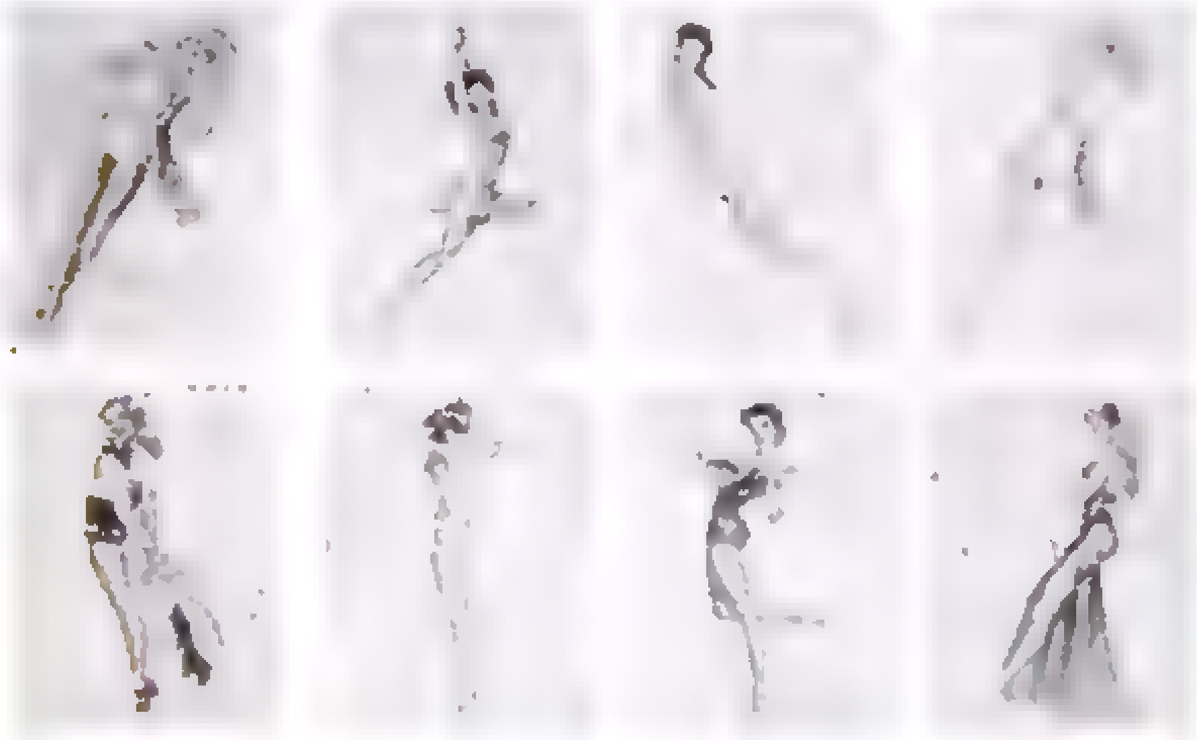
FACTS: The VARGA PORTFOLIO is 10″ x 14″ gayly colored in winter green and mellow yellow on super-sturdy, crush resistant, hard backed stock

INSIDE FACTS

1. A completely and artfully illustrated 1946 calendar
2. Space for birthday reminders, gifts to send, favorite numbers
3. A pocket for your choice stationery or correspondence

FIGURES: 12 of Varga's most delectable 1946 adorables 10″x13¼″ printed and processed on super-fine chromecoat stock, beautifully colored and ready to make pin-up history for your wall or scrapbook.

← THEY'RE ALL IN THERE



believe it or not only $1.00

WARNING!!! There's rarely too much of a good thing and our supply of VARGA PORTFOLIOS is VERY limited. Be sure of ordering in time to spread holiday cheer the easy, economical Esky way and don't forget to get yourself "the treat of the season" with this newest and smartest of calendar and desk compliments—the VARGA PORTFOLIO. $1.00 DOES IT.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719
CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me:

☐ Varga Portfolios @ $1.00 each.

I enclose $__________ payment in full. No stamps PLEASE.

U. S. orders ONLY.

Name____________________
(please print)

Address____________________

City____________ Zone____ State________

Berkeley

Windproof Lighters

FIRST CHOICE OF SERVICE MEN—
NOW STYLED-UP FOR YOU
IN

Glowing
JEWELTONE
Colors

$2

Now for the first time you'll thrill to the ownership of a fine windproof lighter—in glorious, translucent colors that do justice to your smartest clothes. *Now for the first time* you can have the sure-fire dependability that has made the Berkeley Windproof Lighter the choice of millions of soldiers, sailors, marines. *Now for the first time* you can *give* a lighter with pride—without spending a fortune. For the Berkeley Windproof Lighter combines battle tested ruggedness with the styling and finish *you* demand in personal accessories.

Only the BERKELEY WINDPROOF LIGHTER has all these features—

- **UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.** Any damage repaired without charge, any time.
- **ASBESTOS WICK**—thousands more lights, year after year, without burning out.
- **ONE-PIECE FLAME GUARD**—no welded or jointed parts to break.
- **SECRET COMPARTMENT** contains extra flint.

DOUBLE SEALED — DOUBLE PROTECTED!

- Outside case is a separate, self-closing container.
- Inside mechanism is a complete lighter itself—sealed *at bottom too*, to prevent fluid evaporation.

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE TOBACCONIST'S, JEWELRY, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORE

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 130

The Legend of Leonora ever get within box office hailing distance of even his *The Little Minister*, which could in no way be regarded as its critical equal.

There are all kinds of such examples. Among our own playwrights, Zoë Akins' before-mentioned *The Texas Nightingale* went to the storehouse whereas her inferior *Déclassé* and *The Greeks Had a Word for It* flourished; Elmer Rice's *The Left Bank* failed whereas his *On Trial* was enormously successful; Rose Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*, a really estimable play, got only a short distance whereas her *Soldier's Wife* drew the crowds; and Vincent Lawrence's *Among the Married* did small business whereas his *In Love with Love* did at least enough to call for a subsequent revival.

George M. Cohan's *Pigeons and People*, one of his best plays, was poorly received and success contributed instead to such lesser ones as *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* and *'Hit-the-Trail' Holliday*. Raphaelson's *Jason* is at least ten times better from a critical viewpoint than his *Accent on Youth* but not, apparently, in the estimation of the public. Edwin Justus Mayer's *Children of Darkness* went down the chute in favor of his *The Firebrand*. Arthur Richman's *A Proud Woman* failed whereas his *The Awful Truth* didn't. Lynn Starling's *Weak Sisters* got nowhere, but his *Meet the Wife* covered some distance. And so on.

There is another idea I have for any such repertory company. Good plays are frequently rejected by our professional theatre managers and producers because, though they allow that they like them, they feel that their runs would be too short to return sufficient funds to guarantee them against loss. Let my suggested repertory company, for which the gamble would be much smaller, put on these meritorious plays which the aforesaid gentlemen have been afraid to. As a starter, I offer Donnay's excellent modern paraphrase of *Lysistrata*, Guitry's charming *Mariette*, Sean O'Casey's delightful *Purple Dust*, the late Louis N. Parker's whimsical "*Queen Victoria*" with the Queen's reign seen through the eyes of the customers of a London barbershop of the period, and the late lamented James Huneker's *Chopin*. I shall be glad to supply the company from time to time with the names of other scripts, rejected by the managers and producers, that merit a hearing.

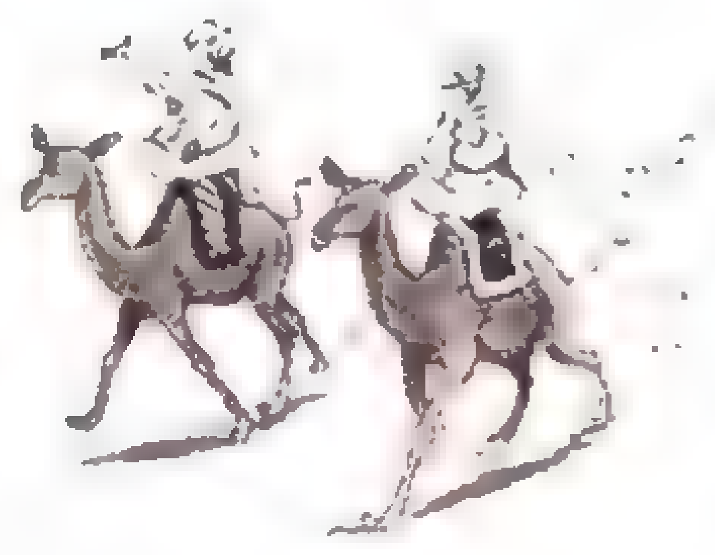
Then there are the classics and semi-classics that the professional theatre seemingly has no use for and refuses to produce. My suggested repertory theatre might well take a fling at them: Aristophanes' *The Birds* and *The Frogs*, Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* among others. They would provide sauceful theatre evenings.

But I know, if past records count for anything, that no one will pay the slightest attention to any of these suggestions and that, when and if one or more repertory theatres come along, we will duly get the same old cut-and-dried stuff. The theatres will also duly fail and then duly we will get in turn the same old argument that repertory isn't practical hereabout.

Among the secondary arguments will be the one that a repertory theatre can't succeed unless it has stars or popular favorites in its acting company. Many successful repertory, or stock, companies in the past prospered handsomely by building up their own subsequent favorites and stars. Their start was with players unknown in the communities in which they operated: Vaughan Glaser, Eugenie Blair, Jessie Bonstelle, Irene Ackerman, Laura Hope Crews, Cecil Spooner, Priscilla Knowles, Harry Corson Clarke, Effie Germon, et al.

Anyway, what makes the arguers believe that the box office responds alone to the acting big shots? Where were they in such smash hits as *Life with Father*, *Tobacco Road*, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and *Arsenic and Old Lace*? Where were they in such as *Angel Street*, *White Cargo*, *Claudia*, and *Junior Miss*? Where are they in *Dear Ruth*, *Kiss and Tell*, and other such box-office humdingers?

And by way of postscript, where are they even in such musical show mints as *Oklahoma!*, *Up in Central Park*, *Carmen Jones*, *On the Town*, *Bloomer Girl*, and *Carousel*? #

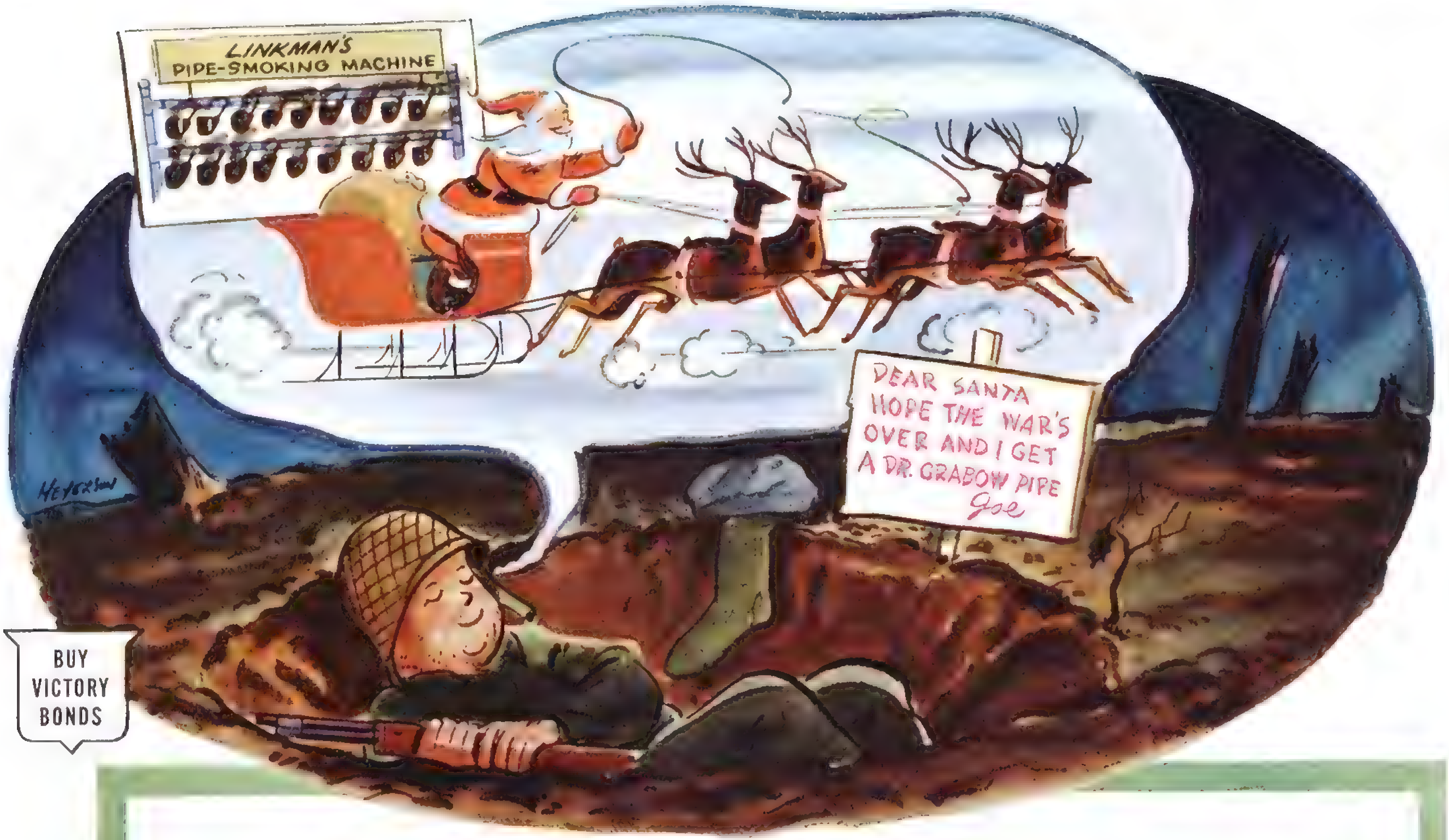


"I feel very nostalgic about this place—I was born here"

For Enjoyment Unmatched...
Schenley
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

You'll agree
t's "Mellow as a
unny Morning"

Words can't give you the *taste* of it. But we think you'll agree Schenley Reserve *does* give you an "extra" . . . a "special", *not matched,* we believe, *in any other* whiskey you have tasted. *Try* Schenley Reserve . . . it's the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.


LINKMAN'S PIPE-SMOKING MACHINE
DEAR SANTA HOPE THE WAR'S OVER AND I GET A DR. GRABOW PIPE Joe
HETERSON

BUY VICTORY BONDS

"A pipe dream six months ago—true today"

Pre-Smoked

Dr. GRABOW PIPES

NO BREAKING IN
NO BITE
NO BITTER TASTE

There is only one correct way to break in a new pipe and that is to smoke it with fine tobacco. Every Dr. GRABOW is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. Dr. GRABOW Pipes are scarce now...so many go to fighting men . . . but you'll wisely ask your dealer to reserve one for you.

Dr. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked*
DELUXE - $1.50 SUPREME - $2.00
TRU-GRAIN - $3.50
SELECT GRAIN - $5.00

Fashioned by Linkman

Dr. GRABOW PIPE CO., INC. CHICAGO 14, ILL.

For a Blue Suit
Indigo and Old Gold
For a Gray Suit
Garnet and Smoke
For a Brown Suit
Chocolate and Old Gold

FALL'S NEWEST COLORINGS HAND-PRINTED ON

Golden Foulard

Golden Foulard HAND PRINTED BY McCURRACH

2.50

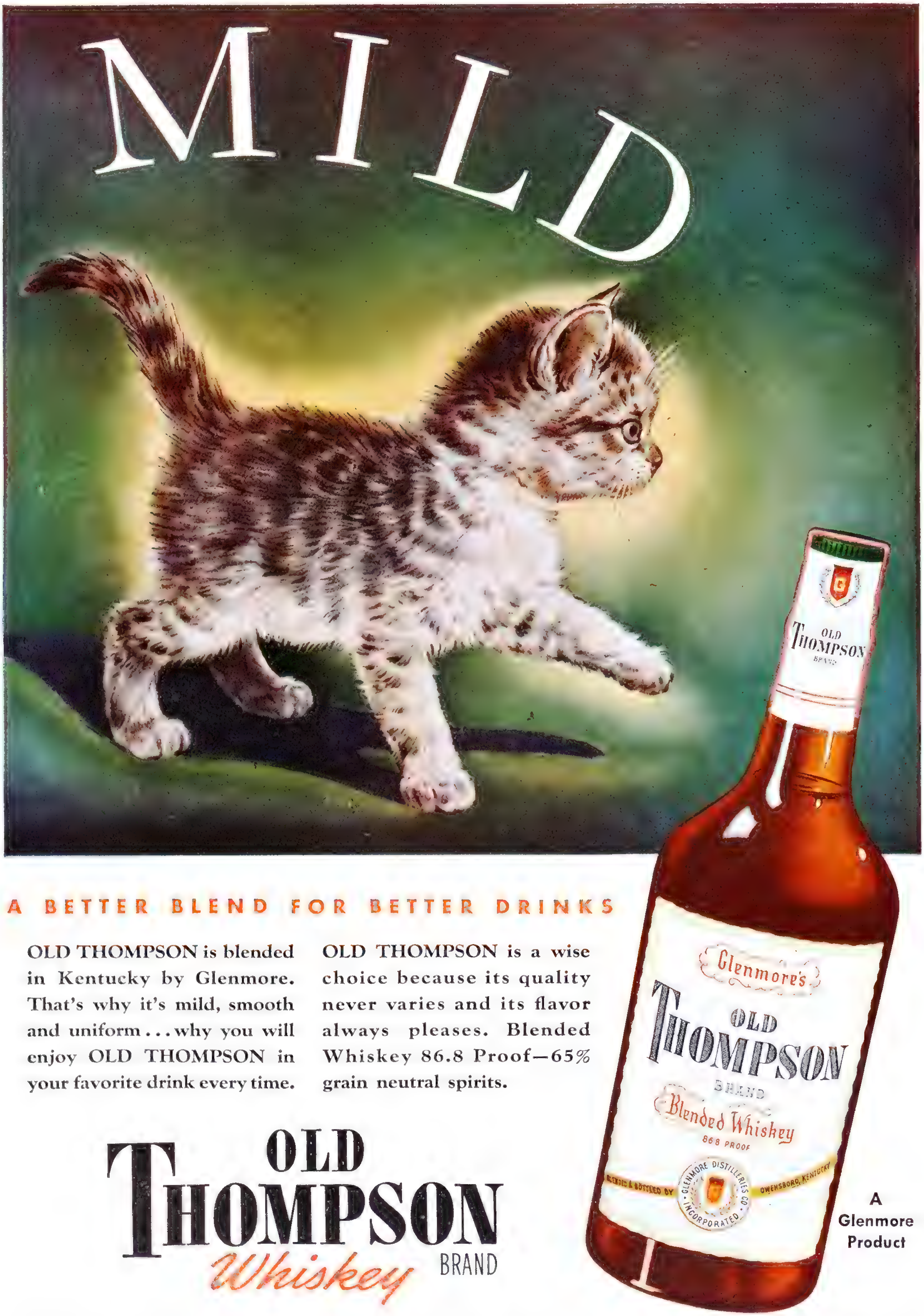
Traditional neat foulard designs in special colorings planned for wear with basic fall clothing shades. This foulard material is hand printed and woven by the famous Golden Shuttle Weavers. Ask to see them at better stores and look for the McCurrach label.

McCurrach

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • 411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Write for full-color booklet, "Necktie Notes." How to tie Windsor, Bow and other tie knots.

Necktie Notes


MILD
OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

OLD THOMPSON is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore. That's why it's mild, smooth and uniform . . . why you will enjoy OLD THOMPSON in your favorite drink every time.

OLD THOMPSON is a wise choice because its quality never varies and its flavor always pleases. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof—65% grain neutral spirits.

OLD THOMPSON
Whiskey BRAND

A
Glenmore
Product

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • *Incorporated* • LOUISVILLE, KY.

Are Women Better?

Continued from page 148

belt, in Minneapolis, and in *No Longer Fugitive* her gloomy and questing hero, who shows the correct attitude of youthful artistic superiority by detesting Nobel Prize Winners and all such clowns, does wander breathlessly off to the Rockies and Arizona. But most of her work deals with Stillwater and with the Midwestern phenomenon of a river town that in less than a hundred years has moved from an infancy riotous with lumber rafts to an old age as still and strict and decadent as the most senile New England.

In everything there is Miss Chidester's revelation of what youth now is doing and demanding. It is sharpest in her picture of jazz musicians, weary and hungry at awakening in a stale flat in St. Paul, then, after midnight, feverish in a barroom jam session. Sport sighs that "Shimmy is sick and tired of joints. Too much grease and he's beginning to get ulcers," but in Shimmy and Sport there is a bright innocence, while Jason, the composer, is simultaneously a Negro janitor in a basement and a winged spirit in a heaven not of harps but of saxophones and drums.

She is so good, Ann Chidester, and exciting!

* * *

With this last lecture, I must quit my pleasant and cloistered reviewing for Esquire and go back to work on a novel. As a final sermon, I want to urge the pious joys to be found in Miss Wolff and Miss Chidester. It is probable that they will both be having new novels published, late this year or early next, and I bespeak for them as excited a reception as would be given to a new novel by Willa Cather. But before it, the customers should have the pleasure of reading their earlier books.

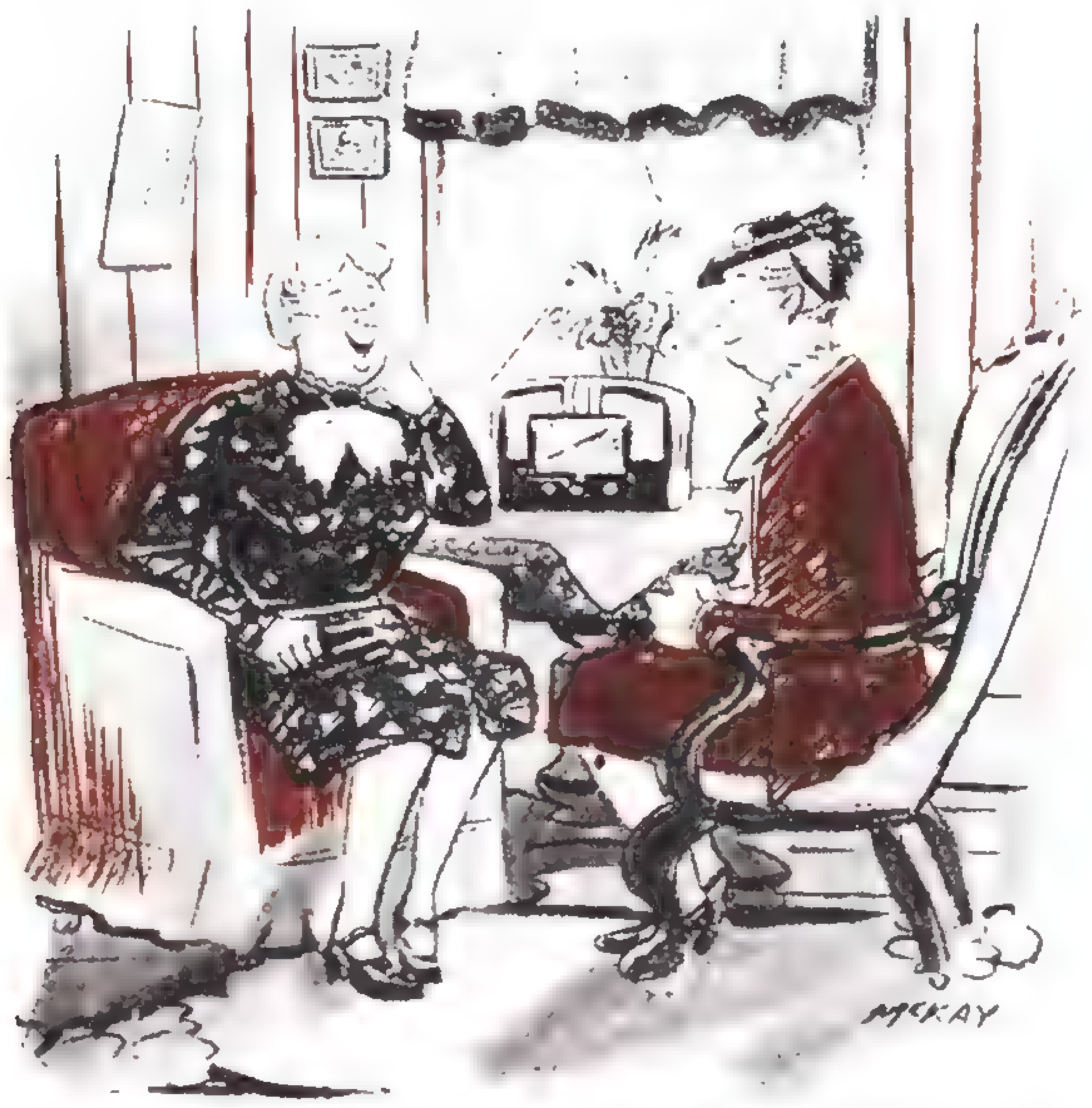
Where?

Seasoned readers would be astonished to know how often a wandering peddler or lecturer hears, "Where can I get the book? I've asked all my friends, and it isn't in the library."

Every well-conducted person should have a regular bookstore just as he has a doctor, a dentist, a lawyer, and a personal political hate. Even a great bookstore cannot keep in stock everything published the past ten years, but it knows how to find out-of-print books for you, and if there isn't such a store in your own town, there is one in the nearest metropolis. It is always a little shocking to watch a woman who practically supports a milliner in Chicago or San Francisco, and who regularly goes to Rochester for a check-up, turning wistfully to the nearest drugstore, and feeling baffled when the soda-jerker says, no, really, he doesn't seem to know where to get her a good edition of Waugh's *Vile Bodies*.

Along with Miss Chidester and Miss Wolff, who are everything that we yell for in contemporary creation, I want to include one book, recently issued, that is everything that is the opposite. Dodd, Mead and Company have published in *The Father Brown Omnibus* all of the fifty stories that the tremendous and exasperating Chesterton wrote about that demure detective. With it and *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, put out a few years ago by the Garden City Publishing Company, any country house will be so completely fortified that it will be secure from the horrors of war and comic strips and the radio, which at any time now are likely to be supplanted by the horrors of television, with the young men who bellow sea-chanteys about pop not merely agonizingly to be heard but depressingly to be seen. From them one can flee to Father Brown and the benign Sherlock.

Good-by! ###



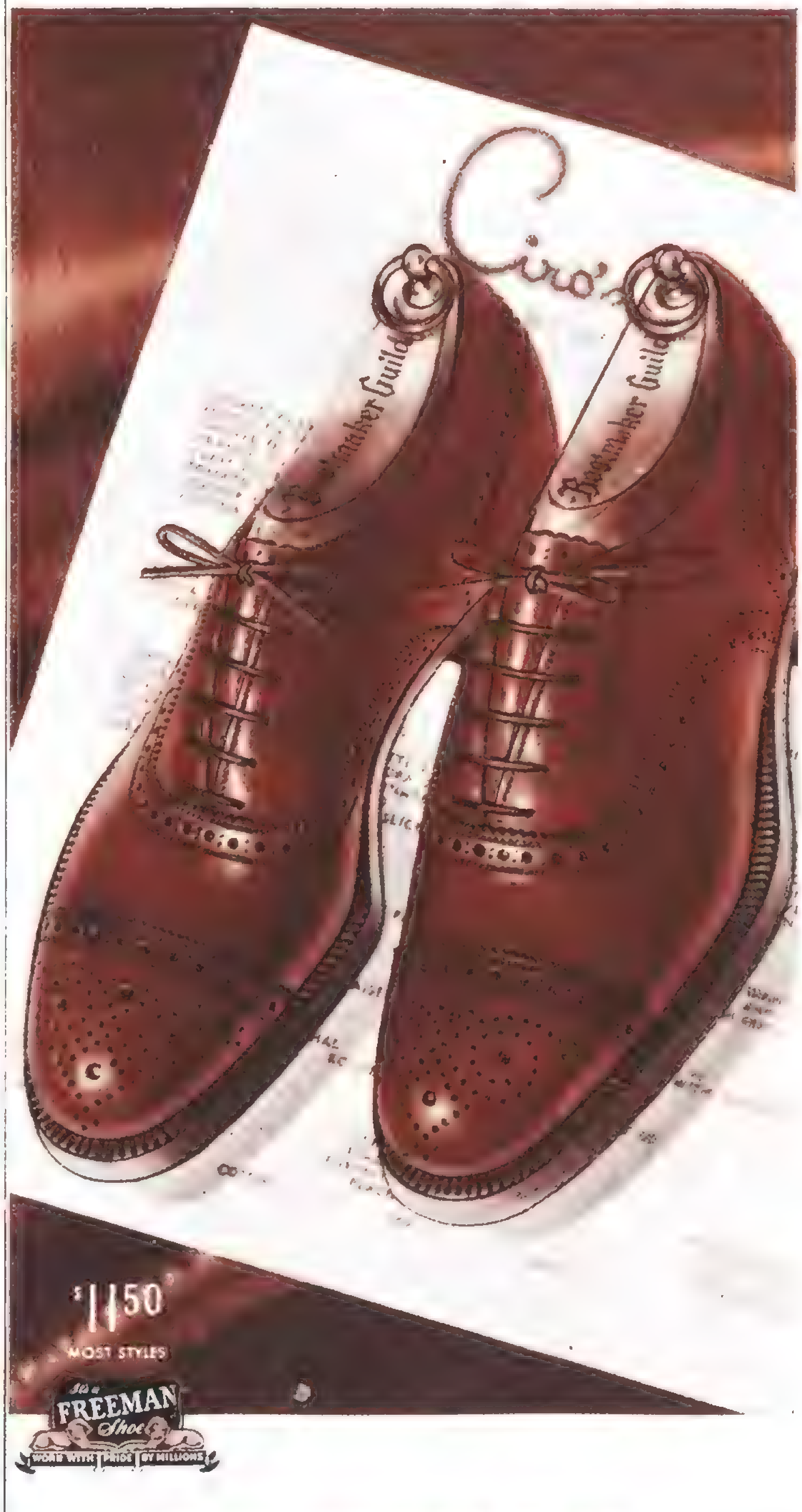
"I can't wait for television—I'm anxious to get a look at John's other wife"

Fits in the right places

Fitting companions to smart living . . . Bootmaker Guild Shoes. Fifty-seven models, each a masterpiece of fine shoemaking, styled to give you genuine pride in your footwear.

They fit better too . . . because they fit where you never felt fitted before. The exclusive Cradled Tred—designed to match the foot's natural shock-absorbing contours, provides the most comfortable foundation you've ever experienced. See Bootmaker Guilds with Cradled Tred at your Freeman dealer's. For his name write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

NEW CRADLED TRED! A molded leather "Bed" for greater comfort. Available only in Freeman Bootmaker Guild Shoes



It's a FREEMAN shoe

clever billfold creations

for men and women

Careful study of your needs plus the creative ingenuity of our designers assures you maximum convenience from these billfolds.

by Style King
TRADE MARK

Imported Pigskin with 14K gold corners. Beautifully hand-turned and creased. Stitchless construction. X1161 . . . . **$10**
X1160 same as X1161, but without gold corners **$6**

All 'round Zipper Imported Morocco with change purse and four removable windows. In black or brown. X1158 . . . . **$5**

by Style Princess
TRADE MARK

Morocco Ramskin with removable pass case, change purse, currency compartment. In attractive color combinations. X1177 . . . . **$3.50**
X1178 same design as X1177, in Imported Morocco **$5**

Bill-'n-Till of Morocco Ramskin. A compact combination French change purse and zipper billfold. In red, green, blue, black or brown. X1175 . . . . **$4**

ſ. Buchſbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888
Plant 26
Factory: 1737 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.
Dealers: *Get in touch with our New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or Honolulu Offices. Display material and stocks on hand.*

This Man's World

Continued from page 87

who has, in his opinion, lived so much and seen so much during the war that he cannot go back to the discipline of learning again. Of course, all over the country there are thousands of discharged vets who are going back to school, most of them without the Medal of Honor, but I just happened to see that particular picture and fell in love with it.

I must admit there are compensations. Right behind Gino in the photograph there sits a right cute chick who is absolutely moon-eyed with love, gazing at the back of the hero's neck, and my guess is that Pfc. Merli is going to do all right for himself back in dear old Blakely. But that isn't the point. The point is that the picture of the kid in uniform, with the Purple Heart and ribbons and combat badge, with the head braced to tackle the battle of learning, touched my heart.

And then there's another story in the same paper which I guess indicates even more pure unadulterated guts. Because, datelined Succasunna, New Jersey, it tells of a boy named James Hornberger, Jr., aged twenty-four, a veteran of Pearl Harbor and four years of fighting in the south seas, who took his place amongst the fourteen-year-old students of the eighth grade at Roxbury Township Grammar School when the term started.

It was his first day back in school since he had quit the eighth grade in 1937. He was now a grown man with a gold discharge button in his lapel, sitting in with a bunch of kids, desperately determined to catch up. He had been a plumber's helper for three years before joining the Army in 1940. His company shot down four Japs at Pearl Harbor and he saw action in the Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, British Samoa, Tulagi, and that private preview of Hell, Guadalcanal. Somewhere along that bitter road he discovered James Hornberger, Jr., his life and career to come, and the sacrifices that would be necessary.

Interviewed, he said simply, "I'm interested in radar and television. I can't get anywhere in that industry until I complete high school. I've come back to school to get that diploma, and I'm going to stick it out."

So that's the kind of people we have in this country. I'm so proud I could bust.

Acknowledgement

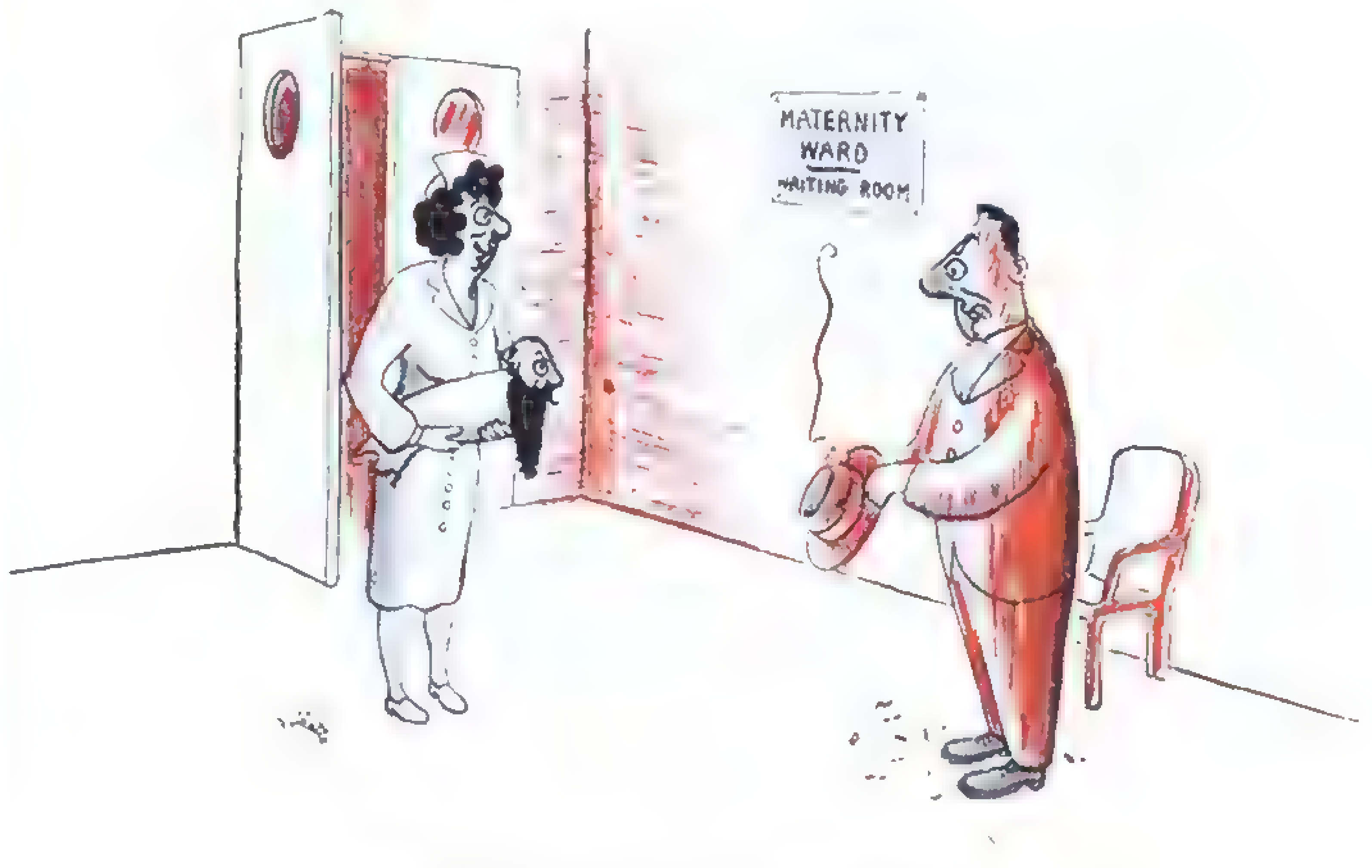
For all of my cantankerousness with regard to radio and the commercialization of news broadcasts, etc., it must be acknowledged that the medium was a blessing during the war, and I hereby do so state and declare, and remove my skimmer to the squawk boxes and the gentlemen who operated them.

Now that the wars are over and I keep my radio silent except for specific programs in which I am interested, I can realize and appreciate the tremendous information service it rendered during the terrible years of crisis.

There was practically no time of day or night that one could not turn to some station and find out what was happening right up to the minute. When news was of terrible and intimate importance to us all, radio provided it. It didn't matter that through circumstances of censorship and timed releases of communiqués and information, they were forced to keep saying the same things over and over again throughout the day. The point was that they gave you the best they had, and kept on giving it to you. And they kept on top of the news with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of scoop-hungry reporters and tried to give the very latest at the earliest possible moment.

Newspapers had and continue to have their functions. They carried them out well during the war years. But they could not satisfy the hunger for the immediate that was in all of us, since time had to elapse between editions, and sometimes when they got a piece of news on the street it was al-

Continued on page 242



"Guess what, sir, it's a boy"

GIVE THE RENSIE

Exquisite as America's Beauties

17 jewel natural color rolled gold plate Only $29.75

17 jewel 10k gold filled case $37.50

17 jewel 10k gold top, steel back, waterproof, shock resistant, anti-magnetic, sweep second hand $71.50

All prices tax included.

Joyous indeed will be those whose Christmas is made unforgettable by the gift of a Rensie Watch. For Rensies are "Exquisite as America's Beauties"—famous round the world for style and smartness. Naturally, a Rensie is a *luxurious* gift, whether priced at $22.50 or $1000. And Rensie's precision engineering—geared to thousandths of an inch accuracy—makes it a gift that will be treasured year after year on the *wrist* as well as in the heart! Choose from the Christmas collection of magnificent Rensie watches at the better jewelers and jewelry departments in your city

RENSIE WATCHES

Product of the Paul V. Eisner Co., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Tune in Rensie Radio Auction Show starring Dave Elman—Monday 10:00 p. m. (EST)—Coast to Coast Mutual Network

Among those who "know" it's inevitably Cointreau!
The perfect after-dinner liqueur
SPECIALITY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
COINTREAU LTD.
MADE IN U S A
© COINTREAU LTD.
80 PROOF PENNINGTON, N. J.
PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A.
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR

This Man's World

Continued from page 240

ready cold due to the fantastic speed of events in the far places of the world.

Even when the news was bad, it was comforting to be apprised of it, to walk in the light instead of darkness, to know the worst and to be informed.

There was comfort in the very existence of radio, the knowledge that no matter where you were, in your car, on shipboard, traveling on a train or visiting at the house of a friend, you were never out of touch with events. Curiously, I never realized how much that meant and how much I missed it until I went abroad in the summer of '44, got to France with the Army and found myself in practically a news blackout, compared to that to which I had been accustomed. Big events reached one by scuttlebutt or hearsay, or you had to wait until you could get your fingers on a copy of *Stars and Stripes*. The invasion of Southern France was more than twenty-four hours old before the unit with which I happened to be, heard about it.

But here at home the coverage was magnificent, constant and complete. That irresponsible commentators spilled an awful lot of bilge during the war years is unimportant. I have read an awful lot of hogwash in the newspapers in my day too. What was important was the amount of time and energy and money spent by radio to keep every person in the country within earshot of a receiver posted with the news of the minute. And, as the Missus says, even the commercials with which many of these news broadcasts were laced had their share in giving a moment's relaxation from the grimness, just because they were so utterly silly.

Nice work, boys.

Epilogue

Look, could I write one more quick little piece about advertising before I'm closed out for the year, just a short one to get something off my chest?

I love beer. I like to drink it, smell it, and rub it in my hair. I can drink seidels, steins, cans of it; I like light beer, dark beer, malt beer, bock beer, I even like *dry* beer. I'm a customer, a client, a buyer. I get it by the case and have it on hand. I stop in at Tony's joint on the way home and have a couple. When other people order wine at dinner-out, I ask for a seidel of suds. I'm friendly to beer. But I'm *so* sick of Miss Pat Boyd. Couldn't we have our beer advertising next year without her?

She's a nice looking kid all right, but she's constantly doing sporty things in photographs and showing the crockery and then having a beer. She is always referred to as Pat Boyd, Miss Certain-Brand-of-Beer 1945. Nineteen forty-five is practically out the window. I'm scared to death she'll get the job again for 1946.

I just don't believe Pat likes beer, and anyway, I don't like to see her drinking it all the time, especially not out of the bottle. In the latest full page newspaper ad she appears in two photograph panels. In the left-hand one she is standing by a stream in quite dry waders with flyrod, creel and net, holding aloft what is supposed to be a freshly caught trout, but which looks more like a kippered herring. The fish also, for some odd reason, appears to have ears. One sort of hears the photographer saying, "Now stand here, dearie, like this, hold the rod this way—no, no, no, not like a tennis racquet, that was last month—that's it, and hold up the fish in the other hand. Come, come, don't be afraid. It's dead. Been dead for weeks. There! Now *smile!*"

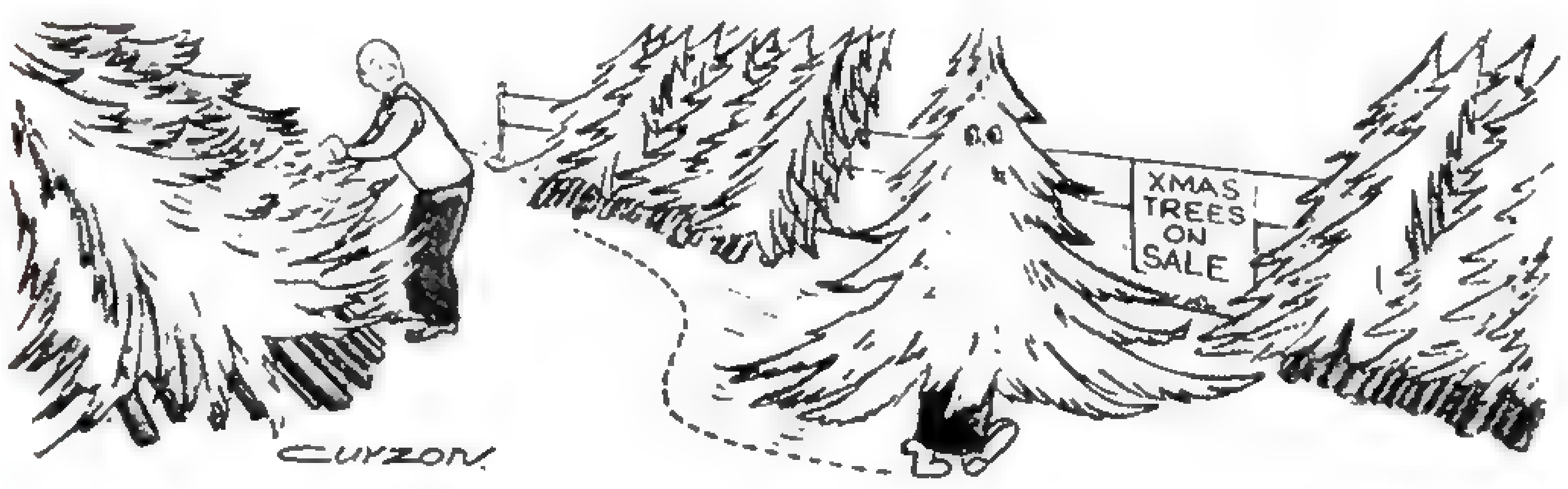
So then in the right hand panel, she's sitting under a tree with some old geezer having lunch. He's got the beer bottle to his kisser and she's about to.

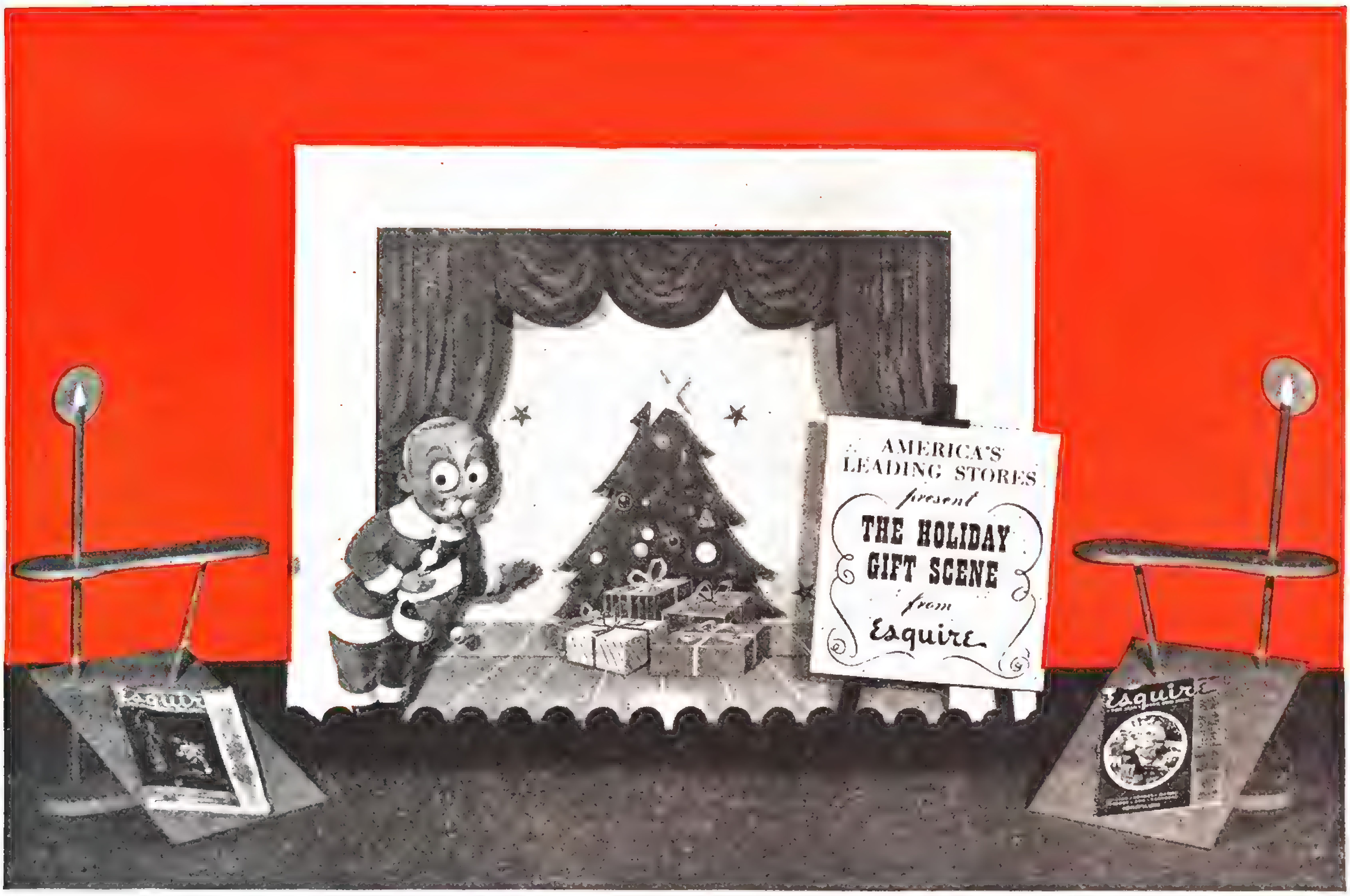
And this has been going on all through 1945, with Miss Pat Boyd doing first one thing and then another—she can do just everything, golf, tennis, swim, ride, shoot, anything provided they give her a dry beer when it's over, and I'm scared to death she's going to do it again all next year and be Miss Certain-Brand-of-Beer 1946-'47-'48.

The thing is, the kid's all right, and I'm not knocking her, but when I drink beer I don't want to have to think about her not even when I'm having a *dry* beer. I want to think about Sauerbraten *mit* noodles, Henry Mencken, the Cafe Pilsen in Prague, wienerwurst with fresh horse-radish, the Prater, Strauss, or the ecstasy hovering in the region of my tonsils, but *not* Pat Boyd clutching some sports utensil in one picture and a bottle of beer in the next.

Is that so much to ask? ⧺

Continued from page 87





Look for this display in America's leading stores listed below

Want to be popular this Christmas? Here's how. Locate this Esquire Christmas Display in the window of the leading store nearest you. (See list). Hurry inside. Stop. Shop. You'll find the cream of the gift crop right out of the colorful pages of gift suggestions from Esquire—America's famous gift guide. And the favored ones on your gift list will prize your present twice as much because it's Esquire-inspired.

The A. Polsky Company—Akron, Ohio
Steefels—Albany, New York
Rich's, Inc.—Atlanta, Georgia
Alshuler's—Aurora, Illinois
Hochschild Kohn & Co.—Baltimore, Maryland
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb—Birmingham, Alabama
Kennedy's, Inc.—Boston, Mass.
The D. M. Read Co.—Bridgeport, Conn.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Brockton, Mass.
J. N. Adam & Co.—Buffalo, New York
Stark Dry Goods Co.—Canton, Ohio
Newman Mercantile Co.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa
W. Lewis & Co.—Champaign, Ill.
Efird's—Charlotte, North Carolina
Miller Bros. Co.—Chattanooga, Tenn.
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.—Chicago, Ill.
Mabley & Carew—Cincinnati, Ohio
Wm. Taylor Son Co.—Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus—Columbus, Ohio
Titche Goettinger Co.—Dallas, Texas
Ries-Strauss Co.—Danville, Ill.
M. L. Parker Co.—Davenport, Iowa
The Metropolitan Co.—Dayton, Ohio
Bachrachs—Decatur, Illinois
The Denver Dry Goods Co.—Denver, Colorado
Younker Bros.—Des Moines, Iowa
The Ernst Kern Co.—Detroit, Michigan
The Hub—Dubuque, Iowa
M. Cook and Sons—Duluth, Minnesota
Ackemann Bros.—Elgin, Ill.
R. J. Goerke Co.—Elizabeth, N. J.
Popular Dry Goods Co.—El Paso, Tex.
Lord's, Inc.—Evanston, Ill.
R. A. McWhirr Co.—Fall River, Mass.
Smith Bridgman—Flint, Michigan
Monnig Dry Goods Co.—Fort Worth, Texas
Herpolsheimer Co.—Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Hartford, Conn.
Norton-Carraci Co.—Houston, Texas
Wm. H. Block Co.—Indianapolis, Ind.
L. H. Field Co.—Jackson, Mich.
R. E. Kennington Co.—Jackson, Miss.
Furchgott's—Jacksonville, Florida
The Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.—Jamestown, N. Y.
Al Baskin—Joliet, Ill.
Newmans—Joplin, Missouri
Rothschild's—Kansas City, Missouri
Schriver Bros.—Knoxville, Tenn.
Watt & Shand—Lancaster, Pa.
J. W. Knapp Co.—Lansing, Mich.
Macartney's—Lawrence, Mass.
Graves, Cox & Co., Inc.—Lexington, Kentucky
Magee's—Lincoln, Neb.
The May Co.—Los Angeles, Calif.
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.—Louisville, Kentucky
Macartney's—Lowell, Mass.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Lynn, Mass.
Chas. M. Floyd Co.—Manchester, N. H.
Phil A. Halle—Memphis, Tenn.
Burdine's, Inc.—Miami, Fla.
Boston Store—Milwaukee, Wis.
L. S. Donaldson Co.—Minneapolis, Minn.
Langdon—Mt. Vernon, New York
Castner-Knott Co.—Nashville, Tenn.
Kresge Dept. Store—Newark, N. J.
M. C. Swift & Son—New Bedford, Mass.
P. J. Young Dry Goods Co.—New Brunswick, N. J.
Edw. Malley Co.—New Haven, Conn.
Maison Blanche Co.—New Orleans, La.
Langdon—New Rochelle, New York
John David—New York, New York
Smith & Welton—Norfolk, Va.
The H. C. Capwell Co.—Oakland, Calif.
Rothschild's—Oklahoma City, Okla.
Nebraska Clothing Co.—Omaha, Neb.
Meyer Brothers—Paterson, N. J.
Block & Kuhl Co.—Peoria, Illinois
Gimbel Brothers—Philadelphia, Pa.
N. Porter Co.—Phoenix, Arizona
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.—Pittsburgh, Pa.
Waite's, Inc.—Pontiac, Mich.
J. B. Sperry Co.—Port Huron, Mich.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Portland, Maine
Meier & Frank Co., Inc.—Portland, Ore.
Luckey, Platt & Co., Inc.—Poughkeepsie, New York
Kennedy's, Inc.—Providence, R. I.
Berry Burk & Co.—Richmond, Va.
McCurdy's—Rochester, N. Y.
Stuckey's, Inc.—Rockford, Ill.
Weinstock, Lubin & Co., Inc.—Sacramento, California
Stix, Baer & Fuller—St. Louis, Mo.
The Golden Rule—St. Paul, Minn.
Hibbs Clothing Co.—Salt Lake City, Ut.
Joske Bros. Co.—San Antonio, Texas
Walker's—San Diego, California
The Emporium—San Francisco, Calif.
H. S. Barney Co.—Schenectady, N. Y.
The Bon Marché—Seattle, Washington
M. Levy Co., Inc.—Shreveport, La.
Robertsons—South Bend, Indiana
Thomas & Gassman—Spokane, Wash.
John Bressmer Co.—Springfield, Ill.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Springfield, Mass.
Heers, Inc.—Springfield, Missouri
Edw. Wren Store—Springfield, Ohio
The C. O. Miller Co., Inc.—Stamford, Connecticut
C. E. Chappell & Sons, Inc.—Syracuse, N. Y.
Maas Brothers—Tampa, Fla.
B. R. Baker Co.—Toledo, Ohio
Nevius-Voorhees—Trenton, N. J.
N. Porter Co.—Tucson, Arizona
Goldstein-Migel Co.—Waco, Texas
Grover Cronin Co.—Waltham, Mass.
The Hecht Co.—Washington, D. C.
Geo. Innes Co.—Wichita, Kansas
Pomeroy's, Inc.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Norman Stockton, Inc.—Winston Salem, N. C.
Kennedy's, Inc.—Worcester, Mass.
G. M. McKelvey Co.—Youngstown, O.

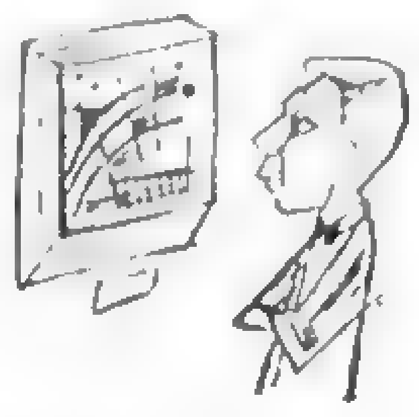
The window display illustrated above has been executed for Esquire Magazine by W. L. Stensgaard & Associates, Inc.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

unconverted sophomore

In Esquire an attempt has been made to teach men appreciation of modern art. The first course described a painting of an elevator that had been so distorted from its original surroundings that one might take it as an apartment house or modern business office.



That wasn't so bad. The writer almost had that one down my throat, until I read the sophomore course. In it I noticed that even the writer balked a little on a few points. He also failed to explain a few of the objects in the painting, probably purposely so he would receive those cigarettes he asked for in the closing phrases. In front of the corner of the large black building in *Garage Lights* there is a semblance of an old bicycle tire, or have I misinterpreted the meaning of a manhole cover? Not having ever been in Gloucester I wouldn't know what color manhole covers they have. That is the point. One never having seen this place, or not having the picture explained to him in part, wouldn't have more than the slightest conception of the meaning of this painting. If a picture is worth a thousand words it shouldn't have to be explained. It should speak for itself.

Even the name for *Garage Lights* seems out of place since there is no indication of a garage except the gas pumps and oil bottles; these could indicate a service station as well. The fish sign seems to extend onto the white boat in part. What is the white patch on the roof of the yellow building? And why does the painter place what must be light wires, in the picture without any sort of pole to support them?

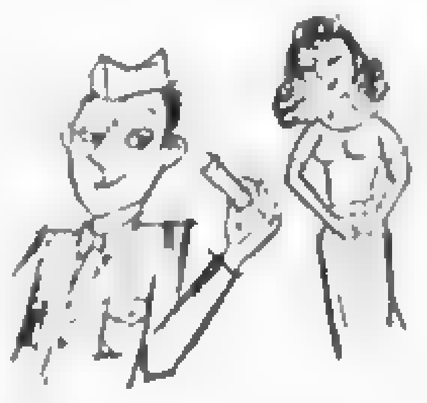
I believe a young child could have done as well or better. These pictures are an excuse for an artist to escape the harmonious blending of colors into a landscape; and paint a few geometric figures which takes much less skill. Quite frankly I think this modern art has been crammed down the public's throat. Some swallowed it, some chewed and spit it out; but I want to return it to its source. This art may have a place in psychoanalysis, but for our art galleries let our modern artists turn out some more *Whistler's Mother*, *The Last Supper*, and *The Gleaners*. Even that water color portrait on page forty-six, by Grant, or the painting of Barney Oldfield by Helck on pages forty-eight and forty-nine have a powerful meaning in themselves. It takes no explanation for such pictures; they speak for the canvas.

RAYMOND ROBBINS

USNH Staff
Memphis, Tenn.

say it with chewing gum

I hope you will forgive me for mentioning this, but when I read Sgt. Fortuna's article *The Magnificent American Male* in your July number, I noticed that he believes that English girls fall for Yanks just because the American soldier is so far superior to the average Englishman in word and action. Believe me, Esquire, that chewing gum, candy and cigarettes have much influenced that love. Incidentally, GI Joe gets twice as much as Tommy Atkins on pay day, thus adding to his charm in the eyes of England's belles.



THOMAS VIOLA

Birmingham, England.

George is a great kidder

George Jean Nathan begins his current article by stating that one of the alarming aspects of our contemporary theatre is its race prejudice and discrimination. He startles us by pointing out that these attitudes are turned against the *whites*. He goes on to point out that we are turning into a nation of Negrophiles, and that a white artist has hardly a chance in the entertainment world today, that even a white star like Ethel Barrymore must resort to blackface.

Mr. Nathan leaves out of consideration the vast movie-going public which is the largest audience in America. The only whole colored cast I can remember seeing recently in a movie is in *Cabin in the Sky*. Certainly we give Greer Garson more acclaim than we do Lena Horne.

Nor does he take into account that *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is as widely read as *Strange Fruit*.

So eminent an authority as Mr. Nathan must be right in his assertion that the legitimate theatre in New York is overflooded by stars of dusky skin, but to claim that a whole democratic nation is becoming undemocratic is absurd.

Even if Mr. Nathan's contention is true—what of it? Why does he take it so seriously? Does he think it is going to last forever—that the stage is forever barred to our white talent?

Does Mr. Nathan begrudge us whites the privilege of better understanding our black brothers through the revelation of their arts? Would he begrudge a submerged people their emergence into the light of self-expression?

While we give lip-service to the theory that all men are equal, we are amateurs in the field of action as our lynchings and Jim Crow testify.

Would Mr. Nathan begrudge us a better appreciation of our black brothers at home? If *Anna Lucasta* emerges as a complete human being rather than as just a black girl, won't he look at every Negro in this light? If for a brief saga of the American theatre, Negro music warms our hearts, won't he come to realize that the Negro, too, gives much to enrich our lives—that he isn't just a caricature, as he was on the stage of the past?

We have no fear that this manifestation is going to last forever. We throng to Josh White and his colleagues because they give us warming life. We enjoy the gaiety of Negro entertainment, we are electrified by his music, find release in the beat of his dancing...

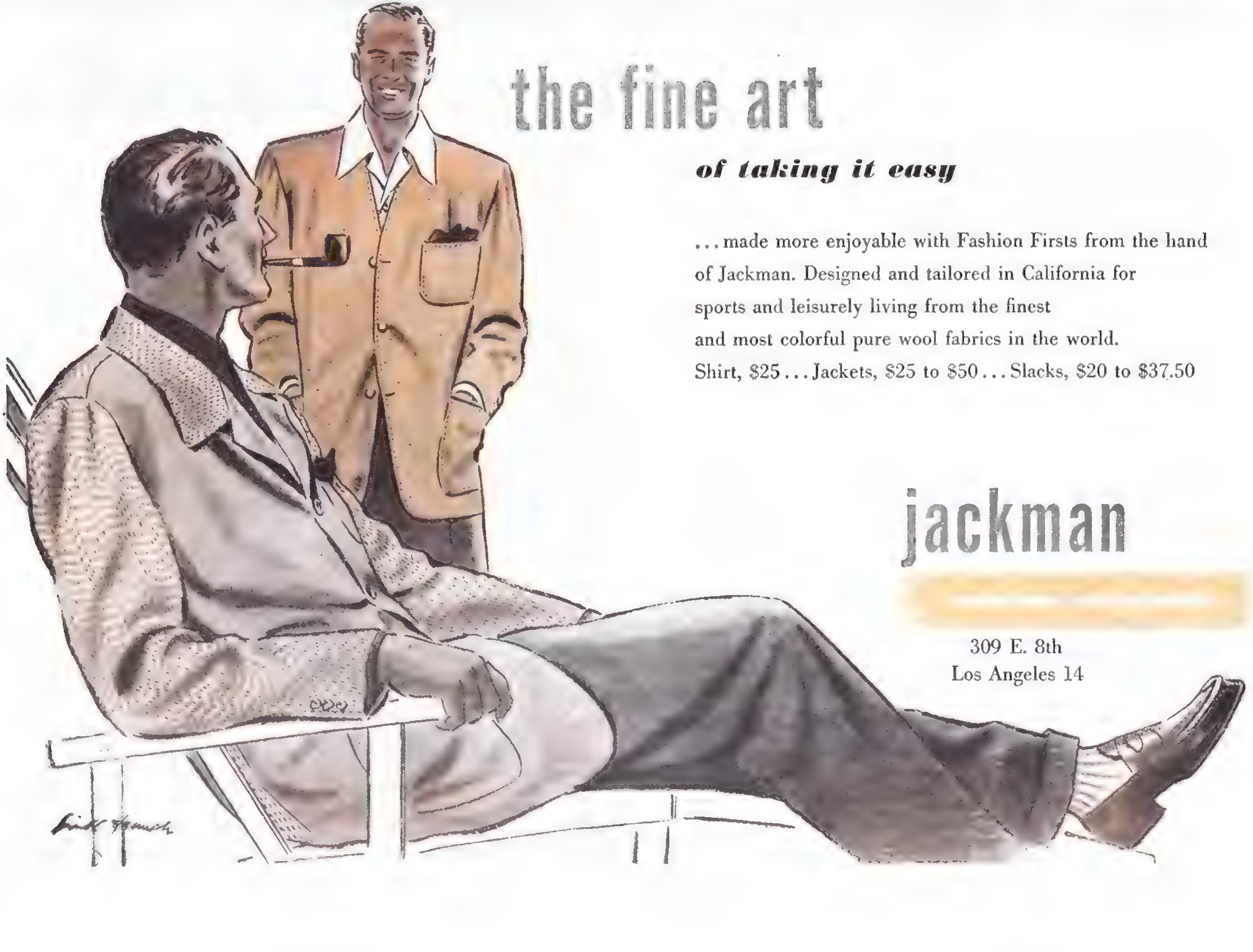
We are tired of our somber Anglo-Saxon probing of destiny. It has all been too real lately.

Don't worry, Mr. Nathan. America will find its balance when grim life ceases to be less horrendous than the make-believe of the stage. The American drama will be reclaimed by the whites and the black wave you fear so much will recede. But let us hope it will never vanish completely because we are just *beginning* to accept our black brothers as vital, real people. . . . Just beginning—and how we need that insight if we are going to make real throughout the world a more dynamic concept of justice and brotherhood.

F. LEBOWICH

Gloversville, N. Y.

Continued on page 246



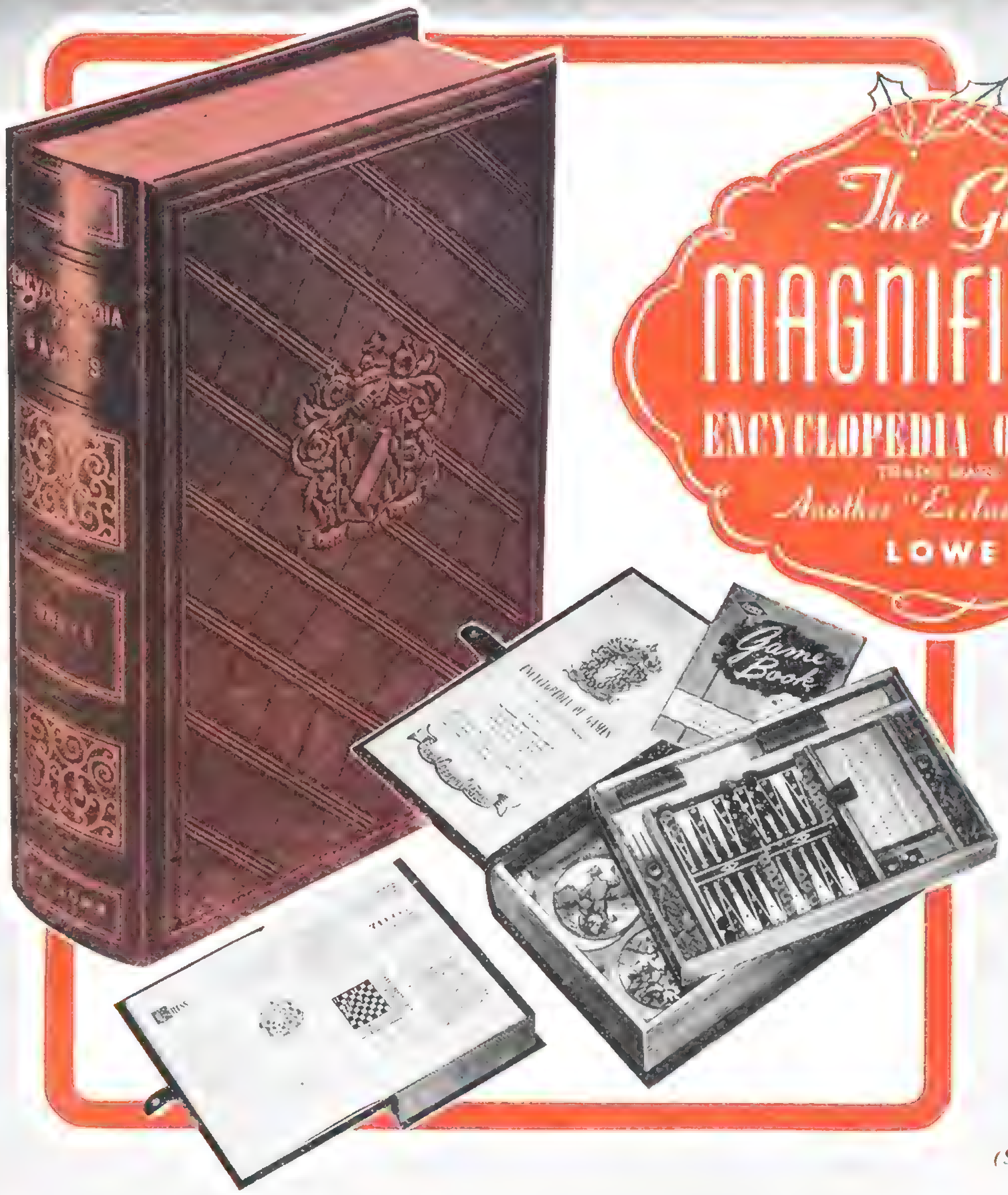
the fine art

of taking it easy

...made more enjoyable with Fashion Firsts from the hand of Jackman. Designed and tailored in California for sports and leisurely living from the finest and most colorful pure wool fabrics in the world.
Shirt, $25... Jackets, $25 to $50... Slacks, $20 to $37.50

jackman

309 E. 8th
Los Angeles 14



The Gift

MAGNIFICENT

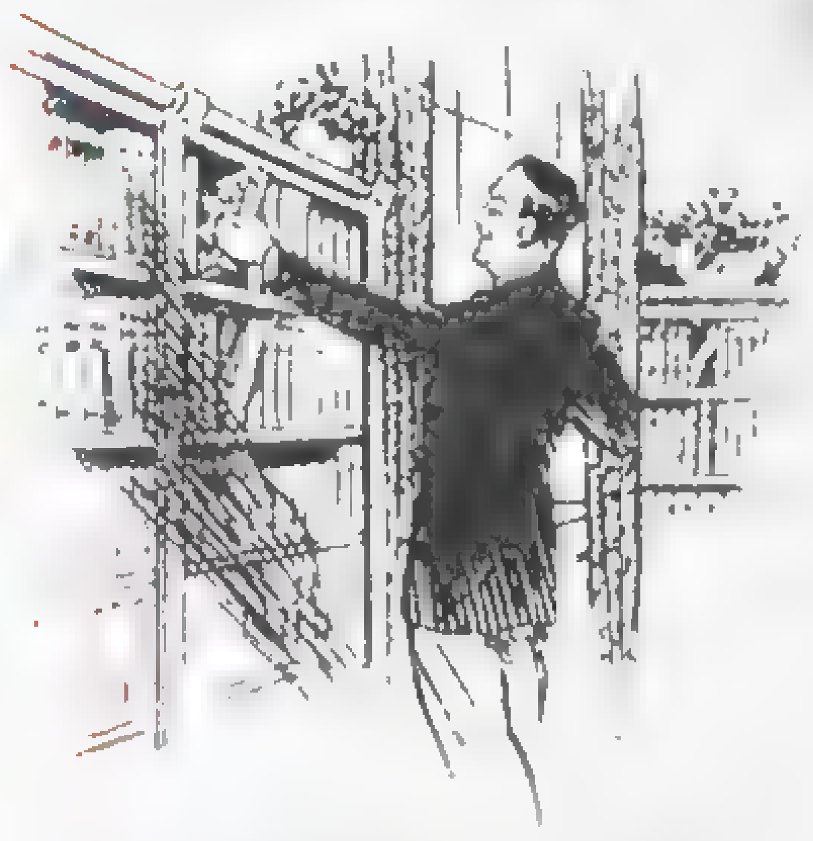
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES

TRADE MARK

Another "Exclusive" by

LOWE

DEDICATED TO
COMPANIONSHIP
AND
ENTERTAINMENT



COMPLETE
$8.50

(Slightly higher west of Denver)

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES *offers Complete Game Enjoyment*

The ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES is a richly bound volume that holds within its covers threefold pleasure:—

1. *History and Romance of Games*, beautifully told and illustrated.
2. *Seven Game Combination Set* in Hardwood Removable Tray, consisting of CHESS, CHECKERS, CRIBBAGE, BACKGAMMON, ACEY-DUCEY, DICE & POKER CHIPS. Instruction Book included.
3. *Hospitality Compartment* with six distinctively designed Coasters and space for cards, score pads, etc.

The ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES is impressive in size (10¼" x 7" x 2¾") finished in a choice of Red, Brown or Green calf-skin leatherette, exquisitely embossed with hand-tooled effect, gilt edges and snap closure.

Worthy of adorning the shelves of any home library, it offers endless hours of game-playing enjoyment!

GAME ASSORTMENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

COMPLETE GAME BOX

(Regular size playing pieces)

Consists of Roulette Wheel and Layout; Chips; combination Chess, Checkers, Backgammon Board; Doubler; Checkers, Chessmen, Dominoes; Dice, Dice Cup. In simulated pig grain leather case. $29.50

TEN GAME COMBINATION

(Miniature size playing pieces)

Consists of Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey, Cribbage, Chips, Cards, Poker Dice, Regular Dice, Put and Take Dice, and Instruction Book. In handsome genuine leather saddle-stitched case. $15.95. In simulated pig grain leather case. $10.95

AT DEPARTMENT, GIFT, STATIONERY AND OTHER GOOD STORES

Lowe

Look for the name LOWE on every genuine LOWE Game

E. S. LOWE COMPANY, Inc., 27 West 20th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

quality
workmanship
beauty

TERRY

WALLETS
The Finest in
LEATHERWARE

Look for the Terry name and price in every Terry Wallet

Every Terry Wallet is made of the finest imported leathers, in sturdy long-wearing one piece construction with ample pockets for cards, stamps, identification cards, etc. Many have the exclusive X-TRAFOLD, the patented Terry feature that serves as a secret pocket, a divider for large and small bills, and is removable so that it means two wallets in one.

TERRY WALLETS FROM $3.50 to $12.00
(plus tax)

For Christmas, give your favored lady a Terry Maid Wallet. Designed for beauty and comfortable use; made of imported leathers in all fashionable colors; from $3.50 to $7.50.

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

KAYE-MEYERS CO.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 244

invitation to murder

What in the world hit Iles Brody in his September article? I know Esquire is a magazine for men, but that doesn't exclude a proper appreciation of women? It makes me feel that Iles Brody doesn't know us, or possibly he has never met my type. Men often call me "babe" but it's usually followed by "how you can cook." On that score I challenge the author. Let him meet me face to face any evening at 6:30 in my home, and if my food doesn't change his mind, my friends will wield the knife that ends him.

Mary Stadnyk
Rochester, N. Y.

S. O. S. to Howell N. White

An October, 1936 issue of your magazine turned up in our lunchroom here in the office one day, along with several other quaint models, and the effect one of its stories has had on one of our employees is just about pathetic enough to urge me to write you. The story was entitled *Godiva in Taxco*, and it was written by Howell N. White, Jr.

All of us here are so completely impregnated with the details of this piece of fiction that we are determined to retaliate in some form. The thought has occurred to us that if the author can be contacted at this late date and urged to write a note to our employee-overcome, it might be the means of keeping him quiet and thus end the thoroughly exhausted saga of the lady who wore nothing but pearls in the belief that she became invisible.

Can you tell me where we might contact Mr. White, thereby leading us back to the normally dignified and quiet atmosphere of a well run office?

(Mrs.) Merle K. Rudolph
New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: The author of the story led us to believe that Lady Godiva, suffering from the delusion that she was a locomotive, and crying "Whoo whoo!" was finally run down by a freight train. That her shade has turned up in your office is disquieting news. Have you tried garlic?

essay on Artie

Artie Shaw, as interviewed in Leonard Feather's July Jazz column, indeed does prove himself a most articulate musician, but at the same time he exhibits a narrow-mindedness and a shallow depth of understanding through such understatements as, "Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies weren't classics, but fine, workmanlike compositions of the popular music of their times, the polkas and mazurkas." An aesthetic discussion of the merit, intent and content of classical music is not within my power, but I am trying here to point out some obvious criticisms of Shaw's statements.

"People talk about the purity of the symphony, but look how many symphonic forms you can trace back to the dance numbers of the 17th and 18th centuries," said Artie, apparently unaware of the common musical usage of the word *pure*. The "longhairs" often differentiate symphonic music with qualifying words such as *pure* or *absolute*, *programmatic*, *functional*, and so forth. A work such as a Brahms symphony is very likely to be called *pure* or *absolute* music, referring to the fact that it has no literary background such as a legend (Till Eulenspiegel), no program, or no special descriptive scheme (Domestic Symphony). No one denies the fact that a good deal of music has been written and is being written influenced by "dance numbers," and no one, I am sure, hopes that the purity of the symphony will become unsullied by the omission of three-four time, etc.

If Shaw can see nothing more in Mozart or Haydn than a demonstration of fine, workmanlike composition which "attacks" minuets and mazurkas, I'm afraid he exposes in himself a complete lack of comprehension and understanding of fine music. His sensitiveness to beauty and spiritual power is slight, unresponsive, and I imagine he is able to derive as much exaltation and inspiration, as much provocation of thought from H. Carmichael or from Handel.

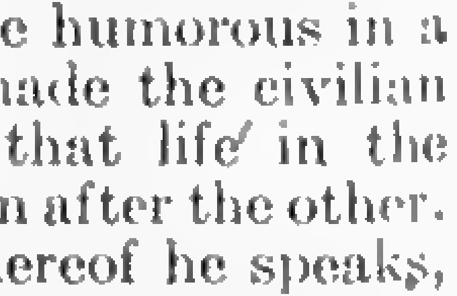
I am not saying that Shaw is entirely wrong in his viewpoints, but that he hasn't said enough for the most part. Good points are the enlargening of the musical horizon by giving the public a little more than what it wants, and the validity of jazz as an art form, but when he tries to synthesize classical and jazz, he might as well try comparing intelligently works of Picasso and Milton Caniff, both widely acknowledged artists in their fields, but worlds apart from one another. He implies that the classic of Haydn's day grew from the excellent, musicianly work on folk music, that the technical skill of the composer plus the popular tune made the classic. Can the souls of the immortals have been so empty and inert as Artie would have them be? Are the breadth, scope, influence of Beethoven's efforts no greater in effect than Handy's?

V. W. Carpenter
Captain U.S.M.C.R.
Marine Fighting Sqdn. 311; F. P. O.
San Francisco.

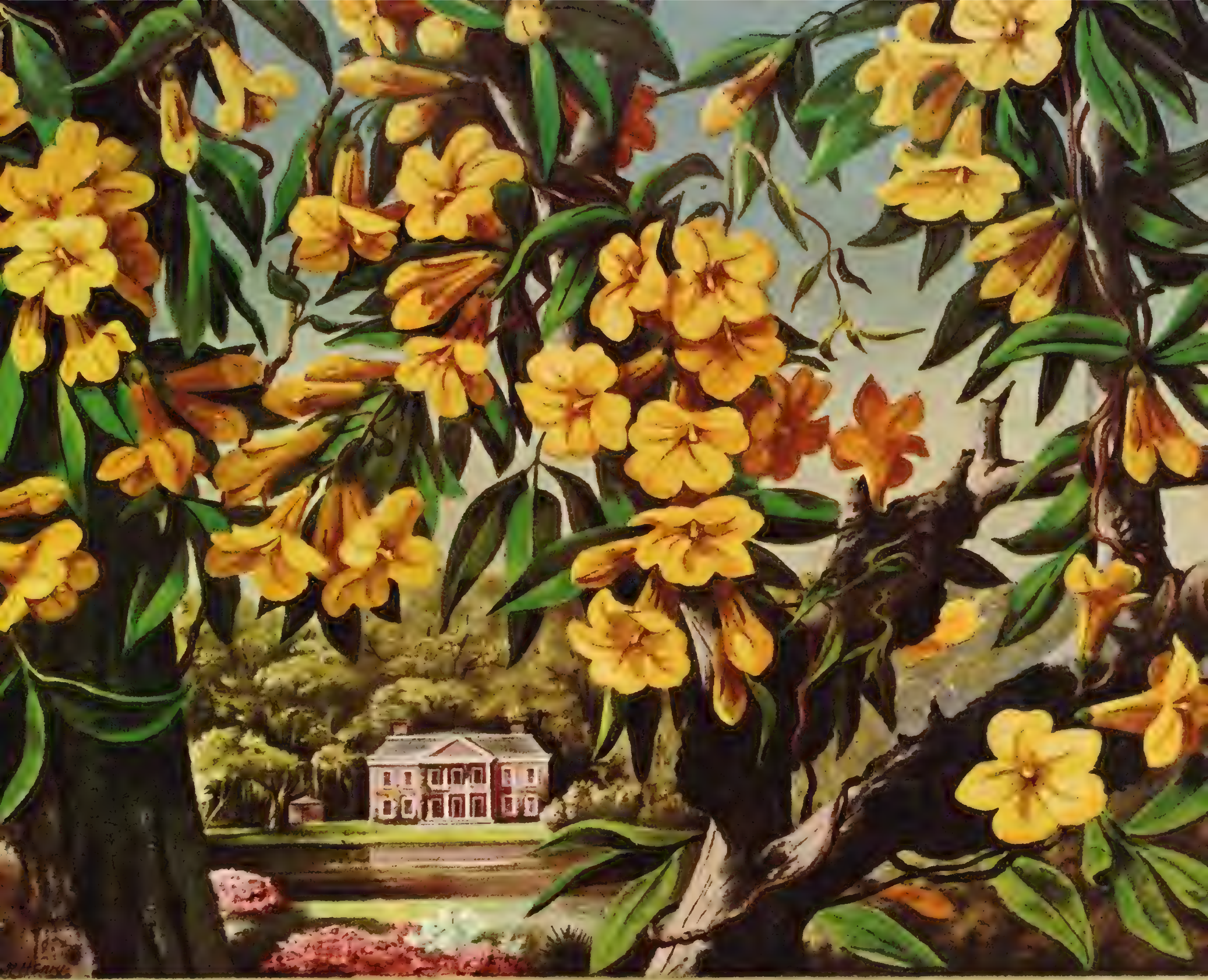
sitting sergeant

I am very much in favor of the expanded Sports Department and being a devotee of Jazz and/or Swing, or whatever the boys in the back-room wish to call it, I find the Feather-Miller combo very much to my liking.

What the Young Joe Should Write was responsible for a fast trip to the Post Library and the immediate withdrawal of *The Brick Foxhole*. The book is everything that Mr. Lewis says it is, and more. It would take a person who has been in the service and is well versed in the varied aspects of barracks life to appreciate some of the excellent descriptive passages of the book. It is high time that the jocular, palsy-walsy, hilarious barracks life myth of the silver screen be exposed as a fraudulent misrepresentation of the facts. Such literary masterpieces as *See Here, Pvt. H*, while humorous in a way, certainly have made the civilian reading public think that life in the service is one big scream after the other. Mr. Brooks knows whereof he speaks, and tells how it really is. You undoubtedly know, as does everyone who stops and thinks for a moment, that there are a large number who never saw combat. In a lot of cases, the individual soldier, sailor or marine had absolutely nothing to say about it. This book deals with but one of these men, and a more intelligent, true-to-life picture of "Stateside Duty" will be a long time in making an appearance. There is an old, time-worn axiom, to wit, "He also serves, who sits and waits," and all that I can add to that sage observation is a positive, Amen.

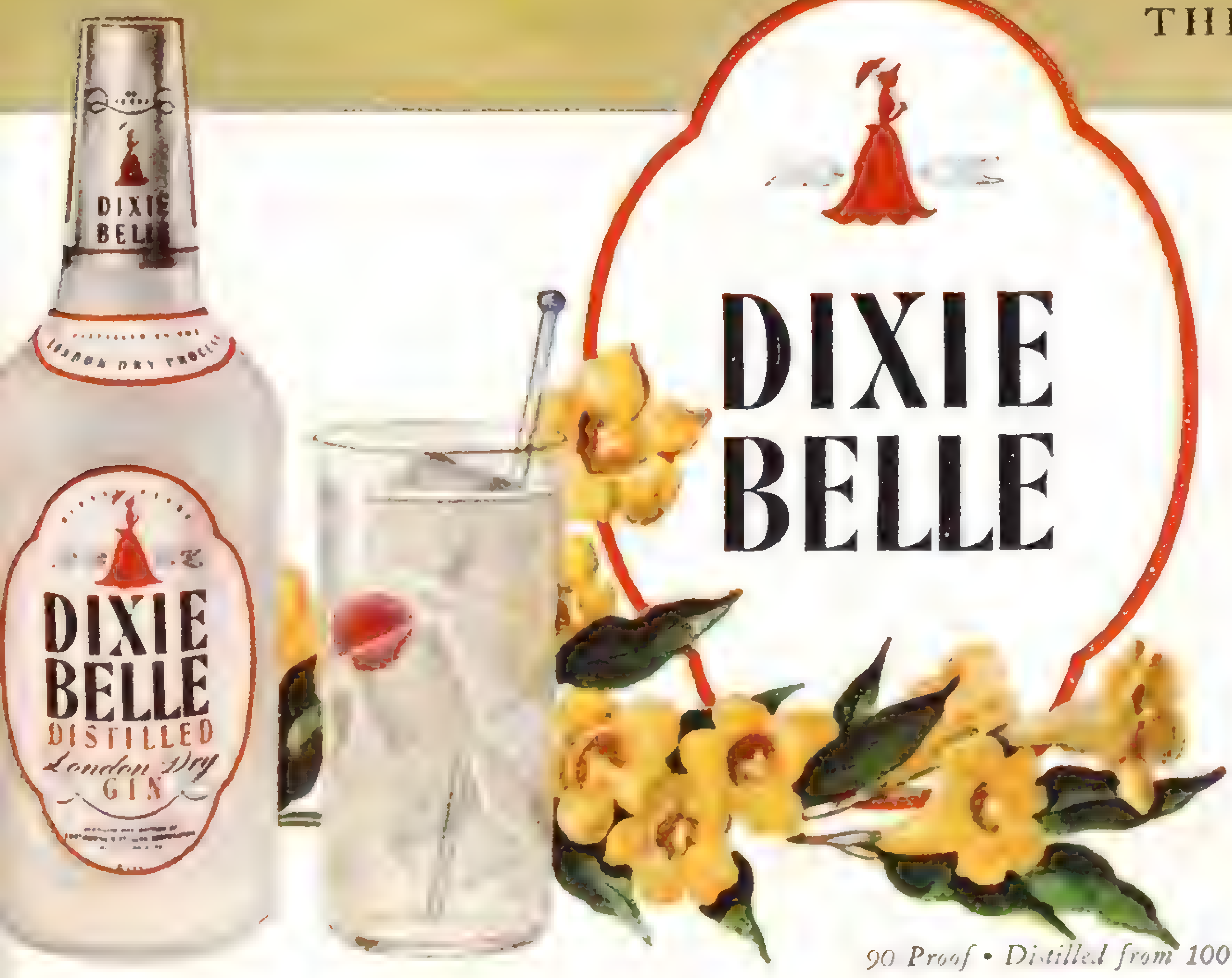


S/Sgt William Johnston
Panama.



A Favorite in Flowers

THE JESSAMINE—State Flower of South Carolina


DIXIE BELLE
DIXIE BELLE
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN

Distinction marks the favorite.
True of flowers, true of gin.
That's why Dixie Belle stands so high in
public preference. A gin with satin-smoothness
distilled into every drop from fine grain
neutral spirits and choice imported fruits,
herbs and berries. Enjoy a favorite in gin.
Be sure to ask for Dixie Belle.

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOFFE-VOGUE STUDIOS AND SILVER FOX BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Compacts by Elgin American

You can show your Elgin American compact proudly. Exquisite style and craftsmanship—gleaming, enduring finish—custom-like individuality, make these Elgin American creations truly masterpieces of the jeweler's art. The perfect gift.

ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois

Compacts • Cigarette Cases • Dresser Sets

COPYRIGHT 1945, ELGIN AMERICAN

Gentlemen's Bouquet
"FOUR STAR" MASCULINE FRAGRANCES
by
L'Orlé

L'Orlé

EXCLUSIVE POLO SPUR SERIES

The head of the class in men's toiletries.

Magnificently masculine . . . a superlative token of high esteem for the gift-giving season. Four bracing, virile scents in the Bouquet and After-Shave to match. In richly colored, porcelain type flacons. Singly or in 2 goal sets . . . $3.50 to $7.00 plus tax.

Saddle Tan Flacon with CHECK REIN
Green Flacon with POLO FIELD
Blue Flacon with EL RANCHO
Brown Flacon with SAGE BRUSH

PARFUM L'ORLE, INC., 6 EAST 39th STREET • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
MADE IN U.S.A.

fabrics by stafford

fabrics with a pedigree . . .

Season's Greetings

from the Stafford stallion . . .
symbol of those famous Stafford fabrics . . . .
loomed in Pennsylvania, printed
in the little Connecticut town
for which they are named

GOODMAN & THEISE, INC.
16 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
Stafford Springs, Conn., Scranton, Pa.

Snow Over Millinocket

Continued from page 90

the snow was a hard-packed sheet over the hidden runways. The Canadian cargo planes perched in the parking area near the communications station laid bulky night shadows along the ice.

The men in blue uniform turned away from the windows and clustered around the oil burner. The station was neon-lighted and noisy, sound pouring from the six receivers on the radio rack. The RCAF boys were quiet as they watched the two American communications men.

A teletype started to chatter, and one operator read the weather reports coming through the landline.

"Portland's closed, Henry," he announced. "Ceiling 300, overcast. Bangor has strong gusts."

The other man nodded. "I'll bet there's a sweet snow squall off the coast. We'll get it soon."

"Millinocket Radio, this is Trans-Canada 16," the voice boomed out of the receiver. "Over Cokey Joe 2134, at six thousand, estimating Millinocket 2141. Over."

Henry swung the microphone to his lips. "TCA 16, this is Millinocket, Roger, wait."

He picked the interphone up from its cradle and pressed the signal button.

"Boston," an airway traffic controller responded over the line.

"Millinocket," Henry said. "TCA 16 is over Kocajo 2134 at six thousand, Millinocket at '41."

"Advise Trip 16," the controller told him, "heavy turbulence is reported at six thousand over Blissville and we suggest he climb to ten thousand immediately. If that is satisfactory, he is cleared to climb to and cruise ten thousand to the Boston boundary."

Henry went back to the mike. "TCA 16, this is Millinocket. Boston advises heavy turbulence at six thousand over Blissville. Is ten thousand okay? Over."

"Affirmative, Millinocket," the airliner answered. "Ten thousand is okay. Over."

"Boston ATC clears you to the boundary," Henry broadcast. "To climb to and cruise ten thousand. Over."

"Wilco, 16 out."

Henry switched off his microphone. He looked at the wind indicator on the weather board. "Look, Fred—" The north bulb had burned steadily before. Now, the lights flash rapidly around the cardinal points of the compass.

"A wind shift," the other operator said for the benefit of the pilots. He counted the flashes of the velocity light. "Forty miles an hour, gusts to 60 . . ."

They could hear it now, a quiet whisper in the distance, swelling until the wind shrilled past the station.

"It was pretty bad up north, too," a flying sergeant said. "That's why we were anxious to get down here before it closed in."

The snow came down. First, a few flakes driving against the window, then a thick sheet whipping across the field, blotting out sight of the far trees. The men in the station watched it silently, and in the silence, they heard the faint beat of high-frequency notes keying through a receiver. Fred swung the dial. The code pounded through louder, and there was no mistaking the rhythmic, excited swing. The pilots watched Fred's pencil move across the paper as he copied . . .

SOS SOS SOS ZQ ZQ ZQ DE R219 K

"He's calling Presque Isle," Henry said. He picked up the interphone.

"Presque Isle Army, from Millinocket CAA," he called, and the north Maine military base came onto the line. "Do you read Army 219's distress call in CW on 4495 kilocycles?"

"No," the communicator at Presque Isle answered. "We don't hear him."

"He must be listening to your range," Henry suggested. "Give him a call and tell him to work us. Our frequency is 344."

The code keying stopped.

"That ship must be well off the Airway, if he can't use voice," Fred told the Canadians.

Abruptly, the resonance of the radiotelegraphy resumed its pulse, and the sounds became letters beneath Fred's pencil.

MT MT MT DE R219 K

Henry swung out the mike. "Army 219, this is Millinocket Radio. We read you Roger 4, Sugar 4. Over."

The code came through again, singsonging in high-pitched cadence . . .

IN SNOWSTORM AT 15,000. POSITION UNKNOWN. 45 MINS GAS. REQUEST BEARING. K

"Roger, 219," Henry told him. "Stand by."

Fred pressed Boston's button, and the traffic control came onto his line.

"Millinocket," Fred reported. "Army 219 is working us in code. Advises he is over a snowstorm at fifteen thousand feet. Has forty-five minutes gas. He's lost and requests a bearing. He is coming in on 4495 kilocycles—a2 emission."

"Okay, Millinocket," the controller said. "For your information Army 219 is a B17 enroute Westover Field to Presque Isle, overdue fifty minutes. Advise him to start continuous transmission in five minutes, at 2150."

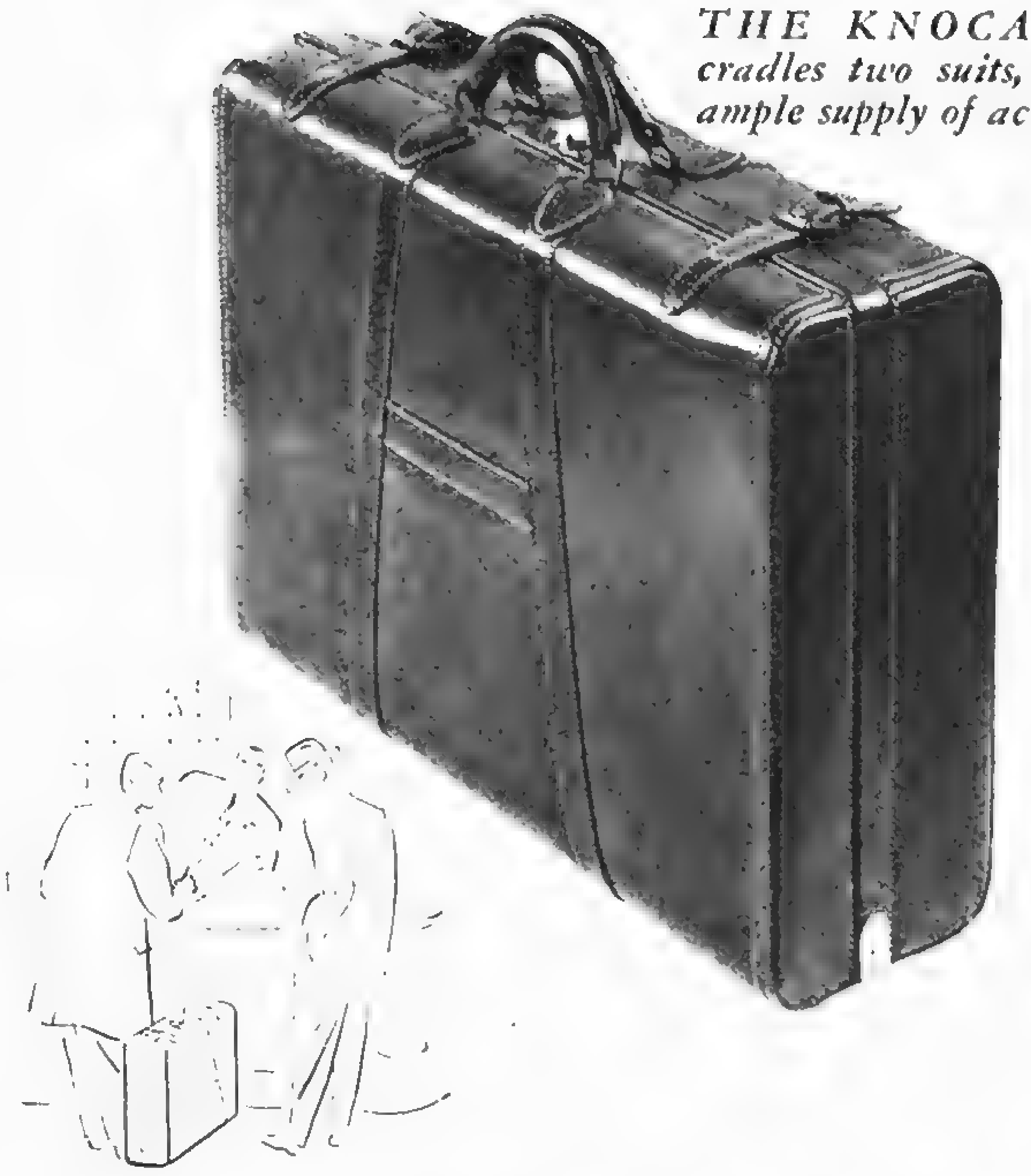
Henry went back to the mike. "Army 219, this is Millinocket. We will try to get a fix on you. Start continuous signal at 2150. Over."

Out of the receiver, a single note—R.

"Why can't he come in on the beam?" a slim youngster asked, eagerly.

"Most likely for the same reason he's using code instead of voice,"

Continued on page 252



THE KNOCABOUT cradles two suits, plus an ample supply of accessories.

HARTMANN
LUGGAGE

makes an impression

wherever it goes . . .

but not

on the clothes

that go in it

so smoothly

THE HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

A FITTING GIFT

for every man

"LIKE OLD FRIENDS THEY WEAR WELL"

Christmas after Christmas . . . for over 80 years . . . "Meyers Make" gloves have ranked high among the gifts that a man appreciates most. The famous "Meyers Make" name is an assurance of finest craftsmanship... and a promise that "like old friends they wear well." Meyers Make, Inc., One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

MEYERS MAKE

GOOD GLOVES *Since* 1864

Snow Over Millinocket

Continued from page 251

Henry told him. "He must be too far out, and so much off the Airway, he can't read a signal strong enough to follow."

The Canadians silently watched the snow seep across the field. Each man must have been thinking of the Fortress driving through a frozen sky over a snow-gripped earth on an unknown track.

"I was lost up there once," the flying sergeant said slowly. "I can tell you that it's hell to sit in a cockpit and watch the gas needle bang against zero. You glue your eyes to the overcast, looking for a hole to come on down through—and there aren't any holes. The minutes go fast as you wonder if there are mountains below the snow, and you don't feel any better when you scan the charts and see the damned elevations . . ."

The two operators watched the second hand of the station clock spin steadily around the dial.

They thought of the fast-moving pattern of communications they had started with the call down the landline to Boston. They knew that the controllers would be contacting the army flight service, already officers would be on the telephones to the FCC stations, the information would be flowing over the wires, down to Rhode Island and New York and to the FCC in Maine. Radio direction finders would be tuned to aircraft frequency and great, looped antennae would be turning slowly on top of the towers . . .

The second hand went past the hour, and the shrill tone burst from the receiver, wavered in a solid wail as a radio operator on a lost plane held down his key.

The quiet minutes passed, and men both airborne and grounded waited out the tormenting time, sweated out the flying minutes while distant, hurrying hands plotted tracks across paper, scaled the arcs and angles, raced the frozen feet of death around the face of a gasoline stopwatch . . .

"Millinocket, from Boston." Henry went to the interphone.

"Advise Army 219," the controller said, "his position at 2154, latitude 43 degrees, 11 minutes, longitude 67 degrees, 8 minutes."

Fred handled the microphone, repeated the precious figures. The signal broke into the beat of Morse, and Henry copied . . .

R. WILL WORK VOICE WHEN OVER YOUR STATION. OUT.

The Canadians relaxed. "Sounds like he was over St. Andrews," the flying sergeant said.

Fred consulted a chart pinned across a wall. "Close to it," he agreed. "Looks like he was heading straight out for the ocean."

Henry called Boston. "Message delivered," he told the control. "Anything else for him?"

"When he is over your station," the controller said, "advise Army 219 he is cleared from Millinocket to Presque Isle, to cruise fifteen thousand, to make normal descent and contact the tower for landing instructions."

The snow still piled steadily against the windows, but the station was bright and warm, and the clatter of the teletype was a cheerful sound.

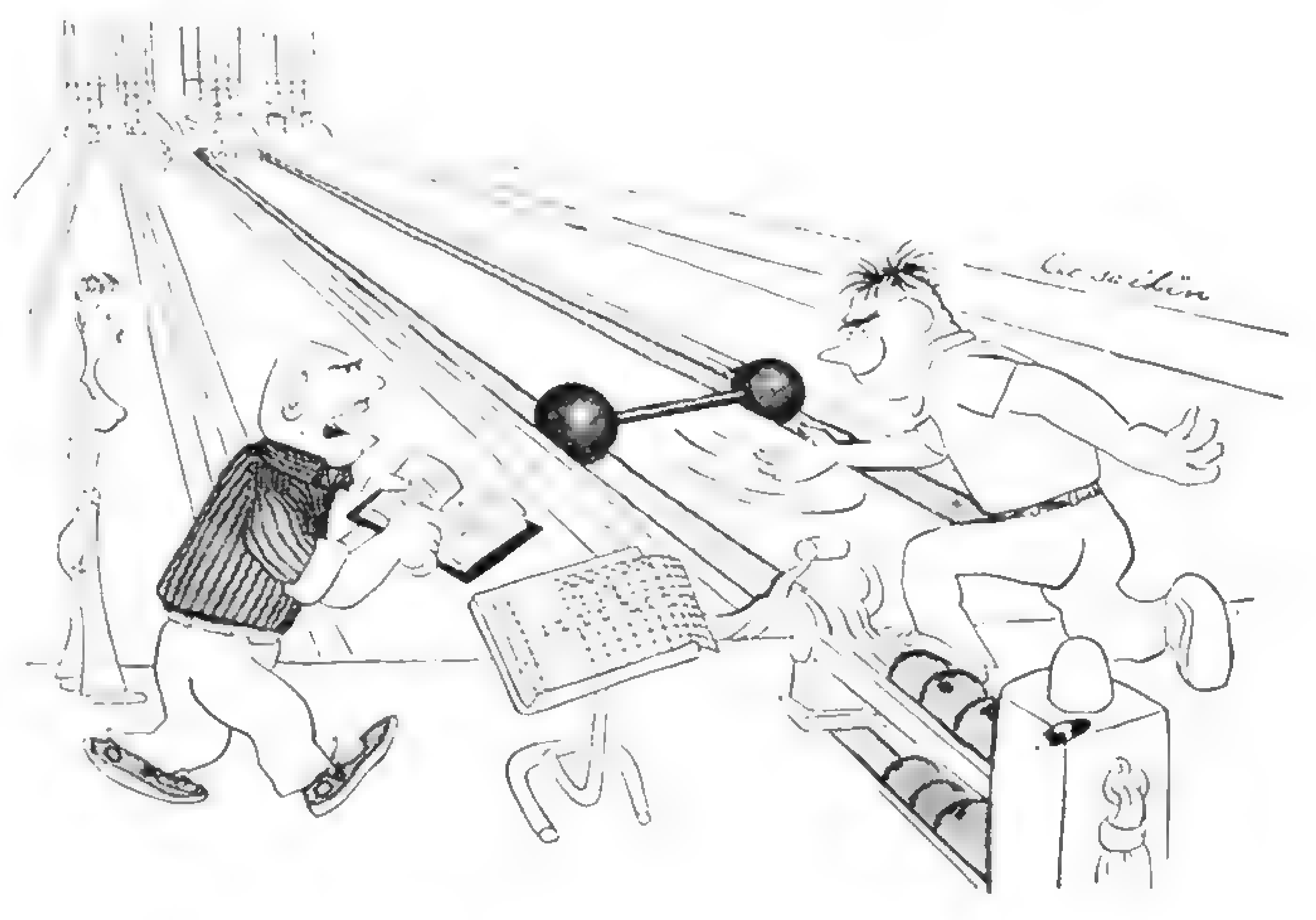
"Millinocket Radio, from Army 219," the pilot's voice carried clearly through the speaker. "Over your range station 2213, at fifteen thousand. Over."

"Roger, 219," Henry answered. "Boston ATC clears you from Millinocket to Presque Isle, to cruise fifteen thousand. Make normal descent, contact the tower for landing instructions. Presque Isle weather—" he read from the teletype strip Fred held for him, "2130 observation, Presque Isle contact, ceiling 1200, visibility 3 miles. Over."

"Roger, Millinocket," the pilot came back, "and thanks, Millinocket, thanks a million! 219 out."

The plane's carrier clicked off the air. The men in the station stood mutually silent, and they heard it, echoing down through the white overcast, the faint murmur of powerful engines plowing across the northern skies, on course. ###

Continued from page 90



"The rule book says no!"

The One with Hands

Continued from page 117

struck true just back of the rabbit's head, closing and locking in the fishhook grip peculiar to the raptors. Such a grip cannot be loosened for some minutes, as many a bird of prey has realized too late.

The quarry was a buck rabbit and heavy, and the falcon flapped furiously for many seconds, barely able to lift the kill. In that space Pekan was upon him from behind, bearing both bird and rabbit to the ground. The deadly triangular jaws of the fisher found the throat and exacted the penalty.

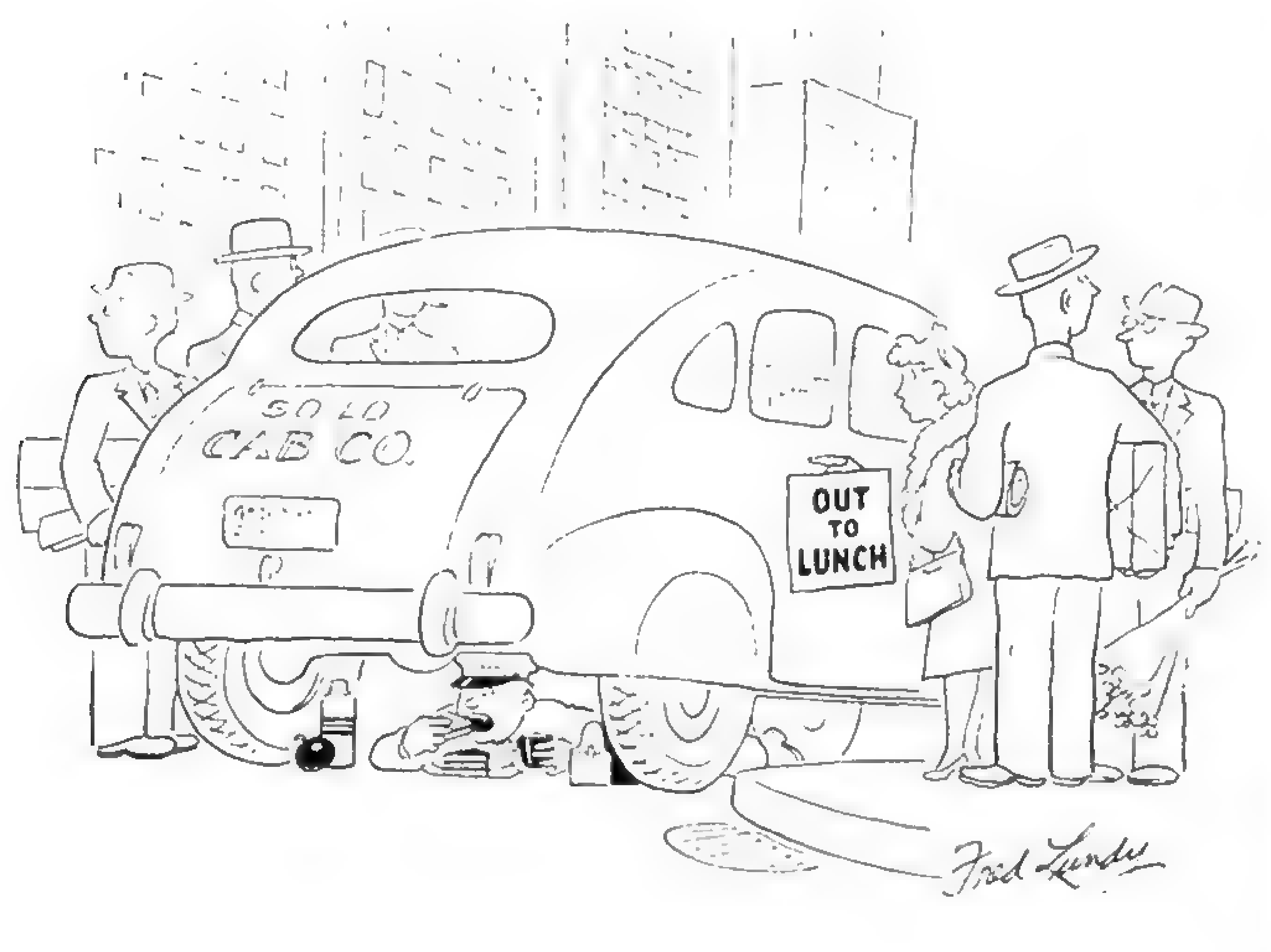
For long intoxicating moments Pekan drank at the torn throat of his rival. When finally he let the limp body drop to the sand, he was perhaps as close to being satiated as it was possible for his demon kind to be. Poised with forefeet on the kill, his ember-like eyes flung round and aloft took in a familiar dead pine close by and in the same instant, a small black-and-white pointed mask just disappearing in a dark hole halfway up the trunk. A coon-tree—the same dead pine where he had slain a little raccoon a week or so before! Joyously he went swarming up the tree, but in the hole above he met neither the baby coon nor its mother, but the hissing mask of Lotor.

With a churring snarl the big coon flung himself straight at the murderer. They locked, but the rapier speed of the fisher was twice that of the coon, and though Lotor had struck for the throat, it was Pekan's jaws that drove to the mark. His teeth closed on a big mouthful, but it was fur and hide, not throat, that they held. Lotor had slipped aside just enough to turn inside his heavy loose hide, his own dirk-like teeth meeting in the fisher's foreleg. Pekan writhed free, feinted twice with the agility of a red squirrel, leapt high and landed on his adversary's back. Again the thrusting jaws sought the throat, but the coon flung himself and his deadly rider out into the air.

In the twelve-foot fall the combatants separated, spun about, landed unhurt and facing each other. Then they sprang in again, jaw to throat, and again Pekan was the swifter, but before he reached his mark his snaky neck was seized in a strangling iron grasp he could not break. For Lotor's paws were black-clawed, monkey-like hands, and hands are infinitely more cunning weapons than any claws. Thousands of years ago by the clock of evolution, Lotor's peace-loving kind began transforming claws into hands to balance a sharpening brain, which, like man's, could think of two or three things at the same time. Hands were weapons with which the fisher could not cope; part of their reason for being was for the undoing of such specialized assassins as he. Now his sinuous body writhed and whipped like a dying snake as he fought with all his strength, but those fingers continued to hold.

Minutes passed that were like hours in that tension of strain. The fighters rolled over and over as Pekan's whole body convulsed in his struggle for air. But the black hands went on working their dark diablerie on windpipe and jugular, until at long last the killer had ceased to move at all. And still they continued to hold and twist. Finally the big raccoon let his enemy drop to the sand and moved slowly down to the lakeshore where he washed until the unclean reek of carnivore had quite vanished from his fur.

The late moon that night looked down upon a kingdom free of tyrants; upon the torn and twisted bodies of the rivals, Pekan and the falcon, lying but a few yards apart; and it slanted slyly into the high opening where Lotor slept in his hollow tree, his mate and two little ones curled up beside him. Already word of deliverance had gone magically around. In many a moonwashed glade the rabbits were leaping and dancing unguardedly at their age-old games, and in the spired chancels beneath the pines was a sense that Nature was infinitely at peace once more. ⧺



ETERNA
Famous Since 1856

No more beautiful and dependable watch is made than the ETERNA.. In faultless taste — with unquestioned accuracy. Small wonder there's such complete enjoyment and pride in having an ETERNA ... Priced from $55 to $1000 including watches for men... **Superb gift!**

ETERNA watches are limited in number.
Sold and serviced at leading jewelers.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
SPAIN
PORT

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition, a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years. Serve Harvey's in your home.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Measured Mile

Continued from page 118

single run was approximately 309 mph.

On the return run Eyston barely got up speed when a clutch broke down, and he was unable to go for the official record that day. On November 6th, Eyston wheeled the Thunderbolt out again. This time he made 310 mph on the first run. But on the return run the defective clutch again broke down. Twice Eyston had far exceeded Sir Malcolm's time for a mile but had failed to break his 301.13 official record.

Eyston remained confident. By November 14th the mechanics had eliminated the trouble, and once more he gunned the Thunderbolt over the shimmering salt sands. The two runs were almost uneventful. On the southbound run the Thunderbolt averaged 317.74 mph, and on the northbound run 305.34 mph. Eyston had set a new world's record—311.42 mph, 10 mph faster than Sir Malcolm Campbell's. Eyston shipped the Thunderbolt back to England, promising to be back.

When he returned to Bonneville Salt Flats the next year, Captain Eyston had competition. A millionaire London fur broker named John R. Cobb had also come over, bringing a new racing car built by the English designer, Reid Railton. The two Britishers showed an admirable spirit of cordiality and sportsmanship, but there was no mistaking the keenness of the competition.

Captain Eyston meant business when he rolled the Thunderbolt out onto the straightaway August 24. Some improvements had been made in the Thunderbolt. The car was obviously streaking across the salt flats faster than before. Just what speed it attained on that particular run will never be known. The silvery monster flashed so fast by the electric eye at the start of the measured mile that the timer failed to trip.

"I must have been running devilish close to 360," Eyston said, taking his disappointment cheerfully.

To ensure the tripping of the electric eye on future runs, the Thunderbolt was given a coat of black paint. Another problem had to be solved. At upwards of 340 mph the wheels of the seven-ton Thunderbolt revolved at such speed that the air inside remained stationary. This caused so much friction that the tires burned up —literally. It was necessary to construct bulkheads, or baffles, in the tires to force the air to spin with the tire. Even so, the tires were always smoking and sometimes in flames by the end of a run. An entire new set had to be mounted for the return run.

Finally on August 27th, painted black and with its eight tires bulkheaded, the Thunderbolt skimmed over the speedway to a new world's record: 345.49 mph. Asked how it felt to drive that fast, Eyston said soberly, "At that speed you just seem to be whistling through space." John Cobb had been out fishing, but he got back in time to shake hands with Eyston.

Shortwave transmitters had been set up each year at Bonneville by radio station KSL. For Eyston's speed trials the broadcast was piped through KSL to New York, thence overseas, where the program was carried throughout England by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Eyston's wife had been listening in London. She called him by transatlantic telephone to congratulate him on his new record.

Little more than two weeks later, on September 15th, John Cobb became world's speed king for a day. Cobb's Red Lion was an unknown quantity. It speedily made itself known. An airplane flying overhead parallel to the course, was quickly overtaken by the Red Lion. Its speed for the run, and the new world's record, was 350.2 mph, nearly five miles an hour faster than Eyston's.

The record stood just twenty-four hours. Captain Eyston smilingly allowed that he had been holding back the Thunderbolt all the time. The next day the Thunderbolt, nose blunted and tail fin removed, made a new world's record: 357.5 mph, and Eyston was once again the world's speed king.

Cobb announced that he had decided to abandon further attempts to raise the record—"this year." He said his Red Lion had been built for a definite objective, presumably meaning 350 mph.

And that ended the Bonnville runs for 1938.

John Cobb returned to Bonneville the next August quietly confident in the Red Lion. The car embodied some new ideas. Reid Railton declined to accept the theory that at great speed great weight was needed. He believed that through proper design he could overcome the tendency of a fast-moving car to leave the ground. Campbell's Bluebird had weighed six tons; Eyston's Thunderbolt weighed seven tons. Railton's Red Lion was only a little over three tons. Two 12-cylinder Napier Lion supercharged engines gave the turtle-shaped comet 2,600 horsepower. Nearly flat on top, the aluminum alloy body curved gently from fore to aft and looked like a giant ladybug. The four-wheeled racer was crab tracked, the front axle measuring five feet six inches, and the rear axle three feet six inches. There was no radiator, the cooling system for the engines consisting of a 75-gallon water tank in which ice was placed before each run. Each brake drum was automatically water-cooled by water bled from the engine cooling system.

When, on August 22nd, 1939, Cobb ordered the Red Lion out for a test run the track had been carefully scraped, and then handpicked. Crews had gone over every inch of it, removing every object the size of a match. The black guideline down the center of the course had been widened to three feet.

A huge cloud of smoke poured from the exhausts and a puff of salt shot into the air as the tires gripped the sand. Then the Red Lion settled down to a steady—and remarkable—acceleration. The thunderous roar of the two engines echoed back from the bleak mountains, and the Red Lion seemed to melt into the silvery haze, trailing rising columns of dust and smoke. When Cobb flashed by the electric eye at the end of the measured mile, he had traveled at a speed of six miles a minute—369.23 mph! Railton's theory was vindicated. Cobb ordered the Red Lion wheeled about for the return run. A new set of tires was mounted, ice was added to the cooling system, but on the southbound run as the Red Lion approached 350 mph the motors stalled.

"Tomorrow will do it," Cobb predicted confidently.

The next day as he settled into the cockpit Cobb smiled at a track official. "I suppose you want to see my driver's license?"

"No sir," was the reply. "A man who can drive a car six miles a minute doesn't need any license in Utah."

The Red Lion sent out its cloud of black smoke. Cobb gunned it to approximately 120 mph in low gear, to 235 in second and then Red Lion was off. Smoke and fire poured from the two exhausts atop the hull as the machine fairly flew between the two huge red markers at the start and end of the measured mile. Cobb thundered north at 370.75 mph and returned at 366.97 mph, giving him an official average of 368.9 mph. This mark eclipsed by more than 10 mph Captain Eyston's 1938 record.

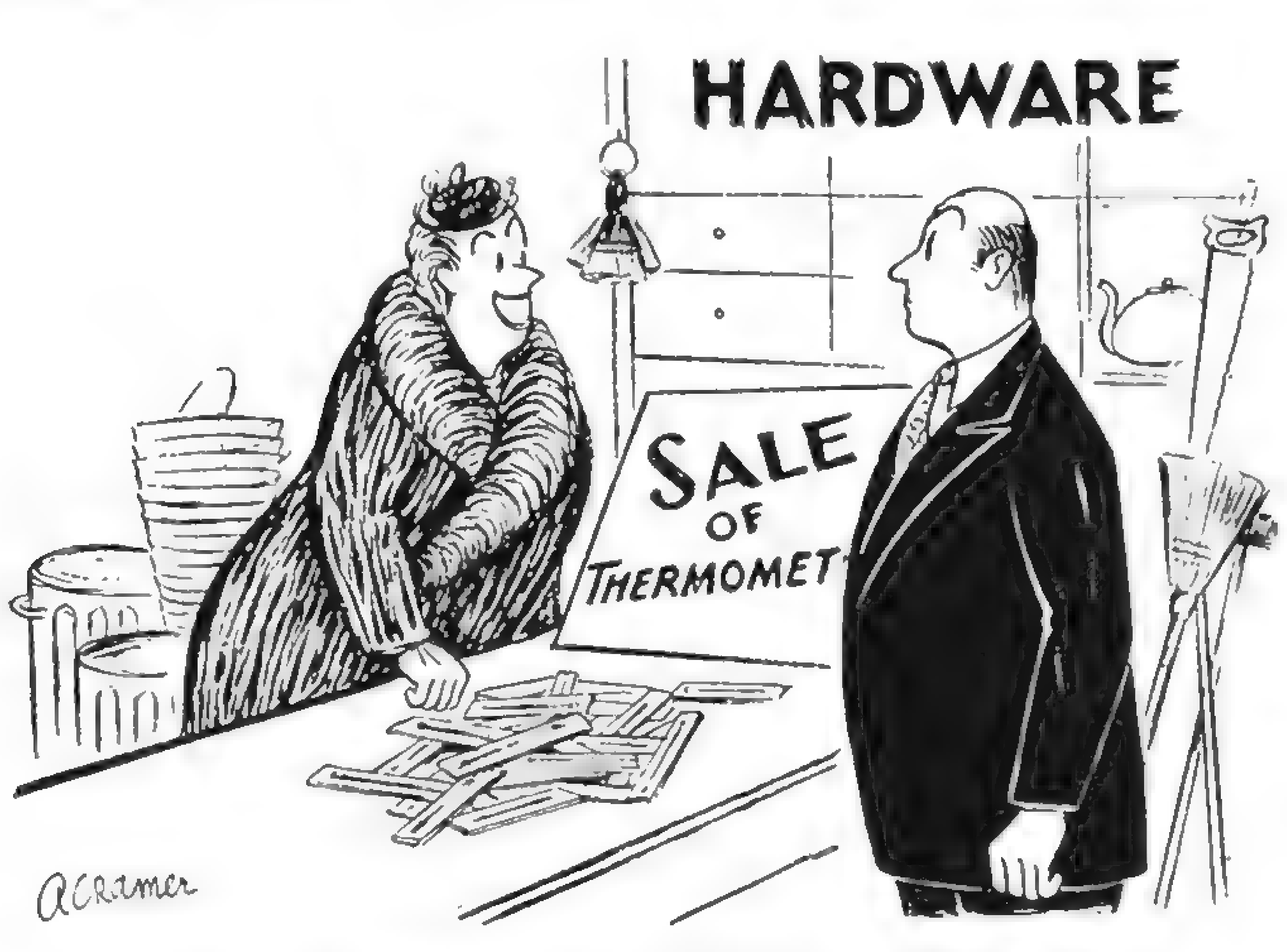
Jumping down from the cockpit to receive the congratulations of the spectators, Cobb was in a gay mood. He confessed that traveling at that speed was not exactly an amusement. "It's not particularly frightening," he said, "but there's always the uncertainty, when you start out, about whether or not you are going to reach the other end. The horizon appears only about two hundred yards ahead. You seem to be hurtling through space, while the earth seems to be falling away in a steep curve."

Several days later the outbreak of World War II brought to a close the Campbell-Eyston-Cobb chapter of speed racing at Bonneville. In slightly under four years man had raised the world's land speed record from 276.816 mph to 368.9 mph.

As if these speeds were not in themselves sufficiently dazzling, the great saline plain has imparted to the saga of the speed runs something of its own strange character. Those who witnessed the runs still speak of the weird visual effects. Due to the fact that the Bonneville desert is one of the few places on land where the curvature of the earth is plainly visible, the racers seemed suddenly to shoot up from under the horizon, sweep across the plain, and as suddenly drop out of sight over the horizon.

The fabulous cost of the Bonneville runs by British racers was not money wasted. Data on the performance of experimental engines capable of propelling a giant racing car at the rate of 368.9 mph were used in designing the motors that powered the Spitfire and Hurricane fighter planes which saved England in 1940.

Cobb left Bonneville amid a good deal of speculation as to what land speed man might hope to attain in the future. A few thought Cobb's record would never be far exceeded. Others, pointing out that the mark had been boosted from 39.24 mph to 368.9 mph in the forty-one years since Laubat established the first world's record, expressed confidence that a way would be found to continue notching the record even higher. But all agreed that if and when the world's land speed records are again brought under assault, the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, shimmering, and smooth as still water, will be the site of the new speed kings' measured mile. ###



"These seem to be all different—if you have one that registers 70° that's about the temperature we like our house"

THE MOST CONVINCING RAZOR TEST IN SHAVING HISTORY

• Back in 1942 all of our production of Schick Blades went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. That condition lasted *for almost a year!*

THE TEST

Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

THE ANSWER

The answer to that question was the most convincing proof of razor appeal ever offered!

The Schick Injector Razors—*forced into retirement a year before*—were *put back to work*—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales *climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short* months. A dramatic answer to a most dramatic test!

SCHICK BLADES NOW AVAILABLE BUT—

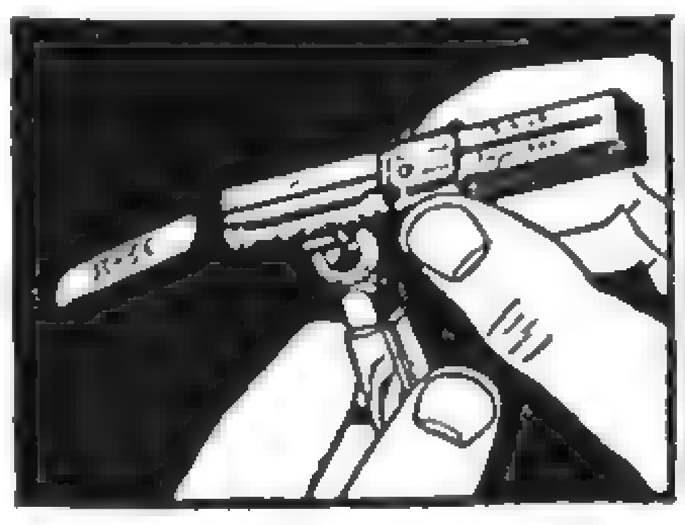
All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.

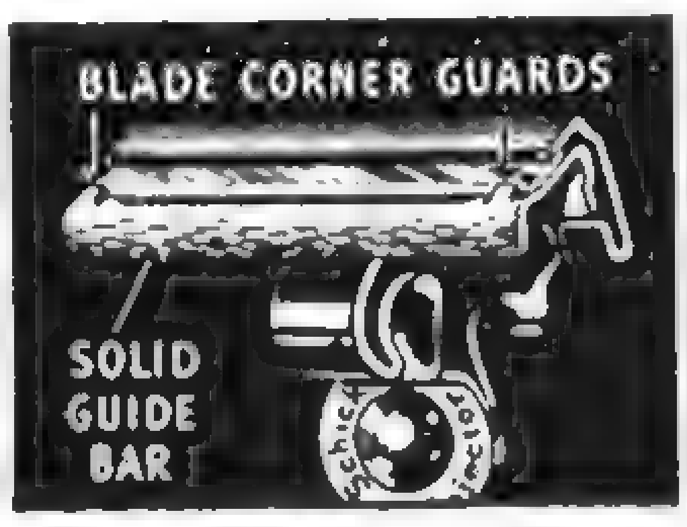
Schick
Injector

BLADES NOW PLENTIFUL

RAZORS NOT YET—BUT SOON

THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!





AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE
A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR
Has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking, scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES
Twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

RENAULT
EXTRA-DRY
Renault
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA DRY

The golden glamour that bubbles in your glass when you pour Renault Extra-Dry American Champagne has been admired with keen anticipation and enjoyed with relish by the best of men for three-quarters of a century. It flatters the finest stemware and delights the most sophisticated palate. For the occasion extraordinary, ask for Renault Brut Private Cuvée. . . . Write for a free copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS

Enjoy Renault — the Wine without Fault

Crime and Poetry

Continued from page 129

conviction, "that if more children would know about this, their parents wouldn't have to urge them to do their finger exercises on the piano."

Without listening, the intruder went on. "Matter of fact, I am trying to perfect my father's teaching and accomplish the same result with only one finger."

"That's the spirit! Without experimentation there is no progress!" said Abe.

"It's not easy, though. I succeed only if the victim doesn't resist."

Quickly, with a new hopeful gleam in his eyes, Abe suggested, "Wouldn't you like to try it out on me? I promise not to resist Mr.—er—Mr.—"

"I am called the Squeezer," the murderer said with a slight bow.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Squeezer. I am Abe Shortfellow." And with not much enthusiasm, "I am a poet."

"You don't say!" said the Squeezer with genuine interest. "You know, I wrote a poem myself, once."

"Who didn't?" sighed Abe.

"Would you like to hear it? I'd like to know what you think of it."

"Dear Lord!" Abe was thinking. "Why do you do this to me? All I wanted was to die, not to be tortured!"

"I was inspired by a girl, who was extraordinarily beautiful but, as the case usually is, she was incredibly unintelligent. Therefore I gave it the title, 'To Beauties Without Brains!' Listen!" said the Squeezer with determination and Abe realized that nothing on this earth could stop him.

A girl with no brain
Has no right to complain
When attacked by a man.
With no conversation
Which other relation
Could she possibly recommend?

"Do you think I have to rhyme, recommend with something?" the murderer asked the expert.

Aghast, Abe stared into the killer's grey eyes. "Discouraging!" he whispered in a voice filled with awe; "horrifying!"

"You mean as bad as all that?" asked the killer with disappointment nestling in his face.

"No. Not bad. Or maybe it's very bad. I don't know. That's just it. I can't say." The poet Abe Shortfellow was utterly confused. "I've just discovered that my poems are not better than yours!" he said hardly audible.

"Why thank you. Thank you very much," said the Squeezer, not grasping the deep meaning of the poet's revelation.

Not too far from a mental collapse, Abe said, "Please, sir, leave me alone now. I regret you came. All right, I'll explain. You see, before you arrived, though I was dissatisfied with my fate and desired to die, I still believed in my talent as a poet. But now you have created doubts. Without belief in one's self the departure from this world is twice as hard!" Abe, who was still standing up in his bed, collapsed into the pillows. His hand covered his eyes. He didn't want the murderer to see his tears.

After an uncomfortable moment, the Squeezer said sympathetically, "Your thoughts are the reflections of an empty stomach. Intestines have their own psychology, and their moods are mirrored in one's brain. I am positive that a properly digested fried chicken would restore the belief in yourself."

At the mention of the word chicken, Abe lifted his eyes, and with a thousand-miles-far-away look, he whispered, like in a trance,

No other bird in all the trees,
Including those who fly the seas
Can make, as much, my stomach
sing
As a chicken, fried, or à la King!

The Squeezer smiled. "Beautiful! You see? The very thought of a chicken inspires you."

"The science of medicine is so complicated," said Abe dreamily. "How long do you think one can live on the thought of a chicken?"

"I presume, that what you've just said has some sort of social significance, but it won't get you anywhere. I am a realist and live accordingly. Now let's see. You must have some friends who could help you out."

"My friends," Abe explained, "are all very sensitive. It breaks their hearts to see me suffer; therefore they avoid me as tactfully as they can."

"All right, let's think of something else," said the killer, looking searchingly through the apartment. "I see some interesting pieces of antique furniture here. They do not belong to you, do they?"

"Certainly. This furniture was my grandmother's pride and joy."

"So what are you complaining about? Why don't you sell some of them?"

Abe smiled his stale smile. "Didn't I try? Nobody wants those old-fashioned contraptions. They want a couch which can be converted into a bed at night and three chairs during the day, or be changed into bookshelves or a handy cocktail bar. And if you can't tune it in on London, they won't even consider it. The only thing granny's couch is good for is to rest on."

"I like it," said the Squeezer. "Besides I am contemplating marriage. I am waiting only for the future Mrs. Squeezer to finish a prescribed course in the leading reformatory. She loves antiques. If you are reasonable, I may buy everything you have."

With a snap, Abe sat up in his bed. "You would? You really would?" he asked incredulously.

"Why not? I am not doing you any favor. You also may be assured, that I will not take advantage of your financial predicament. As long as I have my hands, I can always make money."

"You don't know what this means to me," Abe said full of humble emotion. "You are giving me back the belief in people!"

"Do you mind being sentimental about it after I have gone?" asked the killer, slightly annoyed. Taking a pad and pencil from his pocket, he added, "Let's take an inventory."

For the next half hour the poet and the murderer were bargaining furiously. Finally the Squeezer said, "I'll let you have three hundred and twelve dollars." He took out a roll of bills. "I'll send someone to get the stuff."

Abe's hand was shaking visibly when he felt the money between his fingers. "I'd better not think where this comes from," he whispered thoughtfully.

"You are a sentimentalist!" said the murderer affably. "All money is soaked with, to use Winston Churchill's words, blood, sweat and tears. If one citizen kills to better his standard of living, society convicts him. If the killing is done by millions co-operatively, society blesses them. You figure it out! I haven't time!"

Abe looked sheepishly down at the money. "There seems to be three sides to everything. A right one, a wrong one, and one which we don't understand," he said.

The Squeezer stood up abruptly. "Let me remind you that philosophers and poets are only appreciated many years after they are thoroughly dead! Better look for another profession!" Without waiting for a reply he left more or less noiselessly.

Abe switched off the light and went to bed. Suddenly he had to sneeze. "Dear Lord," he prayed, "don't let me get sick!" He put the money under his pillow, and for a moment contemplated. Getting up again he locked the door and pushed a chair in front of it. Back in bed, he again let his fingers play with the bills. Then after a session of stretching and tossing and turning, he found the position in which he was agreeable to falling asleep. But sleep didn't come. With every little noise he glared at the door and reached under the pillow for his money.

The poor can't sleep, 'cause they are poor;
The rich, 'cause they have money.
Life is not a pleasure tour,
And only the sun is sunny,

he mumbled into the moonbeams. After a while he fell asleep.

The next day he celebrated with three square meals. That night, when he came home to his empty room, with only his bed and a chair left, he smiled contentedly. He had bought himself two books, which he had wanted for a long time, and some writing paper and beautifully needle-sharp pencils.

While he undressed, he thought of writing a new great poem. Something about the glory of life, the goodness of people and peace at any price. Whereupon he counted his money. He still had three hundred dollars left. Closing his eyes, he dreamed about the future. Maybe he could rent himself a small shack, way up in the mountains, away from civilization, close to mamma earth, with only the clouds, the stars and an occasional cow around him. There he could write something of tremendous literary value. Something like *Forever Amber*. Only in verse, of course. He was just splitting a log (to do something for his health) in front of his dream castle, when he heard a soft knock on his door.

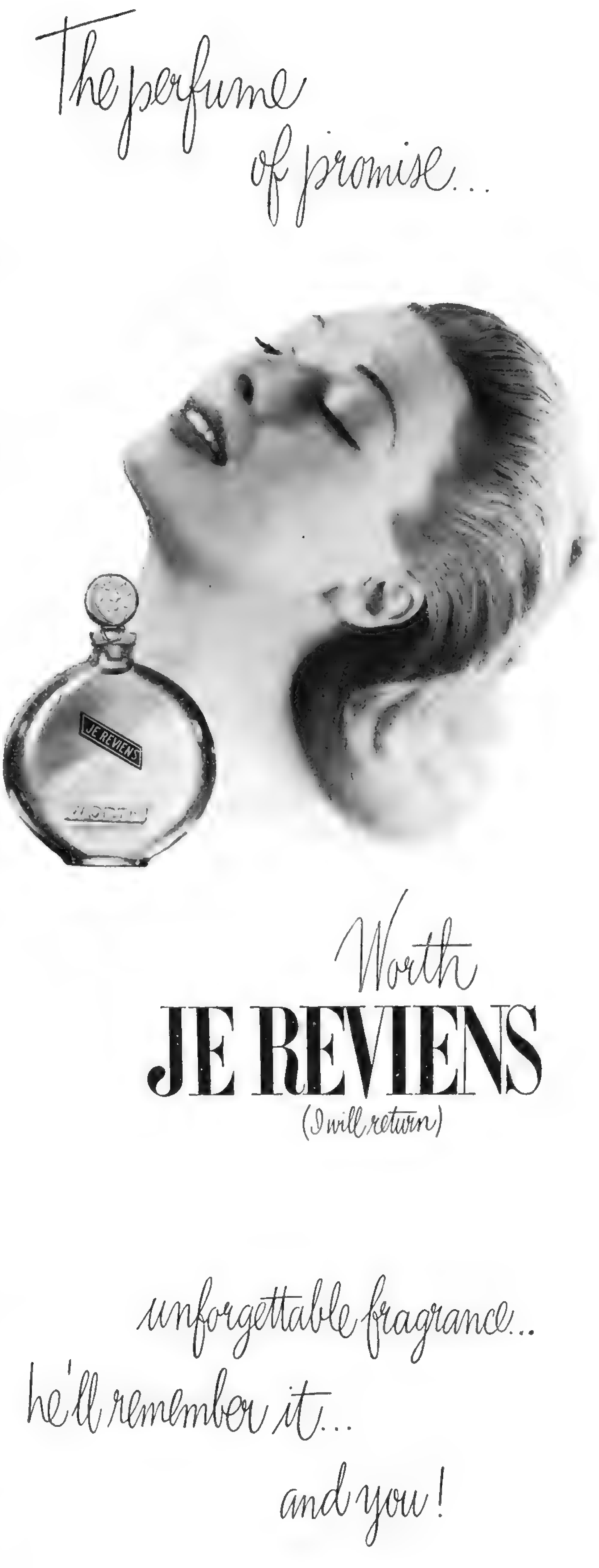
Before he could ask who it was, he heard a key in the lock. Then into the room, slowly walked the Squeezer.

"Don't get up," he said in his, by now familiar, soothing voice. He sat down on the bed and his eyes looked coldly at the poet.

"Hello," said Abe Shortfellow. "Nice to see you." But he realized he didn't really mean it.

After some uncomfortable minutes, during which the Squeezer performed some peculiar finger exercises, he took a deep breath and said, "I've thought a lot about you. Quite a lot. I didn't treat you right. No, I wasn't nice to you! I should have obliged you—

Continued on page 258


The perfume of promise...

Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

BYRON NELSON Tournament Golf Star says:

"In my tournament travels — to the locker rooms of clubs the country over — I see more and more men using Arrid. I personally use Arrid because it can be *depended upon*. I recommend Arrid most highly."

Byron Nelson

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-Arm Odor ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug or department store.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢

ARRID

More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant

Crime and Poetry

Continued from page 257

I really should have killed you!"

"Oh, no, you shouldn't!" Abe cried out with terror.

That moment he felt the Squeezer's bony fingers on his throat. "Keep quiet! Want to wake the neighbors?" he hissed between his excellent teeth. "Yes, I should have killed you. I never should have given you the money. It'll only prolong your misery. After you eat it up, you'll be just where you were last night. Only minus your furniture. You will hate me for it!"

"Contrary! To the contrary!" Abe hastened to say. "I love you. I feel fine. I—"

"You only think you feel fine. Because you probably ate enough for a change. Your stomach feels fine, but not you! People like you don't know how to live. I'll bet you've already spent most of the money I was foolish enough to give you!"

"Oh, no," Abe was shivering under his cover. "I still have three hundred dollars. I bought only a little food, and some writing paper and two books!"

"Books!" snapped the Squeezer disgustedly. "You are not fit to live! What are you buying books for? Can't you go to the library? No. You can't! You are a dreamer. The greatest favor one can do a dreamer is to make him sleep! Sleep for a long, long time!—Forever!"

Two steel-like fingers shopped for the right place around the poet's active Adam's apple.

Shortfellow's sweat glands worked against time. "But you said, you said you don't kill without a reason! I am a poor man, I—"

The expression in the murderer's eyes seemed to get colder and colder, until it reached the freezing point. "That is the malice of Fate!" he said. "Yesterday you may have been too poor for me, but today! Today you possess just enough for me to exercise my art. Three hundred dollars is the exact fee I work for, without being ashamed. GOODNIGHT!"

Abe opened his mouth and gasped. Two strong fingers squeezed expertly underneath his larynx until he saw only blackness in front of him.

Using his last drop of will power, he tore his eyes open.

What he now saw confused him considerably. He found himself standing behind the murderer, looking down at him. But, even more astonishing, he saw himself still lying in bed, with the Squeezer still strangling him.

"Now how's that possible?" he said reflectively.

"Because," said a musical voice close to his ear, "the object you see lying there is but potash and some other valueless chemical compounds. True, it once housed your soul, but now all it's good for is fertilizer."

Abe turned and found himself face to face with an angel, who smiled the cleanest, most honest-to-goodness smile he had ever seen.

"Oh, hello," Abe said sheepishly.

"Hallelujah," sang the angel. "Come now, let's catch the next breeze."

"Where are we going?" Abe asked, feeling as light as a feather.

"Upstairs. Way beyond the sun."

"What am I going to do there?"

"That depends," answered the angel with love in and in between every word. "What was your profession on earth?"

"Profession?" smiled Abe tiredly, but already happier. "I was only a poet."

"How glorious!" the angel shouted with joy. "In that case you will, after the proper training period, be sent down to earth again."

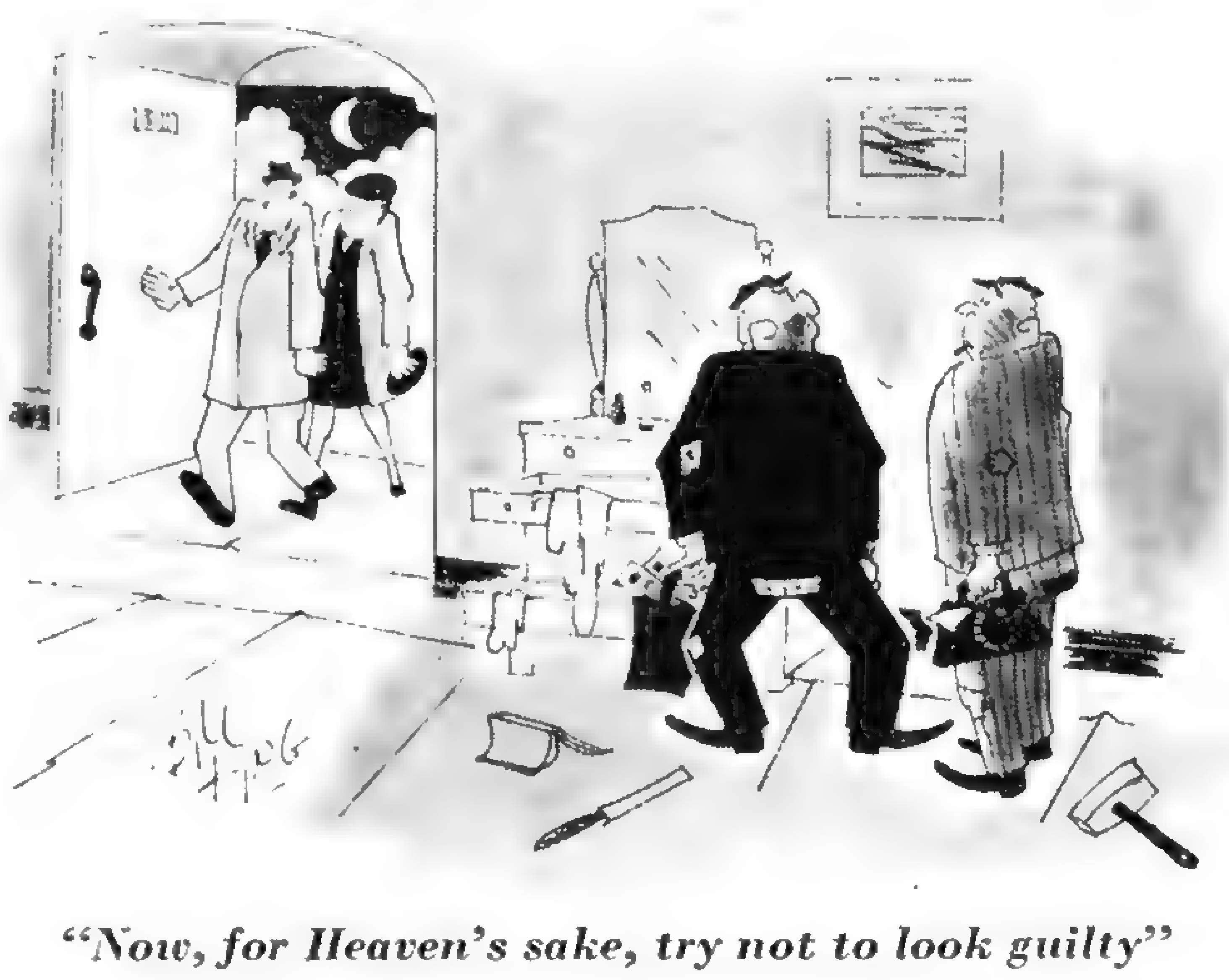
"What?" Abe shouted back. "You mean I'll be reborn? I have to start all over again? With nine dark months of solitary and then kindergarten and high school and fighting the Germans again?"

"Certainly not," said the angel, adjusting his wings for the take-off, "you'll be sent down to earth as a Muse. For some time we've been quite short on Muses!"

(Harp music up—down—)

THE END. ##

Continued from page 129



"Now, for Heaven's sake, try not to look guilty"

Use this *"mountain magic"* in festive holiday drinks!

The holiday season calls for these especially festive and traditional drinks. Hot buttered rum, made superbly with finer-tasting Ron Merito; delicious egg nog enriched by Ron Merito's better taste.

Remember always that "the better the rum, the better the drink." There is no finer rum than Ron Merito, distilled high in the mountains of tropical Puerto Rico.

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Ron Merito
WHITE LABEL
4/5 QUART 86 PROOF
Ron MERITO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM

AVAILABLE GOLD LABEL AND WHITE LABEL • 86 PROOF • WRITE FOR RECIPE BOOKLET • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., DEPT. E27, P. O. BOX 12, WALL ST. STATION, N.Y.C.

men come back for more *Style King* VAL*aids*

TRADE MARK

Men like that glorious, stimulating, lasting feeling of *cleanliness* and *freshness* they get from these grooming aids. Designed by men for men—*Style King* VAL*aids* are prepared exactly the way men like them. Extensive research—plus years of experience in pleasing men—lies back of each item. Especially appealing is the distinctive *Style King* masculine fragrance—a cool, clean, refreshing scent. Gift packaged with quiet elegance. Included in this complete line is every VAL*aid* a man needs at home and while traveling.

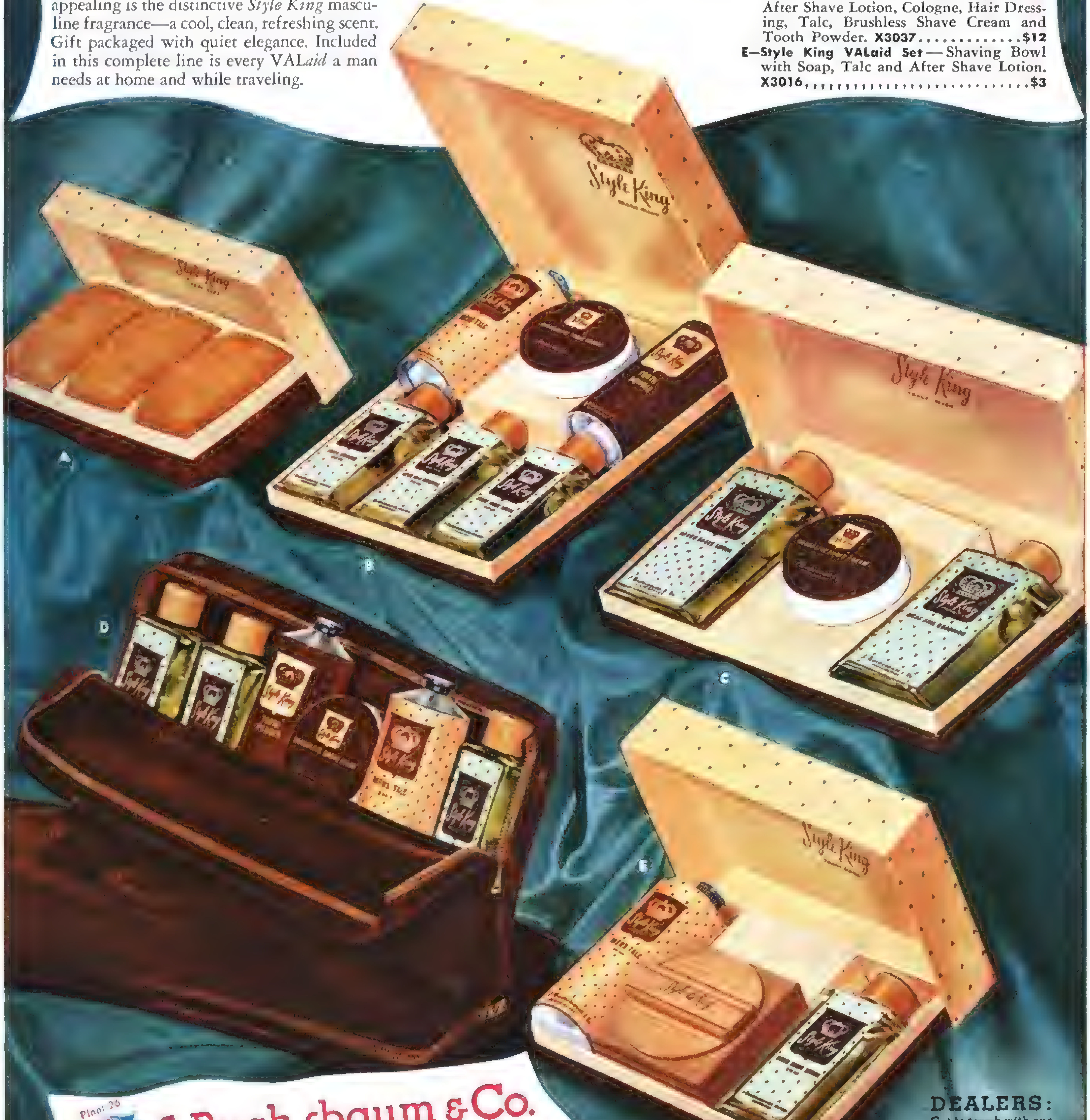
A—Style King VALaid Set—three 9 oz. bars of Men's Bar Soap. **X3032........$1.50**

B—Style King VALaid Set—Brushless Shave Cream, Tooth Powder, Talc, After Shave Lotion, Hair Dressing, and Cologne. **X3021............................$5**

C—Style King VALaid Set—After Shave Lotion, Hair Dressing, and Brushless Shave Cream. **X3020................$4**

D—Style King TRA-VALaid—Every traveler will appreciate the clever design of this convenient new *Style King* TRA-VAL*aid*. Made of *Elasti-Glass*—light and tough. Is waterproof—and highly resistant to oils, acids and water. With *Style King* After Shave Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, Talc, Brushless Shave Cream and Tooth Powder. **X3037.............$12**

E—Style King VALaid Set—Shaving Bowl with Soap, Talc and After Shave Lotion. **X3016,..........................$3**



Plant 26

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
Quality Since 1888 • Chicago 1

DEALERS: Get in touch with our New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or Honolulu Offices. Display material and stocks on hand.

Quality *FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION... SINCE 1849*

SINCE 1849
C.H. GRAVES & SONS CO.
BOSTON
CHESTER H. GRAVES
GRAVES
Superior
DISTILLED DRY
GIN
100% GRAIN PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
C.H. GRAVES & SONS CO.
COPYRIGHT
Established 1849
BOSTON, MASS.
GENUINE BEARS OUR SIGNATURE

Every drop crystal-clear, light and dry, delicately distilled for smooth mixing. Enjoy its delicious flavor in your favorite gin drinks.

Graves Gin

SUPERIOR DISTILLED DRY

from finest American grain, distilled and bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., *Boston, Mass., 100% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof*

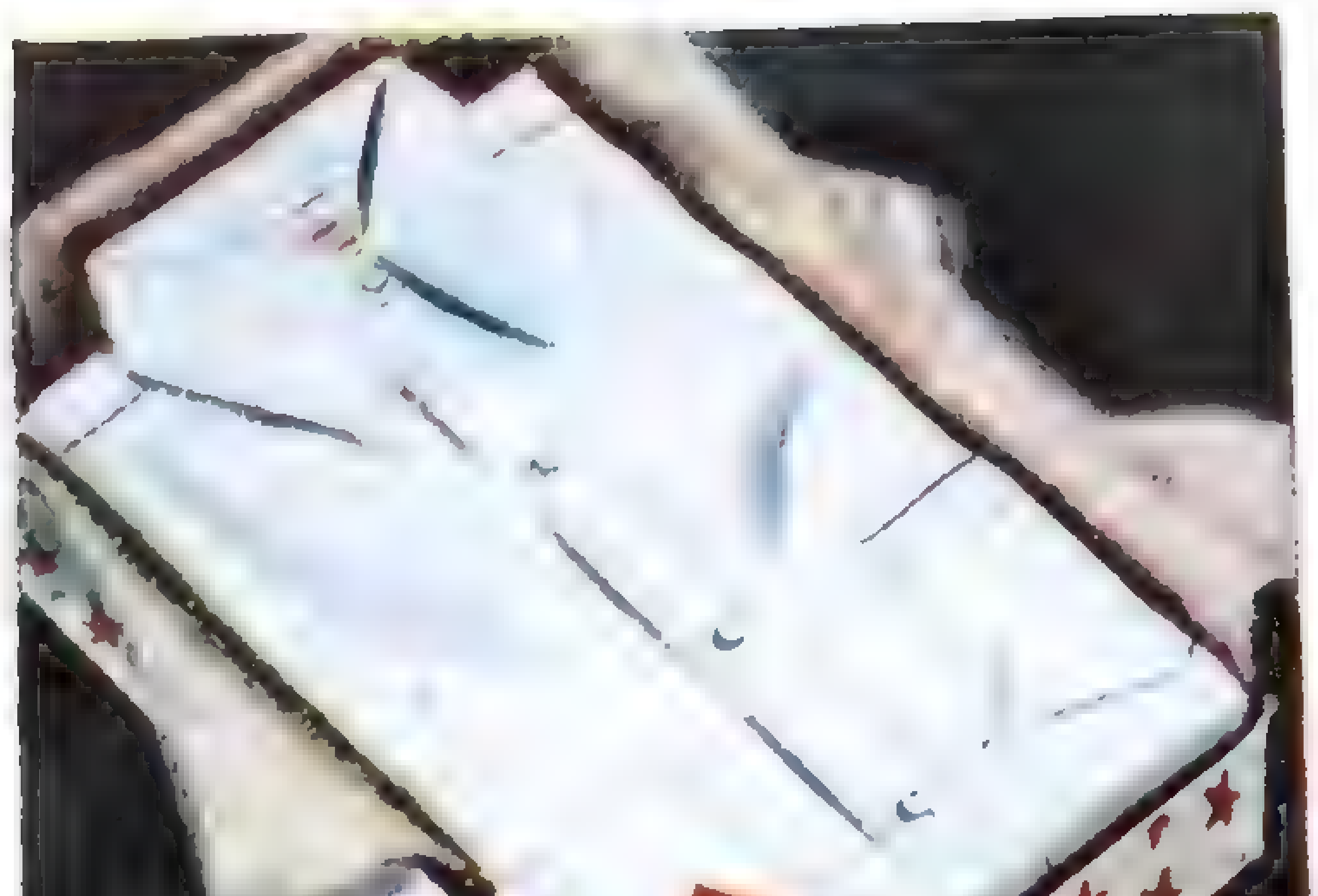
Merry Christmas To Dad
Love to Bill
Season's Greetings to Cousin Joe

New Era Shirts

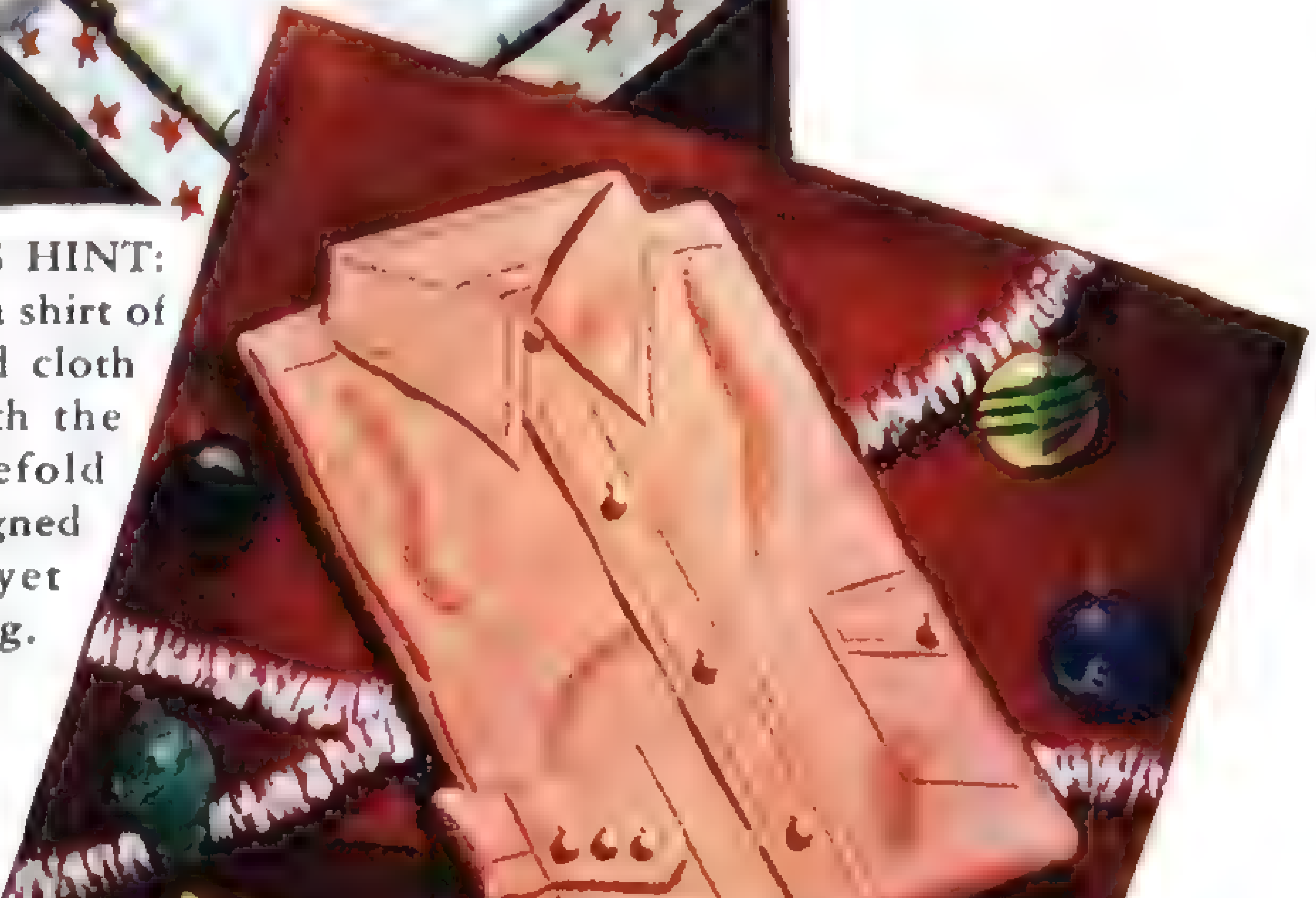
Send your wishes for a Merry Christmas through the gift of a New Era shirt. For the man who "has everything"... for the man who "likes practical things"... for the man who wants "something different"... New Era shirts solve your Christmas gift problem... make your Christmas package the most welcome under the tree.

NEW ERA SHIRT COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

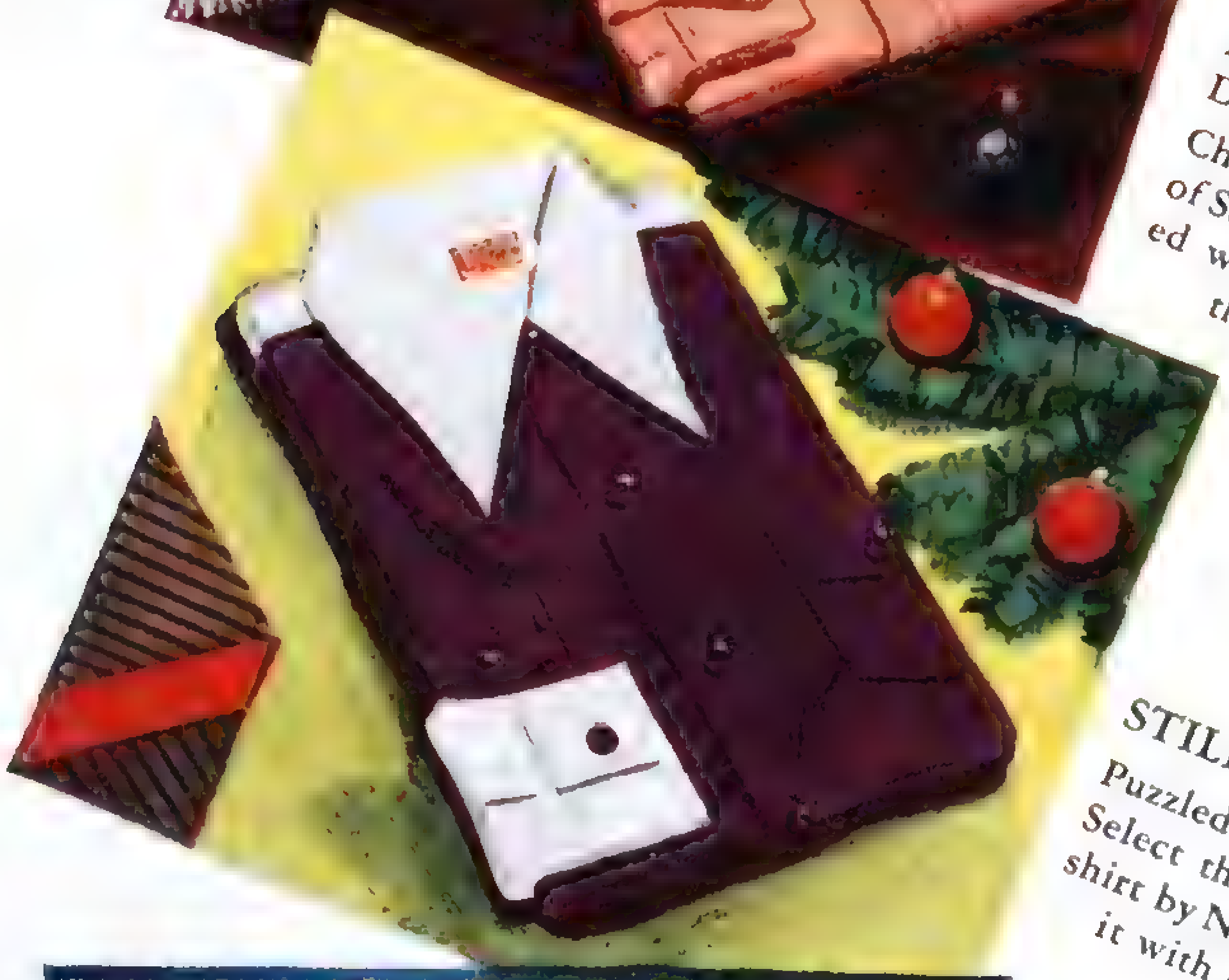
Makers of fine shirts for three generations



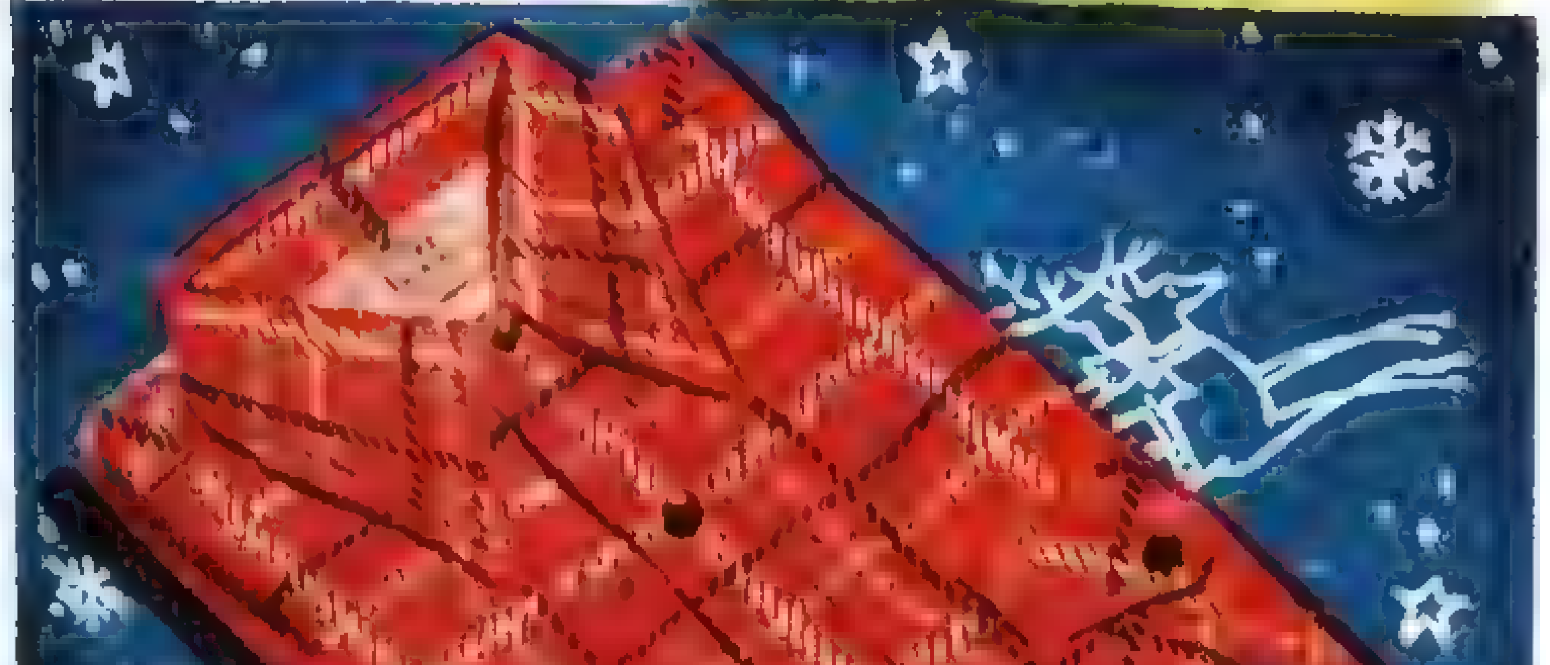
CHRISTMAS HINT: This New Era shirt of white oxford cloth Tailored with the famous Linefold collar... designed to be soft, yet crisp-looking.



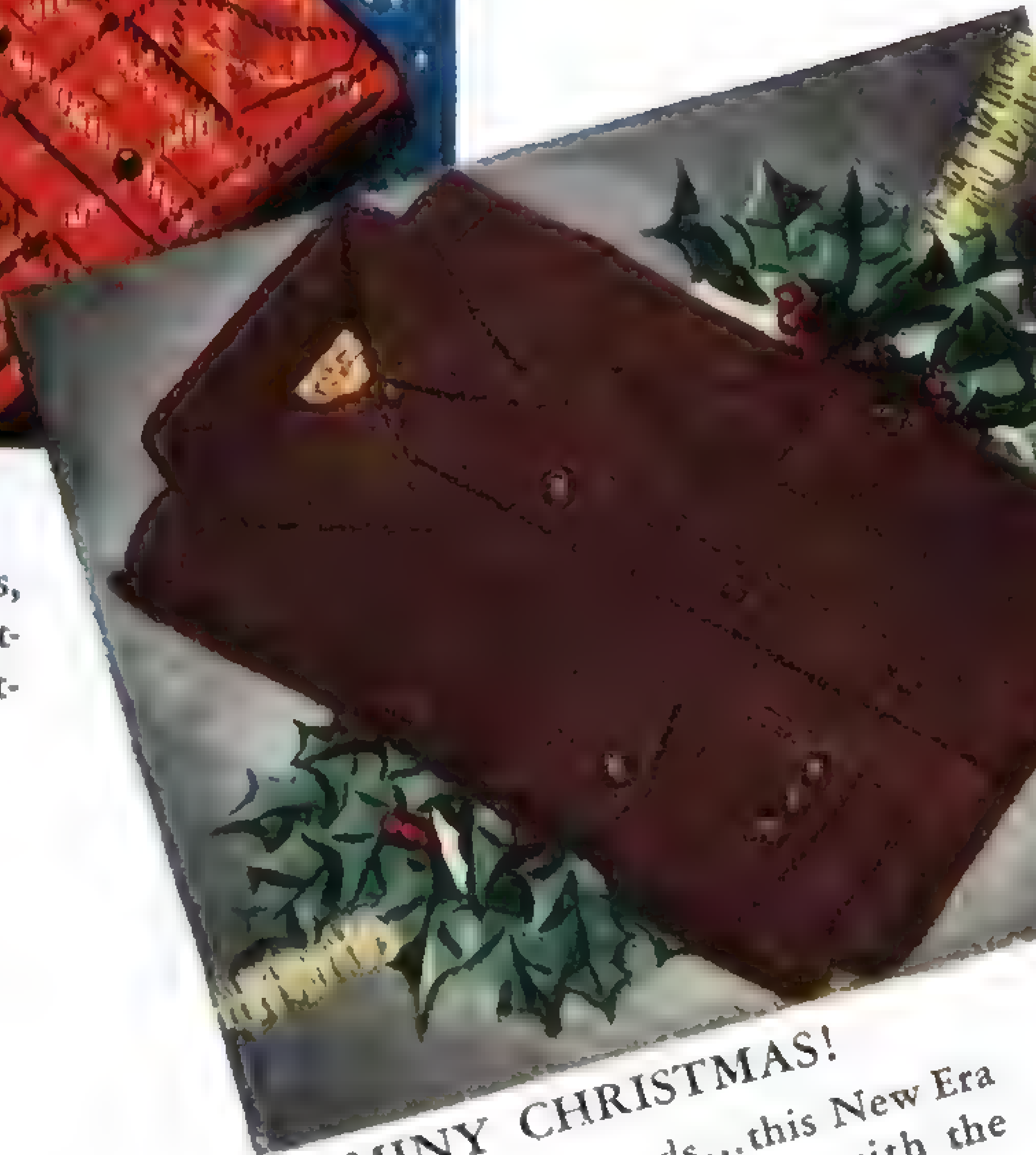
ABOLISH THAT DECEMBER DILEMMA: Choose this New Era shirt of Sandgrain fabric, designed with New Era's smart, three-button cuff.



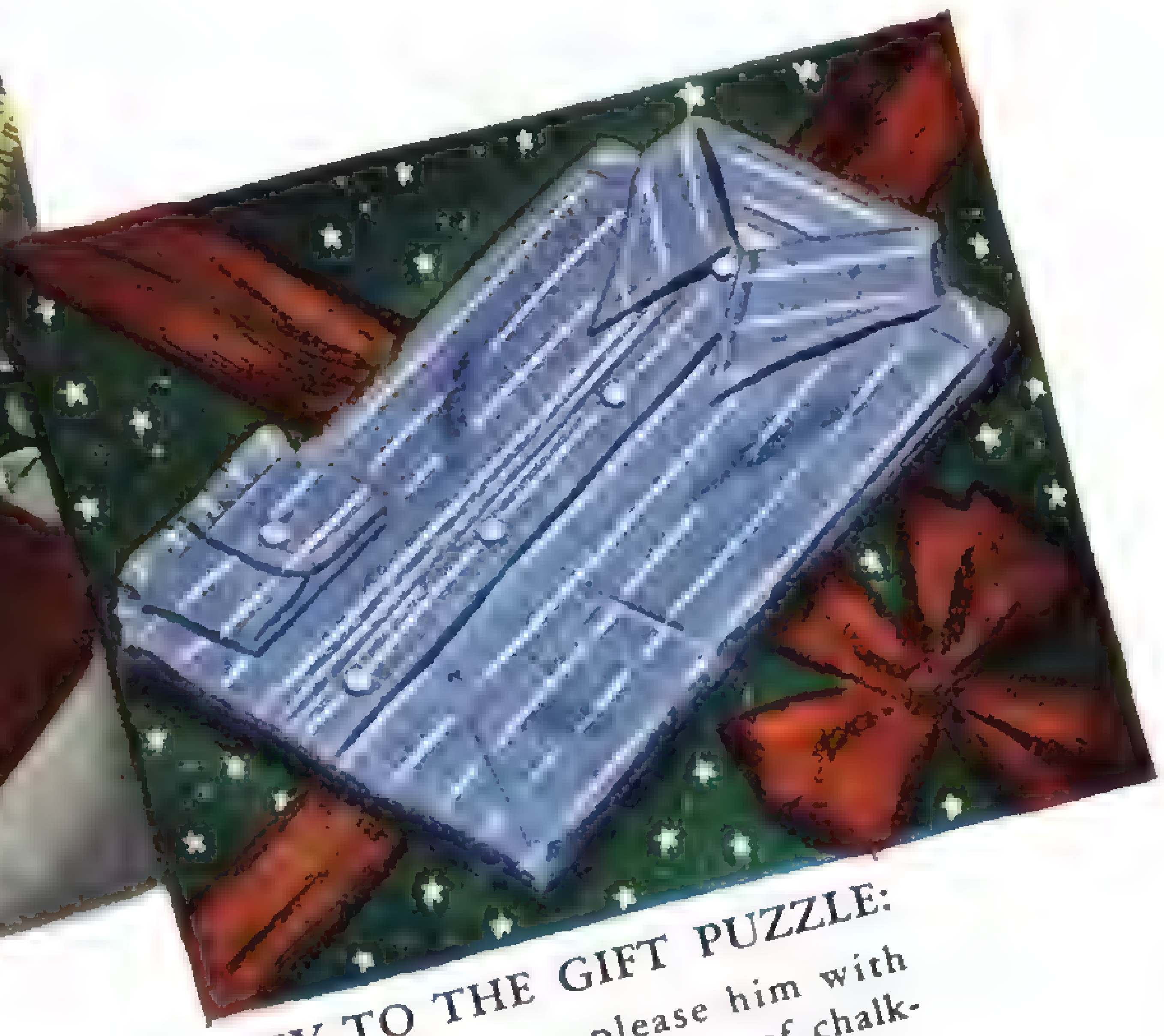
STILL UP A TREE? Puzzled for a "different" gift? Select this two-toned sports shirt by New Era. He can wear it with or without a tie.



LET YOURSELF GO! Be gay! Plaids that *are* plaids, by New Era. Colorful as Christmas itself. Tailored of soft-feeling woolens.



JIMMINY CHRISTMAS! Exactly what he needs... this New Era shirt of gabardine. Styled with the smart three-button cuff.



KEY TO THE GIFT PUZZLE: You'll be sure to please him with this wear-everywhere shirt of chalk-stripe Coronet Oxford.

Shall We Dance?

Continued from page 71

rouge is having a firm reputation for not dancing. Then a married gentleman does not have to spend half his time thinking of alibis, whether or not he is ignorant. After an evening on the loose, he can come home covered by so many red spots he looks like he is far gone in measles, and be subjected only to a cursory interrogation for clues to a suspected extra-territorial love life.

But if the citizen dances so well and so willingly he even dances, at times, with his wife, the slightest showing of rouge, when he returns home past midnight, exposes him to the third degree.

The lecture he then gets begins:

"So you have been out again studying the primitive sex rhythm of the dance? And me staying home, marooned with the kids, while you're out with a lot of giddy females who con you into believing you're a big man.

"You, a man at your age, waddling around in a conga with some brainless little strumpet who takes you for plenty while your creditors have to hire a detachment of Marines to get you into court to pay your bills.

"How do I feel with you coming from one of those jungles of waving forms they call dance floors, speckled with rouge, reeking of fancy perfumes?

"How do I feel, huh? Not that you care!

"You, who ought to be shopping for a toupee and a girdle; going around jolting your bridgework like castanets, pretending you're a hepcat!

"Yeah, don't think I don't read about you in the gossip columns. They don't mention you by name. They don't have to. Everybody knows you're one of those senile old chumps trying to move in while the boys are overseas. The dancing doll.

"Well, I'm damned well tired and fed up with it. Tomorrow my lawyers are going to see what you've got left after taxes, and that goes 100% on the barrel for alimony.

"You, Mr. Night Club Nijinski, dance that off; yah, bum, yah!"

And all the guy probably did was drop in for a beer at a joint where a juke box was playing something nobody wanted to hear. But he was known to be able to dance. That damned him.

Yet, despite the unhappy picture of the dancing male as he lives in otherwise only normally disturbed American homes, Mr. Arthur Murray, eminent maestro of the dance, wants every gentleman to take lessons so he can glide gracefully over waxed planks.

Mr. Murray knows as well as

Continued on page 264

It's a civilian again!

THE *Evans* LIGHTER

FULLY AUTOMATIC, PRECISION BUILT
FLAT IN THE POCKET
CUDDLY IN THE HAND
SURE FIRE WHEN YOU PRESS THE TRIGGER
BIG IN FUEL CAPACITY
CARRIES EXTRA FLINT
A GRAND GIFT ANYTIME!

EVANS CASE COMPANY • *North Attleboro, Mass.*

The One and Only

In vases, it's *"Ming"*
. . . in Scotch, it's *Haig & Haig* . . .
treasures that have stood the test of time

It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal preference for *318 years*

HAIG & HAIG

The Oldest Name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG
Edinburgh
Scotland
SPECIALLY SELECTED
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
HAIG & HAIG

Perk up for a

DEEP-SOUTH DINNER

as prepared by the Peabody, Memphis

YOU'LL *put the Hotel Peabody's "Skyway" in Memphis, Tennessee, at the top of your list of places to go, after you try their recipe for:*

Old-Fashioned Chicken Stew

(To serve four)

1 four-pound hen	1 onion
1 sprig of celery	2 tbsp. flour
1 carrot	salt, pepper, Tabasco

Place hen in pot with two quarts of water. Cut celery and carrot into short lengths, slice onion and add vegetables to pot. Simmer slowly until chicken meat parts from bone (2 to 3 hours).

Remove chicken and vegetables from pot. Boil remaining liquid down to one pint. Skim off chicken fat. Stir two tablespoons of flour into two tablespoons of fat in separate container. Add liquid from pot, heat until thickened. Add shredded chicken, season with salt, pepper and few drops of Tabasco. Serve with plain boiled rice and baking powder biscuits.

When you serve this dinner, for the master touch include Goebel Beer. Goebel makes good food taste better.

GOEBEL BEER

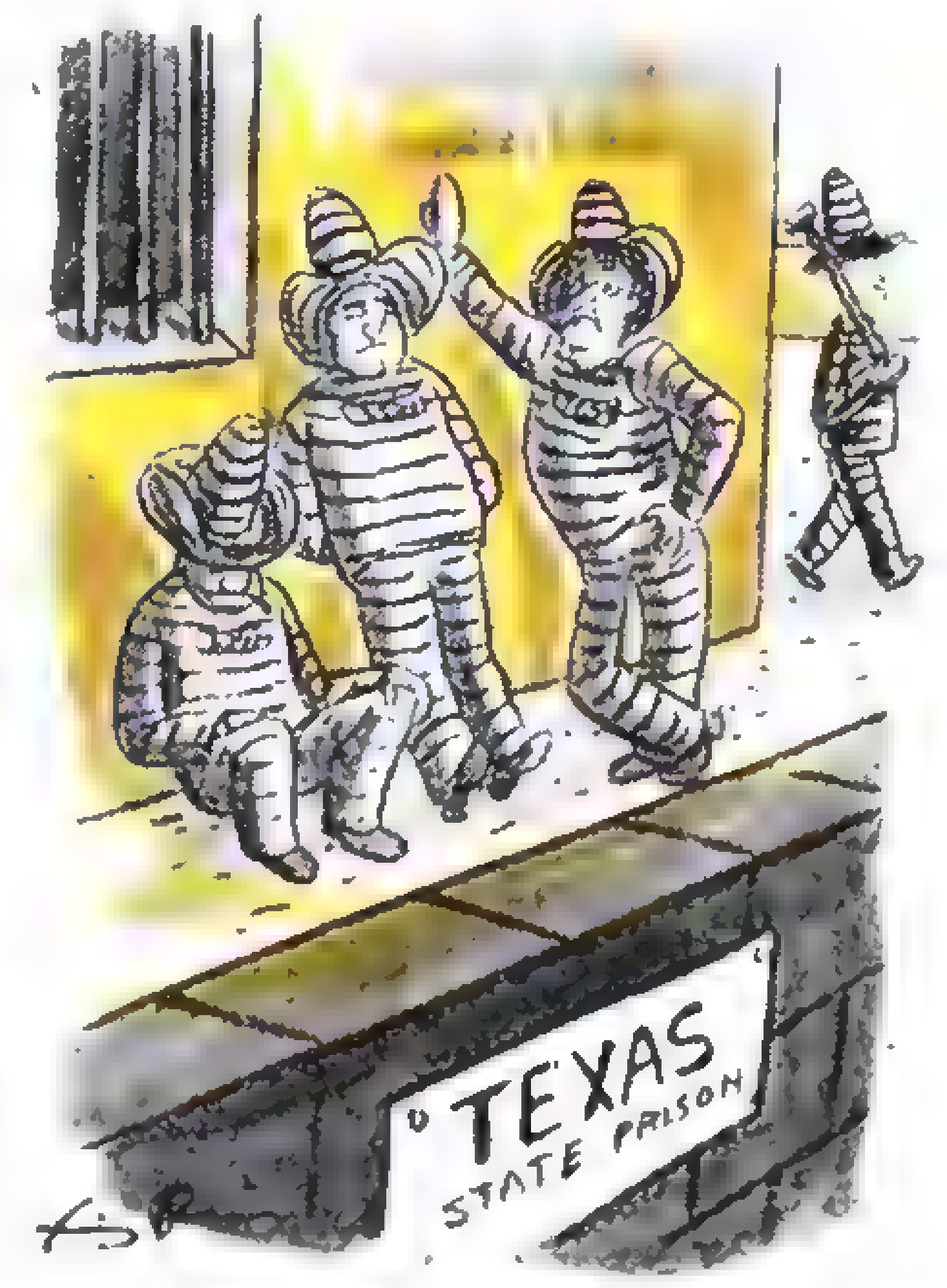
NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Available in Bantam, Export and Quart bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Michigan

Shall We Dance?

Continued from page 263

you do that most men have three left legs and are ludicrously deficient in rhythm. The dancing of most male adults is as awkward as that of the carved figures of an old-time European wooden clock. Studious gentlemen usually maintain that the law of compensation works out on the dance floor and that the dumber an adult male is the better dancer he is. In negative support of their contention there are exhibits presented at faculty dances held in academic precincts, in which cloistered surroundings a gentleman does not dare get himself oiled enough with barley lubricant to toss loose.



But against the arguments of the heavy-footed gents it must be said after examining reports of the large and growing traffic conducted by Mr. Murray, and the net profits thereof, that Mr. Murray the dancer sure enough is no dummy. Even the bridge teachers who are successful high bidders for tuition and books look with green-eyed admiration on Mr. Murray's commerce. And the golf pros, whose talent was acquired while they were caddies and unable, or not sufficiently concerned, to read the directions, regard Mr. Murray as the one man in America to emulate in attracting customers by the lure of promising them grace.

If you must dance, go to it. But most adult male citizens who have reached the age at which they can take dancing or leave it alone, joyfully resign themselves to sitting out their liberation. They feel no depression at having suffered physical decay. A fellow who can calmly look at a dance floor full of tempestuously undulating fannies without getting seasick or wanting to plunge in and rescue the sinking, knows that physically he still is in good condition and mentally is one who knows how to leave bad enough alone. ⧻

Continued from page 71

Ω OMEGA

The World-Wide Symbol of Accuracy

Winner of the first place in the famous British National Observatory accuracy tests.

Omega Automatic Wind marks a decisive turn in the history of watches . . . the superb skill of Omega craftsmen have achieved the ultimate in . . . trimness . . . thinness.

featured and serviced by leading jewelers Ω OMEGA New York

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 135

artistic film—*The Lost Weekend.* From this you may have presumed that I am a creature of exacting ecstasy and acute artistic sensitiveness. I hate to disappoint you, but if our marriage is to be a happy one, you must not expect such ardor from me every month.

Few movies contain such jewels as the scenes in *The Lost Weekend.* But no reasonable patron expects a restaurant to serve a pearl in every oyster. We value pearls, but we can live on oysters. It's the same way with movies. Some that aren't brilliant, still are very palatable.

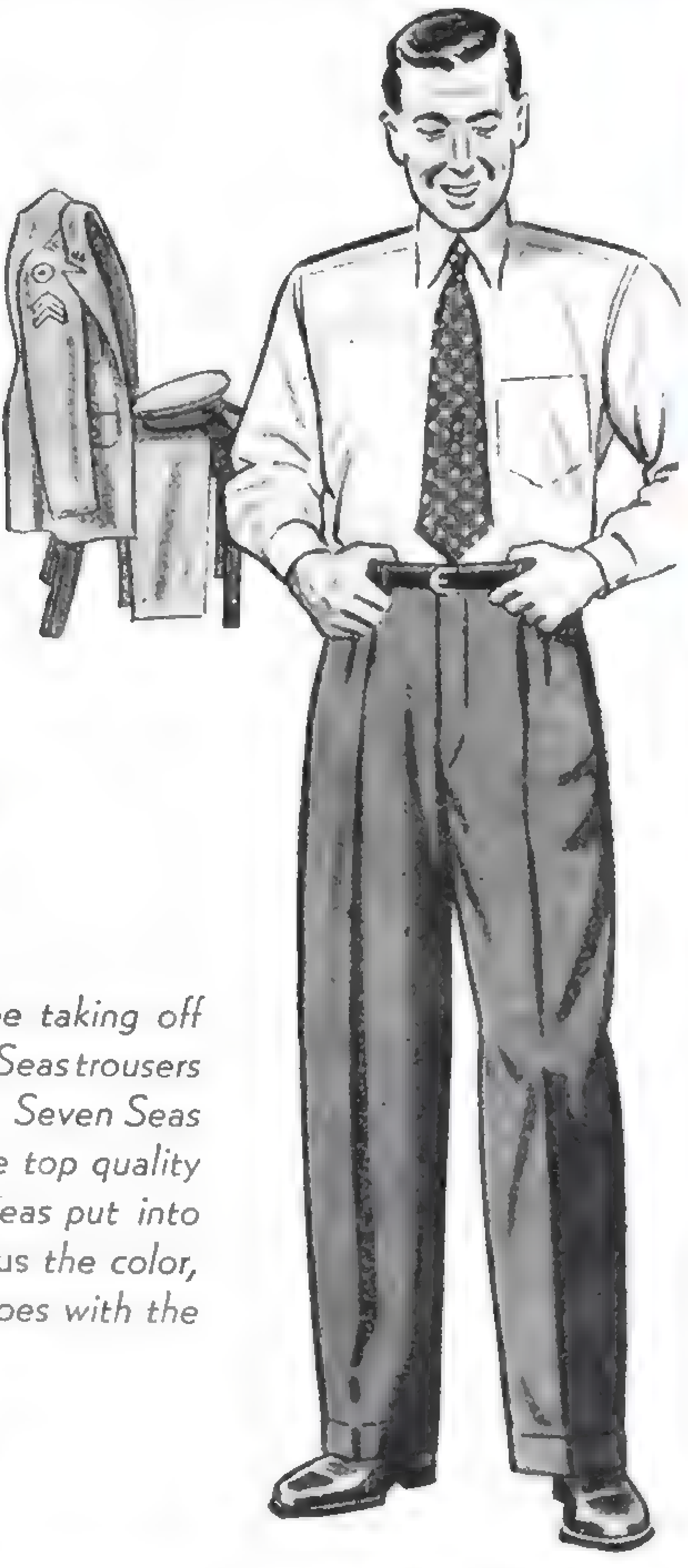
We will now progress from the subject of oysters to that of fatherhood—for no particular reason. I suppose a certain amount of paternity has crept up on the readers of Esquire by now. Naiveté leads to nativity and those gorgeous decoys to matrimony which Mr. Varga produces every month are sure to have had their aftermath. Keeping pace with these victories over race suicide, Hollywood has turned out *The Spanish Main,* which is just the thing for those gluttons for parental experience who like to take their kids to the movies. *The Spanish Main* cost two million and a half. This is an item on anybody's Christmas shopping list, whether it be in dollars or doubloons. Most of the swag went to the Technicolor people for getting red corpuscles into Paul Henreid.

It was well spent. After scoring as a Nazi heavy in a British film called *Night Train,* Mr. Henreid came to Hollywood, where he proceeded to have the vapors. With the exception of a few moments in *Now, Voyager,* when he lit two cigarettes at once (one of them for Bette Davis), his entire American interlude has been spent in eye-rolling languor.

However, this technique paid off handsomely. Henreid became female America's favorite case of malnutrition. My own wife gave the adroit Mr. Henreid more credit for those two cigarettes at once than she gives me for carrying a mattress up a flight of stairs.

But now Henreid has responded to Technicolor hormones. At last he seems to be enjoying himself. In the brocade costumes of the seventeenth century, he looks neither like an interior decorator at a masquerade, nor a divan in a fortune teller's living room. Slashing right and left with his rapier, he strikes terror into the hearts of as villainous a crew of Four-F extras as these old eyes ever have seen. He is, in fact, so fearless that Producer Robert Fellows had

Continued on page 266



Off AGAIN
On AGAIN!

Seven Seas SLACKS

A lot of the boys will be taking off their G-I version of Seven Seas trousers only to put on a pair of smart new Seven Seas slacks. But they'll enjoy the same top quality fabric, fit, and feel that Seven Seas put into trousers for the armed service—plus the color, the style, the individuality that goes with the American way of life!

AT BETTER STORES

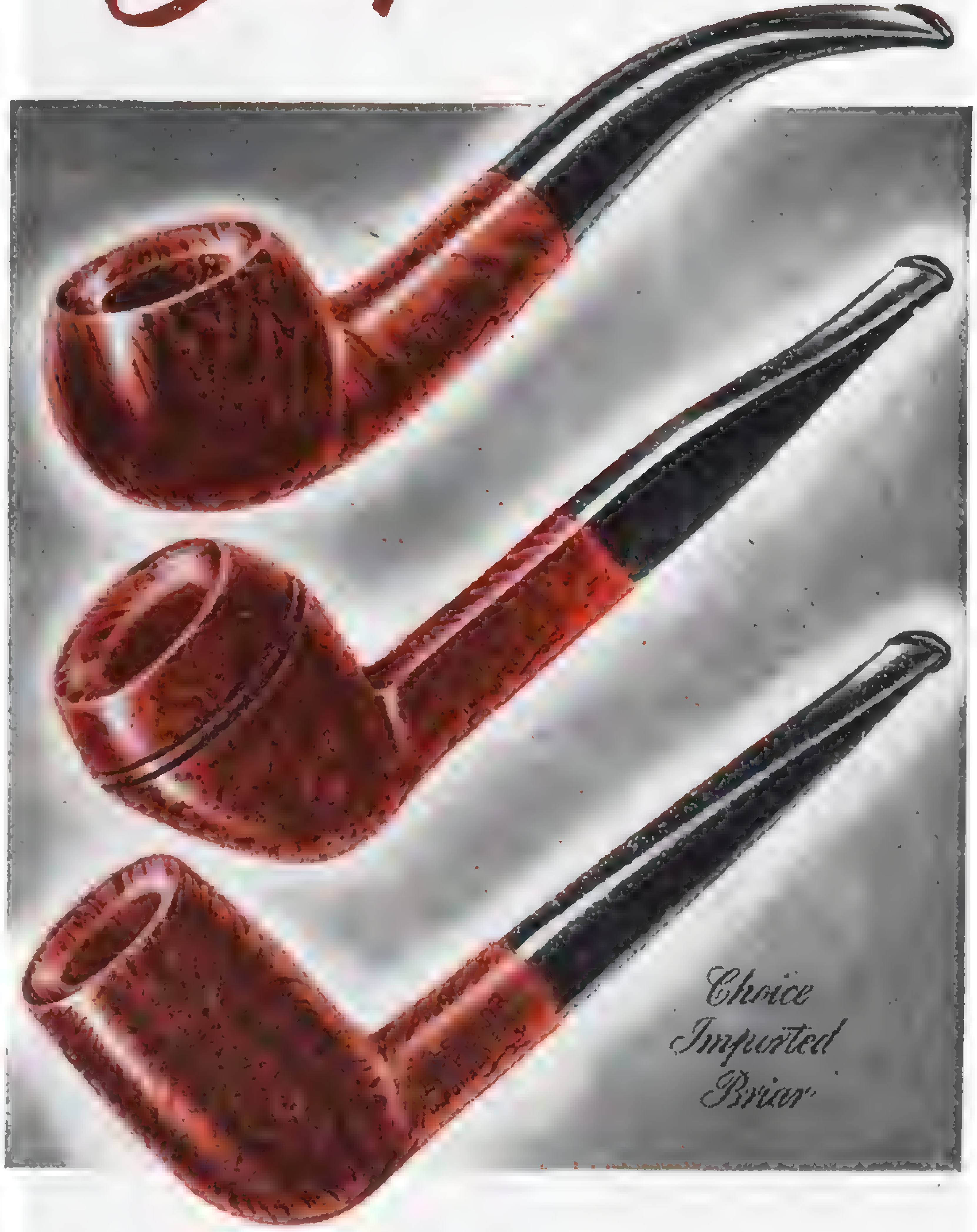
Moyer Manufacturing Company
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

MAKERS OF GOOD SLACKS SINCE 1894

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

THE PIPE THAT
KNOWS NO PEER

Emperor



FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

Every Emperor Pipe is a notable work of art, a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. These are pipes you can confidently discuss with any pipe-lover.

Truly, you who own an Emperor possess a pipe that is second to none in America!

The shapes illustrated above may be obtained at

$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

EMPEROR PIPES
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc., 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 265

great difficulty in keeping him from being braver than Errol Flynn.

Fellows borrowed Henreid from Warner Brothers and sent him back in much better box-office condition.

This is the second time that Mr. Fellows has returned good for evil and played his small part in making the Warner Brothers better men. When they were about to drop John Garfield, Fellows borrowed him for *The Fallen Sparrow*. This film contained such hardboiled humor that Garfield again clicked with audiences. It cued him for such performances on his home lot as *Destination Tokyo* and *Pride of the Marines*.

Several years ago Fellows himself was kicked out by Warners, after he had given them a succession of such hits as *They Died with Their Boots On*, and *Knute Rockne*. But the drop kick by Warners proved to be a field goal for R.K.O. Here he has turned out *Bombardier*, *Experiment Perilous*, *Back to Bataan* and *The Iron Major*, all of which made dough for the studio.

One of Fellows' talents is to know just how intelligent it is safe to get in Technicolor. The color camera can photograph anything except grey matter. The reason for this limitation is financial; not mechanical. Color photography costs so much you have to sell a ticket to all Americans over five years old in order to show a profit. The writing must be bright, but not brilliant. There must be no climax so subtle as to foul up a drama lover who strolls out to the lobby for a chocolate nut bar.

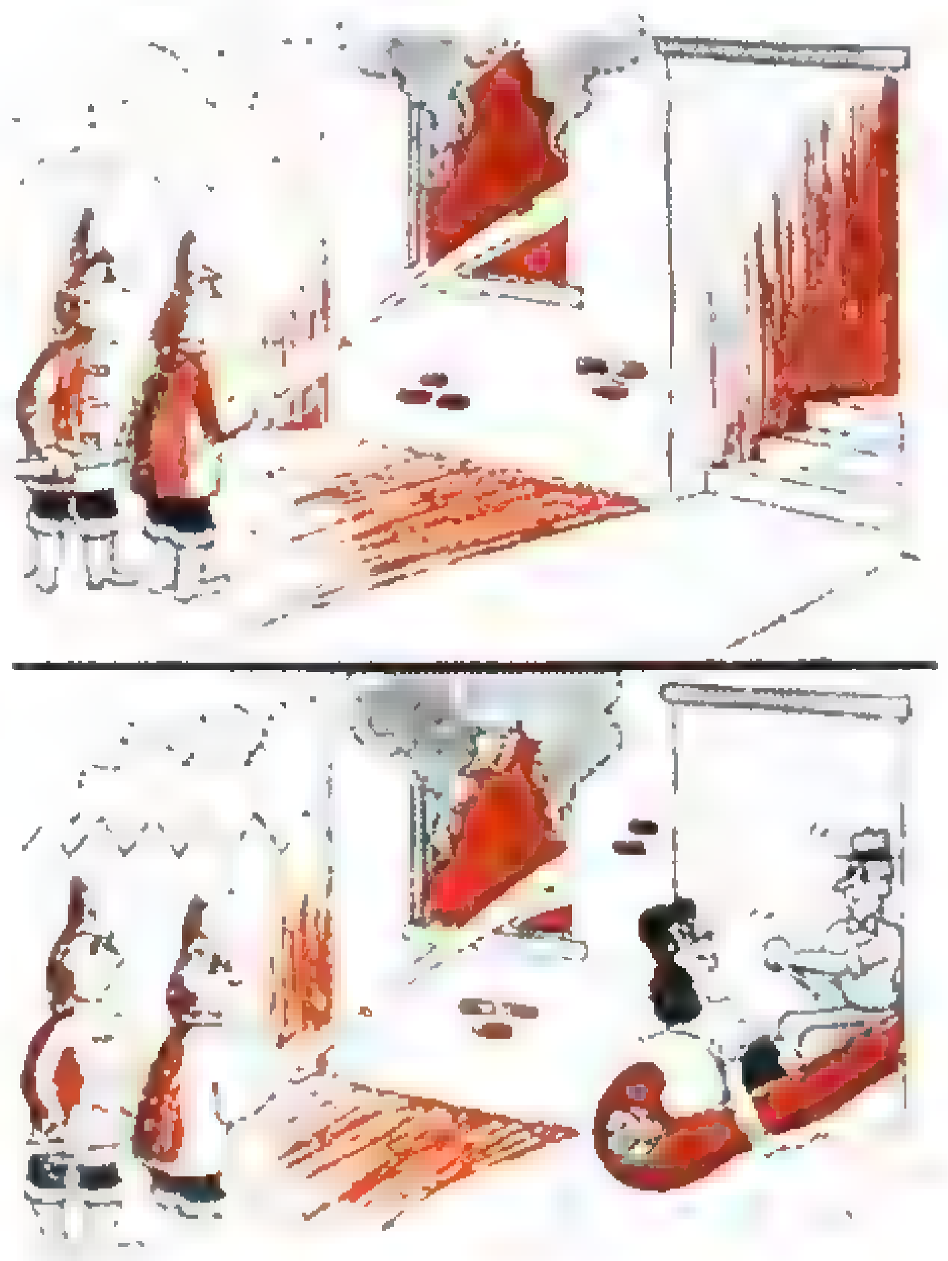
For this reason, Technicolor plots stress the decoration, rather than the complication, of stock themes. Mr. Fellows keeps interest alive with many skillful embellishments. By casting John Emery as a suave and leering gallows bird, he may have launched the career of a second Jack Barrymore. But Binnie Barnes in the role of a hell-raising lady buccaneer is the most exciting novelty. Her duel with the heroine allows men the exquisite pleasure of witnessing a cat fight at twenty paces. There is also Walter Slezak as a rather obviously comic villain, whose death scene lasts for a reel and a half. Someone should tell him about King Charles II, who apologized for taking a couple of hours.

However, the ornament for which male audiences will be most grateful is Miss Maureen O'Hara. Amid all the swords and stilettos, this lovely creature stands out like a cameo in a cutlery store:

G.G.G.
*Comfort Blade**
for "free shouldering" and graduated straight line back.
The easy living-in of GGG *Comfort Blade** clothes lies in the extra fulness deftly fashioned into the blade, carrying under the arms to the chest. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Sold in America's finest stores [illegible]
Write for free color book of the newest GGG models.
WM. P. GOLDMAN & BROS., INC.
12 East 14th Street New York

N°4711.
perfection in perfumes
In L'OFFRANDE . . . the offering . . . so provocative in its implications . . . so discreet in its impression . . . the sensitive art of perfume blending finds highest expression. Other distinguished 4711 PERFUMES include Geranium Rose and Lavender concentrates, exquisite distillations of the very heart of nature's blossoms.
N°4711. FAMOUS FOR CLASSIC EAU DE COLOGNE

she is one of those women whom Fate permits to look beautiful under any circumstances. If all the members of her sex were turned into cocker spaniels tomorrow, Maureen would show up with the silkiest ears.

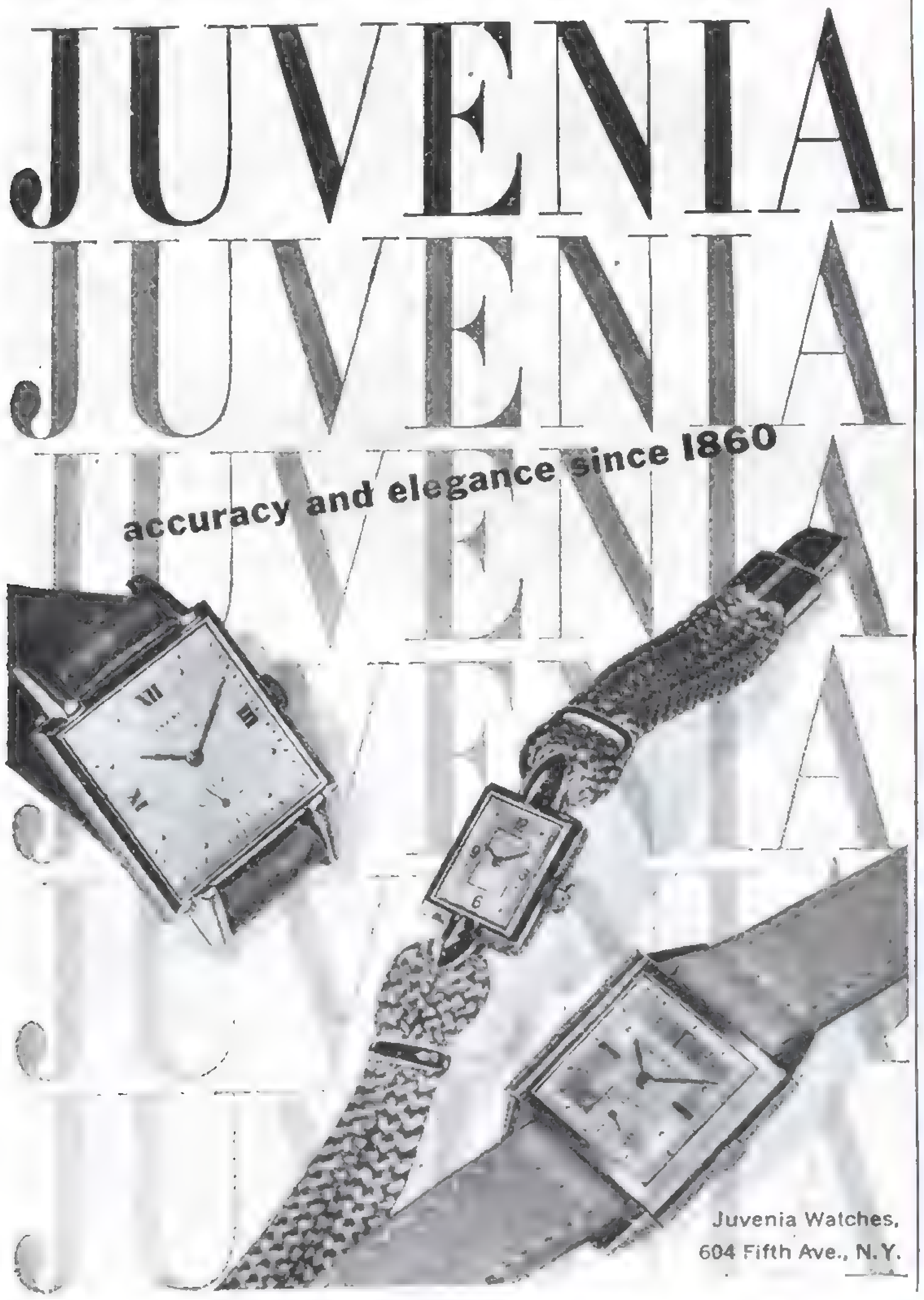


In *The Spanish Main* she has the somewhat familiar role of the proud Spanish beauty who is forced to endure the embraces of a piratical captor. This is Maureen's second time around as a ravished maiden, and she faces a fate worse than death with the professional aplomb of an old hand. The same indignities were visited upon her by Tyrone Power in *The Black Swan*. These movie assaults are more trying on the nerves than on the morals of a heroine. The long arm of the Hayes Office reaches out and renders sex Snafu in the Caribbean. It causes buccaneers to think twice, where most men would have trouble thinking once.

Lust beneath the Jolly Roger is rather glum. The lady, betrothed to a grandee, falls into the clutches of a buccaneer who is really a deeply wronged Y.M.C.A. secretary goaded by the Dons into a life of reluctant sin. As soon as she is aboard, he forces her to marry him, having been careful to capture a clergyman who was left floating around for just this purpose. Then comes the big moment in the main cabin, where she awaits her captor, clad in a gown cut so low that she almost trips on the neckline. He sweeps her into his arms in a fierce embrace that lasts only three seconds less than the time limit set by Censor Joe Breen. At this moment, she drops the dagger with which she was planning to knife him. The kissing of Miss O'Hara usually is accompanied by the clatter of mumblety-peg being played on a cement floor.

When the echoes die down, the buccaneer orders her to strip and to climb into her nightgown. While she is doing this he turns his back and inspects the walls of the cabin—possibly for termites. You understand his concern. At a

Continued on page 268



JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA

accuracy and elegance since 1860

Juvenia Watches,
604 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

it's new!
it's *Austinized*
. . . it's a
WHITE RAYON BROADCLOTH SHIRT
by *Lion of Troy*

This new Lion of Troy shirt combines meticulous tailoring with a revolutionary new fabric combination — the practicability of broadcloth with the luxury of rayon! A process made possible by AUSTINIZING . . . the newest miracle in a miraculous post-war world! It's spanking white and guaranteed to stay that way! Crown Tested for washability, Sanforized for shrinkage control . . . and exclusive with Lion of Troy!

Lion

LION SPORTSWEAR and LION of TROY SHIRTS
are available at your favorite store.

M. Nirenberg Sons Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Cartier

Zeus — smartest of cigarette holders — in gold. Larger one $35.50; smaller, $27.25. With ejector tip, $5.25 extra. And in engine turned gold, $2.50 extra... Prices include 20% Federal Tax... Here's a very special Cartier gift.

Mail orders filled carefully

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. Plaza 3-0111

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 267

time like this, no one would want the cabin to fall apart.

Now the film cutter throws in a lap dissolve—that lands her, as if by magic, smack into her nightgown. Finally the pirate turns around. This nightgown is all right and upon seeing it, the sea-rover orders his quaking and expectant victim to climb into the hay. Then he kisses her brow and goes out to sleep on the main hatch.

Now, I ask you! This is the kind of thing that gives piracy a bad name.

You can see what Mr. Fellows was up against. His budget wouldn't let him leave sex out and the censors wouldn't permit him to let it in. Only a master could have solved this problem. By furiously shadow boxing with the facts of life, he somehow manages to appease what's still known as the Hayes office without appeasing the audience.

A million real estate salesmen will sigh and at the same time enjoy a feeling of superiority while watching the unfolding of this scene. They'll tell themselves this isn't the way *they* would act if *they* were pirates. Kitchenette wives will brood on the same situation happily in many cocktail lounges. They'll have their dreams of moonlit cabins. They'll long to become pirates' captives. And, by five o'clock, few of them will be sober enough to walk the plank—even if some magic gave them the opportunity.

That's how you spend two million dollars to make four million dollars. Who am I to be talking about intelligence!

Warner Brothers' *Mildred Pierce* deals with a more realistic type of piracy—the kind men daily practice on women and women on men. It recognizes that existence, for nearly everyone but saints, is a lifelong struggle for love and profit. And that few saints show up at police headquarters.

Strictly speaking, *Mildred Pierce* is a murder mystery. But it is far superior to the average "whodunit?" A killing provides the mainspring on which its suspense is wound. But fundamentally, it is a story of character. Ronald MacDougall's fine script deals with matters more complicated than eight characters trapped with a dead body in a telephone booth during a Mississippi flood. Real cops seldom have floods and blizzards working on their side. And it isn't often that they obtain an indictment by accusing the least suspicious suspect. Neither do they defy scientific law by enlarging photographs of the killer which they find recorded on the eyeballs of the deceased. Equally

In all the world

No Girl like Her!

Two hearts, one glorious future. Since the world began, no two have been so perfectly attuned as you. And for the engagement ring that proclaims it to the world . . .

No Diamond like This!

40 EXTRA FACETS

Forty extra facets, blazing around the "equator" of each Multi-Facet Diamond. In all the history of diamond cutting, no other achievement has produced such beauty, brilliance, intensity of color.

Multi-Facet Diamonds *look* larger than they are. And the *exclusive* Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping. Your jeweler has many exquisite designs in Multi-Facet Diamond Rings . . . including one perfectly attuned to *your* taste.

Multi-Facet*

DIAMOND SOLITAIRES

FANTASY $100.00

MELODY $225.00

CORINNE $500.00

Wedding Bands to Match

Other Styles—$75 to $7500
All prices include Federal Tax
Rings Enlarged to Show Detail

DIAMOND CRAFT OF AMERICA • 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. • FOUR GENERATIONS OF DIAMOND CUTTERS

*Pat. and Reg. in U. S. & Foreign Countries

rare are instances when they find footprints on the ceiling left by a killer whose shoes were equipped with suction cups. Few corpses have been stabbed with icicles. Most murderers are impatient fellows who won't wait for a deep freeze.

Actual crimes are solved by the patient examination of motives—by a painstaking inquiry into the ambitions and frustrations that make people tick. Usually these impulses are sadly mixed. The same people are both good and bad. Many a cop has grown old enough to draw his pension without once pinching a hero or heroine. The dumbest flatfoot knows what the most scintillating authors refuse to admit—that murders are human calamities, not guessing games solved by tricks. Any policeman who has been on the force three months could write a twelve-foot bookshelf of tragedies—if he could spell and the squad room typewriter didn't lack a couple of keys.

By recognizing all this, *Mildred Pierce* brings the murder story out of the junk pile of dramatic clichés. It restores the drama of death back to something resembling life. It revives the technique of Gaboriau, the great French master of the detective story, whose researches into the lives of his characters went back over periods of months and years.

This technique enables actors to deliver a series of outstanding characterizations. Jack Carson, relieved from the demands of relentless comedy, portrays the type of complex simpleton that makes the capitalistic system a mystery; the Babbitt with a mouth of brass and a heart of gold. Amid hearty bucolic laughter, he makes passes at women who want none of him. He helps them in business deals and cuts himself in on the profits. He is fiercely loyal until it costs him something. Then he apologetically turns rat. Yet his good nature is appealing. And he shows the pathos of a trapped wolf when the woman he has been pursuing frames him into a murder rap. As

Continued on page 270

"It's a matter of GOOD TASTE!"

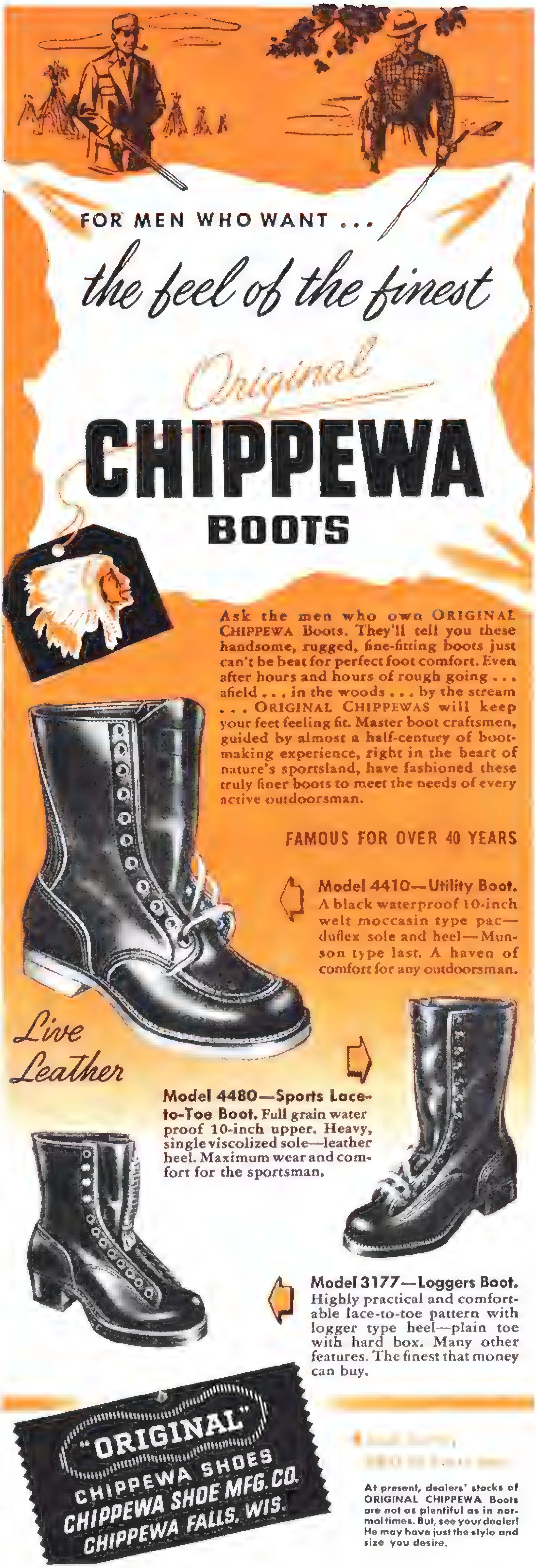
. . . the delightful custom of serving Thanksgiving dinner in the American tradition—with turkey, stuffing and all the fixin's. Don Q, too, is served in a tradition . . the tradition of fine quality . . . for Don Q is Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum. It's a matter of good taste!

86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS. Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



FOR MEN WHO WANT . . .

the feel of the finest

Original

CHIPPEWA

BOOTS

Ask the men who own ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots. They'll tell you these handsome, rugged, fine-fitting boots just can't be beat for perfect foot comfort. Even after hours and hours of rough going . . . afield . . . in the woods . . . by the stream . . . ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS will keep your feet feeling fit. Master boot craftsmen, guided by almost a half-century of boot-making experience, right in the heart of nature's sportsland, have fashioned these truly finer boots to meet the needs of every active outdoorsman.

FAMOUS FOR OVER 40 YEARS

Model 4410—Utility Boot. A black waterproof 10-inch welt moccasin type pac—duflex sole and heel—Munson type last. A haven of comfort for any outdoorsman.

Live Leather

Model 4480—Sports Lace-to-Toe Boot. Full grain water proof 10-inch upper. Heavy, single viscolized sole—leather heel. Maximum wear and comfort for the sportsman.

Model 3177—Loggers Boot. Highly practical and comfortable lace-to-toe pattern with logger type heel—plain toe with hard box. Many other features. The finest that money can buy.

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

[illegible]

At present, dealers' stocks of ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots are not as plentiful as in normal times. But, see your dealer! He may have just the style and size you desire.

Like Father... Like Son...

and *both* like Rough Riders . . . naturally!

Just the right sort of comfort for armchair-before-the-fire relaxing... for a lazy saunter thru the park...or for a guaranteed-squirmless double-feature movie! That's famous Rough Rider California comfort! There's plenty of easy-going comfort and action-freedom in every pair...in every *stitch* of Rough Riders...they're tailored just right in the smooth California manner. First-quality fabrics, of course... stitched and double-stitched for longer wear. Treat the men-folks in your family to Rough Riders...for a comfortable Christmas!

Rough Rider Slacks
for men...from $7.95

Rough Rider Cords
for boys...from $3.95

Rough Rider

Made in California

SLACKS and CORDS for men and boys • NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 269

a symbol of the Common Man, Mr. Carson ranks in a class with Moon Mullins.

Zachary Scott is expert as an understandable rotter who lives in Pasadena, a locality whose climate favors the early flowering of cads. Here, all young men of good family are kept running after their mothers' shawls until they reach the age of forty-five. Because of this rule by matriarchs, their normal masculine deviltries must be performed so surreptitiously that sin soon takes on a shady character. There is a weary, defensive quality to Mr. Scott's infamy that makes it seem almost a sort of justice. Villainy seems his only protection against the women who dominate him.

The studio is fortunate to have Zachary Scott under a contract. A good heel can be a greater asset than a balanced budget. And he has the sex appeal to make his mischief reasonable. Most Hollywood *hommes fatals* are broken-down leading men—who loll about in lascivious pajamas because their doctors no longer allow them to climb balconies or jump fences.

Bruce Bennett is not quite convincing as the protagonist's husband. He is so busy acting like an actor that he has no time to act like a character. His role is that of a nice guy with certain human frailties. These include a tendency to nag when things go wrong at the office, an aggravating ability to see through the pretenses of his first-born, and a fondness for playing gin rummy with an amenable neighbor gal. You never quite believe Mr. Bennett has taken advantage of this last opportunity.

The female mimes are perfect. Butterfly McQueen is the first Negro actress to appear in a Warner picture without seeming to conduct a campaign for the repeal of the poll tax. As a maid with a thirst for gentility, she delivers a quaintly humorous character study that contains no hint of caricature.

Eve Arden, the screen's surest mistress of the devastating feminine wisecrack, gives another of her sure-fire comedy performances. I hope they keep Miss Arden on the screen for a long time.

Ann Blythe delineates a poisonously sweet and selfish child. In a part ranging from cuddly adolescence to vicious maturity, she gives a striking portrayal of a youngster whose meanness results from no unfortunate environment, but simply from malevolent corpuscles. If Joan Crawford weren't so excellent it would be Ann Blythe's picture.

But Miss Crawford is the star

DO YOUR ZIPPO SHOPPING EARLY

Yes, you can put genuine ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTERS on your Christmas list, but place your order with your dealer as early as possible to avoid disappointment or delay.

ZIPPO LIGHTERS *always* light at the zip of the wheel—no matter how hard the wind blows. There are a few inferior imitations being dumped on the market, so be sure you get the genuine. ZIPPO is the only lighter with a lifetime guarantee—no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., BRADFORD, PA.

$2.50

If dealer can't supply you—order direct, but please include dealers name and address.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *This engraving* ZIPPO MFG CO BRADFORD PA ZIPPO PAT 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A *is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO*

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

and she dominates every scene. By sheer force of artistic proficiency, she tops one of the best casts of the season. Contrary to laymen's notions, the player with the most scenes is the one in the toughest spot. It is easy to shine in a few well-written moments. But there's great danger of becoming monotonous if you're the force that keeps the plot going. Joan neither chugs along like a donkey engine, nor goes into the orgy of virtuosity which makes so many leading women look as diverse as Cornelia Otis Skinner playing all of the wives of Henry VIII. She portrays a woman who is forced to live a man's type of life. In doing this she employs many a subtle change of pace without once violating the unity of her character.

"Another nice thing—you'll never lack a breeze"

Mildred Pierce is a woman whose fierce impulse to get ahead seems at times more masculine than feminine. She divorces a less ambitious husband. Starting as a waitress, she fights her way to the top of a restaurant business. Like a man, she sometimes eases emotional strain by taking her fun where she finds it. Like a man, she endeavors to have her home be an inviolate emotional sanctuary. But, since she is a woman, she's always getting emotionally involved. She can't take men as she finds them. Her attitude toward men conflicts with her loyalty as a mother. And this is the most important passion of her life. Floundering in a tangle of emotional cross-purposes, she becomes mixed up in murder. With woman's motives she chooses masculine methods. In a forthright effort to avert a family scandal, she tries to hang a murder charge on a not-too-innocent bystander. Mildred Pierce is no conventional heroine. She is a complex and interesting woman in whom mind and heart are pathetically at war. The scene in which she throws her daughter out of the house couldn't pack more wallop if it were played by Clark Gable.

It is fitting that Joan Crawford

Continued on page 272

TUNNEL OF LOVE
Richard Decker
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
UNION MADE
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

"Let's take another ride . . . I l-o-ove that wonderful Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

BRUGAL RUM

The Rum with the Richer Flavor

Flavor-full goodness in every drop . . . because a proud family-tradition, born 56 years ago, vigilantly guards its quality. Try Brugal. You will appreciate why connoisseurs have bestowed honor after honor upon it . . . why its *richer* flavor transforms *any* drink into the *perfect* taste treat! Ask for *Brugal!*

IN GOLD LABEL AND WHITE LABEL 86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y

For Your Christmas Male
Wallets
BY PIONEER

LLAMA LEATHER
A Masterpiece by Pioneer
AUTOMOBILE INFORMATION

EVERY MAN "ON YOUR LIST" will appreciate the superb quality and distinctive design of this fine bill-fold. Like all Pioneer Wallets (priced from $1.50 to $7.50), this Llama Wallet in brown or black, is "Best for Your Money" and His . . . . . . at
plus tax

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA 1, PA

BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS • *"For Men Who Care What They Wear"*

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 271

should resume her screen career in such a role. She is one of the few stars who has built her career instead of letting it happen to her. Her biography has been written in so many screen magazines that by now a certain amount of truth has come out. As a girl, she was the slavey in a fashionable school, whose sadistic proprietor beat her and knocked her downstairs. But in that school she developed a yearning for self-improvement that was the more dignified because it was unselfish.

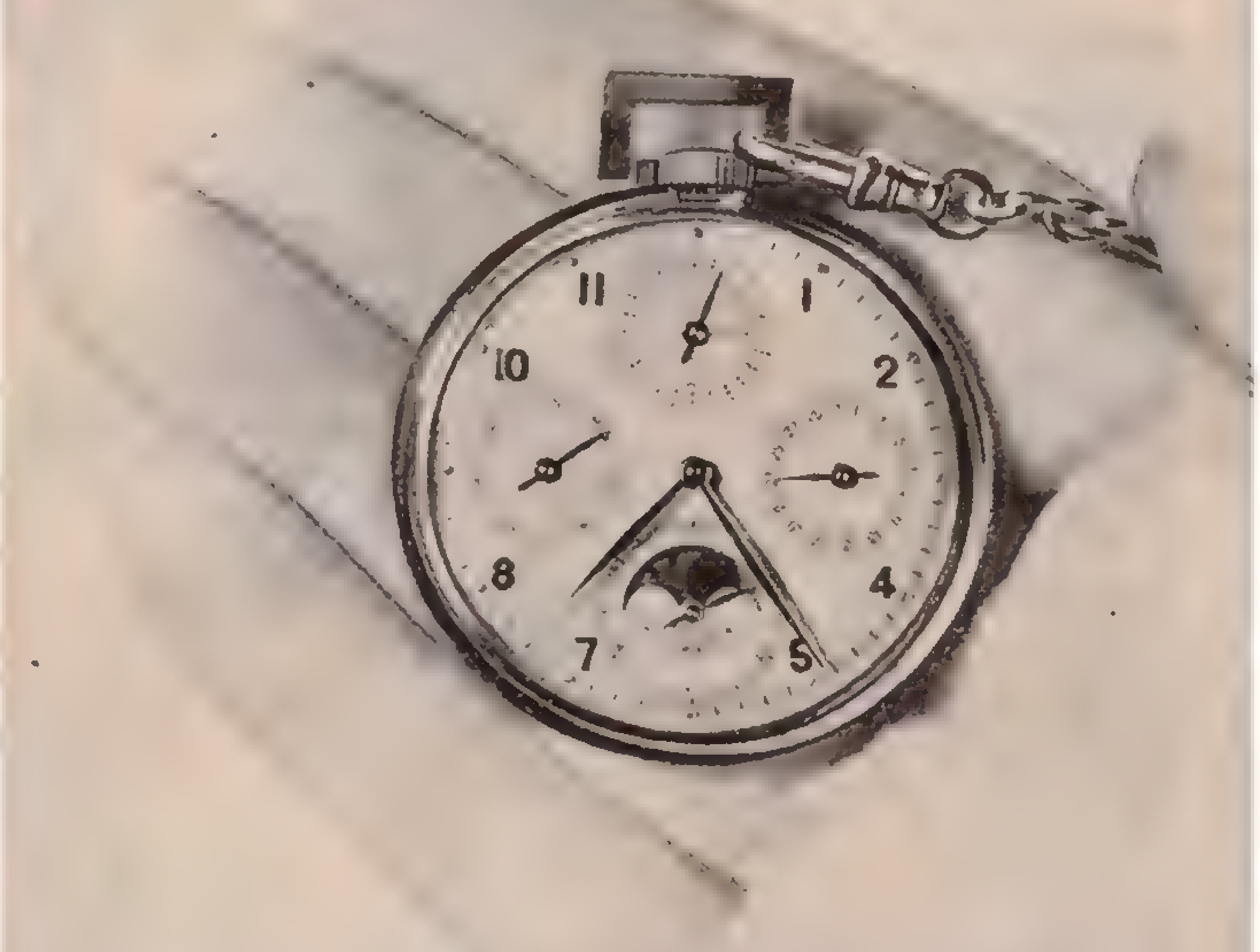
I first met Miss Crawford when she was a show girl in Kansas City and I was a reporter wet behind the ears. She declined dinner, but suggested that I bring sandwiches, coffee and milk around to her apartment. In my innocence, I responded with the same drooling expectation Jack Carson shows when she invites him to murder. But when I reached the rendezvous I discovered Joan was supporting a sick girl friend. Her salary paid the rent and the girl's doctor bills. So they had to live on such food as Joan could lure into the apartment. Those kids were being fed by the wolves just as surely as Elijah was fed by the ravens.

This twosome which turned into a threesome irritated me at the time. But I've loved Joan for it ever since. Her good heart and sound knowledge of masculine pride changed me from a tin horn Don Juan into a reluctant Samaritan. I was proud when she developed from a corn country show-girl into a Hollywood glamour-puss. Here, where most careers stop, Joan's started. Hired as a Charleston trotter, she became the idol of a million shop-girls. Something in her hard experience and undying romantic optimism appealed like a magnet to working women. She learned to act. Little by little, with frequent disappointments and infinite hard work, she became an actress of fine technical skill and a woman of poise and maturity. Her performance in *Susan and God* was a far cry from her days as the Joan of Arc of Macy's.

As so often happens, she suffered her toughest break at her moment of greatest achievement. Metro came to regard her as a wheel horse to play any role they threw at her. It takes guts to walk out on Metro. But she did it. Other studios sought to exploit her box-office value without increasing her artistic importance. She refused all offers until she found a spot where she could discard phony glamour and hamminess.

After two years Michael Curtiz

PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH



A new 18 jeweled Perpetual Calendar Watch that shows name of week day, date and name of month and phases of the moon. Automatically adjusts leap year variations. 18 karat gold case. $1250 (Federal Tax Included)

PATEK PHILIPPE & CO., INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1405 Peel Street, Montreal, Canada
and Geneva, Switzerland
ESTABLISHED 1839

COPYRIGHT 1945, PATEK PHILIPPE & CO., INC.

and *Mildred Pierce* provided the opportunity she needed. Though Mr. Curtiz speaks with what he calls "a strong Hungarian oxscent," he is a director with a passion for the accuracies of American life.

His *Four Daughters* was one of the finest interpretations of small-town life ever put on the screen. *Dodge City* and *Santa Fe Trail*, as he directed them, were filled with nuances of our pioneer tradition. In *Mildred Pierce* he performs the much more difficult feat of capturing the variegated implications of America's individualistic psychology.

"This vooman," he explained to me, "has strong charactah—She gets what she wants, come hell or high hayride."

Mike understood *Mildred Pierce* and he understands Joan Crawford—just as he understands nearly everything else in the United States. His accuracy includes such details as the screen's first believable police procedure, and the niceties of feminine makeup. The Crawford mouth that looked like a half inflated inner tube has been abolished. And the eyelashes that resembled the fringe on a World's Fair sofa pillow are no longer with us. Crawford has stopped looking like a fan magazine Venus and now looks like a woman.

With the help of Curtiz, Joan Crawford's career is resumed with renewed success. Her victory is so complete that Ida Lupino has gone back to playing comedy. For years Warners maintained Ida as a second-string tragedian—to keep Bette Davis in her place. But now that Crawford has clicked in *Mildred Pierce*, Jack Warner has a stronger club to hold over "the screen's first lady." Joan's acting style is less broad and less stylized than Bette's. Fewer high school Bernhardts will be able to imitate it. There'll be a great temptation to give her the best parts from now on. Bette will have to be a very nice girl.

All of this probably has occurred to Mr. Warner. A man has to think of more things when he is managing women! ###

Continued from page 135

Look for *Art-carved** within the ring
*Trade-Mark Reg.

RENOWNED FOR
NEARLY A CENTURY

Art-carved
Rings by Wood

Modern designs of distinction, diamonds of unequalled value ...by a firm devoted to quality craftsmanship since 1850. At leading jewelers everywhere.

Send for "The Bride's Silent Secretary with Diamond Ring Guide"
J. R. WOOD & SONS, Inc.
Dept. E, 216 E. 45th St., New York City (17)
Manufacturers and Diamond Importers,
1850-1945

All-Ways Welcome Gifts
Belts and Braces
BY PIONEER

HAZEL PIGSKIN combined with selected Horsehide, smartly crowned and whip-stitched. With gold-plated buckle $2.50

RIBBON BRACES are widely favored! These have the elastic in back. Genuine Pigskin ends. Varied smart patterns and masculine colors. $1.50

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA 1, PA

BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS • "For Men Who Care What They Wear"

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

Continued from page 82

he only saw me at two o'clock."

"And then?" I kept asking.

"I simply carried out my plan. I don't want to tell you more, not now, at least, as long as you feel so miserable. Suffice that it worked."

She really did not give any further explanation. However, she demanded one thing: for the time being, she said, I must give up seeing anyone from our old crowd—under any and all circumstances.

The thoughts of a feverish brain easily run along lines of grand opera plots. Moreover, the illness from which I was suffering added to my irritability, particularly as, for the reasons explained above, I had kept away from Ilona for such a long time. Lying in bed in a dark, unheated room, alone and lonesome, I pictured a grand opera: Ilona, dressed in a costly black gown and black lace mantilla, goes to see the tyrant (the Housing Bureau was located in the Hotel Grande Bretagne which had been requisitioned for the purpose) . . . A loving and devoted wife, she tearfully pleads with him, but he is adamant . . . In despair, she tears off her mantilla, revealing her beautiful tresses and, in exchange for the life of her husband, she offers herself to the bowlegged monster . . .

A few days later, unable to bear these thoughts any longer, I rushed into the adjoining room, taking my wife by surprise. At first she tried to ward me off, reminding me of my illness; then passion engulfed her too. It was the last time that we were together.

Ilona realized that whatever the truth, it could never hurt me as did her secrecy. She laughed at my imaginings. Jokingly, she asked whether I really believed her capable of associating with anyone? Yes, the Commissar had a paunch, he was bowlegged and bald—however, she had to admit that he had a massive head and clean-cut features. His name was—No. It seems unfair to me to omit the names of the aristocrats while revealing those of the Communists. Even though he now lives in Switzerland, very modestly and under an assumed name, I'll say no more than that his first name was Janos. So let's call him Janosy.

Naturally, Ilona did not want to associate with Janosy. Then—how on earth had she wrought the miracle?

At long last, she told me. She had gone to the Housing Bureau and told the receptionist that she had to see the Commissar himself—it was a matter of life and

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage. Dampen hair with water and comb
CONTAINS
Liquid Petrolatum Oxycholesterol
Refined Lanolin Cholesterol
Distributed by
WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N.Y. MADE IN U.S.A.
WILDROOT
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

BUY VICTORY BONDS!

FOMERZ QUALITY
"WHY, SANTA! YOU SMART OLD THING TO GIVE ME A MERZFOLD *Streamliner*"

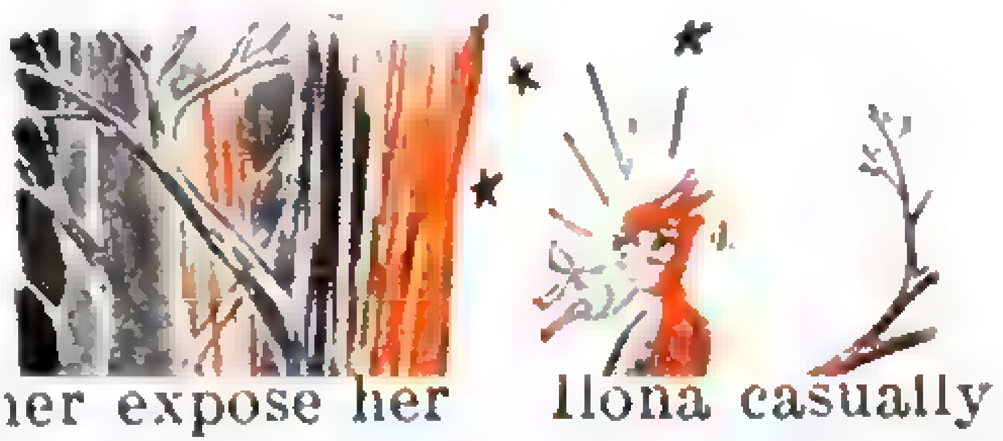
An Original FOMERZ Creation

So Smart! So Handy! Has a roomy, non-spill coin pocket. Ample space for folding money. A cleverly designed "secret pocket" for confidential things. Passcard or photograph section. In novelty fabrics. In all better stores from coast to coast.

F. O. MERZ & CO.
A COMPLETE LINE OF NATIONALLY ADVERTISED LEATHER GOODS
750 N. 45th STREET, PHILA. 4, PA.
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

If your local store doesn't have the MERZFOLD "STREAMLINER" the following stores have special Mail Order facilities: Daniel Low — Salem, Mass. • C. L. Seidenburg — Ardmore, Pa. • Beverly Hills Gift Shop, 453 N, Beverly Drive — Beverly Hills, Cal. • The Tie Shop, 8513 Germantown Avenue — Philadelphia 18, Pa.

death. After having been searched thoroughly, she was allowed to enter his suite—the office of one of Bêla Kun's most important aides. She began by saying that she had important information relating to her husband. She gave my name, past occupation, rank. My house, she said, was the headquarters of the Legitimists—had been, that is, for of course all counter-revolutionary activities had stop- know what made her expose her husband. Well, she said, he had been neglecting her for quite some time, allegedly for reasons of health. It seemed, however, that he knew for whom he wanted to reserve his strength: there were quite a few good-looking hard females among his intimates. Anyway, she was sick and tired of political machinations; inasmuch as the fate of Hungary now was in the hands of the Communists, she, being a patriot, thought more of her country's future than of its past. Finally, she asked him to pardon her husband although she really did not Ilona casually remarked that the Communists weren't so bad, after all. You had to concede that they knew how to get things done. The ability to get things done,



Continued on page 276

Free COCKTAIL RECIPE BOOK
Beautifully illustrated in natural colors. Write for your copy. Many, Blanc & Co. Inc., 3414 W. 48th Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

100 PROOF
70 PROOF
60 PROOF

Complimenting Good Taste...
...Accompanying Gracious Living

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC

America's Most Distinguished Cordials

PRODUCED and BOTTLED in U. S. A. BY MANY, BLANC & CO., INC. • CHICAGO 32, ILL.

DuBOUCHETT
ROYALE
DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry
Brandy
DuBOUCHETT
Sloe Gin

EAGLE
Clothes
Eagle MEANS Style

FREE Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, 79 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y., and you'll receive a useful gold-stamped memo book with wardrobe-selector chart.

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

Continued from page 275

technical proficiency, these are qualities praised by a person who as yet does not dare praise the spirit. I was startled, to say the least, particularly as Ilona went on to say that not all was gold that glittered on generals' or admirals' uniforms, and that the welfare activities of the new government certainly were remarkable. "That's easy to say after you have got rid of the Szekeres," I broke in ironically. But she stuck to her opinion and, shrugging her shoulders, concluded: "You really can't tell what's best for Hungary."

Believe me, I know women. When a woman begins to read philosophical treatises, to study Chinese or dabble in politics, there is but one caption to the picture: Cherchez l'homme—depending on whether that "homme" is a philosopher, a Chinese or—Janosy. For a woman, there is no such combination as love *and* politics, as there is for a man. At best, it is politics *because* of love. A woman politician, if she is a real politician, is no woman. Or not yet a woman. But Ilona definitely was a woman, as passionate as they come. Only, she did not admit it to herself, using the word "mind" when she meant "body." From each of her excursions that began the following evening, she returned with the stereotype remark that, after all, Janosy's was an unusual mind.

Not for a moment did I believe that my wife was attempting to double-cross me, or that she wanted to give me away by her strange demarche relative to the Szekeres. I never believed her capable of real interest in politics, and thus I did not believe her when, to explain her nightly outings, she told me Janosy had asked her to work for him as a secretary. And I further disbelieved her when she declared, emphatically at first, and finally almost rudely, that she was working with him at a highly important project which was supposed to free Budapest of its slums and tenements. She could not—nor would she—go into details. But she came home at 4 a. m. every morning.

I was less sure about the part Janosy was playing in the game. For, a man can deal with the combination of love *and* politics. Why shouldn't Janosy have fallen for Ilona? Why shouldn't he have learned that he could reach his goal much faster by a detour via her mind than by risking his neck in a beeline ascent? On the other hand, he might just as well be a politician only who courted my wife for political reasons—the prize being my head. Jealousy

There is Only One

Ned Day

This modern "King of the Pins" has been world's champion 5 times in 7 years. He is the only man that has ever held the Team title, the Doubles title, and the Singles title in bowling. His average score for 5,000 games in competition is 221.

There is Only One

Jockey

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey is internationally famous as the underwear that ended "Squirming"—the only underwear with the patented Y-Front construction scientifically perfected for masculine support. Only Jockey has the "friendly" pouch ingeniously cradled for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift. Jockey wearers especially appreciate the convenient No-Gap opening . . . the bulkless crotch . . . the smooth seams properly placed for complete freedom of action without binding or chafing . . . and the extra all-'round comfort of Jockey's soft, knit fabric. Jockey is being made in increasing quantity . . . so *insist on* Jockey when you buy. No other underwear should be substituted when you ask for Jockey—the exclusive Y-front features of Jockey can not be offered under any other name. Look for the label—*be sure* you get *only Jockey.*

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY . . . IT'S A BRAND IT'S A TRADE MARK . . . IT'S PATENTED

Jockey Short

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Jockey Underwear

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. W. Fitch, Founder
The F. W. Fitch Company

MEN!
my shave creams contain special
SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces...
FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort" shaves to men who have "tried everything"

This great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares even the most sensitive face for a "solid comfort" shave. When Fitch's No-Brush is applied with the wet fingers, it spreads easily, and this special "Skin Conditioner" begins acting immediately. . . . When you start shaving, you'll actually *feel* the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Fitch's No-Brush has the added advantage of being so kind and refreshing to the skin that an after-shave lotion is not required.

BRUSH USERS! *Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.*

BIG 25¢ AND 50¢ HANDY JARS

Fitch's
BRUSH
SHAVING CREAM
Fitch's
NO BRUSH
SHAVING CREAM

Fitch's
NO-BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
and Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream
The F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES 6, IOWA • BAYONNE, N. J. • LOS ANGELES 21, CALIF.

and suppressed passion led me to believe more and more the former. Again, grand opera was being played in my room during lonely, feverish nights. Janosy was Scarpia and Pizarro at the same time, and I the cuckold.

STAGE DOOR
PO
D

One of those nights my wife came home around 5 a.m., completely exhausted. A new law had undone most of her work, she explained, while she stood beside my bed and loosened her braids. Was it the sight of those luxurious tresses? Was it the awful suspense of hours of waiting? I jumped up, grabbed down her hair with both hands, pulled her on my bed and, half crazy with rage and jealousy, I shouted: "The new law he made—love, that's it!" Then, shaking with fever, I fell back on my pillow, crying like a boy, a gulf between us.

We had remained motionless for some fifteen minutes, when Ilona got up. Taking something out of her bag, she said, perfectly composed. "Look, here are two keys. The big one opens the service entrance to the Hotel Grande Bretagne, the smaller one the door to Janosy's bedroom. That's right—his bedroom. A man's bedroom might just as well serve as a passage, even for a woman. He gave me the keys when I began working for him, because he did not want me to be searched every time I entered his suite. Now I go up the main staircase; they all know me and let me pass. These two keys will give you an opportunity to check on my so-called fidelity." She paused, drawing a long breath. "This is the layout: you open the service entrance any time during the night—any night, do you understand? Then you walk up two flights. Room 34, Janosy's bedroom, is directly opposite the stair. Unlock the door, and you will find yourself next to his office where both of us work. The walls are pretty thin, and you can easily get an idea of what we do or discuss. When it comes to getting things done, Janosy is inexhaustible; he never interrupts his work

Continued on page 278

Schulz watches
304 EAST 45th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

SELECTION of the finer things in life calls for expression of one's personality—else whence individuality?

Available through your own jeweler

UNIVERSAL

Shirts and Pajamas

Reliance
Universal
Refinements
★
high styling
precision needling
superb fabrics
overplus comfort

Day and night—they're right. They fully merit what the labels say: "Universal Shirts — We Make the World Look Better." "Universal Pajamas — We Put the World to Sleep." At better stores everywhere.

Reliance UNIVERSAL

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y

the gift with give in it

EXPANSO* boa snakeskin belt $3.50

This EXPANSO Boa Snakeskin belt is a gift that packs a lot of surprises. It combines the unique beauty of the boa — there are no two skins alike — with the perfect comfort of EXPANSO. He will wear it with ease, for the hidden springs in the buckle breathe as he breathes, and give with every motion of his body. So give an EXPANSO this Christmas, the gift with *give* in it — plus a mile of style which comes through like a thoroughbred in the s-t-r-e-t-c-h. Other EXPANSO belts at leading stores, $1.50 up.

It's Smart to Wear

EXPANSO*

BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS • SHORTS

for ACTION POINT Comfort

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357542. Pat. No. 3127796

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

Continued from page 277

and I can promise you that he won't enter the bedroom as long as we are working. After you have heard all you wanted, you can get out any time in the same way. If, however, you should think that we have arranged everything beforehand and are playing at developing a housing project just because you might listen—all right, starting tomorrow, you may show up any night you choose. Or do you believe that from now on, in order to please you, we are going to make love on the desks of the office and discuss, at the same time, plans for new apartment houses?"

Once again, it sounded so plausible—faultlessly plausible. Was it innocence or the last, final trap to deliver me into the hands of the enemy? I did not care even if it meant the end, betrayal and death. It would be a relief, the end of politics as well as of love. Even if Ilona had spoken the truth and never had been Janosy's—believe me, it is not the body that counts. A woman who has fallen for a man spiritually is his just as much in a physical sense.

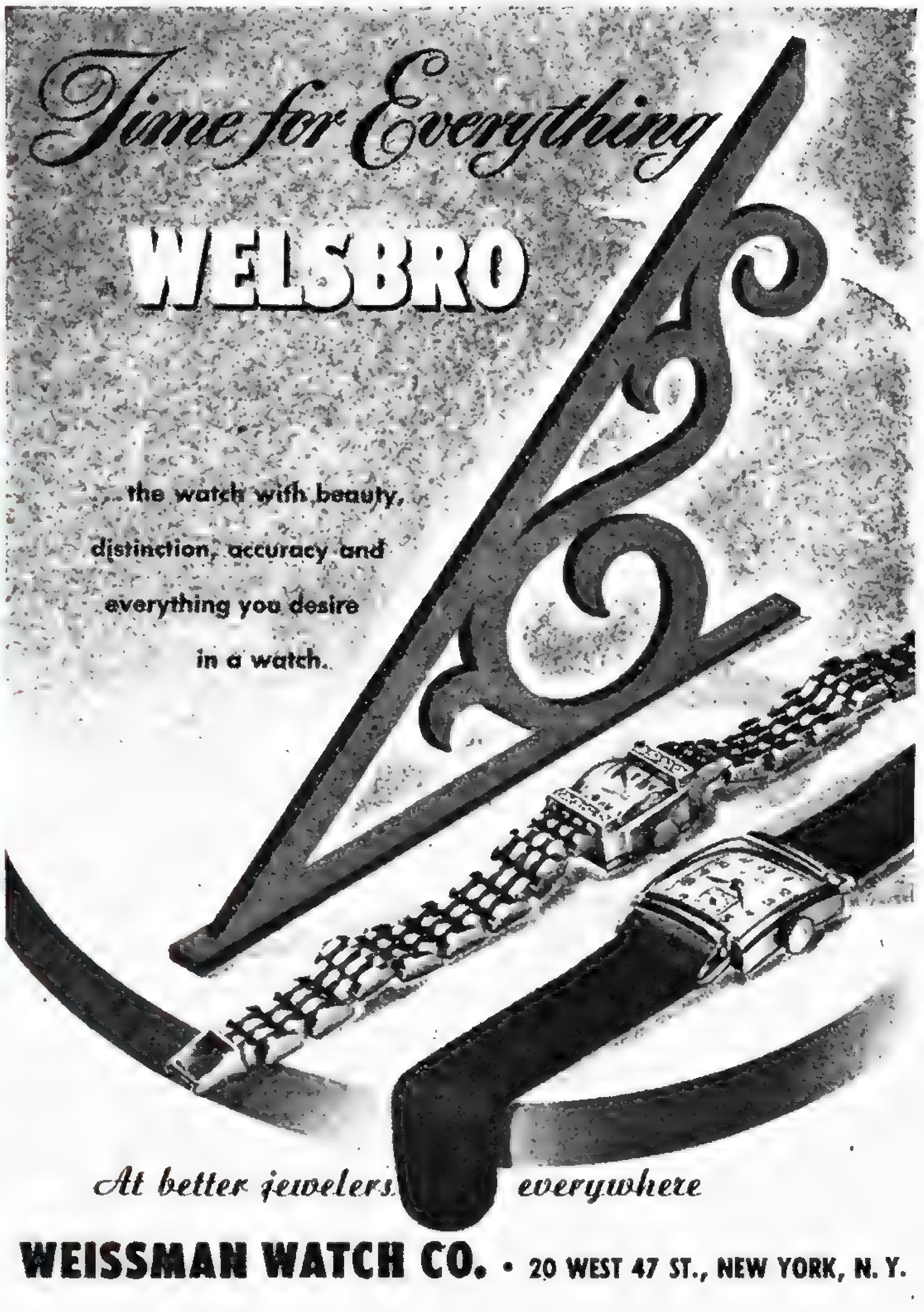
I did not say anything. Ilona got up and went to her room. We did not see each other during the following day. In the evening, after she had left—for her work?—I dressed and went out to get some fresh air. The uniform rhythm of my steps helped me to fight a wave of suspense which was mounting with night and loneliness.

My steps led me down to the Danube suburbs, as a criminal is drawn to the place of his crime. I could not see my old friends who had been naval officers or government officials, but I had a few friends among the sailors and fishermen—members of my former crew—who lived near the waterfront. Perhaps I would find a human being I could talk to.

It was right in the midst of a dark underpass that I suddenly recoiled: a voice had called out my name. Startled, I turned around. Hardly recognizable in the dim light of a distant street lamp, there was what looked like a slender youth in a badly worn, badly fitting suit, a sloppily cocked cap on his head.

"Emeric," said a high-pitched, small voice, "I'm afraid."

Her name was Piri, and her family a ranking member of Hungary's nobility. She had always had class, even if she was barely nineteen. Burning with political passion, she had run away from her parents' estate to Budapest where she played a considerable role among the Legitimists. We


Time for Everything

WELSBRO

...the watch with beauty, distinction, accuracy and everything you desire in a watch.

At better jewelers everywhere

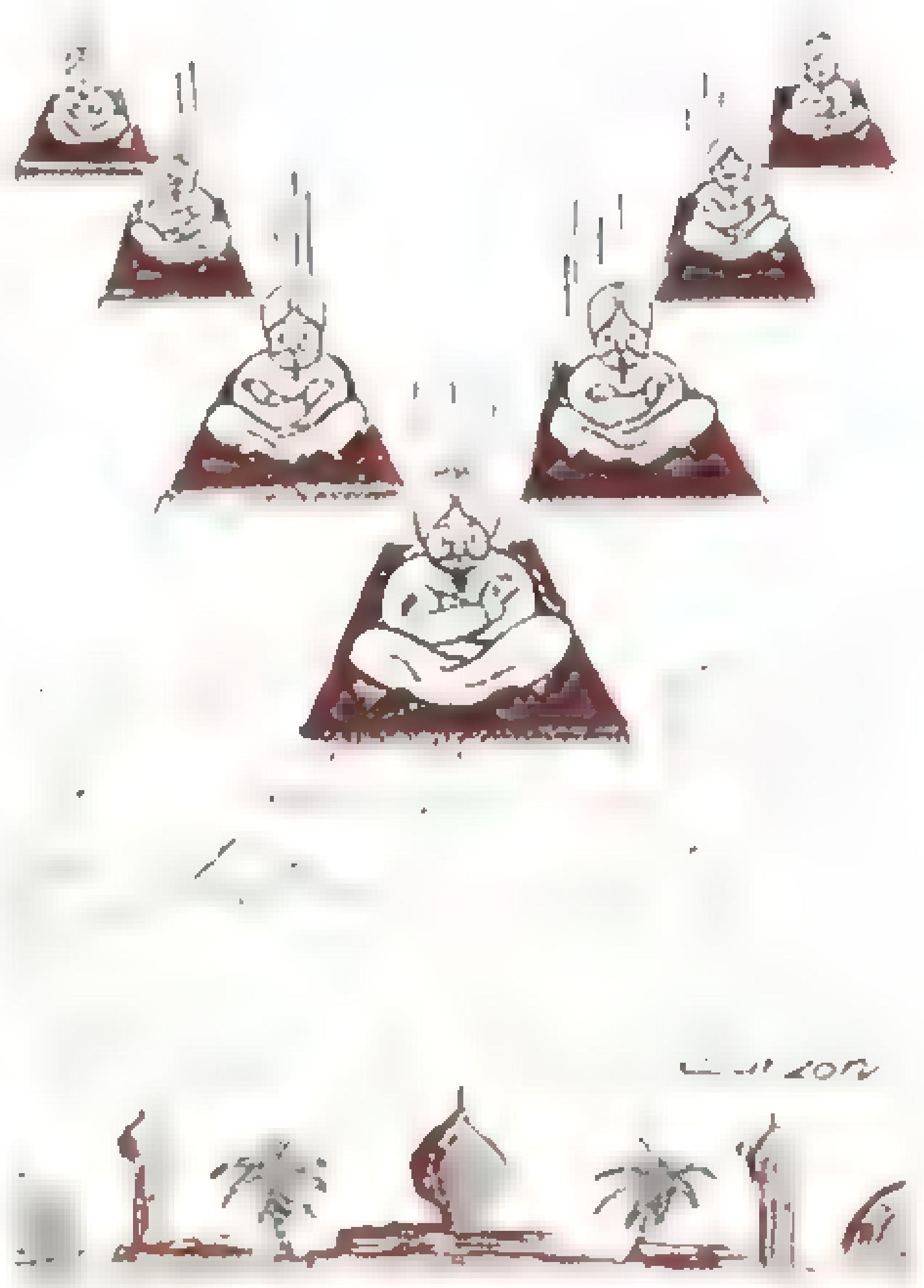
WEISSMAN WATCH CO. • 20 WEST 47 ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

had often seen her at our home. Naturally, I had completely lost track of her during the last months. She was not yet a woman, and so she might pass for a politician.

"Piri," I said, horrified. "What happened?"

Nervously, she looked around and drew me back into the darkness. "They're after me," she whispered. "I'll have to disappear—but where should I go?"

"Tell me—"



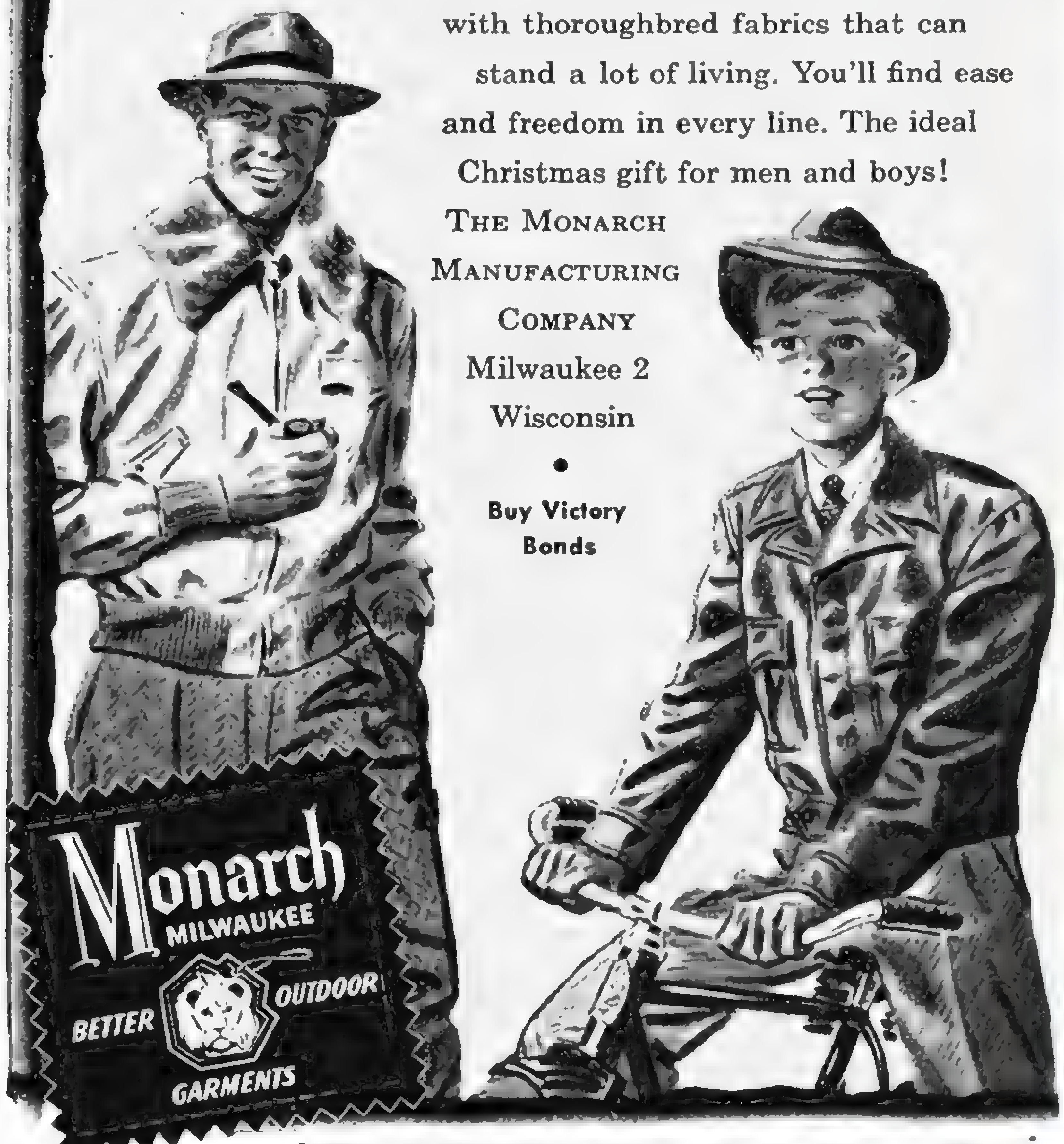
"Anything you want to know—provided I have the time. How long haven't we seen each other? Now I remember—since before it all started. I didn't get any money from home, so I moved down to the waterfront. I helped the fishermen with their fish, and they helped me with room and board. At night, I would meet with our friends. An informer must have given me away . . . Three hours ago, I ran into Lenkay who told me the police had just raided my room. I musn't come home any more. They mean business. I would have to get out of here at once.

"I ran back to the waterfront; an ex-sailor gave me this suit and these impossible boots. All I could keep was my cap. Where am I to go now, what am I to do in the morning? I'm afraid to go to the station. The railroads are closely guarded."

Hers was a desperate situation. I could not take her home with me—it would have meant the end. Likewise, any friend who might have taken her, would only have become another victim. What else could I do except give her some money? I reached into my pocket; my hand touched the wallet—but something else besides: two keys.

When Ilona had given them to me, I had not even looked at them. Out of a last vestige of chivalry, I did not want to take them. She must have slipped them into my pocket. Not for a moment had I thought of following her suggestion. It would have meant putting my head right into the lion's mouth and, what's more, top-

Continued on page 280



MAN TO MAN...Monarch sportswear is styled in the best outdoor tradition!

Monarch's undisputed leadership for almost fifty years in the outdoor wear field has given them the know-how in comfort-crafted tailoring that makes their clothes *tops* in value, with thoroughbred fabrics that can stand a lot of living. You'll find ease and freedom in every line. The ideal Christmas gift for men and boys!

THE MONARCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Milwaukee 2
Wisconsin

Buy Victory Bonds

Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

Leather and fabric coats and jackets for sports, leisure and utility wear

NORWOOD Toiletries for Men

All ANY MAN WANTS!

Your gift of Norwood Toiletries is just what he would choose himself. Superb quality ingredients, blended by experts to please even the fussiest man. Beautifully packaged gift sets or individually boxed essential toiletries.

3-Pc. GIFT SET
$1.50
The "things" he uses every day
- LIQUID BRUSHLESS (or Lather) SHAVE CREAM
- AFTER SHAVE LOTION
- AFTER SHAVE TALC

3-Pc. TRAVEL KIT
$2.00
Blue or brown leatherette kit with
- LIQUID BRUSHLESS (or Lather) SHAVE CREAM
- AFTER SHAVE LOTION
- HAIR CREAM OIL

AT ALL ADAM HAT STORES
Leading Men's Shops, Drug and Department Stores

"You BET It's GOOD . . .
It's a BRENTWOOD"
Brentwood

America's Finer
SPORTSWEAR

Admiring eyes will tell you you're more at ease — more assured — more attractive in this *finer* sportswear by Brentwood. Here is a name and a tradition for easy, figure-flattering lines . . . for luxurious fabrics and knits . . . for well-bred smartness. You're bound to look better in a BRENTWOOD!

- *(Photo Above) Pullover Sweaters . . . $5 to $10*
- *(Left Above) Long Sleeve Sport Shirt $5*
- *(Right) 2-Tone Leisure Coat $15*

At Better Men's
And Department Stores

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

Continued from page 279

ping my not very chivalrous behaviour with a definitely unchivalrous act. However, gripped by the girl's narration, shocked at the awfulness of political strife that divides mankind into hyenas and pitifully hunted mice, shaken by my own problems to the point of not caring about life or death, I said: "Come along."

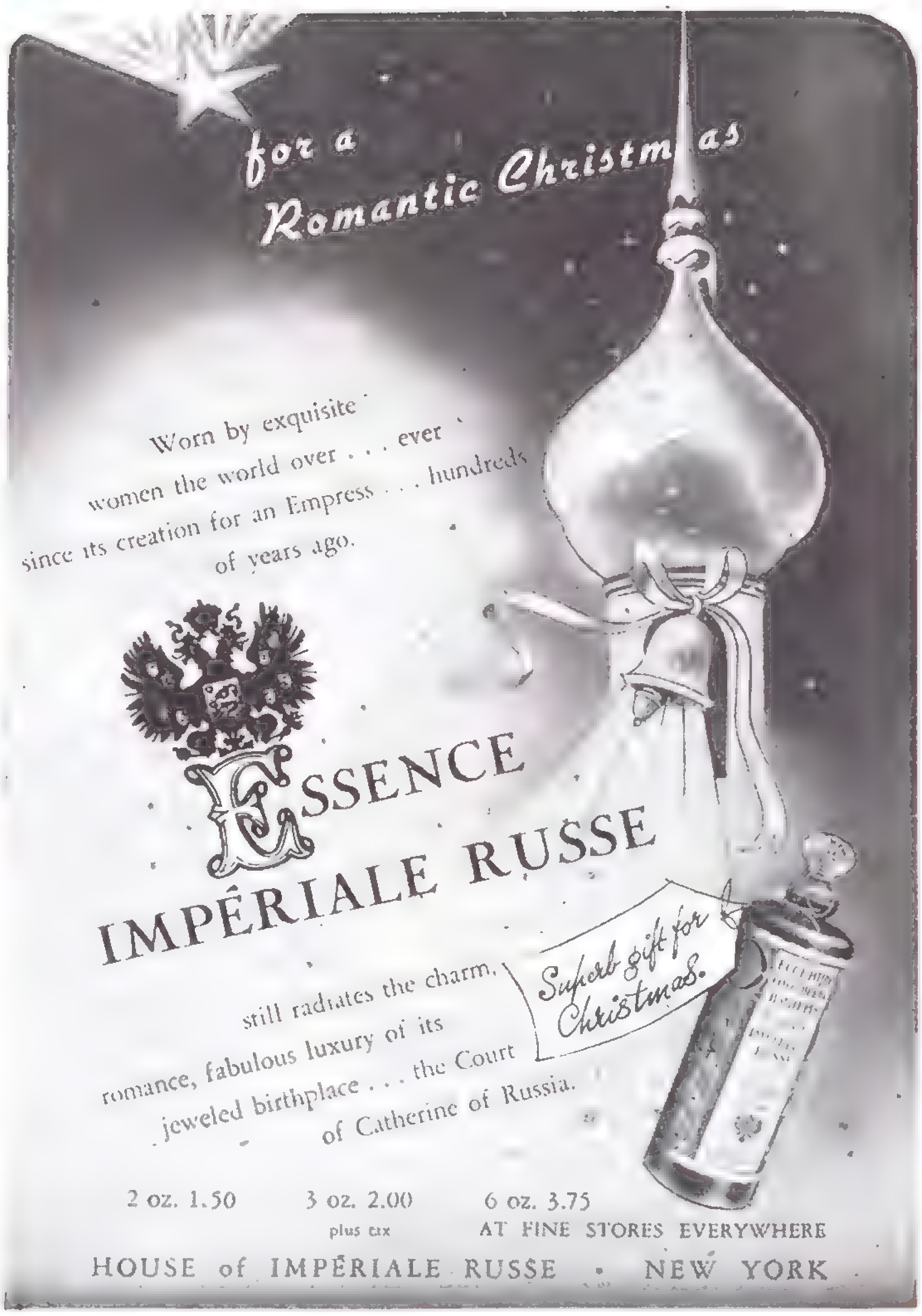
"Service Entrance," said the narrow door facing the alley. We did not encounter a soul on the stairs. The small key unlocked Room 34; cracks in the door leading to Room 35 let through a few rays of yellowish light. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the unoccupied bedroom: through the wall, one could hear the clattering of a typewriter, broken by two not too clearly audible voices—that of a man, dictating, that of a woman, asking questions.

We were in the lion's den or, rather, right at his teeth. But all through the night no beast would look for us here—except the lion himself.

This was the only thing I was sure about. Beyond there was nothing but wild speculation as to what might happen and what, incidentally, actually happened. Perhaps reality always is but the realization of wild imaginings. Perhaps some Higher Being dreams up various endings for His plots, examining each and deciding upon the most effective. One minute I pictured a grand opera finale with four corpses lying around the stage; the next, I cowardly retreated to the comforting thought that once the night was over, something at least was won. But was it at all possible? Wouldn't that "hard working" couple eventually use the bedroom? If they came in and found us—well, let come what may. The thought of whether or not Ilona was guilty had completely given way to—to what, really? Anxiety to save Piri? I don't know . . .

With all its tragedy, it was the most grotesque situation I had ever faced. Next door, there were a Communist bigwig and his devoted secretary—or, as I saw it—a man and a woman—conspiring against nobility and the bourgeois class. Separated from them only by a thin wall, you had a tired counterrevolutionary and a passionate monarchist crouching on a bed—a man and a woman—who, in the dim light of a bored street lamp, silently conspired to restore the Hapsburgs, with mute gestures and the shuffling of ashtrays.

Had we been able to make out what the enemy spoke beyond



Worn by exquisite women the world over . . . ever since its creation for an Empress . . . hundreds of years ago.

ESSENCE
IMPÉRIALE RUSSE

still radiates the charm, romance, fabulous luxury of its jeweled birthplace . . . the Court of Catherine of Russia.

2 oz. 1.50 3 oz. 2.00 6 oz. 3.75
plus tax
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

HOUSE of IMPÉRIALE RUSSE • NEW YORK

that wall, we might even have based our moves upon his plans.

Janosy's voice, though resounding with the energy of dictation, revealed a subtle undertone of love-making, that of my wife nothing except pure matter-of-factness. Was it the same kind of love-making that tinged the mute gestures of Piri's hands, the mute replies she made by shaking her short locks which, freed from the concealing cap, now flickered before my eyes? Had a night such as this made a woman out of the little politician, and love out of politics? Her head nestled against my shoulder. Had we wanted to spite Janosy, had I wanted to insult my wife—we would have had plenty of time and opportunity . . .

Dawn came in through the window like a clandestine lover to his beloved—the clattering stopped, chairs were being moved. I heard a few rather indistinguishable words of goodbye, again the subtle love-making in Janosy's voice, the sincere, factual interest in that of my wife. Suddenly, I could make out what he said—he must be standing right next to the door. "I have a headache," he said. "I'll get some cologne . . ."

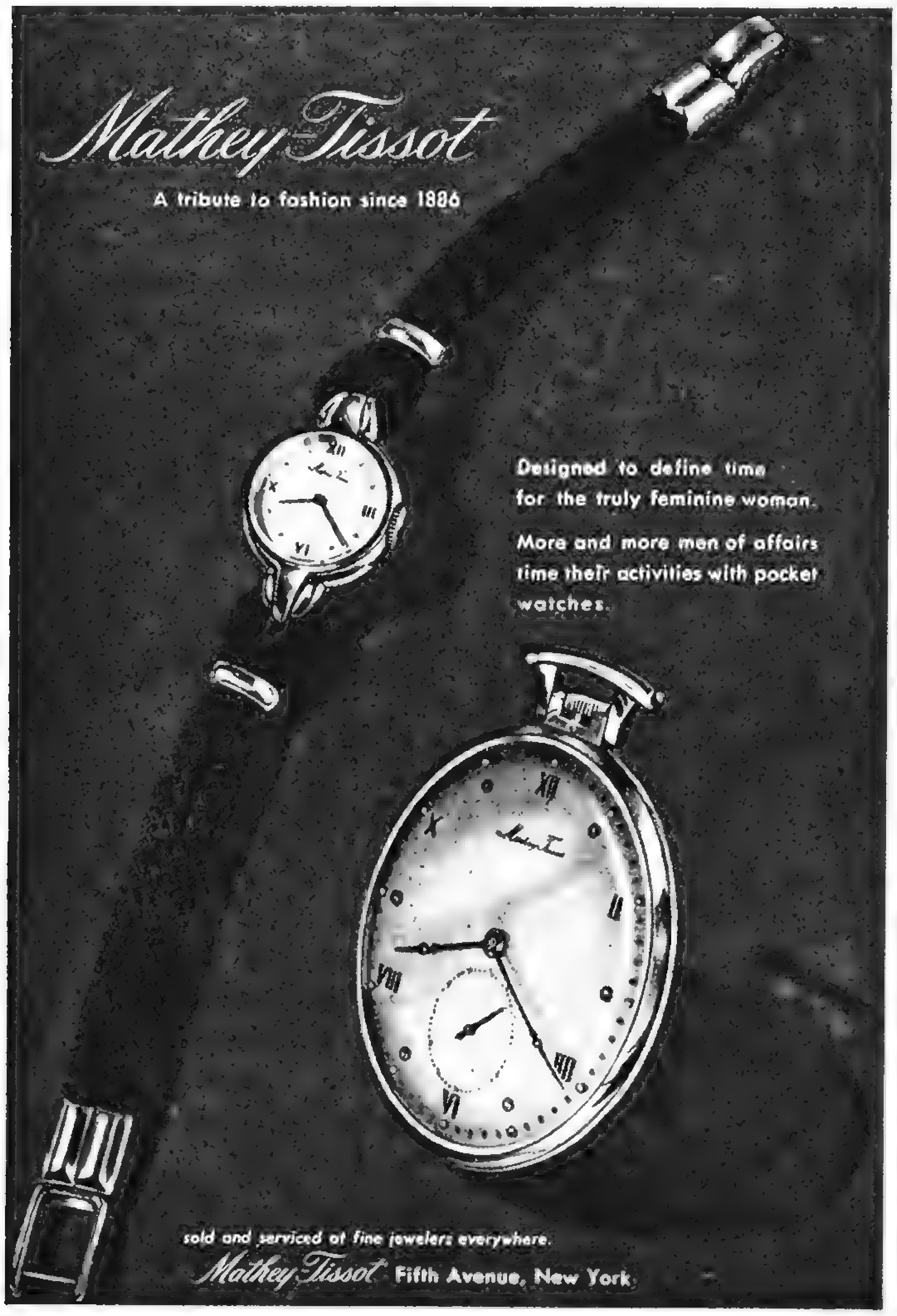
I know women, and this implies knowing men. That male next door had no headache, had never had one. He just wanted to get into the bedroom, alone at first; one leaves the door open, returns, apologizing for the unmade bed—one word leads to another . . . and one woman, I'm sorry to say, is like another.

The latch was turned, the light switched on. Yelling, Piri jumped up, throwing herself before me. There he was, Janosy, almost filling the frame, behind him the blonde, immaculate head of my wife.

Comrade Janosy did not quite grasp the situation, but he put down his revolver when he saw that we didn't move. I was the husband, that much was sure. As for the girl, wasn't she Baroness X? He would have us arrested at once, he said. "Perhaps you too"— meant for my wife.

"My wife has nothing whatever

Continued on page 282


Mathey Tissot
A tribute to fashion since 1886
Designed to define time for the truly feminine woman.
More and more men of affairs time their activities with pocket watches.
sold and serviced at fine jewelers everywhere.
Mathey Tissot Fifth Avenue, New York

Go ahead . . .
POUR THAT HENNESSY
HENNESSY

Whatever the occasion that warrants a toast from your bottle of Hennessy . . . enjoy its superb contents with assurance that you can get more.

Ample stocks of Hennessy Cognac Brandy from many vintages—so essential to maintaining the consistent quality of ★★★ Hennessy—were not disturbed by war.

Now that ships are arriving with precious cargoes from Cognac, France, you can again have on hand a bottle of the world's preferred liqueur. Look for the famous Hennessy label on your dealer's shelves.

84 PROOF
QUALITY · BOUQUET · CLEAN TASTE
★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO
SOLE U. S. AGENTS:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Prince Oxford...
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
the fabric for finer shirts—shorts—pajamas

Prince Oxford and Santa Claus have one thing in common. They never disappoint you. You know about Santa. Now about Prince Oxford: Made of top-grade cotton, Prince Oxford is dyed-in-the-yarn to hang on to its unusual colors, Sanforized* to keep a good grip on its shape. For comfort and good looks, say "Prince Oxford Cloth" when you're shopping for shirts, shorts or pajamas. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va.

*residual shrinkage less than 1%

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs

Continued from page 281

to do with this," I retorted, explaining what had brought us here. The matter was entirely unpolitical, I pointed out, as it always is when women meddle in politics.

He scrutinized me, and for a second a flash of understanding seemed to unite us.

It wouldn't pay, I went on, to have Piri and me killed off. For Comrade Janosy should bear in mind that Ilona was a lady, under any and all circumstances, and she would never think of playing along with the murderer, or even jailer of her husband. Was he interested in other possibilities?

He said he was.

I had come, I told him, to find out whether my wife was innocent or guilty and in doing so, I had fallen guilty myself. While listening to what went on beyond the wall, in order to ascertain whether there remained any understanding between her and me, I had found that all of her understanding now was beyond the wall, beyond my person, in fact. I was willing to release my wife, I said—she looked at me, merciless, marble-white like a statue—realizing that the decision was no longer mine, yet it would make things easier for her. In exchange, I suggested that Comrade Janosy make the Baroness and me safe-conducts to the nearest frontier.

It was moving and comical at the same time to watch Janosy, true demagogue that he was, taking even this situation of which he was master, as an opportunity for discussion. "You are referring to rather outmoded notions," he said, "if you speak of innocence or guilt under these circumstances. Yet, you probably wouldn't hesitate to make yourself guilty of real crimes if it meant reaching your political aims. Be that as it may in politics, in matters of love I know of one crime only, and that is lack of love. As for your proposition—it certainly is no bargain: in exchange for one woman, you want two political enemies."

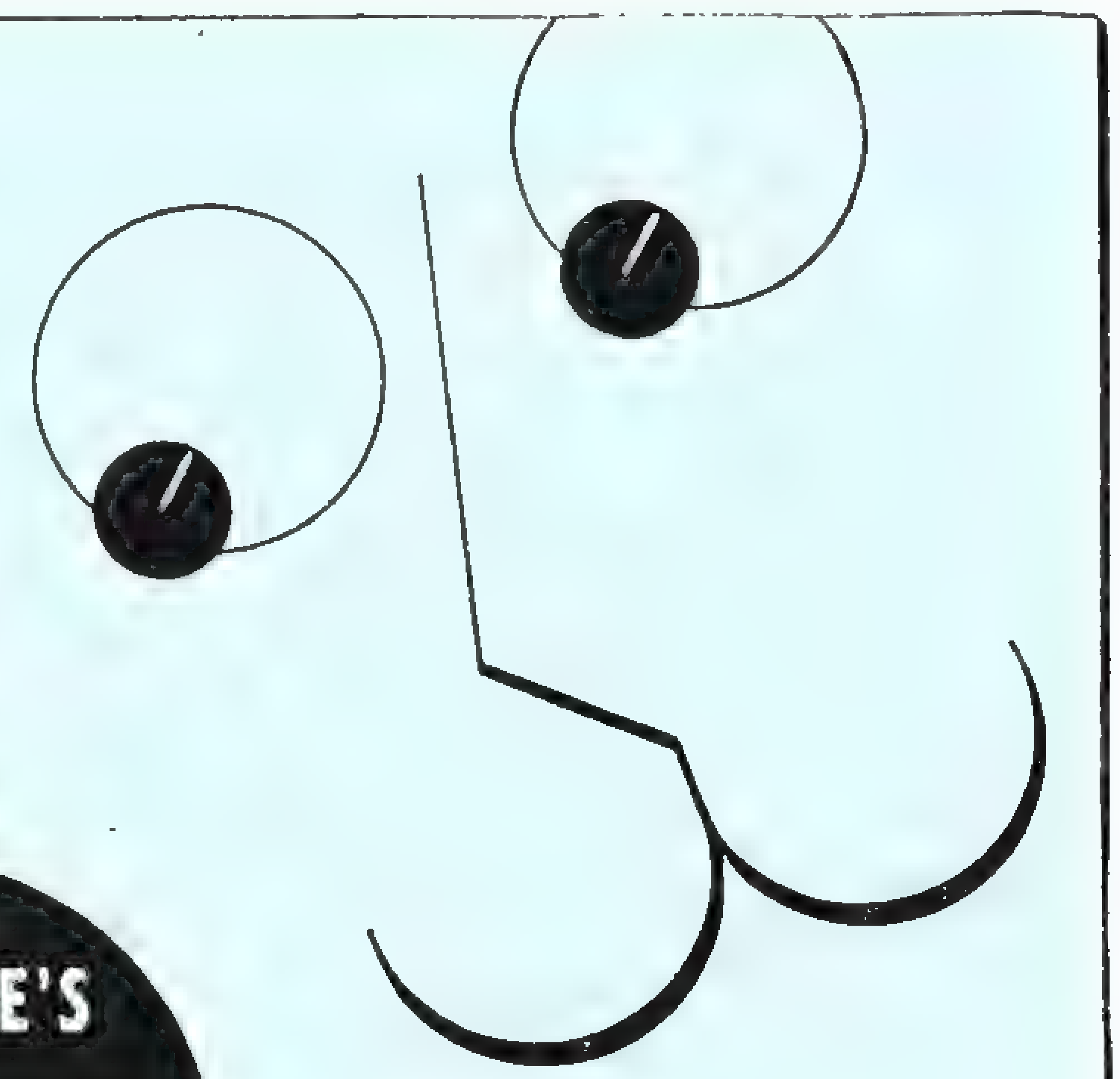
"Don't forget, Mr. Commissar," I retorted, "that *I* don't count in this particular setup. After all, the husband and rival makes up for the enemy.. Consequently, it is woman against woman—and that, I understand, has happened before."

Janosy seemed to check my figures: "You are right" he said, and thus arithmetics solved the problem of love and politics.

Bargaining for the Hapsburgs...

One hour later, we had our passports, and at 2:30 P.M. we crossed the Hungarian frontier into Austria. ###

Continued from page 82



CLOSING
December
10th

ESQUIRE'S
special Christmas
gift subscription
rates

The *first* 1-year subscription . . . $5
Each *additional* 1-year subscription $4
Special military rate, 1-year each $3.50

(Add $2.50 per year for foreign postage. NO EXTRA POSTAGE needed for Canadian, Pan American, APO and FPO addresses.)

You may also include your own subscription at these rates . . . then all your non-military 1-year GIFT subscriptions will cost just $4 each.

Mail your order TODAY to: Esquire
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

The Terrors of Law

Continued from page 81

in corpora sano principle and were not opposed to the theory that beer and *Riesenwellen* (giant's swings) are things a future attorney should know. At an examination in Roman law a Rand-Orl would usually be given an easy question, say, "Who was Justinian?" while an unfriendly alien would be tortured with the devilish definitions of the *possessio*.

The most powerful personality at the university was Herr Wand, the janitor. He was a short, fat man without neck. His stooped back went right over into the balding back of his head. One of the janitor's variegated functions was to carry the university's historic insignia at graduation exercises. These ceremonies took place in a cold, barn-like hall with high, painted glass windows and large pieces of stucco missing from the walls. Wearing a long, black robe, adorned with an ermine collar, Wand preceded the *Rektor* and dean. He walked across the hall with slow, dignified strides and took his place at the left end of the platform, a figure out of a Rembrandt painting. At the end of the ceremony the candidates had to take the academic oath on the insignia carried by Wand. Afterwards Wand made sure that each newly-promoted doctor gave him a substantial tip. Wand also conducted a lucrative business on the side, selling professors' signatures, examination questions, and similar useful items. Once I didn't attend the lectures for two months, having taken a trip to Paris where I spent a few delirious weeks far from the arid regions of law, drinking *pernod* and playing the fiddle. When I came back, all the signatures of professors in my *index* confirmed that I had been in Prague all the time attending the lectures. A colleague informed me that Wand, for a nominal fee of 100 crowns, had produced the signatures.

I finally became a "doctor" and

Continued on page 284

King and Queen Duette

by Coro

This royal duette is a flattering complement to the smartest ensemble. May be separated and worn as clips. Sterling, gold finish. Sparkling multicolored, simulated stones. About $35.00 plus federal tax. At your favorite store.

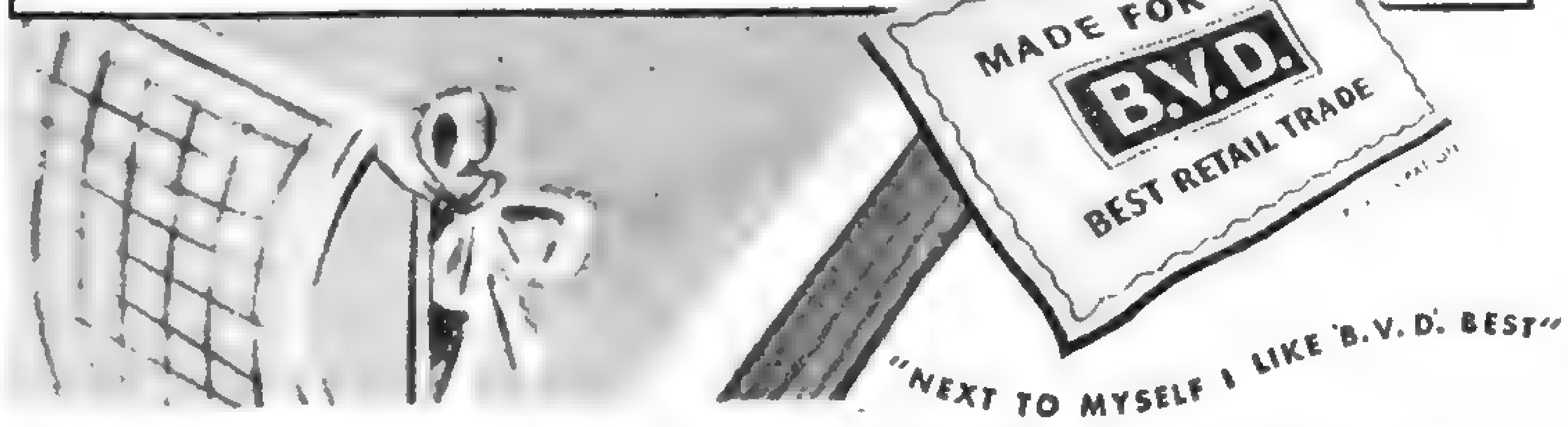
Coro CRAFT *Masterpieces of Fashion Jewelry*

CORO, INC. · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

*B.V.D. BRAND INVENTED COMFORT

Man's age-old quest for comfort came to a happy ending when the first lucky B.V.D. customer stepped into the very first B.V.D. garment! Today you can enjoy traditional B.V.D. comfort in a complete line of smart B.V.D. togs from the inside out. Whether you dress for the office, plan a day on the links, or just get ready for bed—be sure to be comfortable *and* warm! B.V.D.'s new Fall styles are planned to warm your spirit as well as your bones. Wherever you see the B.V.D. brand displayed, ***head in for the Fall warm-up!***

*B.V.D. IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE B.V.D. CORPORATION



MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE 'B.V.D.' BEST"

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada, The B. V. D. Company, Limited, Montreal

Can't Lose It!
The GUARDSMAN BILLFOLD
The Billfold with smart protective chain that clips around belt loop. Can't be lost or stolen. Has secret pocket with removable pass-case. Finest craftsmanship . . . finest leathers. The superb gift by the makers of ROBINSON REMINDERS. GENUINE MOROCCO $10. Send for FREE Booklet.

FOR STYLE and SAFETY

RR
Robinson Reminders
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Forgetful?
Don't load your mind with a clutter of daily details. Robinson Reminders presents the proven pocket memory system that never forgets. Perforated coupon pages . . . just Jot It Down . . . Do It . . . Tear It Out . . . only Live Notes Remain. $5. Other Reminders $1. up. Send for FREE BOOKLET "How to Remember by Forgetting!"

DON'T CARRY A LOAD ON YOUR HEAD

This is a ROBINSON REMINDER
Jot it down-
Do it-
Tear it out-
Live notes only!
Obtainable at your dealers

ROBINSON REMINDERS (The Original)

The Terrors of Law

Continued from page 283

began to serve the compulsory five-year apprenticeship as *Konzipient* with one of Prague's leading law firms where claims were filed on the assembly line. The law firm represented, among other clients, a big electrical appliances concern. When the customers didn't keep up their installments, they were served judgment. In due course, according to the peculiarities of Czechoslovak law, the sheriff would try collection or attach the defendant's personal belongings. As a rule, a *Konzipient* would accompany the sheriff on his way to the defendant's house in order to prevent him from being too soft with the debtors. There are many ways of getting acquainted with people, but being a *Konzipient* was a bad one.

Sometimes the sheriff and I surprised the court-wise defendants before they got up for breakfast or caught them late at midnight when they came home from drinking parties, their powers of resistance slightly dulled. I carried candies in my pockets which I distributed among children to get information on the address of defendants who had suddenly moved. Frequently we were snubbed, maltreated, cursed, thrown out, but only once there was real danger of life. That was at Mr. Dolezal's apartment. Mr. Dolezal had bought an electric iron from our client, and when the iron stopped functioning because (as we claimed) he had thrown it after his wife, he refused to return it or keep up the installments.

Mr. Dolezal lived in a cellar-apartment in Ziskov, a Jack-the-Ripper district of Prague. When the sheriff and I went down the stairs and entered the place, Mr. Dolezal was sitting at the table, drinking *krit*, a strong potato schnapps that could also be used as lighting fluid. He was a giant man with a reddish nose and a massive neck. He cut big hunks of raw bacon with what would be known today as a commando knife. The sheriff, a bald-headed, anemic little man with a pince-nez, asked the giant whether he was going to pay according to the judgment. Mr. Dolezal didn't even bother to stop chewing. The sheriff placed the judgment on the table in front of Mr. Dolezal and stepped back. By way of an answer Mr. Dolezal took the commando knife and threw it. It landed about an inch to the left of the sheriff's left ear and remained stuck in the wall behind him. "Don't be afraid," Mr. Dolezal boomed. "Threw knives for years with the Circus Medrano. Never miss. Unless I want to."

Needless to say, we left the

Enjoy California in a Sweater

Catalina combines glorious California colors and action-packed styling to give a California lift to your winter days! At better stores everywhere.

BLOSSOM STRIPE...All wool! Red, lime, white, brown or navy combinations. $9

SKI SWEATERS...All wool! Navy, red, dubonnet, or glen green combinations. $9

Catalina SWEATERS

CATALINA, INC., 443 S. SAN PEDRO ST., LOS ANGELES 13, CALIF.

house without getting any satisfaction from Mr. Dolezal. At the office I said that I was not willing to go back to his house unless I was given a steel helmet, two members of the Prague police homicide squad as bodyguards, and a life insurance policy. The matter was taken up to a very minor junior partner since the boss, of course, would never know about my working at his office. Since it was the thirtieth of the month, the very minor junior partner fired me.

By then I was pretty disgusted with the law business, but my family urged me to give it another try. Knowing my passion for the Muses, they got me a job with a well-known lawyer whose specialty was the theatre and films. My boss was an elegant, dapper man of the white-hair-and-young-face type, who moved much in artistic circles. Artists, especially female ones, are often in need of advice which my boss was always happy to supply, and this was not judicial advice only.

SAFETY ZONE

After the period I spent writing up boring briefs and getting in trouble with knife-throwers, I had a delightful time at the new office. The boss had a small house bar concealed behind a shelf of Supreme Court decisions. There were deep rugs in his private office, wood-paneled walls, indirect lights and a large couch with lots of silk-covered cushions.

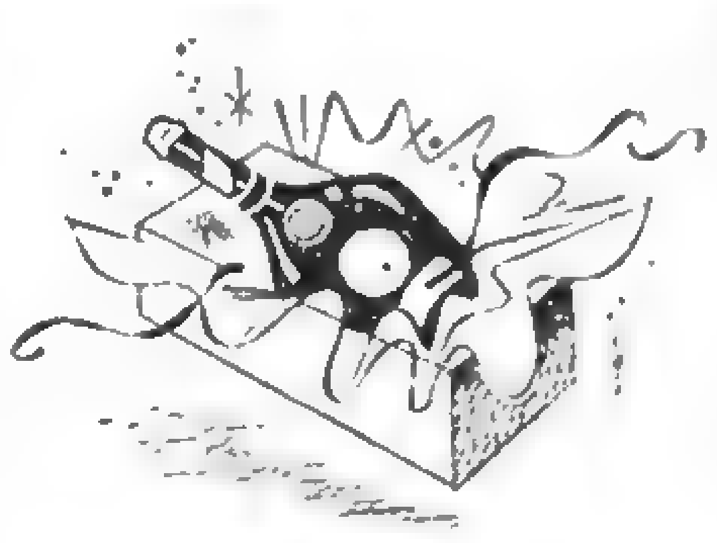
The boss was married. His wife, an elderly, rich lady, did not agree with his special clientele and frequently threatened to leave him, which would have created quite a scandal. It was the *Konzipient's* job to ward off the lady's grim suspicions. I had to leave my telephone number when I left the office so the boss could reach me at a moment's notice, as though I were an obstetrician with several urgent cases on hand. It wasn't unusual at all to get a call from my boss long after midnight ordering me to take a car and pick up a young lady. Or he would tell me to sit in the outer office just in case

Continued on page 286

After the plum pudding

When you've finished the last delicious crumb of that sugary-brown plum pudding, settle down in your easy chair, light up a Dutch Masters cigar and enjoy the taste of truly great tobaccos. What a perfect way to end your holiday dinner!

DUTCH MASTERS


THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

is now available again!

THE ONE AND ONLY

BENEDICTINE

D. O. M

Now that genuine Benedictine is available again, dismiss all problems of what-to-give and what-to-serve this joyful Christmas. It would be hard to imagine a happier gift choice, a grander gesture of hospitality for this season of homecomings and increased entertaining.

Benedictine D.O.M. the world's finest after-dinner liqueur, today is still produced from the four-century old secret formula, by the original Societe Anonyme Benedictine, founded at Fecamp, France.

With its historic name, its distinctive bottle, its thrilling flavor, Benedictine is an impressive and flattering gift for intimate friends or formal business acquaintances.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE. There is now, as always, only one Benedictine. By now your dealer should have an ample supply. There is no need to accept substitutes when you ask for Benedictine. Be sure you get the genuine Benedictine D.O.M, with the Wile label on the bottle.

PRODUCED IN SPAIN
Sole Agents for the U.S.A.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 Park Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.
BENEDICTINE *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.* • 86 PROOF

FOR CONNOISSEURS

Van Merritt
VM
ARTESIAN WELL WATER · FULLY PASTEURIZED ·
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt
BRAND BEER
THIS BEER IS BREWED OF GRITS, CHOICE HOPS AND MALT
"One of the world's great Beers"
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
© BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
BURLINGTON, WIS.
Est. 1865
THIS BEER IS BREWED WITH
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID

ONE OF
THE WORLD'S
GREAT BEERS

A secret, jealously-guarded formula—unique brewing methods—these are the beginning. Add to them only choice barley malt, hops, grits and pure Wisconsin artesian well water . . . mellowed by proper aging . . . bottled under the most exacting control to assure sealed-in flavor . . . then you have Van Merritt, truly one of the world's great beers.

*Buy
Victory Bonds*

Brewed and Bottled by BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY
Burlington, Wisconsin

The Terrors of Law

Continued from page 285

his wife should drop in unannounced. Such fears were not unfounded since the lawyer's wife frequently broke into my office and asked embarrassing questions about where her husband had been last night. For those emergencies the boss and I had worked out a smooth, ingenious routine. It was arranged that I had on my desk a picture of the young lady of stage or screen who at the moment happened to be the boss' "most important case."

If the lawyer's wife should drop in at the office, sinister and suspicious, I would turn the picture on the desk so she could see it. Occasionally I'd glance at the photo. Women notice such things in no time. Soon the lady would touch my hair gently and say, "You naughty, naughty boy," a tinge of admiration in her voice. She would cast a sweet glance toward her husband's office and depart.

The boss' "main case" became a red-headed, temperamental comedienne of the Prague Theatre, who had quite a standing in the chronique scandaleuse of Prague. She came to our office one day and asked us to file a complaint for breach of promise, in fact of many promises as she put it, against a young banker and film financier, who had promised her marriage and a part in his new picture. "Never mind the marriage," she said, "but I really wanted to break into the picture game. I hate him. Oh, how I hate him."

The boss had a great many private conferences with her, after which he decided to take action. Unfortunately, he also fell in love with the lady. In fact, when the second hearing came up, he decided not to go to court because he was afraid his wife would be there and the excitement might give him away. He told me to appear at court in his stead.

The case had got a lot of publicity in the boulevard press. There was quite a crowd on the press bench and a photographer from the *Express*, a notorious Fascist scandal sheet, had his camera ready.

The actress appeared in a stunning tight-fitting dress of black satin. She wore a large hat with a red band. She leaned toward me and dutifully wept on my shoulder as she had been instructed by the boss. The defendant was sitting across from us on the other side of the table. He was a young man with dark, tousled hair and a certain Tolstoyish air. He stared at the actress in fascination and when she started weeping, he almost jumped up. From the way she

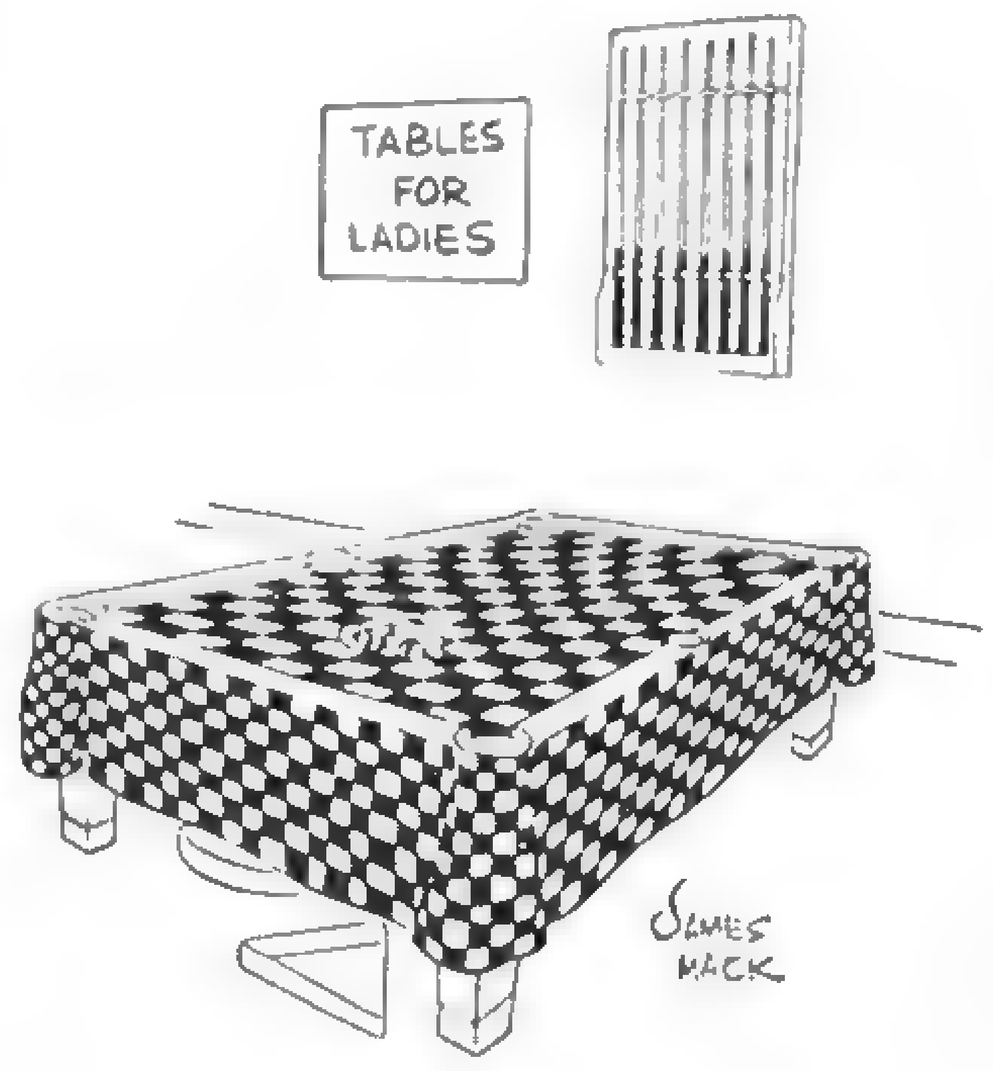
Geared for Action
Wyler
incaflex

Imagine a 40 foot leap . . . [illegible] of animate flexibility! This remarkable little African deer is endowed with the resiliency to absorb the shock of landing. A shockproof wonder in watches is the WYLER INCAFLEX. The flexible balance wheel "gives" with shock or strain, protecting the delicate precision movement.

Ask your jeweler for the WYLER INCAFLEX—the only shockproof watch with a flexible balance wheel.

WYLER WATCH AGENCY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

looked at him out of the corner of her eyes I could see that she hadn't been very exact in giving us all the facts. She didn't seem to hate him. She put her arm around my shoulder. The defendant got red in his face. I couldn't help thinking of the scene in the second act of Puccini's *Bohème* where Musette enrages her lover Marcel by playing around with Alcindor. In the rear I saw the *Express* photographer getting ready to shoot. Not far from him was the boss' wife. There was a strange glint in her eyes. It presaged admiration for me. Made me feel very bad.



I got up from my seat and stepped in front of the judge's table to get out of the focus of the photographer. Counsel for the defendant joined me there and soon we were caught in a violent argument for the benefit of the press.

In the middle of all the noise I turned around. There were two empty seats at the table. Neither the actress nor the defendant were there—they had vanished from the courtroom.

The judge shouted, hell, what is going on, and counsel for the defendant and I rushed out to find our clients. They were standing in a dark corner of the corridor. The defendant was holding the plaintiff in his arms, kissing her madly, oblivious of the judicial world, or, for that matter, of the *Express* photographer, who was making a whole series of intimate close-ups. The *Express* man stopped and asked slyly whether the two lawyers wouldn't like to have their picture taken with their clients? We declined frostily, but he snapped the four of us just the same. The picture appeared on the front page of the later afternoon edition of the *Express*.

This didn't cause any scandal in judicial or film circles, but it convinced my family that there was no hope for me in the legal profession. When I gave up my job a few weeks later to go to Paris and play the fiddle, no one objected. ⧺

Continued from page 81

LOOKING FORWARD

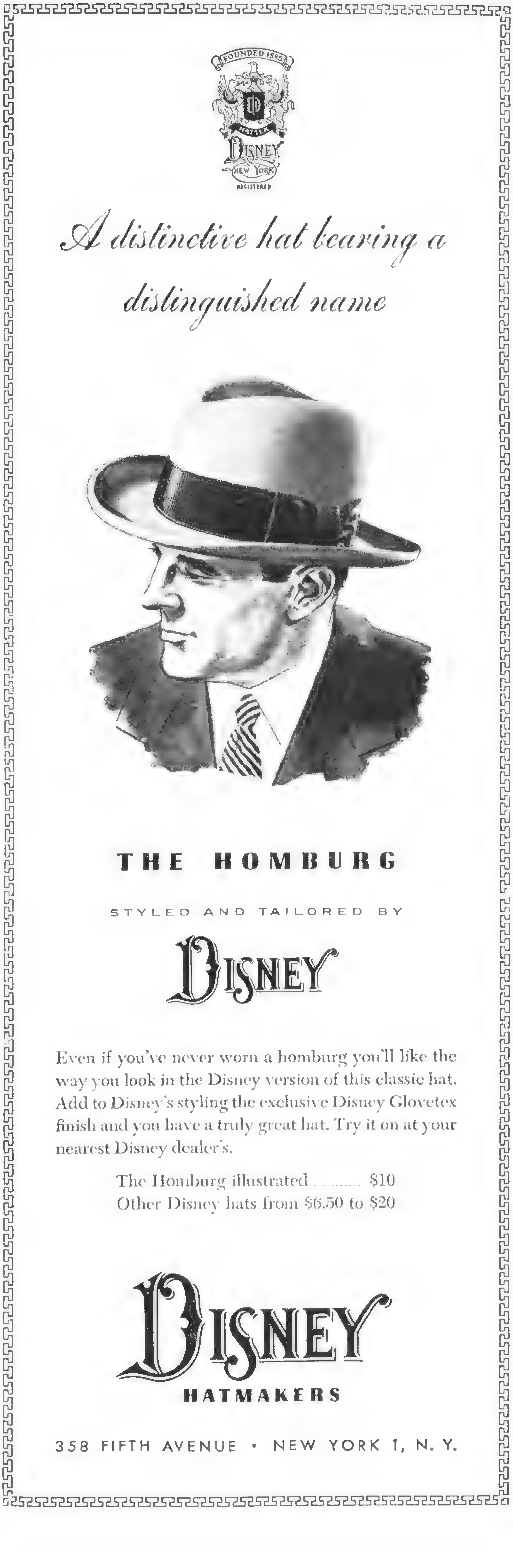
Put 'em on your schedule again, service men... all those sporting thrills you used to know. Your favorite Knopf leather jackets and sportswear are coming back just as rapidly as Knopf can convert from wartime to peacetime production. You'll find 'em handsomer and huskier than ever...embodying all the new advances and styles Knopf learned while making fighting togs for Uncle Sam.

knopf Sportswear

Write now for Knopf's Almanac of Sports listing sports records and records of champions

Styled by knopf

S. H. KNOPF MFG. CO., 470 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON, MASS.


FOUNDED 1885 DISNEY NEW YORK REGISTERED

A distinctive hat bearing a distinguished name

THE HOMBURG

STYLED AND TAILORED BY

DISNEY

Even if you've never worn a homburg you'll like the way you look in the Disney version of this classic hat. Add to Disney's styling the exclusive Disney Glovetex finish and you have a truly great hat. Try it on at your nearest Disney dealer's.

The Homburg illustrated $10
Other Disney hats from $6.50 to $20

DISNEY
HATMAKERS

358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND is his

"travelo" REG. KNIT JACKET

by

Revere

Comes Winter, comes a savage chill that tries its hardest to get at your bones! But *"travelo's"* been keeping millions of men warm—indoors and out—ever since you were knee-high to an icicle! Wear a *"travelo"* Knit Jacket or Vest to relax by the fire . . . wear it under your coat. The *"travelo"* style is still as smart as ever, still a friendly, comfortable old favorite. They hold their shape . . . 100% virgin wool. At fine stores everywhere.

Since 1915

REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.

Makers of Revere Sportswear for Men and Boys

Malden 48, Mass • 302 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
833 Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill. • 608 So. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Cal.

The Maternal Instinct

Continued from page 154

ditch people catch on to my type; I give in." He pushed back his plate and lit a cigarette. He looked appealingly at Alan.

"I'm not a salesman, I'm an actuary," said Alan, considerably annoyed.

Mr. Jeffries looked bewildered. "I was speaking of women," he said. "An actuary, eh?" Dismissing Alan and his life's work, he lapsed into gloomy silence.

Alan nearly laughed. For a deluded woman to flee that which was not proffered, clutching the virginity no one wanted, was ridiculous enough; but for a man—it was too asinine!

Mr. Jeffries smiled with sad comprehension. "Don't misunderstand me. I know I'd never take a prize for looks. But good-looking or not, I've been hounded by more women than you've probably ever seen at one time."

"Did they all chase you at once?" Alan asked flippantly.

"Then they'd have killed me. No such luck. No, they've come at me singly, in pairs, in droves—working against each other, mind you: that's been my salvation. They've poisoned almost twenty years of my life." He spoke with such sincerity that Alan was almost prepared to accept the monstrous statement. "I've thought about it a lot," continued Mr. Jeffries. "Had to. And I attribute it all to the fact that I strike women as unable to take care of myself. Perhaps you've noticed, there's nothing they go so wild about as they do an incompetent man. His incompetence brings out everything maternal in them. They think he needs someone to take care of him, comforts he doesn't want. Soon that isn't enough. They think: if only they could take care of him always, do for him what he can't do for himself, be mother and wife to him. By the time that happens, he'd better look out. Then is his last chance, if he's been so foolish to do it before, to run away. Escape."

"Good Lord!" Alan was fascinated. "But wouldn't it have been easier—don't misunderstand me, I think it's wonderful you've managed to escape—but wouldn't it have been easier just to marry one? Your wife would have kept the others at bay."

Man to man, Mr. Jeffries looked Alan straight in the eye. "You'll never repeat a word of this?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then. I had the same idea. Identically. I acted upon it twice. I have never been divorced, and as far as I know both women are living."

Alan whistled slowly.

"My first marriage I think I

ASCOT
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
SHAVING SOAP
SOAP
SOAP
SOAP
TALCUM
HAIR DRESSING

ASCOT BY solon palmer

SINCE 1847

TOILETRIES
FOR
GENTLEMEN

lead the field for fine-scented, luxurious grooming. In jaunty "pigskin" print and polished wood containers.

SOLON PALMER • NEW YORK

AFTER-SHAVE LOTION .75 • SHAVING BOWL 1.00 • SOAP (3) 1.00 • TALCUM .50 • HAIRDRESSING .75

ADD TAXES TO PRICES

could have avoided. God knows I wished I had. It was impossible from the start. She had two older sisters, both single, a widowed mother, and three maiden aunts. We all lived together. And I appealed to the maternal instinct in every single one of them. I had to get away, that or die." Mr. Jeffries shrugged resignedly. "I left them to fight it out. For all I know, they're still at it."

Alan started to chuckle, thought better of it, and looked at his guest with a new deference. The man continued: "I left the state. Divorce wasn't possible, at least not convenient. What grounds had I? Too much kindness? How silly that would have sounded in court. Besides, divorce would have involved conferences. And what could I say? Not *no*, certainly. She'd have won me back. The only thing was to leave quietly. When I remember how young I was, I'm amazed at how well I managed. No quarrels, no harsh words. I simply left for work one morning. That was the only way, to go quietly and forget about it."

"Which you've not done," Alan suggested.

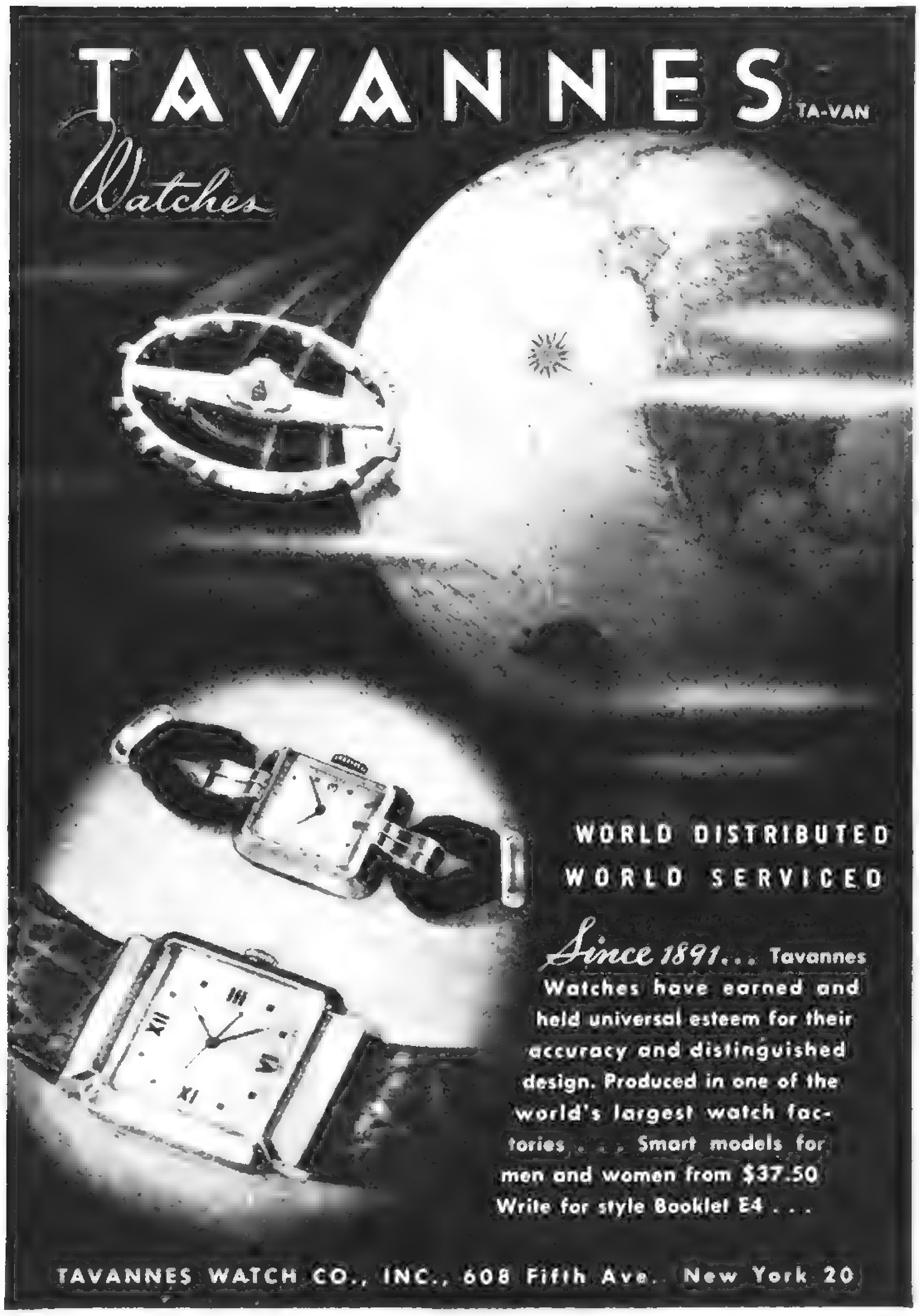
"No," said Mr. Jeffries wearily. "No, I haven't forgotten." He lit another cigarette. "I may have had a certain amount of free choice in my first marriage—may have, mind you. But in the second"—he groaned pathetically—"the machinery was greased and waiting. I honestly believe that these wretched women, whatever they're called, had spun the whole thing into their blasted tapestry five thousand years ago."

"That's awful," Alan said. "That's the marriage that would wreck you if—"

Mr. Jeffries nodded fearfully, hauntedly. "The marriage that would send me to jail. With that hanging over me, you can understand why I've flitted about so to avoid making the mistake again.

"Lord, yes," breathed Alan. How little the things that irritated him, the humdrum routine, the losing battles with Grace,

Continued on page 290



TAVANNES TA-VAN

Watches

WORLD DISTRIBUTED
WORLD SERVICED

Since 1891... Tavannes Watches have earned and held universal esteem for their accuracy and distinguished design. Produced in one of the world's largest watch factories . . . Smart models for men and women from $37.50 Write for style Booklet E4 . . .

TAVANNES WATCH CO., INC., 608 Fifth Ave. New York 20

CORDUROYAL ARISTOCRAT TRADE MARK OF CORDUROYS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Marly

CORDUROY LEISURE JACKET

Worn with matching or contrasting slacks, the Marly casual coat makes several smooth outfits! Correct everywhere . . . and favored by the best-dressed men in America! Precision-styled of CORDUROYAL, a colorful, exceptionally durable, good-looking corduroy that's weatherized by Cravenette.

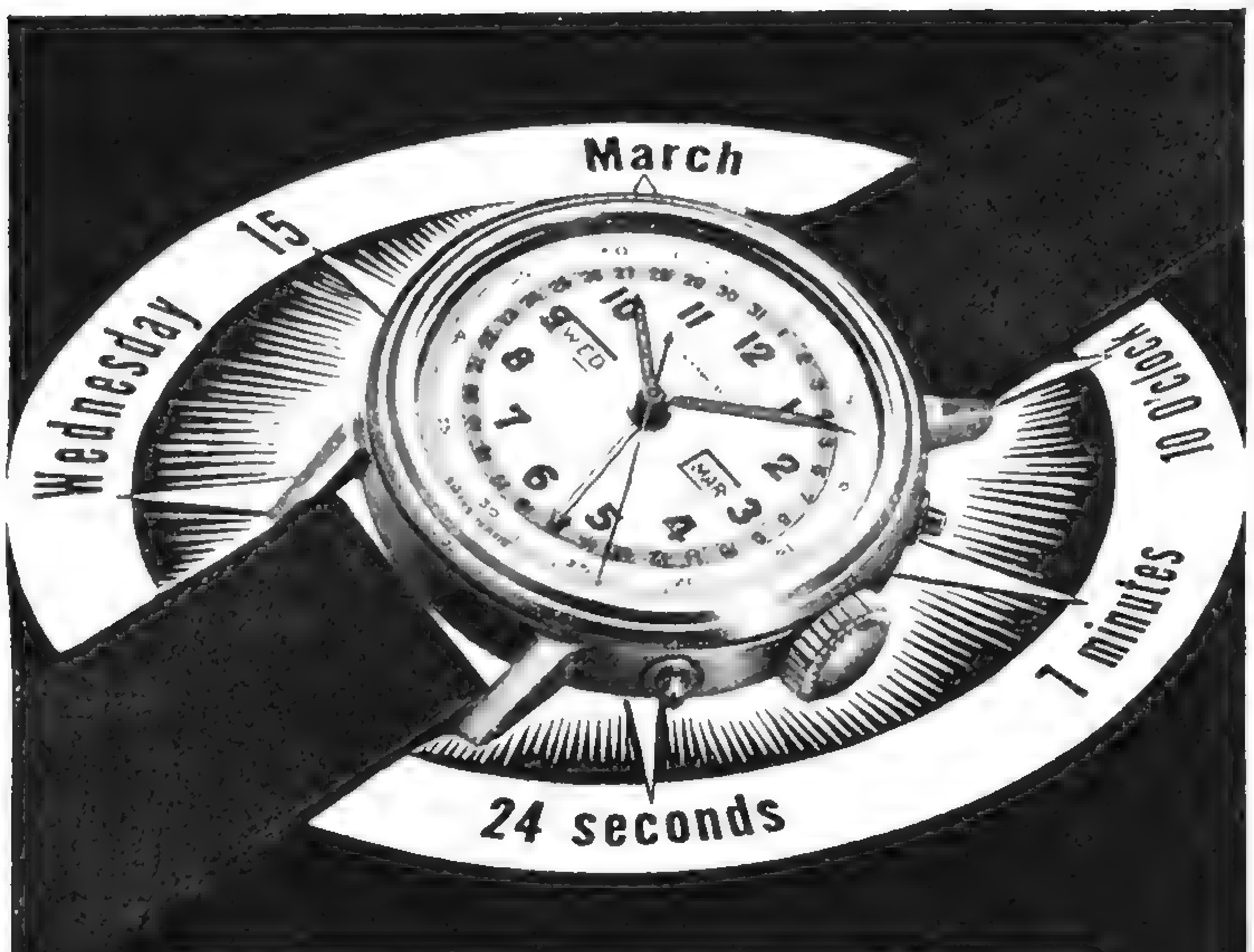
about 13.50

weather it rains
weather it shines...

. . . you'll look well and feel right in an ARDLEIGH. Fashioned of lustrous Cravenetted Skinner's Tackle Twill that's showerproof, windproof, durable. With full cut drape, exclusive li-flat fly front construction, and husky, fitted shoulders, it's the best looking all-weather coat you ever saw. About $20.00.

AT BETTER STORES

Ayrostar
ORIGINALS
ARROW IMPORTING CO.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO



CALENDOGRAPH, *famous Movado watch, registers the procession of time—in seconds, minutes, hours, days and months. The supply of these watches is limited.*

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1945, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

The Maternal Instinct

Continued from page 289

really mattered. He was humbled by the tragic figure before him. "So you've spent half your life on the run," he said pityingly.

"That's just about it." Suddenly, as if purged by his recital, Mr. Jeffries looked almost cheerful. "Now when things begin to look downright bad, or even only complicated, I go without warning. I keep a simple wardrobe so that I can afford if necessary to leave behind whatever isn't on my back. It has been necessary. A woman who sees herself as your only salvation, the one thing between you and the river, can be persistent and devious. God, how devious! For that matter, God, how persistent! But still and all, while I've lost fine jobs, offended fine people, left places I liked, I must say I've seen a great deal of life, more than if circumstances hadn't pushed me around."

To Alan this seemed a highly philosophical view of the situation. "Would you mind telling me about your second marriage?" he asked sympathetically. "I know I'm very curious. Please don't if you'd rather not."

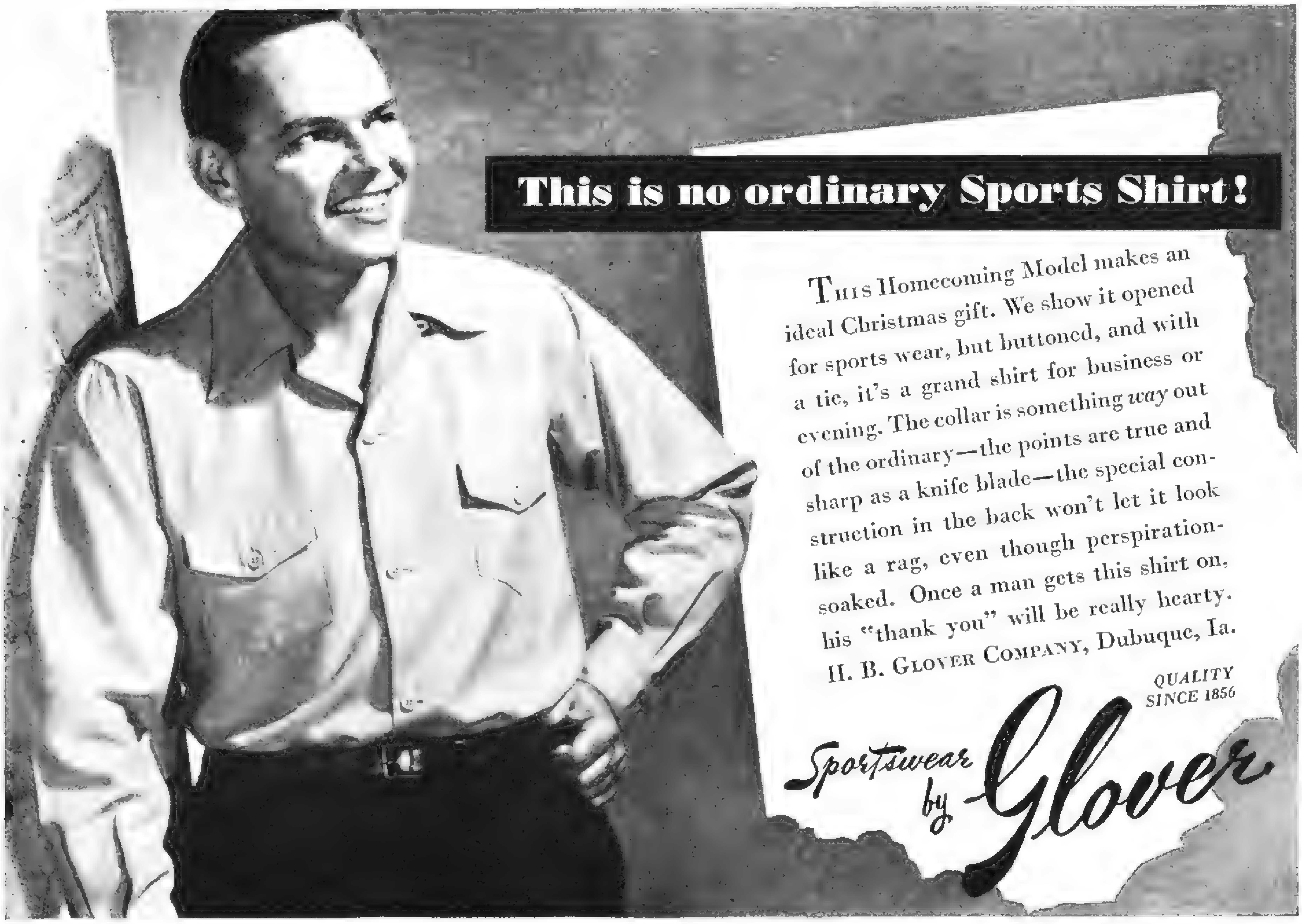
"Not at all. The details are rather—at least, I suppose some people might find them amusing—I'd left one job, for a reason you can guess, and gone to teach in a small college. It was a very pleasant life, and I thought I might stay. I taught English. Then I met the daughter of one of the trustees. She'd been a countess, by marriage, and kept the title after the divorce. Everyone called her the Countess Bessie. When I met her she was about to go in for piety and good works. In me she saw her good works. Once bitten, I determined to outwit her and at the same time keep my job. My mistake, of course. I should have slipped away immediately, but—"

Alan realized frustratedly that Grace was opening the front door.

"Honestly!" She laughed indulgently as her sharp eyes calculated the extent of the mess that she must clear away. "I'll bet you two have been gossiping for hours. And they talk about women!" She donned an apron and moved into the thick of a self-created fray. Mr. Jeffries had once more been struck dumb. The last dish put away, Grace said briskly: "I'm going to bed." When neither of the men followed suit—Alan lingered in the kitchen hoping for a recital of the Countess Bessie episode, and Mr. Jeffries, evidently willing to oblige, made no move—she called, "It's time you two boys were in bed."

"I hope we'll continue this," Alan whispered.

Mr. Jeffries looked very tired:



This is no ordinary Sports Shirt!

This Homecoming Model makes an ideal Christmas gift. We show it opened for sports wear, but buttoned, and with a tie, it's a grand shirt for business or evening. The collar is something *way* out of the ordinary—the points are true and sharp as a knife blade—the special construction in the back won't let it look like a rag, even though perspiration-soaked. Once a man gets this shirt on, his "thank you" will be really hearty.
H. B. Glover Company, Dubuque, Ia.

QUALITY SINCE 1856

Sportswear by Glover

"I shouldn't have bothered you, it's all pretty sordid. But I'm so worn out, so damned done in with moving." His eyes were stricken, as if they gazed in retrospective horror upon a hundred desperate flights. In obedience to Alan's motion he climbed the stairs first, a forlorn and pathetic figure.

Alan thought about it all a good deal. He could not make up his mind about Mr. Jeffries. If the man's story were true, then he had led a wretched, harried life. But it seemed likelier by far that he had consciously lied or was himself deluded. The notion came to Alan that the whole yarn was merely the apologetic concoction of a man who had never in his life been steady enough to keep a job, a man who found it easier to account for himself in fantastic history than in ordinary conversation. This suspicion grew as he realized that Mr. Jeffries was avoiding him. Suddenly the roomer was never at home except to sleep, and the two met only briefly as one of them entered or left the house, at which times Mr. Jeffries looked decidedly sheepish. Alan could only conclude that Mr. Jeffries wished his confidences expunged from memory, that since making them he had flagged in energy and invention and had no intention of finishing them. Gradually he came to accept his surmise as certainty.

On Saturday, since he worked only till noon, Alan came home for lunch. On one such day he arrived to find Grace waiting for him, aggrieved and sullen. She was afflicted with some obstruction of the vocal chords. "What do you think?" she asked thickly. "Mr. Jeffries has gone! Disappeared in the night!"

"How do you know?"

"I made him promise to stay in bed, not to go to work today. I took him some breakfast at ten. His room was empty. He'd packed and gone. Just like that!" She made an angry, upsweep gesture.

Breakfast at ten. Alan looked at Grace, her sulking eyes and her bitter lips. Quickly he sat down.

"Maybe he got fired," he said breathlessly. "Maybe he didn't like to tell." He thought of his disbelief in Mr. Jeffries' odyssey of escape, that long persecution, those incredible misfortunes.

"I called his office. It was news to them. Well, he didn't take anything of ours," she said with ugly triumph, as if he had tried and been stopped. "I've checked on that."

Alan said, "I never thought—"

"Lunch is ready," she said grimly. "Never thought what?"

He had nothing to say, really, nothing that he dared say. Now he would never know what they had done, Mr. Jeffries and the Countess Bessie. That, he reflected, made two things that he never would know. #

Continued from page 154

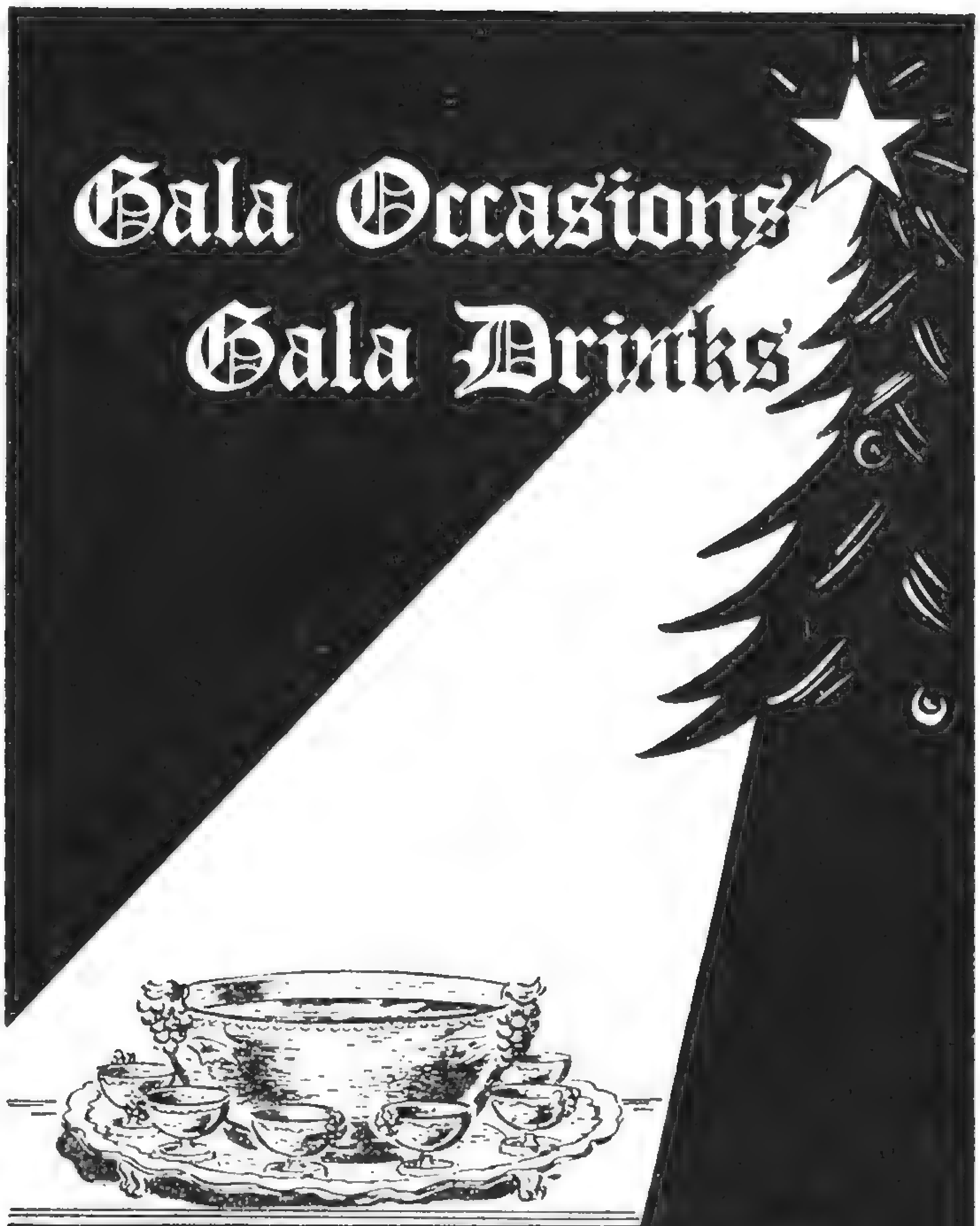
Better than Mistletoe...

Your Castle Hat

"First-class romance-rushers!" That's how leading heart throb specialists enthusiastically describe Castle Hats. Need we say that praise-winning, comfortable Castle Hats make terrific Christmas gifts?

CASTLE HATS... Styled by O'Rourke of California

Gala Occasions
Gala Drinks



Do justice to gala holiday occasions! Serve special *festive* drinks made with rich, full-bodied Myers's Jamaica Rum!

Only Myers's can give Rum Punch, Egg Nog, Hot Buttered Rum or Tom and Jerry the distinctive flavour that makes them unforgettable.

100% Fine Jamaica. 97 Proof. Dark. Rich. Mellow. Add that touch of final perfection to your holiday drinks* with Myers's Jamaica Rum.

MYERS'S EGG NOG

½ Cocktail glass Myers's Jamaica Rum
¼ Cocktail glass Cognac
¾ glass of milk
1 fresh egg
1 teaspoon plain syrup
Plenty of ice
Shake. Serve. Sprinkle nutmeg.

**for free recipe book write to:*

R. U. DELAPENHA & COMPANY, INC.
57 Laight Street, New York 13, New York

MYERS'S
JAMAICA RUM

"FOR THAT WEALTH OF FLAVOUR THE RUM MUST BE MYERS'S"

MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM

Rembrandt of the Race Tracks

Continued from page 89

up Aknahton so that it resembled neither itself nor Shem.

With the Pinkertons hot on the scent, Paddy and his gangster backers decided on a daring move, figuring that the last place that the Pinks or anybody else would look for him would be in Maryland. Barrie and Aknahton, who was probably confused as to his own identity by this time, went down to Laurel, where the Bowie meet was coming up in November.

A gangster-backed goat by the name of Hickey, which had been an in-and-outer in the Middle West, was introduced to Aknahton in a stable near Laurel. The next morning when Hickey looked at Aknahton, who had spent a few hours in private with Paddy during the night, he must have thought he was looking in a mirror. Aknahton, as Hickey, won the sixth race at Bowie on November 25th—less than two months after he had run as Shem at Havre de Grace, paying $20.20 for a two-buck pasteboard. About half a million dollars had been thinly spread on the fake Hickey throughout the country, so not only the horses were in clover.

Immediately after the race some large-scale sleight of hand went on. The ringer was spirited from the track and the real Hickey put in its stall. Barrie threw some warm, soapy water over the genuine plug to give it the appearance of sweating after a hard run, and track officials decided that their suspicions were unfounded.

The Pinkertons, however, were still suspicious. They were hard at work on the Havre de Grace ringing. They traced the shipment of two horses to the New York stables where Paddy had taken Shem and Aknahton. There the trail of one of the animals—Aknahton, who had returned to Maryland—was lost, but the second was traced to Crown Point, Indiana. By the time the Pinkertons reached Crown Point, the horse, a regular four-footed Gulliver, had gone East again—to a boarding farm in New Jersey.

When at last the Pinkertons caught up with the original Shem they took photographs of it. The pictures were shown to the judges of the questioned race, and all of them were agreed that Shem had not been the horse who had run under that name on October 3rd. The winning horse had had, the judges clearly recalled, a distinguishing indentation in its chest, and Shem had no such indentation.

The Pinkertons now began to go through thousands of photographs of horses and at length they came upon a picture of the horse called Aknahton—and Ak-

YBRY FOR XMAS

désir du coeur

--heart's desire

Ybry presents Désir du Coeur for the discriminating who know Ybry genius, famous a quarter of a century . . . Ybry's Parfum de Luxe also in Femme de Paris, Mon Ame, Joie de Vivre. 20.00, 12.00, 6.50. *plus tax.*

Creators also of unique Infusion de Parfum

Ybry
the jewel of perfumes

Parfums Ybry, Inc.
20 East 49th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Depend-ability

PLASTIC COATED
Duratone
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PLAYING CARDS

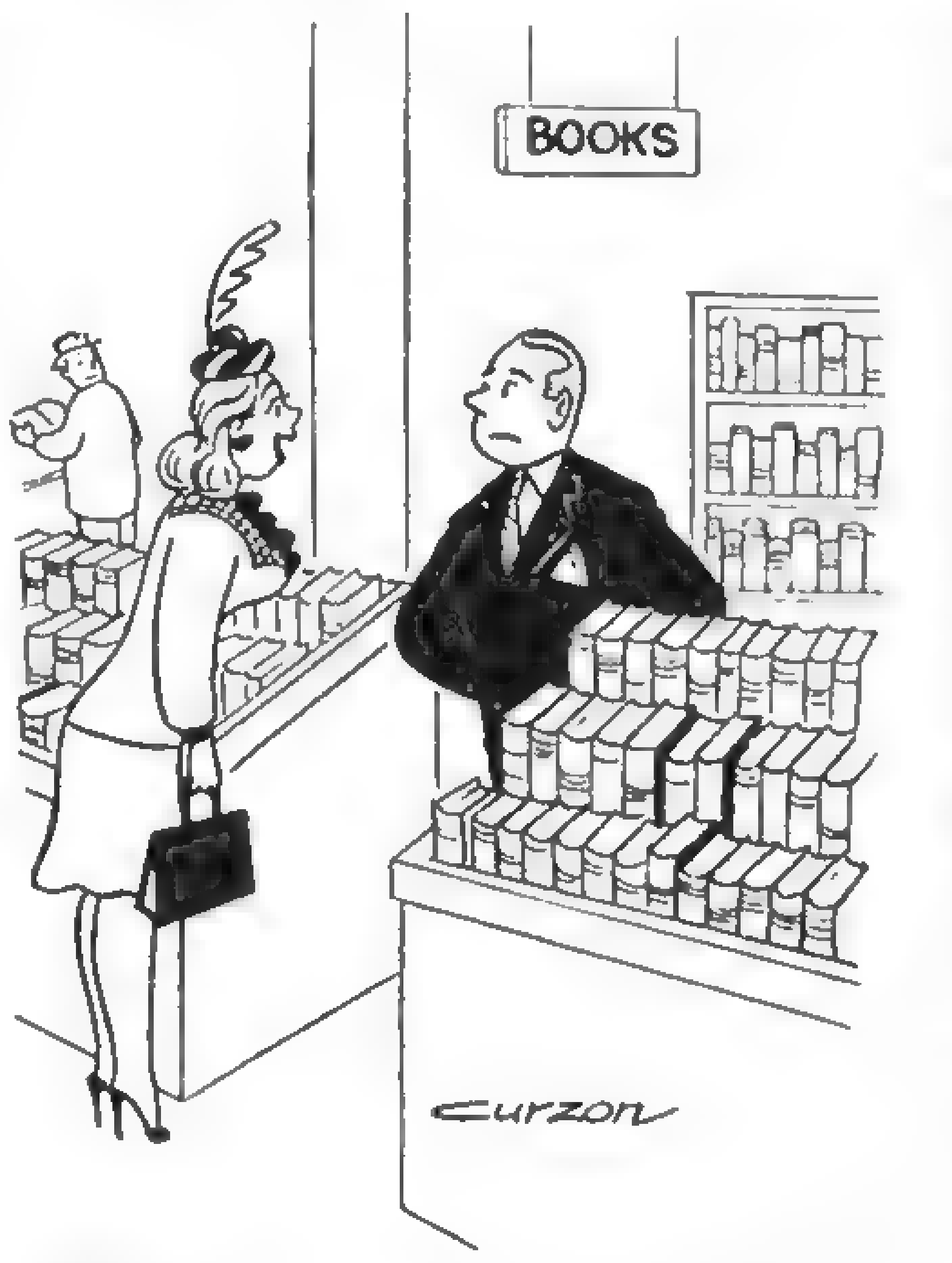
For Poker or Pinochle Use
Plastic Coated
CLUB RENO

The ability to "stand-up" under hard usage is the chief feature of Plastic Coated Duratone Playing Cards. Better shuffling . . . better dealing . . . better playing and longer lasting!

Easy to Clean
SIMPLY WIPE WITH DAMP CLOTH

ARRCO PLAYING CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

nahton had the distinguishing chest indentation. When its history was traced and employees of Marshall Field's stables were questioned, they described the man who had purchased it—P. Christie—as a short, dapper gentleman with crafty brown eyes and a British accent. That description fitted the man who had boarded Shem at the New Jersey horse farm, but who had now vanished, like Aknahton. Other Pinkerton operatives, who had been shadowing the New York gambler who had mopped up 130,000 dollars on the Bowie race, noticed, among his companions, a little man who was obviously the one who had purchased Aknahton.



"May I have another cook book —the other one burned"

The Eye, as the Pinkerton organization is called, was, at long last, on Peter Christian Barrie. When the Pinks, through underworld sources, learned Barrie's real name and heard him speaking with a British accent, they cabled to Scotland Yard to ask if he had a record there. Yes, Barrie did have a record. He had gained such infamy in the British Isles that Edgar Wallace had used him as a model for the principal character in a mystery with a racetrack background, called *The Ringer*. Barrie had gone to Canada after being invited out of England.

Canadian officials had a record of Barrie's entrance into the country, but none of his exit from it. Next, the State Department in Washington was questioned about the man. It developed that Paddy Barrie was in this country illegally, and the Pinkertons knew they at last had in their hands a weapon with which to deal with Paddy. The only trouble was that Paddy had vanished and couldn't be found. Neither could Aknahton. Paddy had crossed the border into Mexico with the horse. At Agua Caliente he got hold of a chocolate-colored plug named Gailmont, about whom one breed improver had remarked, "I can throw my hat faster than that bum can run."

Paddy then took Aknahton and

Continued on page 294

GRACE MOORE sings the praises of

Flowers-by-Wire!

"I certainly do", says Miss Moore. "It's always a thrill to get flowers-by-telegraph from my husband when I'm out of town on tour."

Loads of luck
and hurry home
Love, Val

In any event—wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
Providence	for	$5.00	+	53¢
Palm Beach	"	"	"	60¢
Baton Rouge	"	"	"	60¢
Van Buren	"	"	"	60¢
Fresno	"	"	"	63¢
Seattle	"	"	"	63¢
Paducah	"	"	"	53¢

Note: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES— FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1 Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

2 Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

3 He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy* — just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

For the Discriminating Loafer... "Hearth Coat"

Cut for the serious business of being lazy after a tough day... plenty roomy for slouching in his pet chair with the latest "who-dun-it"... tailored to play the genial host when friends drop in... all wool tweeds for locker room or fairway. Hang it on the tree if he's home... or put it in the "top drawer" for his return, $15.00

AT SMART STORES

White Stag
SPORT TOGS
HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

"Out of the Top Drawer"

Rembrandt of the Race Tracks

Continued from page 293

Gailmont to Hialeah in Miami for the opening of the season there in 1932. During his first time out, Aknahton bowed a tendon—an accident brought on by a miscalculation on Paddy's part in shooting dope into the animal—and came to the end of his days. Barrie made himself scarce, abandoning the horse running as Gailmont in the process. When a ringing was suspected, acids were applied to the coat of the injured animal, and the ringing was definitely established.

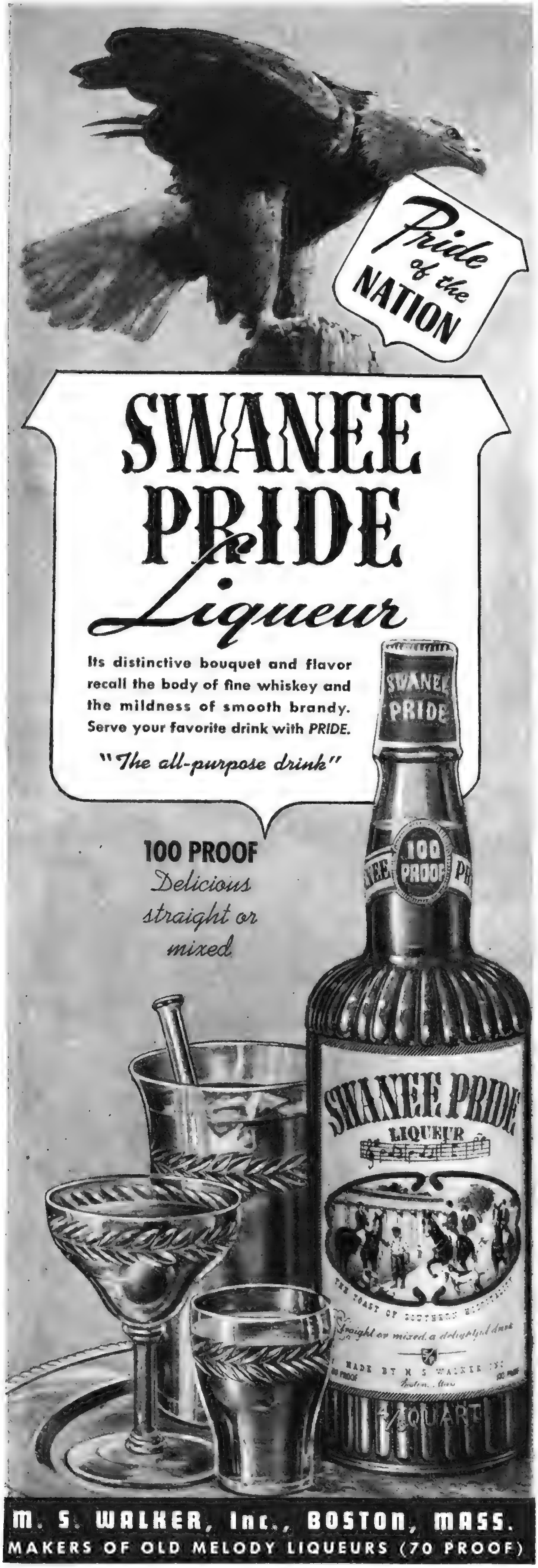
The Pinks began to check the registers of fashionable Miami hotels and in that way they located Barrie. He was arrested and held for a deportation hearing on a charge of having entered the United States illegally. Before the hearing was held, however, he escaped and once more, as far as the Pinks could ascertain, he was making his home in thin air.

Less than six months later—on August 6, 1932—a supply of dog food down on the books as Janie G. paid big odds when she showed her heels to a fast field at the Fort Erie track in Ontario. Track officials, immediately suspicious, impounded the plug but not before her owner, who had gone under the name of Bell, had taken a powder. When Janie G. was derung she was found to be Voltagreen, a high stepper. When the Pinkertons heard of this latest ringing they sent a photograph of Barrie to Fort Erie where track officials identified Barrie as Mr. Bell.

Two months after the job in Canada, a long shot listed as Saintlite—once a Widener horse that had never lived up to its early promise—was running at big odds at Jamaica, Long Island. Suddenly the horse broke down, obviously from an overdose of dope. When it was examined, Saintlite was found actually to be a superb performer called Regula Baddun.

The painting of Regula Baddun as Saintlite had been art of such mastery that it could have been executed only by the man who had come to be known as the Rembrandt of the race tracks. Paddy, by this time, couldn't get within shouting distance of any track protected by the Pinkertons, and Jamaica was such a track. It developed that he had escaped the stern stare of The Eye by slipping in the ringer under the name of a woman friend. The dame, following Paddy's technique, had taken a powder, but not before leaving behind a good description of herself, which the Pinks put in the don't-forget file.

For two years—from 1932 until 1934—Paddy Barrie flitted about


Pride of the NATION

SWANEE PRIDE *Liqueur*

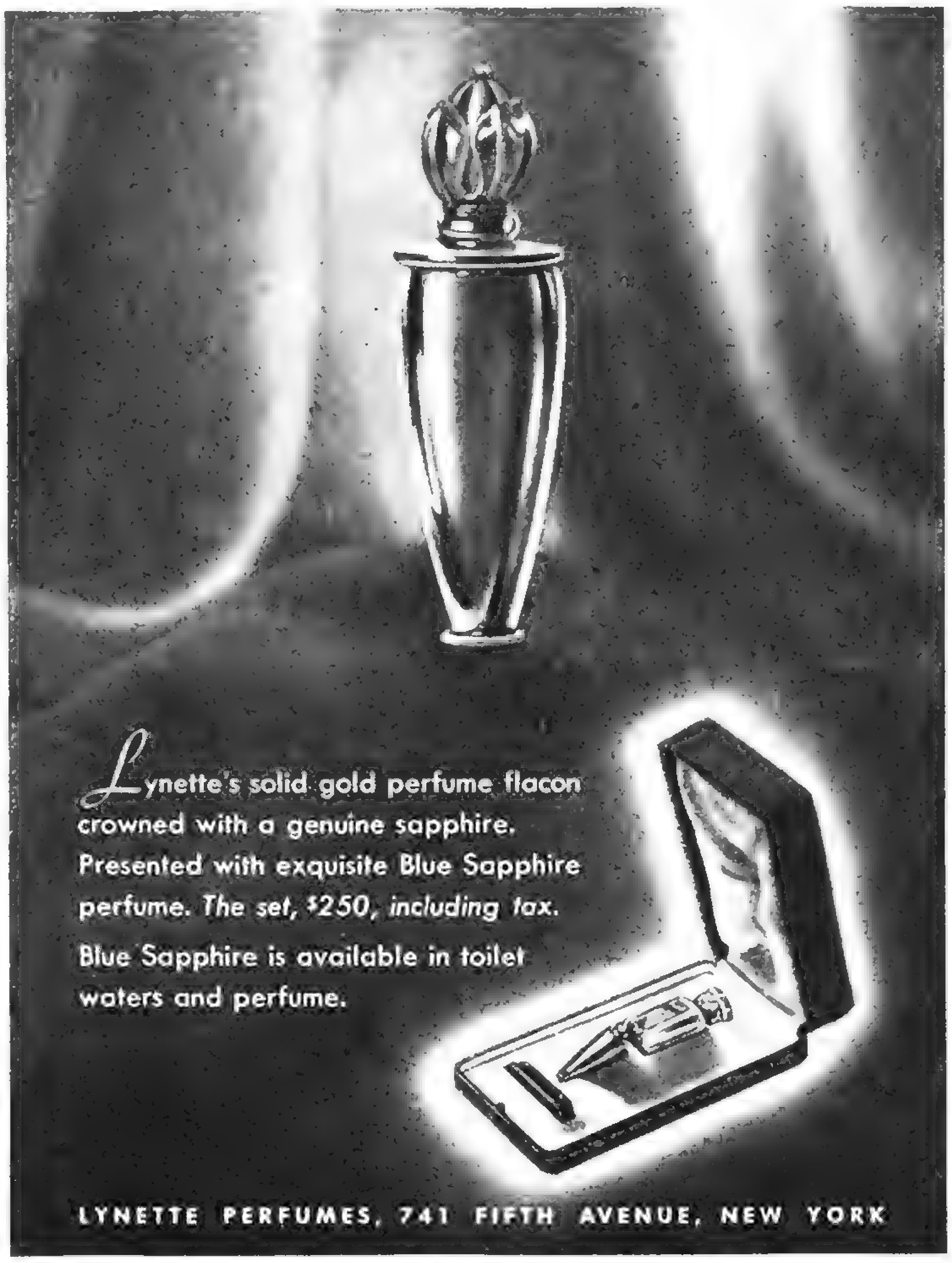
Its distinctive bouquet and flavor recall the body of fine whiskey and the mildness of smooth brandy. Serve your favorite drink with *PRIDE*.

"The all-purpose drink"

100 PROOF *Delicious straight or mixed*

SWANEE PRIDE
100 PROOF
SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR
Straight or mixed, a delightful drink
MADE BY M S WALKER INC
4/5 QUART

M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKERS OF OLD MELODY LIQUEURS (70 PROOF)


Lynette's solid gold perfume flacon crowned with a genuine sapphire. Presented with exquisite Blue Sapphire perfume. *The set, $250, including tax.*

Blue Sapphire is available in toilet waters and perfume.

LYNETTE PERFUMES, 741 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

the United States, Canada and Mexico like a phantom. Despite all precautions, he rung one horse after another. By this time, though, his work was made increasingly difficult because it was impossible for him to operate at any track protected by the Pinkertons—and the Pinkertons were protecting most of the big ones.

Largely as a result of Barrie's activities, the Pinkertons had evolved a system of horse identification whereby several pictures of every horse entered in a race, taken from different angles, together with other vital statistics, were made available for study by the judges and other track officials before a race. Principally because of this system, ringing has become a lost art on American tracks.

Paddy's skill seemed to increase in direct ratio to the amount of precaution taken against him. Time after time, after some supposed plug had turned into Pegasus, the dapper little figure of Paddy Barrie could be glimpsed briefly in the background. Just as often, a thoroughbred which was an odds-on favorite would show a sudden and inexplicable decline in form—inexplicable until it was learned that a man answering the description of Paddy Barrie had been seen in the same town where the race was held.

Occasionally, from the time she had first been observed at the Jamaica track in 1932, the woman who had entered Regula Baddun as Saintlite there had been observed at other tracks, sometimes in immediate proximity to ringings or dopings. Like Paddy, however, she was a will-o'-the-wisp.

Then, in August of 1934, the Pinkertons caught up with both Paddy and the woman at Saratoga. They caught up with Paddy, in fact, through spotting the woman in the United States Hotel lobby and trailing her.

The race-track Rembrandt was deported on the *S. S. Caledonia* in November of 1934. The greatest ringer of all was gone for good, and the American turf world breathed a deep sigh of relief. ⧺

Continued from page 89

Plymouth
RAINWEAR
Plymouth
OF BOSTON
SHOWERPROOF

"best buy wet or dry"

A name with prestige is PLYMOUTH — gained through diligent attention to smart styling and fine workmanship . . . best Men's Shops Coast-to-Coast offer *Plymouth's Protection-Plus* Features . . . for yourself, for a Gift.

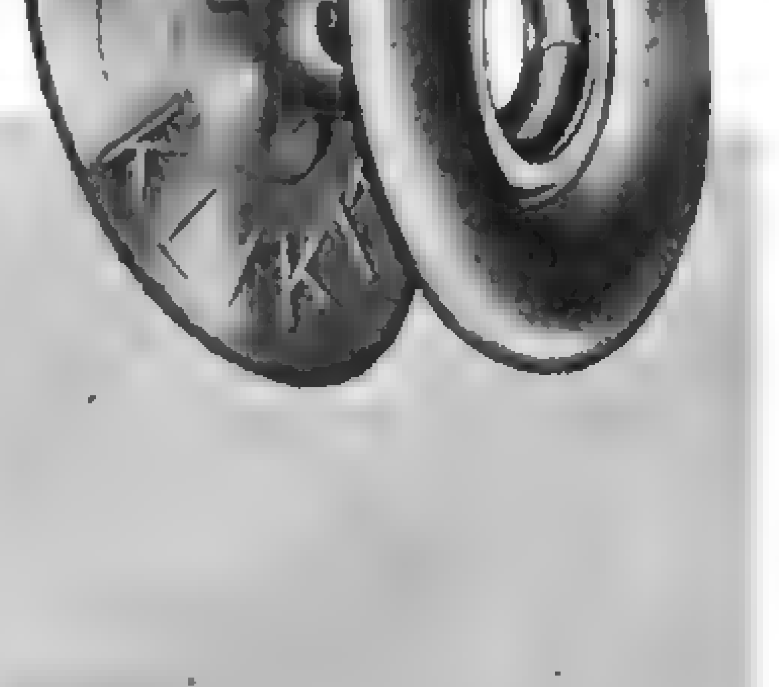
PLYMOUTH
BEST BUY
WET OR DRY

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
495 ALBANY STREET, BOSTON 18, MASS.
NEW YORK: 200 FIFTH AVE. *CHICAGO: 14 E. JACKSON BLVD.*
ATLANTA · CLEVELAND · DENVER · DES MOINES · OKLAHOMA CITY · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE · HONOLULU, T.H.

NEEDLES AND PINS
NEEDLES AND PINS
WHEN A MAN MARRIES
HIS TROUBLE BEGINS
UNLESS OF COURSE
HIS BRIDE IS SMART
INSISTS ON KLIKITS
FROM THE START!

PLENTY of wives *are* smart these days. They snap their fingers at button blues . . . know Klikit snap fasteners are the *only* thing—for shorts, pajamas, playtogs and every sort of wearing apparel imaginable. It's because Klikits are dependable—*completely,* and so amazingly efficient. Once they've tried them they swear by 'em. And you will, too! Here's why . . .

Klikits won't pop off . . . they fasten and unfasten easily and quickly, and hold clothes together with perfect security—their patented floating-spring construction sees to *that!* And the way they withstand laundry wear and tear is sheer magic. So from now on, kiss goodby to button bugaboos—insist on garments with Klikits . . . the snap fastener that will click and still fasten firmly after 10,000 snaps.* *Test No. C8664-7-42



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE
ARMY E NAVY

RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York Chicago Los Angeles Gloversville, N. Y. Montreal Toronto

FOSTER Sportswear for flattering GOOD LOOKS

THE PRINCETON

Full length gabardine coat; body and sleeves lined with 100% Timme-Tuft alpaca pile. Approx. $36.95

FOSTER SPORTSWEAR

FOSTER BROS. SPORTSWEAR CO.
PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES

Quick Curtain at Drury Lane

Continued from page 115

trousers by Poole? Or would he be awkward and voiceless and go up in his lines like any amateur? He'd *look* himself, Jack was sure. He'd have on his corset and few people would expect his stomach to be anything but what they were used to seeing. Jack said he was to drill him—have him letter perfect. The Prince didn't have much to do in the play; it followed history in that respect.

Two nights later was dress rehearsal. The play opened Monday with crowds turned away. It was the same Tuesday and Wednesday. I had not seen Jack; no doubt he was busy coaching his royal understudy.

Thursday night I was twenty minutes early at the theatre. I watched the mob at the doors—the carriages, footmen, jewels, sables and white plastrons. The play was an immense success, one of those productions that society adopts. After I went in I looked down from my box seat at the enormous, glittering house.

A minute before the footlights went on, Terriss slipped into the box. The other occupants were busy with lorgnons and glasses picking out duchesses.

"Mrs. Bendall is to bring him to the stage entrance in her carriage," Terriss whispered. "She is so haughty no one will dare go near her as she walks with him to my dressing room. She'll make him up, then she'll have to leave him to get dressed herself. May Providence watch over him so he'll listen for his calls. The stage manager knows it's an understudy and will watch for that. I haven't been near the shop since noon. I'm supposed to be ill. Gad!" Jack surveyed the house. "What hysterics this mob would be in if they knew."

"How's he going to get away? He'll have to line up with the rest for the bows after the final curtain."

"In Mrs. Bendall's carriage to her house. Later his incognito brougham will call for him."

"Whew. She must be almost bursting."

"A diamond necklace, like that." Jack made rings with his fingers. "And a command to dine, en famille, at Buckingham Palace."

The first act was a time of quivering waiting for Jack and me, as the Prince wasn't on. But when the second act started we moved forward to the edges of our chairs. The act started with Disraeli and Gladstone. Corliss played Dizzy as only he could do it and Falbridge Vascom was Gladstone. The house was enthusiastic as the two prime ministers

TARS
TARS
COMPLETE AFTER-SHAVE TREATMENT
A superior after-shaving lotion which helps to keep the skin smooth and immaculate. After shaving rinse face thoroughly, dry and quickly apply Tars. Following Tars' bracing, pleasantly tingling sensation, your face will acquire a refreshed new feeling of pliancy and smoothness.
SCHERK-NEW YORK

TARS

The Complete After Shave Treatment

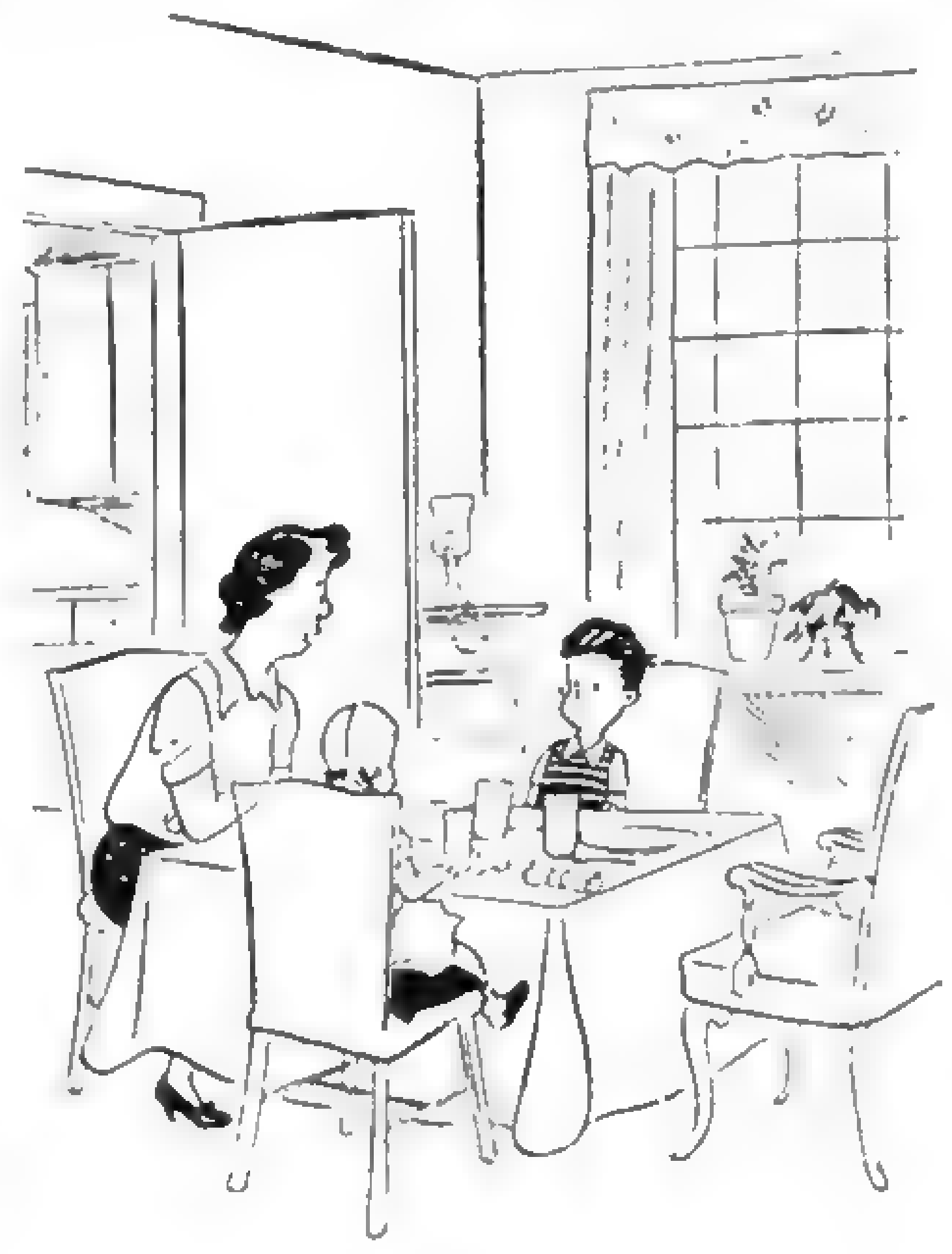
For sensitive skin—for all those who suffer from shaving irritation — nothing takes the place of TARS—The Complete After-Shave Treatment. TARS goes to work on razor burns and scrapes, gives aid and comfort to smarting faces. Men like its strikingly mannish scent and will welcome TARS for Christmas. $1.10 (plus tax). Christmas Set with Talc, $1.60 (plus tax).

HAPPY SHAVERS

SCHERK
26 WAVERLY PL., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

refuted each other with masterly swordplay. We heard our elderly neighbors murmuring how well they remembered Dizzy in his purple plush breeches and open waistcoat hung with gold chains, going to dine in Mayfair.

Then came the second scene in which the King made his entrance. Jack and I held our breaths.



"We'll wait three more weeks and then we'll have to assume that Daddy missed the bus!"

Mrs. Bendall, as the Queen, was seated at the right, looking the part and playing it superbly. The nervous tapping of her fingers on the chair arm was in accord with the stage business of the moment, as the gentleman-in-waiting announced, "His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales."

In he came, haughtily striding, his eyes fixed on the Queen. His first words were firmly pronounced as he bent his knee and then stood respectfully. The words could not be heard beyond the first few rows, as must be expected of an amateur.

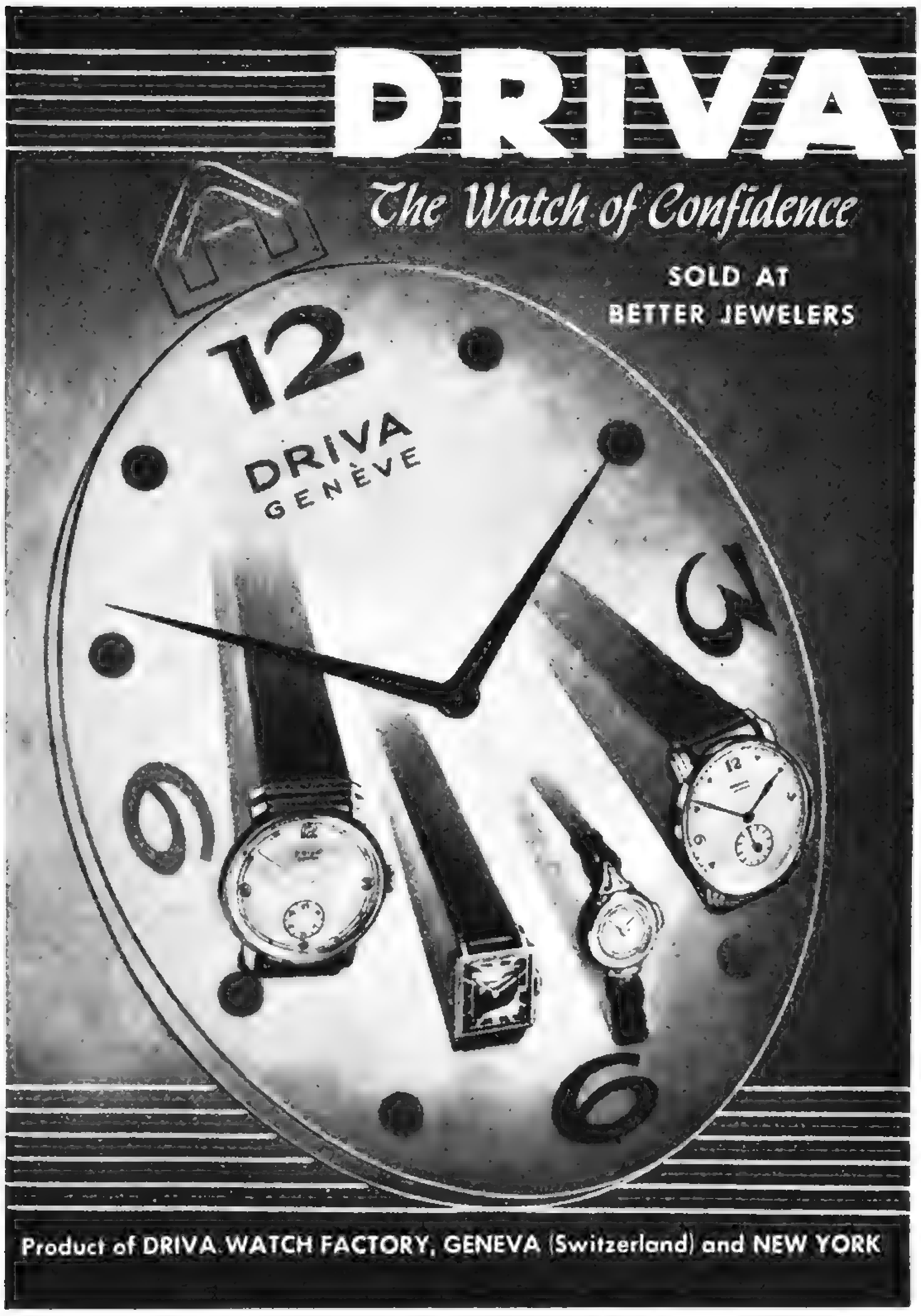
He was a very mature looking young Prince of Wales. I heard the others in our box saying, "He's very like the King as he is today, isn't he?" And, "I did not think the King was so fat before he came to the throne." A jewelled aigrette in the hair of the dowager next to me quivered as she dug up old scandal. "I wonder if it's true about his being jealous of his mother's reigning so long?"

This last was uttered so loudly and with such indignant stress that I think the King must have heard it on the stage. He glanced in our direction. His silence was prolonged. Had he completely forgotten his lines? There was a tension all over the house, something abnormal, they could sense a hitch in the scene. As the King stood there at attention, staring at Mrs. Bendall, I had a chilled sensation.

With professional skill Mrs. Bendall smoothly covered the gap with an improvised speech. The King listened, immovable. Then Jack and I were petrified.

The King plumped down into an armchair, although the stage directions throughout were for

Continued on page 298



Beauty in Leather

by WHEARY

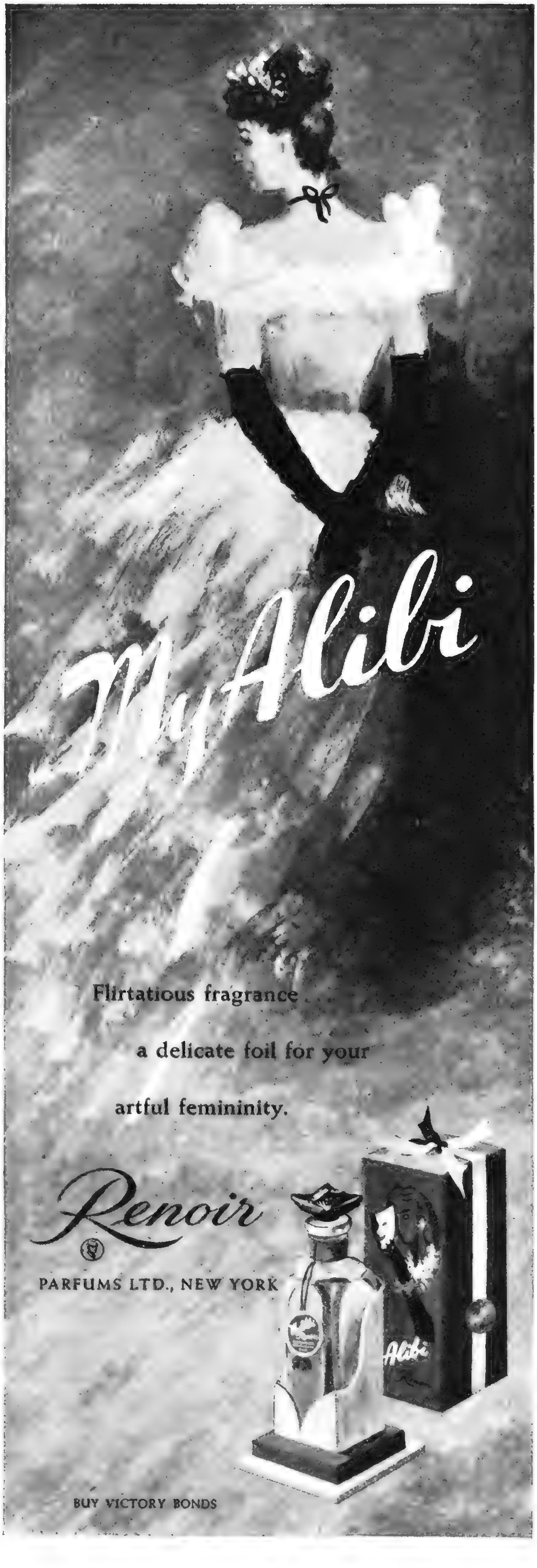
Luggage fashioned from rich lustrous leathers . . . incomparably styled . . . crafted with the skill of artisans . . . truly a luggage masterpiece. *That is Wheary!*

Previewed above is one of the many models that Wheary will have for you . . . just as soon as sufficient materials are available to meet Wheary's exacting quality standards.

WHEARY INCORPORATED, RACINE, WISC.

WHEARY
THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN LUGGAGE

TRAVELERS ARE JUDGED BY THEIR LUGGAGE



Quick Curtain at Drury Lane

Continued from page 297

him to remain standing. He glared at Mrs. Bendall and from his mouth issued a torrent of words.

Mrs. Bendall seemed paralyzed. The others on the stage were disconcerted beyond any concealment. I bent over the box rail to try to catch what the stage Prince was saying. His tone was lowered to reach the Queen alone, and his expression was savage as he leaned back in the chair with his hands spread out on the arms, and poured out his words.

For once in her life Mrs. Bendall was dazed. No stage ruse could save this scene. But then, in the middle of it, down came the curtain with a rush.

Out before it stepped the stage manager—stout fellow. Mrs. Bendall had been suddenly indisposed, he announced. Would the audience kindly remain seated for a few minutes and he would let them know if the performance could be resumed.

Terriss was already on his way out of the box. I followed him. In the pit people were guessing at what the Prince of Wales had been saying to his mother when the curtain fell. "It sounded quite unkind," said a woman. "I heard part," said a bright lad at her side. "He said, 'damn your eyes.' " There was a titter at this as we pushed on toward the stage door.

As we went back of the wings the stage manager leaped on Terriss. "Thank God! Are you able to go on?"

"Where's the man who had my part?"

"He's bolted, I think."

"Keep the orchestra playing. Give me five minutes." We ran for Jack's dressing room.

It was in chaos. Boots, shirts, trousers and coat were scattered about. One half-empty bottle of champagne was on the dressing table. Another, empty, was lying on the floor. "If you want a souvenir there are a King's clothes," said Terriss. "He must have dashed out as he was." Jack's dresser rushed in. With uncanny speed, make-up was slapped on, and the beard was fastened on with spirit gum. Inside five minutes he was in the corridor.

Mrs. Bendall was backstage, in regal calm, but her eyes were volcanic fire. She drew Jack to her bosom, careful of her make-up. "I will embrace you properly later. Ring up." As she took her place before the curtain rose, and the others followed, she was saying in her deepest tones, "My curse, my curse from the bottom of my soul on all amateurs."

Disraeli wasn't on in the scene. Corliss was beside me in the wings,

Here's to an
OLD FASHIONED Merry Xmas
ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
Buy Victory Bonds
And Stamps

And Here's To An Old Fashioned Cocktail

Use 3 or 4 dashes Angostura Bitters to saturate a lump of sugar in an Old Fashioned glass. Add a splash of seltzer. Muddle, add cube or two of ice, a twist of Lemon Peel, and a Cherry. Then pour in the liquor, stir well. Serve with a stir rod. Professional Mixing Guide free on request, write

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 E. 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

and whispered, "I was around on the other side to watch that mysterious understudy of Jack's. I was expecting to hear the remarks about Balmoral and the weather, but instead the fellow began a regular volley in a sort of deadly monotone I could barely hear.

"Something like this, 'You old humbug, why did you keep me in the background until your very last gasp? You might quite well have let me sit on the throne at the Delhi Durbar, since you couldn't go yourself. Why didn't you back up my request to Parliament for a larger allowance to run my establishment at Marlborough House? That forced me to fall back on the money-lenders, like Beit and a dozen others. But you would listen to nothing.' Then he raised his hand as if he were going to slap poor Mrs. Bendall. I waved to Wolff and he rang down on it. Why—as the curtain came down the man was up and had made a step toward Mrs. Bendall with a violent gesture. I went out on the stage to intervene, but he lowered his hand and said, 'I beg your pardon.' With that he marched off the stage and apparently vanished."

Corliss was decidedly angry. "What the devil," he said. "To engage an incompetent understudy. There was something very familiar about the man, but I couldn't remember him."

The play proceeded to its formal close with the usual curtain calls and bows of a Bendall production. She assembled the cast before they went to change. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "I offer you my regrets. At Mr. Terriss' unexpected illness I gave that man a chance. I have always considered the man—" She hesitated, "the man, as I was saying. I have always considered him one of the best character actors in the world. For certain parts, I would say. Certain parts that fit him. I never wish to hear his name again, as an actor. Let the experience of this night be forgotten." Queen Victoria herself was not more terrific and imposing than Mrs. Bendall. Her eyes glared. Her stately bosom rose in royal indignation. "He let me down—on the stage. One does not let Mrs. Bendall down."

I mentally pictured the King dashing out of the actors' entrance, into the alley, maybe mopping off his paint with a handkerchief, taking a cab, probably to the house of some friend he could rely on. Kings have ways of getting home after an escapade. I had a marvelous scoop, but I couldn't use it. Mrs. Bendall, Terriss and I were the only persons in the secret. They are both dead.

I avoided the Bamborough for several weeks. Later I passed His Majesty on the stairs. He nodded affably, but made no remark. The incident was closed. ⧺

Continued from page 115

Yeah, Man!

AVAILABLE AGAIN! Stahly Live-Blade Razor for a smooth shave with no scraping or pulling! Just a smooth massaging action makes whiskers vanish and leaves your face smooth and unusually comfortable. Completely automatic and non-electric. Self-contained power is produced by governor-controlled spring mechanism in handle. Gold-Plated and Black (shown), **$22.50;** All Gold-Plated, **$24.25;** All Silver-Plated, **$21.25.** All prices plus 20% Federal Tax

NO-CADDY GOLF CLUB for seven clubs in one at just a switch of its adjustable head! For travelling or caddyless days this auxiliary club fills the bill. Sturdy steel shaft with all-in-one adjustable head. Lady's or man's regulation size, **$15.00**

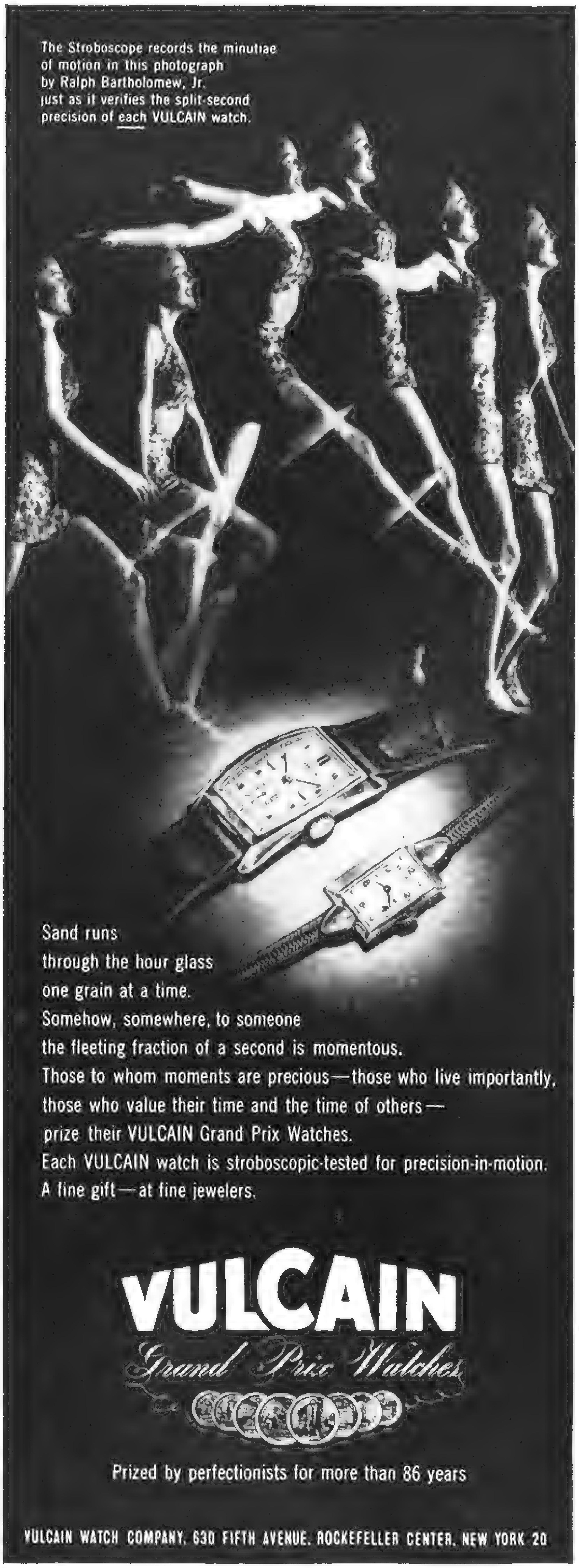
A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY FOR OVER NINETY-SEVEN YEARS

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. VOL. 5-4700

Ask for our new booklet "E-1"

John Frederics
For Men Only
SHADE A CREAM
before and after shaving...
before and after sun and sun lamp
2.50...
made in America



The Stroboscope records the minutiae of motion in this photograph by Ralph Bartholomew, Jr. just as it verifies the split-second precision of each VULCAIN watch.

Sand runs
through the hour glass
one grain at a time.
Somehow, somewhere, to someone
the fleeting fraction of a second is momentous.
Those to whom moments are precious—those who live importantly,
those who value their time and the time of others—
prize their VULCAIN Grand Prix Watches.
Each VULCAIN watch is stroboscopic-tested for precision-in-motion.
A fine gift—at fine jewelers.

VULCAIN
Grand Prix Watches

Prized by perfectionists for more than 86 years

VULCAIN WATCH COMPANY, 630 FIFTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20

The Era of the Cigarette Card

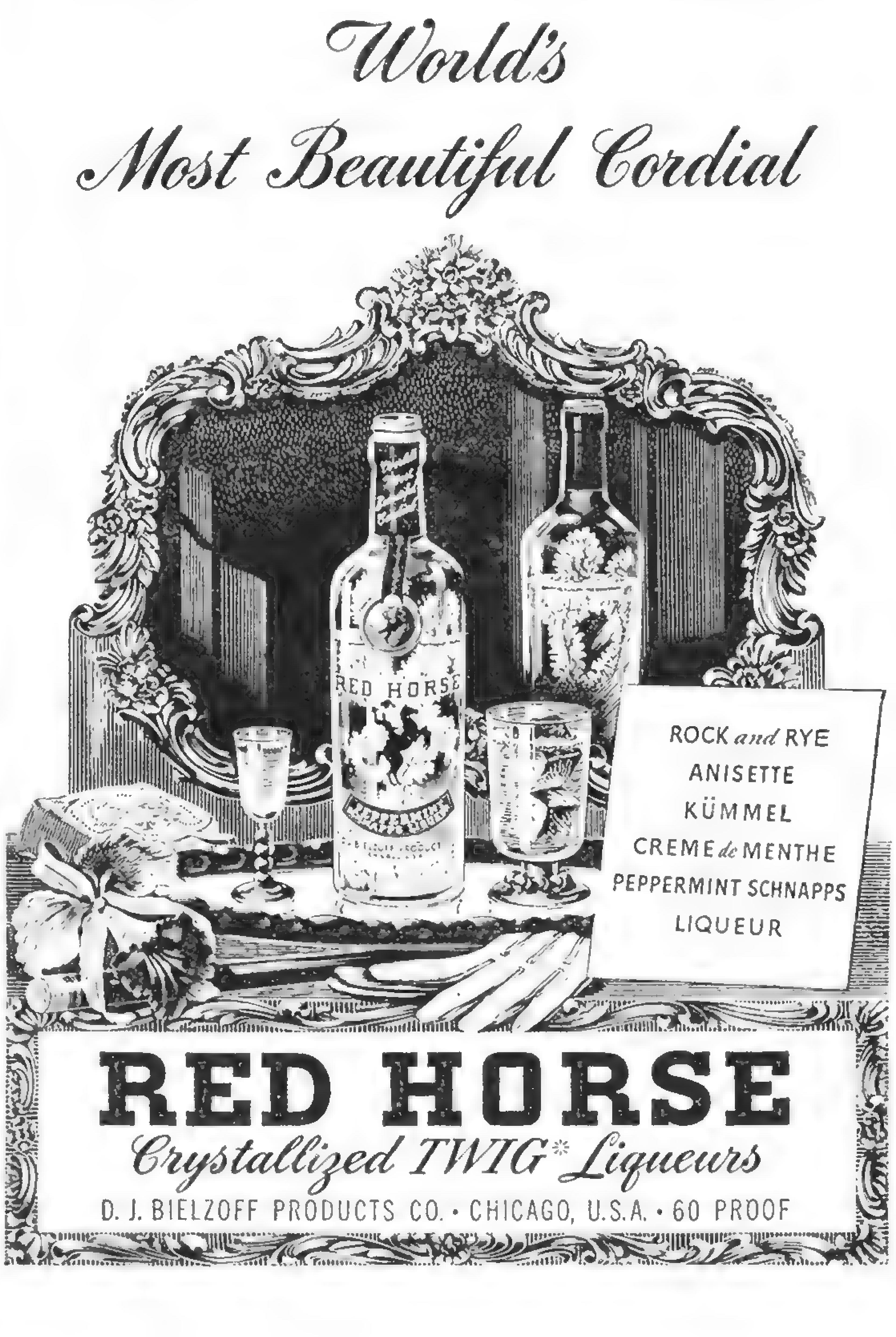
Continued from page 102

rial. Millions of dollars were spent on the research, design and printing of these fascinating little cards, many of them gems of Americana. Because of their meticulous attention to detail and historical accuracy as well as high artistic standards, many of the better types of cards later became authoritative source material for artists, researchers, movie and costume designers. Some of the colorful garb worn in the current Broadway hit *Oklahoma!* is said to have been inspired by the popular cowboy series issued by Hassan cigarettes about 1910.

This cowboy series of fifty cards, illustrating all phases of ranch life in the Old West of the open range, is perhaps one of the most colorful and appealing of all. The artist who did the original drawings for the vivid lithographs undoubtedly knew the Wild West and cowboy life in its primitive and robust days and he succeeded in capturing the color of Western range life. The foreign military uniform series, comprising some 636 cards issued by the Kinney Tobacco Company, is also extremely colorful and of a high artistic standard and authenticity. Cigarette card connoisseurs generally regard this set as one of their prize displays. No known individual collector has ever been able to assemble a complete set.

The development of these now forgotten cigarette cards appears to have been entirely fortuitous. Cigarettes were first packed in this country about the time of the Civil War in very thin, flimsy paper wrappers, and the slightest handling usually damaged them. Cardboard "stiffeners" were then inserted for protection. Printing a few lines of advertising on one side was the next step. Ringing in the inevitable advertising motif of sex appeal was really the birth of a "million dollar idea" as one writer so aptly called the exploiting of the cigarette card. For years manufacturers had cast about for some sure-fire sales promotion scheme with which to break down American stone-wall resistance to their very unpopular wares. They were naturally astonished and elated when customers began writing in demanding albums for the cards or asking for new series as they had already completed one set. The little "stiffeners" or inserts as they were also called, blossomed overnight into the respectable social status of an accepted hobby.

This enthusiastic reception led the British cigarette manufacturers to follow suit a few years later, the first British cards appearing about 1888. Then Ger-



World's
Most Beautiful Cordial

ROCK and RYE
ANISETTE
KÜMMEL
CREME de MENTHE
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
LIQUEUR

RED HORSE
Crystallized TWIG* Liqueurs
D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO, U.S.A. • 60 PROOF

man, Netherlands, French, Italian, Russian, and even Chinese and Hindu cigarette cards gave the new hobby an international field and favor. The British continued to issue cigarette cards until World War II. Cigarette cards were also a major hobby in Germany until Hitler ordered their suppression after his accession to power in 1933. Goebbels or some other propaganda-conscious Nazi soon succeeded in getting the ban removed by pointing out that the cards made an excellent propaganda medium and the hallowed life of Der Fuehrer and other important items of Nazi doctrine began to appear on the German cards. The Mussolini regime used the Italian cards to glorify Il Duce and Fascism as well as for the more practical purpose of disseminating instruction on gas warfare and air raid precautions.

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA!
EMPLOYEES SUGGESTION BOX
AU-

American cigarette cards passed into limbo about 1915 when costlier silk flags, miniature imitation oriental rugs, small felt pennants, cloth bows, hanks of yarn, and similar souvenirs designed to catch the feminine eye began to supersede them. Cigarette manufacturers scanning their sales graphs had apparently decided that they had reached the saturation point in masculine sales possibilities and they now began to ogle the vast, lush and unexploited feminine market. Some authorities are of the belief that the great American cigarette-smoking habit owes its initial popularization and much of its enormous expansion largely to the innovation of these once popular, gaily-colored little cards. Small boys, of course, were not the only fans as many men and women also collected the cards. Cigarettes were practically unknown in this country prior to 1870 and for many years after their first introduction were snubbed almost to the point of boycott. However, after some fifteen years of free distribution of literally billions of these little souvenir cards, the unpopular European importation had succeeded fairly well in securing general acceptance in the United States.

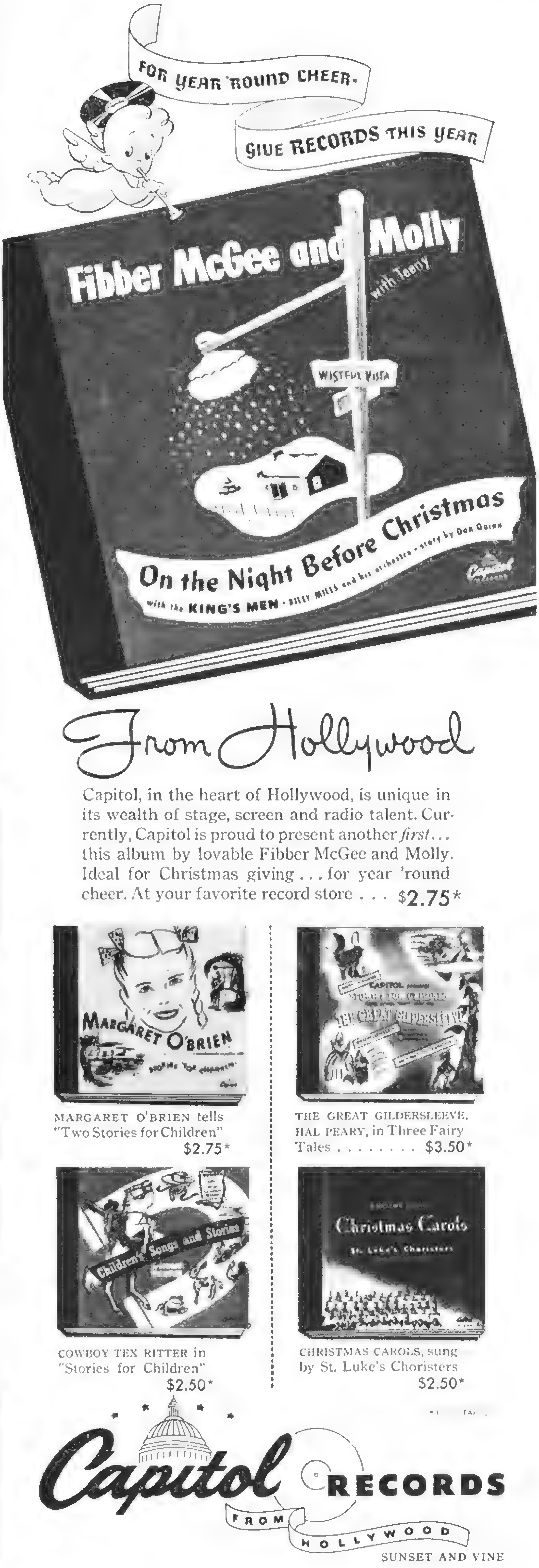
Incredible as it may seem, there are very few of these once so

Continued on page 302

CARABAO by GOULD AS SEEN IN Esquire
The CASA LOMA by Gould GLOVE
Real McKoy REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. by GOULD A MAN'S GLOVE AS SEEN IN Esquire
Two GG BY GOULD
Gould Junior

IN LEADING MEN'S SHOPS and DEPARTMENT STORES

Gould Gloves
FOR MEN and BOYS
GOULD GLOVE CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.


FOR YEAR 'ROUND CHEER.
GIVE RECORDS THIS YEAR
Fibber McGee and Molly
with Teeny
WISTFUL VISTA
On the Night Before Christmas
with the KING'S MEN · BILLY MILLS and his orchestra · story by Don Quinn
Capitol Records
MARGARET O'BRIEN
Christmas Carols
Children's Songs and Stories

From Hollywood

Capitol, in the heart of Hollywood, is unique in its wealth of stage, screen and radio talent. Currently, Capitol is proud to present another *first*... this album by lovable Fibber McGee and Molly. Ideal for Christmas giving . . . for year 'round cheer. At your favorite record store . . . $2.75*

MARGARET O'BRIEN tells "Two Stories for Children" $2.75*

THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, HAL PEARY, in Three Fairy Tales $3.50*

COWBOY TEX RITTER in "Stories for Children" $2.50*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, sung by St. Luke's Choristers $2.50*

Capitol RECORDS
FROM HOLLYWOOD
SUNSET AND VINE

The Era of the Cigarette Card

Continued from page 301

plentiful and popular cards available for sale today. Although an untold number of billions were broadcast over the land with a generous hand for over thirty years and virtually every American boy, plus a goodly number of adults, at one time or another owned a sizable collection of them, very few of these cards appear to have survived even in museums or other gathering places of historical material and Americana. Even experts are at a complete loss for an explanation. There are over 50,000 cigarette card collectors in Great Britain and its colonies. The United Kingdom even boasts of a very snooty Cartophilic Society which numbers among its membership some leading names in British society. A leading British firm which deals in these cards was reported before the war to have a stock of over sixty million and to have shipped as many as 20,000 cards per day to collectors all over the world.

In curious contrast, the birthplace of the cigarette card can boast of less than 200 known collectors and there are no dealers or large stocks of these cards. A very small floating supply of duplicates changes hands either through the medium of advertising in a bulletin published bi-monthly by a Mr. J. R. Burdick of Syracuse, through direct correspondence between a handful of American collectors, or at mail auctions held six times a year by another outstanding collector, Mr. Charles R. Bray of East Bangor, Pennsylvania. Mr. Burdick, leading authority on these cards in this country, appears to be the only fan who ever had the interest, requisite knowledge, and time and patience to compile a check-list of most of the known cards and a catalogue of what he estimates to be their fair market value.

In a letter even Mr. Burdick had to admit that very little or nothing is known today about some of the series of these forgotten boyhood favorites. Other than the bulletin which Mr. Burdick has published as a hobby for the past seven years, there is practically nothing available on these cards in either the Library of Congress or the New York Public Library, otherwise well-stocked repositories of a great mass of printed material on every conceivable subject under the sun. The lone book on this hobby was written by a non-collecting Englishman who confined his study almost exclusively to British cards with only the briefest and most casual mention of their American progenitors.

With so few collectors and such

"Hello, Mama. You can forget that 'Fate worse than Death' stuff —he hasn't any '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

See what happens when you make a good impression? So be careful to avoid "5 o'clock Shadow." Shave with genuine Gem Blades. Gem's superior, super-keen edge gets the beard at the base—keeps your face smooth and clean *hours longer!* Make your next shave a Gem shave.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

LISTEN TO THE FALCON EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

WHEN *Skill* COUNTS

The superiority of Rajah Soles and their overwhelming preference among America's best dressed men is the result of skilled craftsmanship . . . look for the Rajah label on the soles of the footwear you buy. Featured in fine stores from coast-to-coast, flexible, moisture-proof, *longer-wearing* Rajah Soles are dependable and *style correct.*

Rajah SOLES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

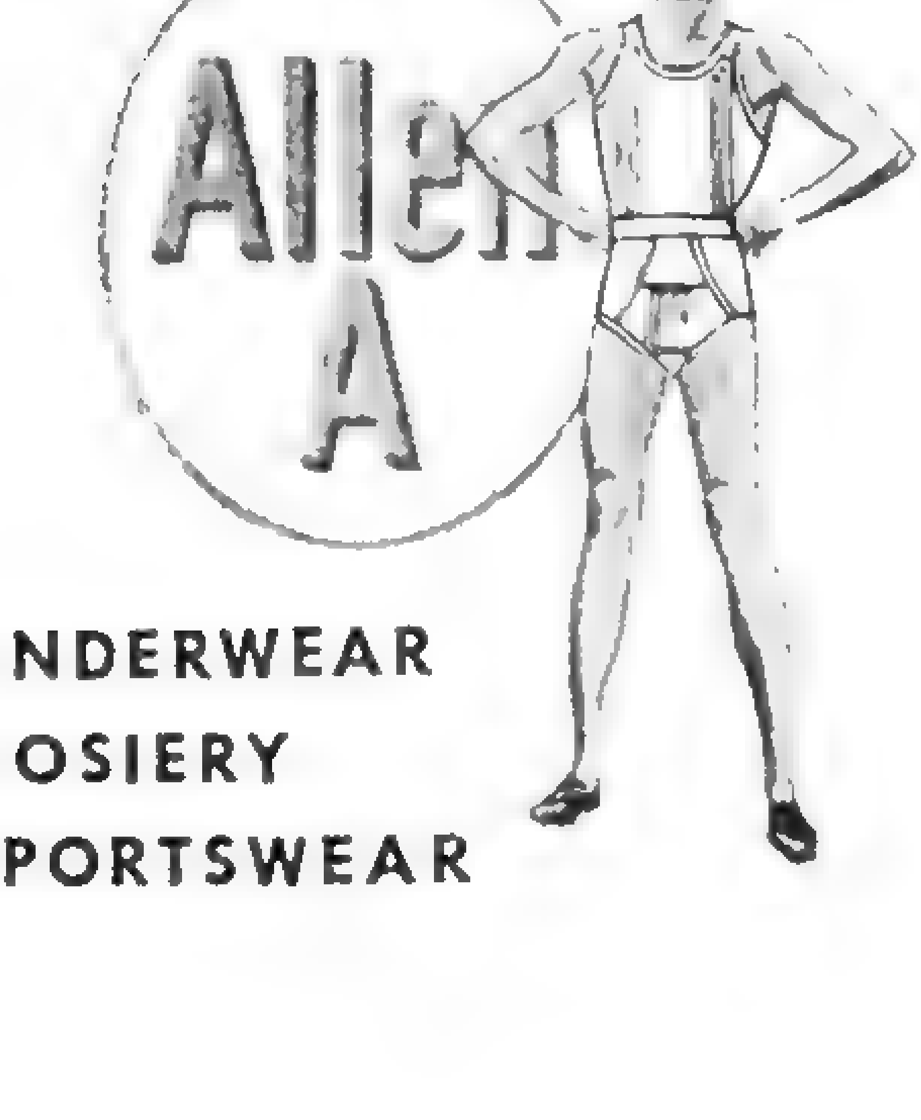
What do you know about-

A Greek, B...?

(Bacchus.) Invented a form of underwear (see illustration) almost as comfortable as Allen-A. And spent the rest of his life celebrating his invention. (See illustration.)

An Allen-A...?

A 20th century adaptation of Bacchus' invention. Has all the freedom and none of the uncertainty. Underwear that fits like your skin, without binding or creeping up. Remember the name for really fine underwear, hosiery and sportswear.



Allen A

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

a limited supply of cards, prices are generally a matter of individual negotiation, varying from as little as a penny each for the more common 20th Century cards in large, unassorted lots containing duplicates and soiled or damaged cards, to as high as twenty or twenty-five cents each for some of the rarer 19th Century cards. Complete sets of clean cards range all the way from two to fifteen or twenty-five dollars a set, depending entirely on buyers' needs. One advertiser in the Cigarette Card Collectors Bulletin offered one hundred dollars for four complete sets of certain rather scarce series.

Oddly enough these American cards bring far higher prices in Great Britain than they do in the land of their origin. Some sets have brought as high as fifty dollars in England, and that is still an utterly fantastic figure to the very modest collecting fraternity of this country.

Unlike philately and other expensive hobbies, there are no great classic rarities for which eager buyers will bid thousands of dollars. Fakes, forgeries and counterfeits are therefore unknown. Nor, needless to say, can the hobby be subjected to a constant flood of new issues like commercialized philately with many foreign governments balancing their budgets by the neat and simple device of printing pretty picture stamps for the world's stamp collectors. The hobby also enjoys another great advantage: these cards have a strong nostalgic and sentimental attraction in that every American boy once treasured them as his most priceless personal possession, an appeal that coins, old silver, antiques, first editions, old prints, buttons, street car transfers, match book tops or beer bottle caps cannot possibly equal.

The great unsolved mystery is what became of all these billions of once so common cigarette cards? The chief librarian of one of our greatest Eastern libraries, when queried as to whether his library housed any cards or information on them, admitted, "I wish I knew what became of the rather considerable collection I once had." Everybody saved them, but no one today has any or can even recall what became of them. Mr. Burdick is of the opinion: "Busy housewives have accounted for most of the old collections. They just did not realize their sentimental and educational value either as Americana or for any other purpose."

Is there still a sizable supply of these souvenirs of a forgotten and bygone America stored away in attics or basements, together with other boyhood treasures, or have they all been swept into virtual extinction by the busy housecleaning brooms of unsentimental American housewives, and the great American habit of throwing out with the rubbish everything for which we cannot find a day-to-day use? ###

Continued from page 102

4 Reasons Why

Fleischmann's makes America's Finest Holiday Gift!

1 FLEISCHMANN'S QUALITY! It's so soft! So velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! *Then . . . every drop is carefully filtered!*

2 FLEISCHMANN'S SMOOTHNESS! Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how" —for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

3 FLEISCHMANN'S TASTE! It's priceless! Found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

4 FLEISCHMANN'S MIXABILITY! The result is a gin so crystal clear—it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of Vermouth, fruit juices or other mixers!

FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
America's First Gin

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

HERE IS THE IDEAL

Christmas Gift

FOR YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS

HANOVIA

ULTRAVIOLET

ALPINE LAMP

These photographs tell their own story. A few minutes daily under the Hanovia Alpine Lamp will prove highly beneficial to all the family. If you want to give — give a HANOVIA ULTRAVIOLET LAMP.

Ask for a demonstration of Hanovia Alpine Lamps at department stores, medical and electric supply shops or Hanovia showrooms.

Write for Free Booklet to Dept. ES-2

HANOVIA

CHEMICAL & MANUFACTURING CO.

Newark 5, N. J.

Factory Showrooms at

155 W. 57th St.
New York 19, N. Y.

453 Powell St.
San Francisco 2, Calif.

5057 Woodward Ave.
Maccabees Bldg.
Room 654
Detroit 2, Mich.

77 E. Lake St.
Chicago 1, Ill.

1924 Chestnut St
Philadelphia 3, Pa

15 Statler Office Bldg
Boston, Mass

World's largest makers of Ultraviolet Lamps for the Medical Profession, Industry and the Home

The Beggars' Stone

Continued from page 72

like this, Bicskas, my brother-in-law."

"You're right. Bacon, bread, wine, cigars. What more could you want? Geese?"

"What I mean to say is, I wasn't always poor like this."

"Who cares?" said Bicskas. "However poor you are there's always a consolation. Somewhere there's someone poorer. You have always got something somebody else wants. I've seen a man knifed in the back in Medvegy's Cellar for a boot—one old boot with a hole in the sole. Good, that, eh?"

"Medvegy's Cellar; that's in Budapest."

"That's right. Fine city, Budapest."

"In the spring, if you hang around the hotels—my dear sir," said Probka, "you'd be surprised at the things they throw away. Many's the leg of fowl I've got out of the dustbins in Budapest in the spring."

"Leg? Once I found a half a duck. I dusted it off a bit and there it was, like new. They've got so much, these people, they don't know what to do with it. So they chuck it in the dust hole. It had some sauce on it, too."

"I once found a whole chicken," said Probka.

"Yes? I once found a goose, a whole goose, in a copper pan."

"You lie," he said distinctly.

"Say that again."

"Bah." Probka uncorked the bottle. "I know a man who was in Berlin once, and so one day he happens to open up a dustbin and finds—guess what! A ham. I tell you, a whole ham, only a little bit off. But give me sausage.

"In the old days," said Probka, "I used to eat a lot of sausage, a kind of special sausage made with goose-fat and garlic."

"Millionaire," sneered Bicskas.

"I used to have a rag-and-bone business."

"You needn't try to come over me with your rag-and-bone business. I used to be chucker-out in the Café Cseh. I had a blue uniform. I nearly bought a watch."

"By God," said Probka, "it grows cold. I bet we neither of us lives through the winter."

"I have also been a coachman. I had some proper boots then, I don't mind telling you."

"We ought to have a fire," said Probka.

"My master was a count. We had Arab horses."

"I used to drink hot brandy on cold nights. I could do with some now, by heaven I could. Do you know what happened here last winter?"

"What?"

"A woman was found frozen right here, with a new-born baby in her arms. She was a lady, too."

"Lady!"

"Yes, here she sat, blue and stiff, with this kid, not two hours old, dead in her arms."

"If she was a lady she wouldn't have been here. She'd be at home,

No Other Pipe Offers This

SMOKING COMFORT

ROYAL DUKE OF DUNDEE

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

Exclusive with Royal Duke

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

Over 2 Million Men Rely on its Protection

Royal Duke

The shape pictured above can be had at

$1.50 $2.50 $3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

OLD ANGUS BRAND

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1845
A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

by the fire, that's where she'd be."

"You wouldn't understand, friend Bicskas. Perhaps there was a disgrace. I've dealt with many a noble family, and I understand things like that."

"Remember the wolves?" said Bicskas. "The winter when the wolves came down here and they sent fifty soldiers to kill them off? Snap-snap! All they found next day was fifty rifles in the snow. Not even a bloodstain; they'd lapped it all up. They're devils, wolves."

"It was sixty soldiers."

"Fifty."

"I've been coming here for thirty years, so I ought to know."

"I've been here off and on for forty years."

"I can read and write," said Probka.

"I can read capital letters."

There was silence. Then Bicskas laughed and said, "The sun looks like blood."

"I ought to know what goes on round here," said Probka, offended. "It's house and home to me, this stone."

"Well, damn it, so it is to me, too. It's a *place.* 'Where now?' you say; and then you say, 'Let's go to the Stone.' That's how it is."

"You can sit here, sleep here, talk here, eat here. It's a club. You can also write your name down. Then there's sort of *something.* I cut my name over there."

"I did not exactly cut my name," said Bicskas, "but I made a cross."

"Let us try to sleep," said Probka.

By daybreak four more tramps had come. There was a woman who did not resemble a woman, and a man who did not look like a man; there was a bundle of rags wrapped in an old sheepskin, that laughed and smoked, accompanied by his wife who sat in impenetrable silence. They rested, fitting their bones into the mossier indentations of the Stone.

"But who is this who comes?" asked Bicskas, suddenly.

A train of carts, followed by a carriage, rolled slowly down the north fork of the road. The tramps, watching, saw that there were also men in uniform, riding horses.

A giant in blue and silver, with a moustache quite twelve inches from tip to tip, rode up to the Stone, surveyed the tramps with a supercilious scowl, wrinkled his nose, and said, "Off."

"Sir?" said Probka.

"Clear out."

Bicskas was fumbling in his rags.

"Pull that knife," said the horseman, "and I blow your head off."

Bicskas snarled.

"Off!" roared the giant with the moustache. The tramps dragged themselves away. Only Probka and Bicskas remained.

"We insist on our rights," said Probka. "This is our stone."

The horseman drew a revolver, and said, "Two seconds."

"If you shoot it's murder," said Probka.

"Get out!"

Probka went away. Bicskas followed him. From a distance, they

Continued on page 306

Leather Perfect

GIFTS BY RUMPP

Rumpp leather essentials for travel are perfect gifts for men and women. Look for the Rumpp trademark on fitted cases, writing cases, tie cases and other accessories of quality leather. Ask for leatherware by Rumpp in leading stores.

RUMPP
Style Stitch
Visible Strength
Leather Lightness

RUMPP WALLETS for men and women are distinguished by lustrous, long wearing leathers. Smartly fashioned. Rich colors for men. Costume colors for women. The Rumpp *Style Stitch* provides *visible* strength and lightness for refinement.

STUD BOX—Soft suede inner lining. Protects cuff links, studs and medals also insignia of men in the Army and Navy.

TOILET CASE—Completely outfitted. Full grained leather.

OVERNIGHTER Travel essentials pack neatly and compactly. Selection of fine leather cases.

PIPE 'N POUCH—A two-in-one gift. Zipper closing. Secret pocket for pipe.

RUMPP
"The Sterling of Leatherware"

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, Philadelphia 6, Pa. . . . Since 1850

Out of G.I. Fightin' Clothes

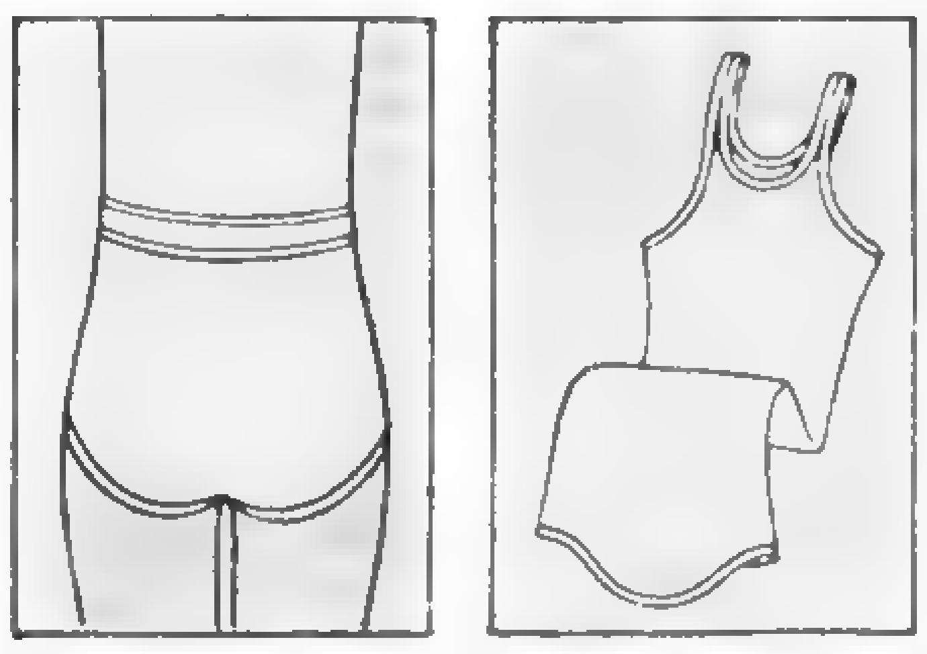
—Into Civvie Tweeds

Everything different except REIS Scandals

When a fighting man likes something he likes it "for keeps." That's why so many servicemen are gladly changing everything but their Reis Scandals. They've discovered the comfort, the "freedom of action," the many practical advantages that come with wearing this modern-style, manly underwear.

Ask for Reis Scandals

If your dealer is temporarily out of Scandals—it's because they are so popular. The men getting out of uniforms want them just as much as you do. But soon there will be Reis Scandals for all!



Cut to fit...to fight fatigue*

(*Left*) "Hi-Waist" design. Elastic waistband. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. (*Right*) Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg-line of Scandals.

*Copyright 1945, Robert Reis & Co.

CHANGE TO REIS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR PAJAMAS

SPORTSWEAR HOSIERY

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY • 2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The Beggars' Stone

Continued from page 305

watched. The shapeless thing in the sheepskin, speaking for the first and last time, said: "I cut a J, for Janos, in the right-hand corner, with a horseshoe nail, for luck. And an E for Etelka. That's my old woman."

"They've brought up a crane," said Bieskas. "They're taking the Stone away. By God! Let's . . ."

"Against guns?" said Probka. "I think they're only turning it over."

The woman who did not resemble a woman shrieked suddenly. "It moves!"

Slowly, encumbered by the weight of all its centuries, the stone moved. The earth cracked. Pale insects that lived out of the daylight writhed, terrified, back into the ground. The Stone groaned. The crane groaned. The workmen shouted. The watchers held their breath. Probka prayed: "Oh, God, let the chains break!"

But the chains held. The bottom of the stone became visible, black with earth. The tramps cried out. They felt in the soles of their feet the jolt of the huge stone teetering on end. A workman yelled, "Hold!" The stone stood, gently rocking. An old gentleman said, "Here. Now." Soon, having propped up the stone with beams, men began to dig. When night fell, flares were lit. The men dug till dawn. More men came with picks and spades. The waiting tramps, now fifty strong, muttered among themselves.

From out of the newly-dug pit came a shout, "Eljen! Eljen!" It was a cry of triumph. The chains clanked again. Men groaned. "Hup!" Strange objects were coming out of the ground into the light—dull, dirty pieces of armor; huge pots and troughs; battered cups; bent discs—masses of old, broken metal of unfamiliar shapes and unwieldy sizes.

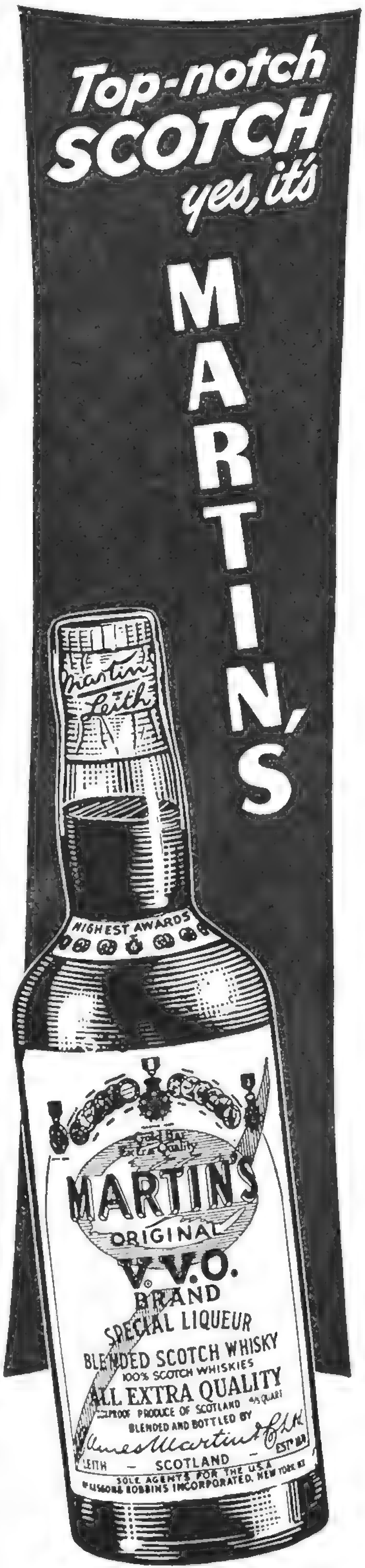
Probka, bowing low, before an armed guard, said: "Honored sir, be graciously pleased to tell me why this old iron was buried here."

"That is not old iron," said the guard. "That is pure gold. It is one of the treasures of the Scourge of God, Attila. It is worth God knows how many millions."

"And for seven hundred years, we have been dying of hunger here," said Probka. Nothing more was said. Bitterness was too profound for expression. There were no words, even in the frightful vocabularies of the damned.

The tramps camped about the hole. When the diggers had gone away, they probed the pit with their fingers, hoping to find some forgotten coin or jewel. But they found nothing, except worms, and stones, and a heavy smell as of the grave. And so, at last, they went their ways over the endless, wind-tattered plain; and although it covered a treasure, the plainsmen still call the stone The Beggars' Stone, in spite of the fact that, since it was disturbed, no beggar has rested there. #

Continued from page 72


Top-notch SCOTCH yes, it's MARTIN'S
Martin Leith
HIGHEST AWARDS
MARTIN'S ORIGINAL V.V.O. BRAND SPECIAL LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
James Martin & Co.
LEITH - SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A. McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED, NEW YORK

86.8 PROOF

Every drop is selected liqueur Scotch —the pick of choice Scotch whiskies.

MARTIN'S ORIGINAL V.V.O. BRAND Blended Scotch Whisky

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

Such a swell gift you'd like to *keep it yourself*

THIS **CROTON AQUAMATIC** IS WATERPROOF **PLUS**

Every man welcomes the gift of a fine watch. But the man who's really indescribably delighted is one who gets a CROTON AQUAMATIC. For it's *certified waterproof* so he can wear it bathing or swimming! And besides —

IT KEEPS 13.5% MORE ACCURATE TIME—WITHOUT WINDING!

That's right, without ever winding it up! The natural wrist motions wind it—keep it running on time. The miracle of a "self-winding" watch is now an actual *fact*. This means greater accuracy, too. Recently, in a 30-day wearing test, 3 Aquamatics proved to be *13.5% more accurate* than the average of 9 other famous stem-wind watches.

This 17-jewel Croton is *sturdy*. It resists shocks, doesn't tarnish and the crystal can't break. Other features:—sweep-second hand, radium dial, waterproof strap. This is the ideal man's gift for only $49.50! Fed. Tax Incl

P.S. If not now available at your dealer, write for Booklet M17 Croton Watch Co., 48 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19

Croton SELF WINDING

WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC

And the Armies That Remained Suffered

Continued from page 101

about Fala now, and why? Who would make a great joke out of the fact that the President's wife didn't exactly resemble Miss Greer Garson? And what would the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News* live on—what kind of air would they breathe, now that their fetid food was available no longer? . . . No more the Navy cape around the shoulders, the infectious chuckle, the Harvard accent grown so familiar even to Oklahoma ears. Not ever again the great good meaty face with the wart on its cheek; no more the stamp collection, the ship models and the desk of gadgets.

And so time went by, and we had our Squadron Briefing later and then our weary walk down to 364th Supply. Before long we were hanging the handles of heavy bags over those hooks that sprouted from the sides of the big truck. . . . We swung and crowded, the chill wind blew, there were clouds. . . . and then we were at our dispersal point, with *J976* looming up on the vertical stabilizer of the big Fort.

We started engines, we taxied, we took off, we formed up. Part of a long droning line, we climbed across England and above the sea. We loaded our guns and fastened on our masks, and watched the blinker lips going back and forth—a strange little white mechanical movement so suggestive, so reminiscent of a kiss—and we always hoped that it didn't mean the kiss of death.

And before we went on oxygen, the toggle-eer (an ex-divinity student whom we called "Deacon") and I both told each other how we felt, and it seemed a little better to be able to say how we felt.

And also before we went on oxygen, the navigator and I had our legs rather tangled together and we kept apologizing and trying to move out of each other's way.

He said slowly, "It's like a big black cloud," and I knew what he meant. I told him Whitman wrote something like that . . . a big black cloud, and a dark train moving across a dark nation. Now the same thing had come to pass, in another war; but we were far away from our country, far away even from the smell of English lilacs whether they bloomed in the dooryards first or last.

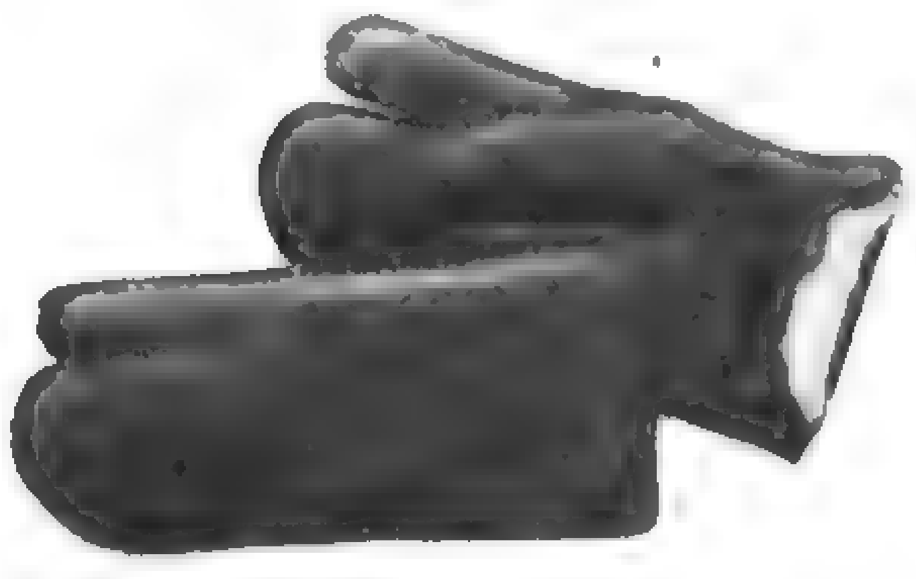
We were rocketing between clear heaven and the deadly ocean water beneath. There were enemies who hated us . . . we drove, shafting through space three miles a minute, hunting for the flak which would await us in some degree even so late in the war, fearful of the Jets which might doom us even today. We were bereft . . . we traveled swiftly and in peril; and far away in Georgia, a paralyzed man had died and left us, and we felt very lonely and unled. ###

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Happy journey!

All roads lead to home and happiness at Christmas-time. Gifts carry their joyous messages and they are doubly welcome if they have the green wrapper of "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World."

Send for "The Christmas Trail"—a gift shop in a book.



ONE-FINGERED FLEECE-LINED MITTEN

A real hunting, driving or all-round mitten. Tan or black capeskin lined with warm lamb's wool. Snug-fitting gauntlet style wrist . . . $8.50

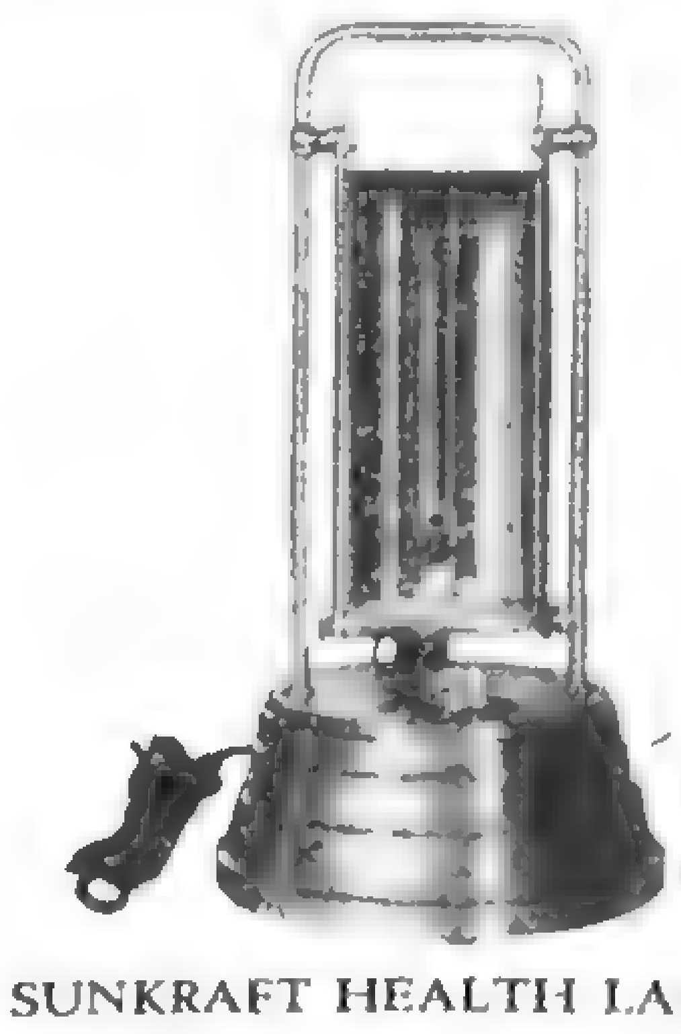
ALL-AROUND LANTERN

Portable, all-purpose light for home, farm, or boat. Steel case, flood light or penetrating 600 ft. beam. Unbreakable lens. Long life battery . $3.75

EXECUTIVES' BRIEF BAG

Golden brown pigskin, saddle stitched. Compact yet roomy enough for small samples. Three-way zipper so it opens flat. Two full and two half pockets on each side. Disappearing handles $25.80*

*(20% Federal Excise Tax Included)



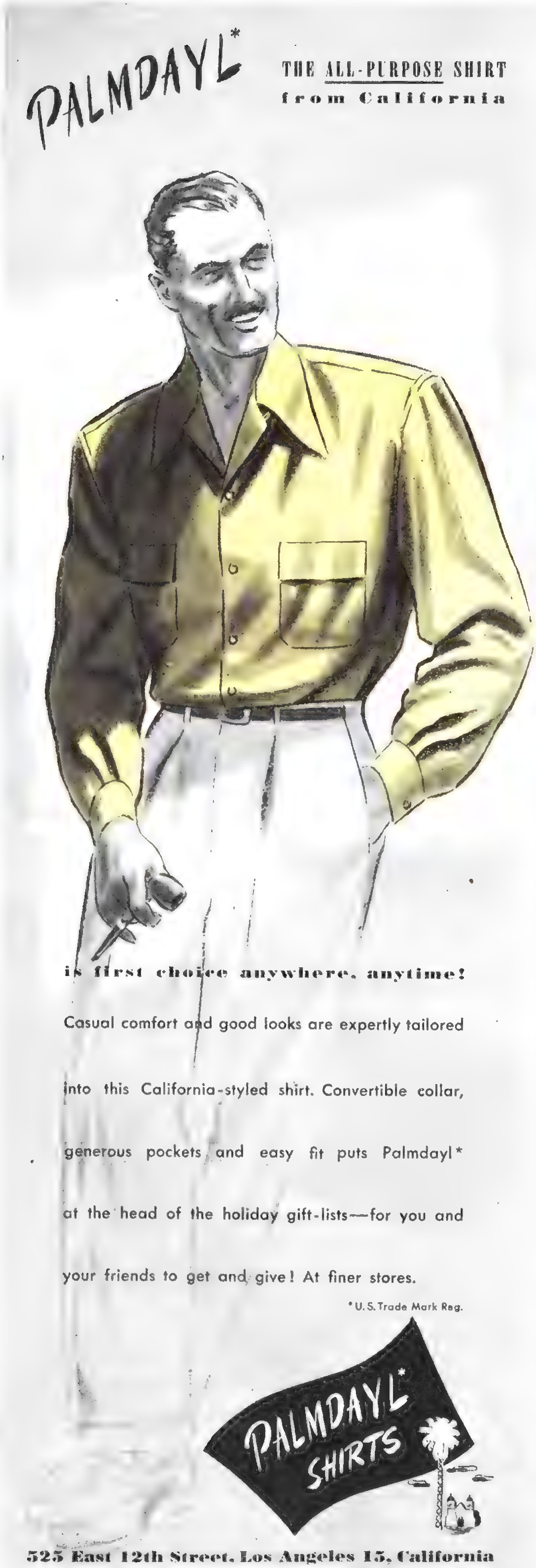
SUNKRAFT HEALTH LAMP

Portable ultra-violet lamp, for muscular aches or sun-tanning. Automatic timer. A.C. or D.C. . $64.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH



PALMDAYL* THE ALL-PURPOSE SHIRT from California

is first choice anywhere, anytime!

Casual comfort and good looks are expertly tailored into this California-styled shirt. Convertible collar, generous pockets and easy fit puts Palmdayl* at the head of the holiday gift-lists—for you and your friends to get and give! At finer stores.

*U. S. Trade Mark Reg.

PALMDAYL* SHIRTS

525 East 12th Street, Los Angeles 15, California

The Real Miracle Men of Sports

Continued from page 127

trated around the bones—and so we must restore circulation. That can be done if we break your back in many places. When it heals, the circulation *might* be normal . . . *if* it heals!"

Once again there was a moment of silence. Finally McGowan said: "Okay. When do we start?"

That day the strangest operation in history took place. Cressler warned the skater again that he was not a doctor and therefore could not administer anesthetic. But McGowan was determined.

The horse trainer rigged up an old horse harness. McGowan, his back stripped bare, slipped his arms through the harness and Cressler tied him tight so that he couldn't budge.

He bent down, picked up a large steel rod and said "Brace yourself!"

The steel rod was raised in the air . . . and then with one sweeping motion, Cressler struck McGowan's back with a powerful blow. When steel met skin the skater winced, and his teeth drew blood from his thinned lips.

"I don't think that did it," Cressler warned, "so it will be necessary to do it again. Do you think you can take it?"

McGowan nodded his head.

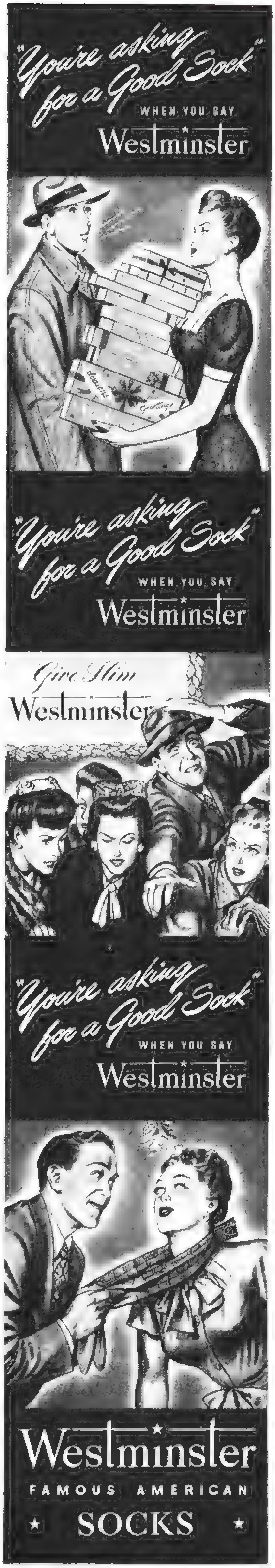
Once again the steel rod was raised in the air, and then the swish as it whipped through the air. This time McGowan groaned deeply and even as he did he heard the crunching of bones.

After the ordeal McGowan's back mended quickly. He was no longer paralyzed. A short while later he was walking again and two months after that one of the greatest speed skaters of all time was once more gliding over glistening ice, heading his own show at a club outside New York City.

If McGowan's experience was not a miracle I don't know where you would find one. Nor can we overlook the cases of Archie San Romani and Glenn Cunningham, two of the greatest milers America has produced. San Romani's legs were crushed when he was run over by a truck to the extent that amputation was only narrowly averted. Yet the doctors brought him through; he began running to strengthen his legs and became one of the greatest.

Glenn Cunningham's legs were burned in a schoolhouse fire and, like his fellow Kansan, he brought them back by running under doctors' directions and care. And how many big-league pitchers like Red Faber have been enabled to extend their careers by doctors' operations on chipped elbows; and how many great football players have extended their careers, like the great Jay Berwanger of Chicago, by successful treatment of slipping knees.

Yes, if athletics had their own manpower classifications, doctors would certainly be classified as "Essential Industry." ###



"You're asking for a Good Sock" WHEN YOU SAY Westminster

"You're asking for a Good Sock" WHEN YOU SAY Westminster

Give Him Westminster

"You're asking for a Good Sock" WHEN YOU SAY Westminster

Westminster FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

Together Again

GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ARCADIA Set* 350.00
Engagement Ring 250.00
Also $450 and 600

MEDFORD Set* 600.00
Engagement Ring 500.00

*In white as well as natural gold

FACING a bright tomorrow . . . hearts linked as one . . . this precious moment will live forever in the lasting radiance of your genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Engagement Ring. The name "Keepsake" in the ring . . . the nationally established price . . . and the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee enable you to choose any Keepsake with confidence. At your Keepsake Jeweler's . . . $100 to $3500.

If you are overseas and want to send your sweetheart a Keepsake, send her a money order and have her write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include federal tax

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the useful 20-page book "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name

Street and No.

City C 12-45

The Little Things

Continued from page 147

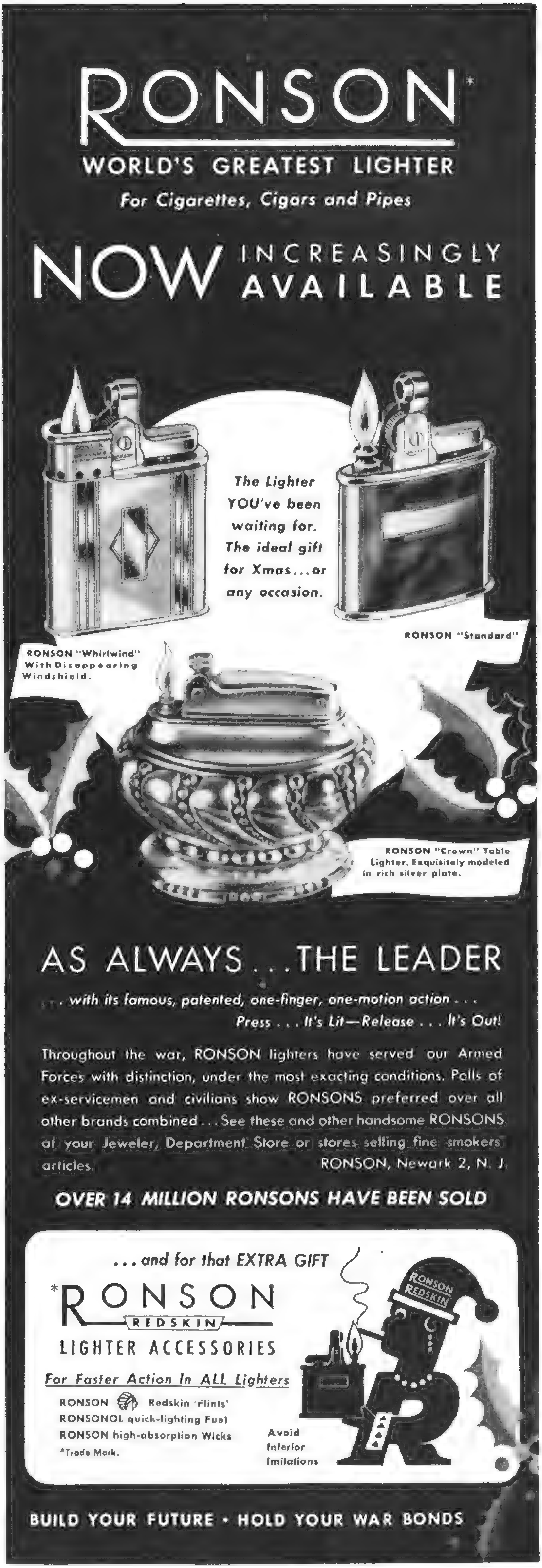
berth, the conductor comes through shouting the name of the next station and Miss Colbert breaks the flood of her complaints to say, "Oh, shut up"-to him, and resumes her tirade.

As you see, these are verbal bits. They are accompanied by facial expressions, to be sure, but the effect comes from words. The better touches are purely visual—but you don't often find them. At the end of *The Kid*, if I may go back that far, Chaplin thinks he is going to be arrested and finds, instead,that he is in a big motorcar, on his way to happiness, and a look of unbelievable ecstasy comes over his face. In *Meet Me in St. Louis*, Margaret O'Brien is masked for Halloween, starts off to throw flour in the face of a bully, and lowers her mask—she is frightened of herself; and when she has done the deed, she comes flying back to her companions around a bonfire, terrified and triumphant, and looking like a small witch.

When the bits don't come off, the effect is sad. Norman Krasna carried *Princess O'Rourke* off well, but the same formula in *Practically Yours* is hopeless; the bits are worked up with too much effort—so that you become aware of the thin and artificial setup in which they appear. Because it is still a good idea to have a story to tell, unless you are devilishly inventive and full of spirits and can reveal people by a flash of the eye.

A lot of comedy films are turning into strings of vaudeville acts. This has been true of the big musicals from the beginning. A lot of domestic dramas, especially those about the war and the returning soldier, are likewise turning into a chain of "acts" (including those done by Monty Woolley) linked together by synthetic emotion. Actors love this sort of thing, because they can work up one bit and another, without ever having to work up a character.

And oddly enough, the way movies are made corresponds to this fragmentation. A few weeks ago I had to record ninety seconds (not minutes) of a speech for a short. The director had worked in Hollywood—and was good. So was I: but not good enough. I took the thing in small takes and repeated the first fifty words for eight different takes. Altogether it took three and a half hours to say one minute and a half. Life passed me by; people died and were born. But there were the movies and I, grappled in a death-embrace; with me saying a bit of a bit, over and over again. Mary Astor prompting her husband at the piano was delightful; she probably was delightful on the first try, but she may have been shown to us on the fifteenth. And the takes get shorter and shorter. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the best bits are the briefest. #



RONSON*
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
For Cigarettes, Cigars and Pipes

NOW INCREASINGLY AVAILABLE

The Lighter YOU've been waiting for. The ideal gift for Xmas...or any occasion.

RONSON "Whirlwind" With Disappearing Windshield.

RONSON "Standard"

RONSON "Crown" Table Lighter. Exquisitely modeled in rich silver plate.

AS ALWAYS . . . THE LEADER

. . . with its famous, patented, one-finger, one-motion action . . .
Press . . . It's Lit—Release . . . It's Out!

Throughout the war, RONSON lighters have served our Armed Forces with distinction, under the most exacting conditions. Polls of ex-servicemen and civilians show RONSONS preferred over all other brands combined . . . See these and other handsome RONSONS at your Jeweler, Department Store or stores selling fine smokers' articles. RONSON, Newark 2, N. J.

OVER 14 MILLION RONSONS HAVE BEEN SOLD

. . . and for that EXTRA GIFT
*RONSON
REDSKIN
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
For Faster Action In ALL Lighters
RONSON Redskin 'Flints'
RONSONOL quick-lighting Fuel
RONSON high-absorption Wicks
*Trade Mark.
Avoid Inferior Imitations

BUILD YOUR FUTURE • HOLD YOUR WAR BONDS

Where There's Smoke—
there's DANCO
DANCO HOLLOW-BOWL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Looks and colors like meerschaum with double-bowl for a cool, dry smoke.
$1.50
De Luxe Carved Heads
[illegible]
$3.50
RODLEY — Beautifully grained briar. $5.00
JUMBO — Natural grain briar—a choice collectors' item. $7.50
DANCO HANDMADE—a masterpiece of imported briar—all popular shapes. $7.50

It's an old custom to give your man his favorite gift—and a Danco pipe is the best way to say "Merry Christmas"! Smooth smoking—smooth looking . . . a compliment to the man who gets one.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

DANCO PIPES
99 HUDSON STREET • NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

The Role of Myrrhine

Continued from page 65

ing. "Yes, I may have an idea," he said at last. "You know how much I am upset by the imminence of war, how I have tried in vain to draw the attention of Frenchmen to the obvious designs of those fools in the German government. . . ."

"I read your articles in *Figaro*, said Leon Laurent. "I think they were good, and to the point. Only for the theatre, too journalistic, you know. . . ."

"Oh, I'm not suggesting a play about current events. No, what I'm thinking of would be a kind of transposition. You remember the Athenians' attitude at the time that Philip of Macedon demanded 'living space' and occupied the little cities of Greece one after another? 'Watch!' Demosthenes told them. 'Watch! If you don't go to the help of Czechoslovakia, you will be devoured in your turn!' But the Athenians were confident and frivolous, and Philip had a fifth column. Demosthenes failed. Then one day the Athenians' turn came. . . . That will be the second act."

"Fine!" Laurent exclaimed enthusiastically. "Very good! There's our subject. Get to work. Right away!"

"Hold on," said Christian. "I'll have to do a little reading first. But I can see you as an admirable Demosthenes. For you will play Demosthenes, won't you?"

"Naturally!"

Claire, delighted, listened to them discussing the play until five o'clock in the morning. When they separated, the main scenes were in order. Christian had even found the perfect last line. After many a denouement, the death of Philip suddenly saves Athens, as if by miracle. But Demosthenes did not believe in lasting miracles, nor that Athens could be saved otherwise than by the will, courage and loyalty of the Athenians. 'Yes,' he said, 'I hear. Philip is dead. But what is the name of Philip's son?' And someone replied: 'Alexander. . . .'

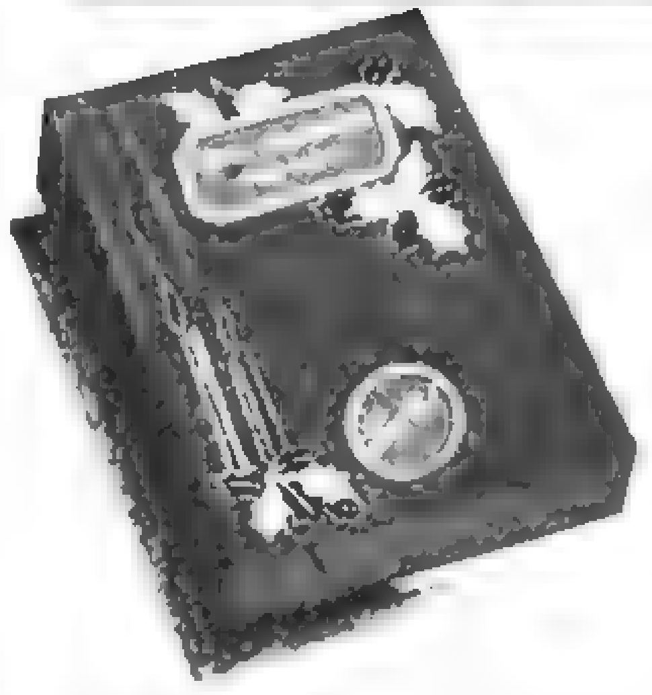
"Perfect!" cried Leon Laurent. "Perfect! I already know how I am going to say that . . . Menetrier, if you haven't written this play within a month, you aren't worthy of the theatre."

A month later, the work was finished. We know today that it justified all the hopes both of Claire and Laurent. However, when the latter, after a triumphant reading, went to see Menetrier to discuss various production matters, he seemed thoughtful and reticent. Christian, very sensitive as are all artists when it's a question of their own work, had the uneasy impression that the actor was not entirely satisfied.

"No," he said to Claire after Laurent's departure, "no, he wasn't pleased. Why? He didn't tell me. In fact, he said nothing

an active man's gift . .
perfect for cuticle grooming the year thru . . .
★ Softol
CUTICLE SET

Streamlined Plastic Fountain Shaper filled with magical Softol Lubricant is a man's way to cuticle care. Handsomely gift-boxed for Xmas giving.



softens
shapes
removes
cuticles
without cutting

Complete Set — Shaper and Lubricant
$1.00 *(plus tax)*
sold at

Akron, Ohio	*Polsky's*
Boise, Idaho	*C. C. Anderson Stores Co.*
Baltimore, Md.	*O'Neill's*
Boston, Mass.	*Hovey's*
Boston, Mass.	*Jordan Marsh*
Butler, Pa.	*Troutman's*
Cincinnati, Ohio	*Rollman's*
Columbus, Ohio	*Morehouse-Martens*
Connellsville, Pa.	*Troutman's*
Dallas, Texas	*Titche-Goettinger*
Du Bois, Pa.	*Troutman's*
Everett, Wash.	*Rumbaugh-MacLain*
Grand Rapids, Mich.	*Herpolsheimer's*
Great Falls, Mont.	*The Paris Co.*
Greensboro, N. C.	*Meyer's*
Greensburg, Pa.	*Troutman's*
Harrisburg, Pa.	*Pomeroy's*
Idaho Falls, Idaho	*C. C. Anderson Stores Co.*
Indiana, Pa.	*Troutman's*
Jackson, Mich.	*Field's*
Kansas City, Mo.	*Peck's*
Lake Charles, La.	*Muller's*
Latrobe, Pa.	*Reed's*
Lebanon, Pa.	*The Bon Ton*
Logan, Utah	*C. C. Anderson Stores Co.*
Lowell, Mass.	*The Bon Marché*
Lynchburg, Va.	*Guggenheimer's*
Malden, Mass.	*Joslin's*
Minneapolis, Minn.	*Donaldson's*
New York City	*Gertz, Jamaica*
Ogden, Utah	*C. C. Anderson Stores Co.*
Paterson, N. J.	*Quackenbush's*
Pontiac, Mich.	*Waite's*
Pottsville, Pa.	*Pomeroy's*
Pueblo, Colo.	*C. C. Anderson Stores Co.*
Reading, Pa.	*Pomeroy's*
St. Paul, Minn.	*The Golden Rule*
San Antonio	*Joske's of Texas*
Savannah, Georgia	*Levy's*
Seattle, Wash.	*The Bon Marché*
Springfield, Mo.	*Heer's*
Syracuse, N. Y.	*Dey's*
Tacoma, Wash.	*The Fisher Co.*
Tampa, Fla.	*Maas Brothers*
Waterloo, Iowa	*Black's*
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	*Pomeroy's*
Yakima, Wash.	*Barnes-Woodin*

and toiletries counters everywhere
W. B. Associates, N. Y. 17

Now

HONORABLY DISCHARGED

for CIVILIAN SERVICE

FOR ALL-WEATHER WEAR AND YEAR-ROUND COMFORT

"Gleneagles"
KELLEYMASTER
MILITARY
TRENCH COAT

Of course, you like the swagger style and all the practical features of a real "he-man's" Trench Coat! This is the model we made exclusively for the armed forces during the war. Your choice of all-wool Gabardine or Covert Cloth with detachable, all-wool velour lining and sleeves.

(Kelley model is unlined)

Write for Name of Your Nearest "Gleneagles" Dealer
LAMM BROS. INC. Balto. 2, Md.
Manufacturers of "Gleneagles" Pitch-Shoulder Topcoats, Raincoats and Contour-Fit Slacks

to me. It isn't that he doesn't like the piece. He discussed his role and the scene before the Assembly with unmistakable enthusiasm. But I had the feeling he had some thought in the back of his mind. What is it? I don't know."

Claire smiled. "Christian," she said, "you are a man of genius and I admire you with all my heart. But you remain deliciously naive when it's a question of elementary relationships between human beings. I, without even having seen Laurent, assure you that I know very well what the trouble is."

"And what is it?"

"You should say, What *isn't* it? What's missing? What your play lacks, my dear, is a role for Helene Messiere. Remember now that I warned you."

Christian said impatiently, "And how could there be a role for Messiere? She is a charming comedienne, perfect in Musset or in Marivaux, but what place is there for her in a political tragedy?"

"Oh, my love, how you can think up all the wrong questions! It's not at all a matter of knowing what Helene would do in a political tragedy, but much simpler, of knowing how Leon Laurent will be able to live in peace with his mistress."

"Helene Messiere is the mistress of Leon Laurent?"

"Where have you been, my dear? They've been living together for four years."

"How would I have known that? And what's it got to do with my play? You think that Laurent would like. . . ."

"I don't *think* so, Christian. I am *certain* that Laurent desires, and if necessary will demand, a role for Messiere, and I might add that to me it doesn't seem very difficult to give him that satisfaction. If you added a character who. . . ."

"Never! If I did, that would destroy the whole balance of my drama."

"Very well, Christian. But we'll be talking about this later."

Indeed they talked about it soon after, for Laurent became more and more reserved and sober, raising this and that difficulty, arguing over this and that interpretation, inventing previous engagements and creating unexpected impasses. Christian, with his play written, was burning with the desire to see it produced, and in his turn became anxious and irritable.

"Listen, dear," Claire said to him. "Will you let me talk to Laurent alone? To me he'll try to explain what torments him and I promise you I'll fix things up. On the condition, of course, that you will write the role."

"But how? I can't transform a play which attempts to be a work of art just because. . . ." . .

"Oh, Christian! It's so easy and you have so much imagination. For example, in the second act where you show the Mace-

Continued on page 312

Why I believe in Santa Claus

by BING CROSBY

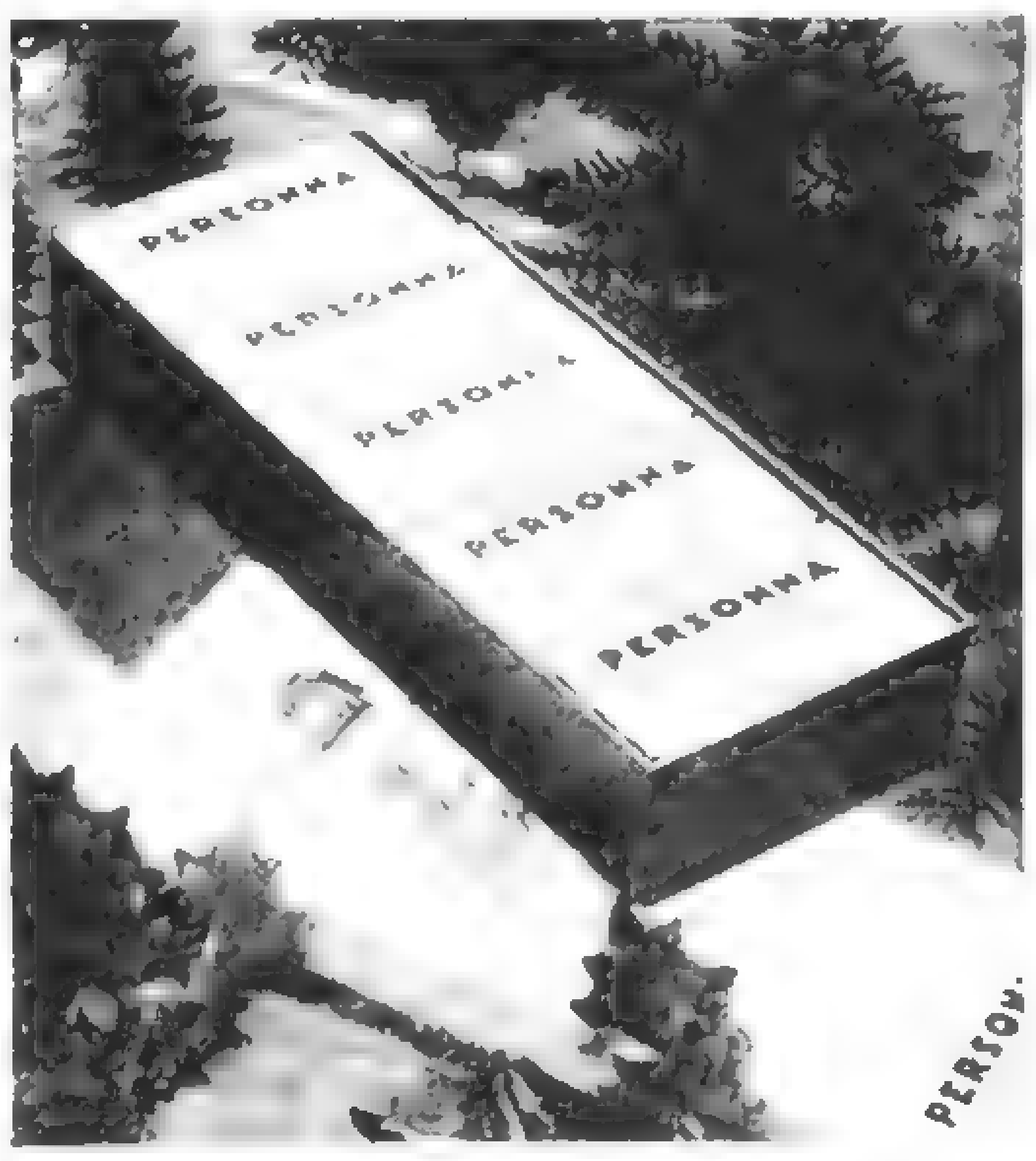
Star of "ROAD TO UTOPIA"
A Paramount Picture

"I'm so used to playing Santa Claus to my four kids that I didn't think the old boy really existed. But I found Personna Blades in my Christmas stocking last year. And now no one can tell *me* there is no Santa Claus!

"Those grand Personna shaves are closer than a photo-finish. I have a hunch I'll get smooth-shaving, super-sharp Personna Blades again—so already I'm dreaming of a *right* Christmas!" Put Personna on *your* gift list

PERSONNA
PERSONNA

Package of 10—$1. Here's why Personna Blades give luxury shaves: They're made of *premium steel . . . hollow-ground* for *extra* keenness . . . *rust-resistant* for *longer* use.



De Luxe Gift Box—50 Blades, $5. A cheerful yearful of shaving comfort. These 50 superb Personna Blades will give a man the *closest, smoothest, lastingest* shaves he ever had!

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

Personna Blade Co., Inc.
599 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Available also in Canada

Laguna

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Oriental Pearl* Replicas
at Their Loveliest

In three price groups: $30, $20, $10,
with diamond mounted clasps from $50

At fine jewelry counters everywhere

*Simulated

If your jeweler can't supply you, write to us

ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, 36 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

The Role of Myrrhine

Continued from page 311

donians organizing a fifth column in Athens. Why wouldn't they make use for that purpose of an intelligent courtesan, beloved by powerful Athenians, bankers and politicians. . . . There is your character, and it would be entirely plausible."

"Yes, perhaps. . . . It might even be. . . . Yes, you are right, it would be interesting to show those secret propaganda methods which are as old as human society . . ."

Claire knew very well that the seed she sowed in Christian's mind would germinate. She took Laurent in hand and the conversation was a big success.

"Ah, what an excellent idea!" he said with relief. "You know. I didn't dare speak of it with your husband, who is uncompromising where his own work is concerned, but a play without women is very difficult to get across to the public. Shakespeare himself, in *Julius Caesar*. . . . Corneille added the character of Sabine to the drama of *Horace*, and Racine added *Aricie* to the legendary myth of *Phedre*. And then, madam, I'll tell you the whole truth: I wouldn't like to act in a play in which Helene had no part. She is very young. She has some affection for me, but she loves to dance and she has a horror of being alone. If I abandoned her every evening, she would go out with other men, and I promise you that would bother me. But if your husband can write a role for her, that would change everything. The play will run eight days longer."

Thus was born the character of Myrrhine. Christian, when he created her, had thought both of certain cynical and witty women in Aristophanes, and of those lovers of Marivaux whom Helene Messiere had triumphed in portraying. The product of this paradoxical mixture was, to the great surprise of the author, an original and alluring character. "A priceless role!" said Laurent. Claire invited Helene Messiere to dinner, so that Menetrier could read her the new version. She was a ravishing person, with long, frequently lowered lashes, a tiny person who, with the cautious skill of a kitten, spoke very little but never said anything stupid. She pleased Christian.

"Yes," he said, "that very ingenue ingenue is going to make a dangerous and plausible fifth column."

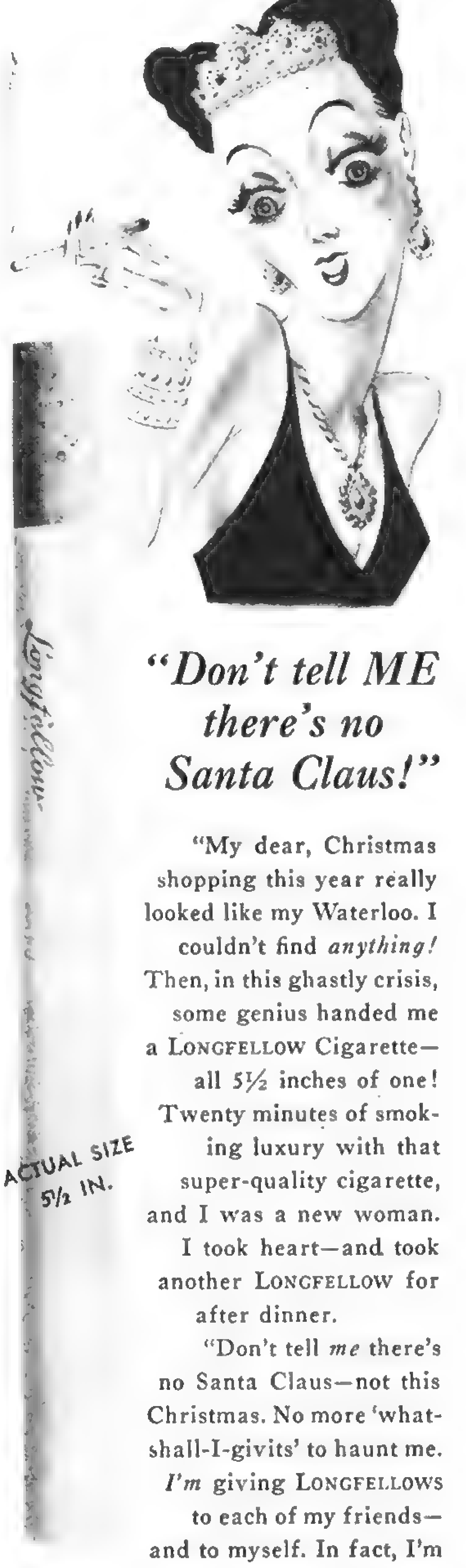
"She doesn't please you *too* much, does she, Christian?"

"Oh, no! And besides, doesn't she love Laurent? He is not only her lover, but her creator. He has modeled her as a sculptor models an image. She wouldn't be anything without him."

"Do you suppose, Christian, that knowledge of that debt inspires much tenderness? I am a

"Pooh!"

poohed the Duchess
of Ponderby



"Don't tell ME there's no Santa Claus!"

"My dear, Christmas shopping this year really looked like my Waterloo. I couldn't find *anything!* Then, in this ghastly crisis, some genius handed me a LONGFELLOW Cigarette—all 5½ inches of one! Twenty minutes of smoking luxury with that super-quality cigarette, and I was a new woman. I took heart—and took another LONGFELLOW for after dinner.

"Don't tell *me* there's no Santa Claus—not this Christmas. No more 'what-shall-I-givits' to haunt me. *I'm* giving LONGFELLOWS to each of my friends—and to myself. In fact, I'm 'going to great lengths to please', with long, long LONGFELLOWS!"

LONG
LONGFELLOWS

20 minutes of smoking luxury

BOX OF 100 . . . . $5
BOX OF 20 . . . . . $1

If your tobacconist can't supply you, send coupon, with check or cash, for $5 box of 100—or $1 box of 20—LONGFELLOWS to Penn Tobacco Company, Dept. E-5 Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________

Oppenheim Collins

Specialists in Smart Fashion

"Delight" her Christmas Gift Gown

Svelte rayon jersey and delicate val type lace sculptured with rare artistry to enhance the beauty of a modern Venus. Designed by Lady Leonora of a knit rayon jersey by Fultone Fabrics. All black or white with open midriff. Sizes 32 to 38. **8.98**

Mail and phone orders filled while quantities last.
(Please state size and second color choice.)
Add 15¢ shipping charges for deliveries beyond our delivery area.
Add 1% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for N.Y.C.
Also at other Oppenheim Collins' Shops
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

misogynist, but I notice a sort of unconscious spite. . . . But what difference does it make to us? Messiere loves the part. All goes well."

As a matter of fact all went well for eight days. Then Laurent became taciturn all over again.

"Now what's the matter?" Christian demanded.

"This time, I don't know," said Claire. "But I'll find out."

Laurent actually didn't have to be begged to explain. "This is it," he said. "The role is charming and Helene is an angel in it. Only. . . . You see, we live together and to come to the theatre we take the same taxi. Anything else would be silly. But if Helene doesn't appear before the second act, what will she do in the loge for that first hour? Well, she will get bored, which she can't stand for long, or else she'll receive visitors, and then I know. . . . My part will suffer. . . . Without considering my heart. . . . But my heart doesn't interest Menetrier, as much as my part. . . ."

"In short," interrupted Claire, "you would like Myrrhine to appear in the play during the first act?"

"One can hide nothing from you, madam."

When she carried this unusual request to her husband, he objected loudly. "Never has a writer had to work in such a manner!" But Claire knew her spouse's intellectual mechanism; first of all, he had to reassure his conscience.

"But, Christian, *all* playwrights work like this. You know very well that Shakespeare considered the physical appearance of his actors, and that Racine wrote for Champmesle. Madame de Sevigne mentions it."

"She detested Racine."

"She knew him very well."

Myrrhine appeared in the first act. It's hardly necessary to add that the taxi problem, important for the arrival of the couple at the theatre, was no less important than it was a matter of returning home, and that Myrrhine, in the final version, had also to be put into the third act. There again Claire had to intervene.

"And why, Christian, couldn't Myrrhine became virtuous and patriotic after her nation's defeat? Make her a guerrilla. Make her the mistress of Demosthenes."

"Honestly, Claire, if I listened to you, I'd fall for all the sentimentalities in Hollywood. No, I've had enough of this. I won't add another line."

"Why do you consider it so banal and unreal that a woman of easy virtue could also be patriotic? That's happened often in life. La Castiglione won Napoleon III over to the idea of unity with Italy. All you must do is convert Myrrhine in a subtle and unexpected manner. You can do that better than anyone else. . . . Naturally, the idea of making her the mistress of Demosthenes was a joke. . . ."

"Why a joke? Look at certain

Continued on page 314

Ellyn Deleith
LIPSTICK
for HIM

PARFUMS
BY ELLYN DELEITH
For the "MOOD OF THE MOMENT"

An exquisite Christmas gift for HER — enchanting perfumes bottled in extravagantly beautiful hand-cut crystal . . . blended to catch and match her moods. To make her yours — and to make you hers!

SPINDRIFT
— windblown — piquant — tangy . . . a reckless, breathless mood.

Adventurous lips — daring lips — lips colored with Ellyn Deleith's smoother, creamier, more lasting lipstick. Her favorite shade at $1.00 PLUS TAX

And for you, too — this refreshing, cooling "face brace" — a soothing after-shave cologne.

Ellyn Deleith
PARFUMS
319 West 48th Street New York 19, N. Y.

Your Laundress takes a holiday

WINGS
CROWN TESTED

Laundry peeves fly out the window with this new Wings shirt. In Green Light, Crown tested rayon fabric. It washes by regular laundry methods. Of closely woven fine yarns . . . Controlled shrinkage. With all of Wings shirt features in a new smooth looking "DRESSPORT" model . . . a business and sports shirt, all in one. In white and cream.

WINGS

WINGS SHIRTS • Empire State Building • New York 1, N. Y.

The Role of Myrrhine

Continued from page 313

men in the French revolution. . . ."

Completely reassured about her husband, Claire also succeeded in pacifying Laurent, and the role of Myrrhine, expanded and enriched, became one of the most important in the play.

Opening night was a triumph. All Paris saw Messiere with the eyes of Laurent. Those people who felt, without expressing it, some of the political anguish of Menetrier, and who wished, without knowing it, for a national theater of the kind that had brought about the *Persians* of Aeschylus, gave the author an ovation. Technicians praised the skill with which a classic subject had been transformed into a modern one without once falling into parody. Fabert himself, always quite hard on his confrères, had a kind word for Claire.

You must have had your hand in this Myrrhine, you beautiful shadow!" he said with his habitual surliness. "There's no denying it. It's a woman, a real woman, and your austere spouse, left to himself, would never have conceived of her. Be frank, he doesn't know a lot about women, your Christian."

"I am happy that you like the character," said Claire. "But I had nothing to do with it."

The next day Robert Kemp, in his review, spoke only of Myrrhine. "From now on," he wrote, "we will speak of Myrrhine as we speak of Agnes or Celimene. . . ." Claire, who was reading with infinite happiness over her husband's shoulder, couldn't keep from murmuring.

"And to think that without that problem of the taxi Myrrhine would never have existed."

The rest of the story belongs to literary history. *Philip* has been translated into all languages and has served as a model for an entirely new national theater. What the public doesn't know is that last year, when Helene Messiere left Leon Laurent to marry a Hollywood stage-manager, Laurent suggested to Claire that the role of Myrrhine be eliminated.

"After all," he said, "we know, you and I, that it isn't essential to the play. It didn't even appear in the first version—why not take it out? That would give the role of Demosthenes an ascetic severity which, to me, would be more pleasing. And that would make it unnecessary to search for another Myrrhine. . . ."

But Claire, with sweet obstinacy, held firm. "Look, Laurent, you will create a new Myrrhine without any difficulty. You know so well how to do it. As for me, I will not permit anyone to alter my husband's play. There's no need to tear apart something Christian has put together."

So Myrrhine, daughter of genius and necessity, continued her triumphant existence. ⵌ

Continued from page 65

ease that pain of COLD WEATHER JOINTS!

★ Help increase the flow of nature's own lubricating fluids!

Does bitter winter weather make your joints sore and stiff —almost creak with pain? Here's the reason: Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff.
But rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel grand!
Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

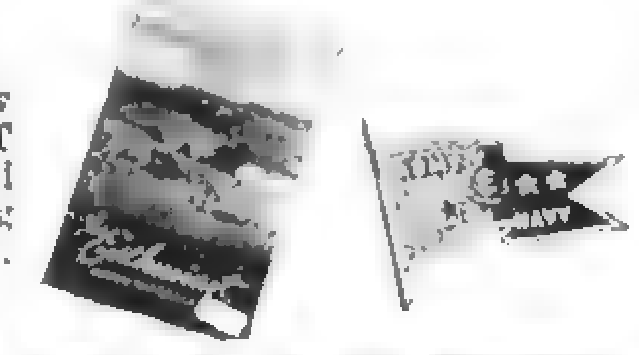
ABSORBINE Jr.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON DAYS Are HERE AGAIN!

Harley-Davidson Motorcycles are again on their way to you! We're concentrating on production to meet unprecedented civilian demands for "The World's Champion Motorcycles". Typical of letters from thousands of eager riders, is one which says — "I saw what Harley-Davidsons did in the war. I won't be happy until I ride my own." And we'll get Harley-Davidsons to you just as fast as conditions permit. Yes, fun-packed tours, endurance runs, race meets, hillclimbs, and other thrilling motorcycle events are headed your way. See your Harley-Davidson dealer *early*.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department E Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

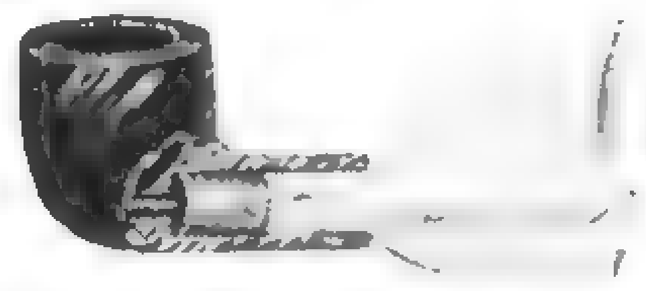
Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

STOP
GOO
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
$1

HANDKERCHIEF TEST



PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

WDC

HESSON GUARD MILANO

A Lesson in Siwash

Continued from page 151

fond of sitting by the stove, learning the dark Siwash idiom from the Scourge.

"*Nas-gin-ax-qua qua-at-kak,*" Hunker would string out in a halting voice.

"*Ya-yati wuch-hick-i-yen,*" the Scourge would answer. Then they would both chuckle and nod their heads.

Hap, who felt that his access to the can of gold dust was now pretty well assured, watched complacently.

The training went on. Heavy bag, jump rope, shadowboxing for thirty rounds, then the fifteen miles on snow shoes. By the first of February, the Siwash was hammered down to a mere two hundred pounds, as tough as moose tendon. One night Hap tapped him from scalp to moccasin and pronounced him ready. Next morning he packed a day's provisions and two bedrolls on the Siwash's back, and lifted the loose plank to get the gold dust. It wasn't there.

"Where's that color?" he asked Hunker.

"It's in a heap safer place than if you had it."

"Hunker! Ain't we pardners? When you broke your leg that time, who was it packed you home? Who—"

"You said the same thing when you lost my money to Frisco Flynn on the ice-run last spring."

"Don't forget, that color's half mine by rights."

Hunker chawed complacently, "Possession is nine times better'n the law, I reckon."

"Hunker, if you weren't goin' to let me have that color, the time to have said so was a month ago. Now we went and put in all this work, just so we could fight Kid McMannus—"

"Go ahead and fight him, I ain't a-holdin' of you."

"You know Frisco Flynn won't talk business if I haven't got some jingle in my poke."

"I got jingle in *my* poke," Hunker remarked significantly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Maybe *I'd* like to have a go at this Frisco Flynn. Maybe *I'll* manage the Siwash for a spell, if you don't mind."

"*You?* Why, you ain't had experience."

"Maybe! But I got somethin' else. I got an idee. Yep, I got me an idee for beatin' Frisco Flynn at his own game!"

Frisco Flynn was a big, ruddy man with the air of a successful ward boss back in the States. He roosted on the hind legs of his chair and puffed fragrant cigar smoke as he listened to Hunker extoll the fighting ability of the Siwash Scourge.

"So you want him to tackle McMannus!" he chuckled. "I hope he lasts longer than the last three that fought *him.*"

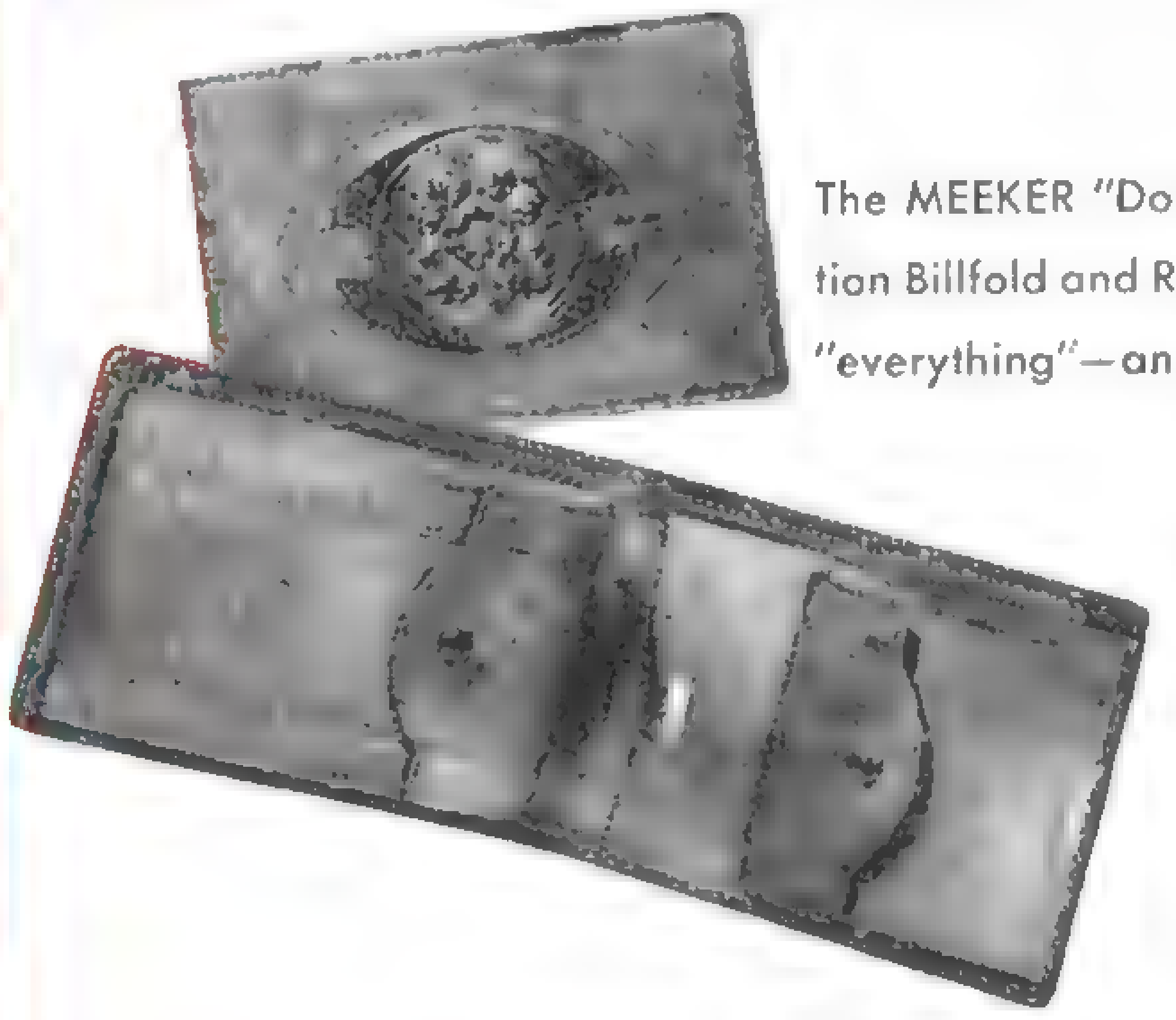
Honest Mike Gann, justice of the peace and arbiter of all Mukluk City sporting events recol-

Continued on page 316

MEEKER MADE
Gifts of Fine Leather

These MEEKER Billfolds are SIMPLY PERFECT.. to GIVE or to GET

Even the man who has everything will get a new thrill out of this fine billfold by MEEKER. It not only has room for bills, checks, etc., (there's even a secret pocket!), but its Removable Pass Case holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots, etc. Yet it's thin, compact, stream-lined! Pass case may be carried in billfold, or separately . . . Handsomely fashioned in Fine Morocco Leather, black or brown, and in Hand-Colored Pigskin.



The MEEKER "Double-Duty", also a combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case that has "everything"—and a place for everything! Beautifully made of Hand-Colored Pigskin, with the rich, distinctive Hand-Tooled Designs for which MEEKER is famous.

For Milady: Graceful, beautiful, feminine, yet large enough to hold 4 standard size passes—is this lovely new MEEKER-MAID creation of Fine Morocco Grain Leather. Black, brown, blue or red. Has removable coin purse, removable pass case, snap-fastener, and an intriguing secret pocket!

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds have pre-war quality, post-war styling, expert craftsmanship, latest features. Various prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.

STYLED BY Berkray FIFTH AVENUE

LINED WITH GENUINE SHEEPSKIN

For your hours out-of-doors this fall and winter . . . in weather resistant, water-repellent Raytwill. Body lined with luxurious genuine sheepskin. Sizes 36 to 46. Brown or tan.

About $18.50

At better stores everywhere, or write

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BERK-RAY CORPORATION · 230 Fifth Avenue · New York 1, N.Y.

A Lesson in Siwash

Continued from page 315

lected. "They went exactly one round each."

"One round," agreed Flynn. "Now, Hunker, I like to play fair in these matters. Live and let live, that's my motto. I'll be frank and tell you that McMannus will stiffen your Siwash inside of four or five rounds. So, in order to let you come out with a little pocket money, how about scheduling the fight for six rounds, and I'll pay you five per cent of the gate for every round the Siwash lasts, plus side bets he doesn't go the route? Naturally, you'll have to post a forfeit to guarantee that he'll make a fight of it."

Hap nudged Hunker and nodded, but Hunker said,

"Nope! Twenty rounds, winner take all, that's my style!"

"Ah me," moaned Hap.

"And instead of a forfeit, I'll lay a side bet of forty-five ounces of dust—at the prevailin' odds."

Flynn rubbed his hands together. "Say! you're a one hundred proof sporting man, Hunker. Have a cigar. Here, I'll light it. You say forty-five ounces?"

"At the prevailin' odds."

Honest Mike Gann made notes on the agreement.

"All clear?" asked Flynn.

"All clear!" responded Honest Mike.

"Then let's shake, Hunker."

"First there's one triflin' stipulation. In case of a knockdown. ten is to be counted, right?"

"Right."

"Now, that's unfair to the Scourge. He don't understand English. So my stipulation is to wit: the referee shall be required to count over each man in his native tongue."

"You mean I should count your boy out in Siwash?" yawned Honest Mike.

"It's middlin' simple."

"Sure. I don't object. I learned to count ten in Mex one time. If I learned Mex I can learn Siwash."

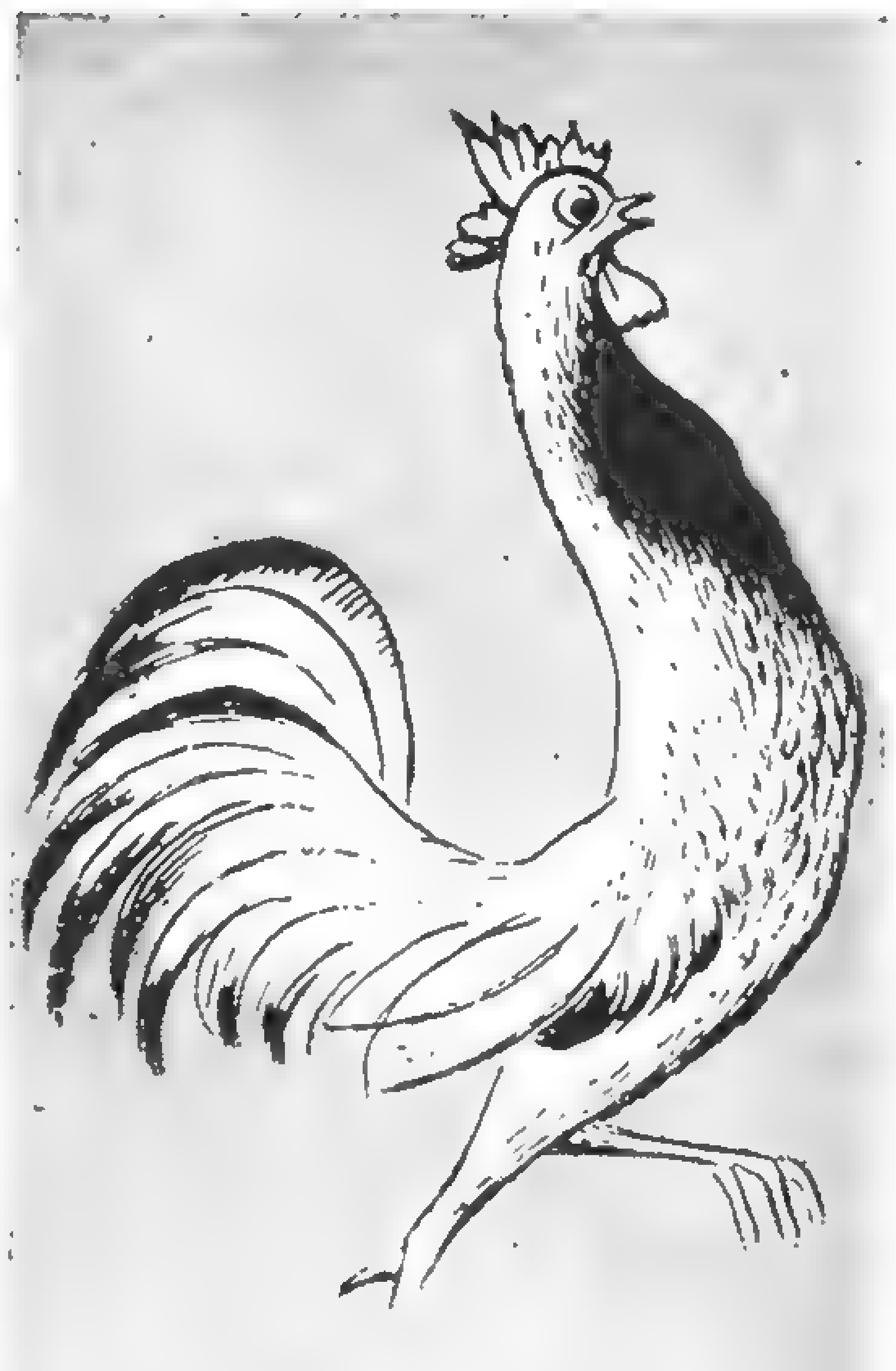
So they shook hands all around.

"I hope you realize what you've just done," grumbled Hap on their way out.

Hunker chuckled, "Never you mind! I got me some idees about this fight."

Next day, Thursday, the Siwash Scourge appeared at the Tivoli Ballroom and went through his usual thirty training rounds while most of Mukluk City looked on. In the evening Kid McMannus gave a brilliant six-round exhibition on the light bag. McMannus was a trifle fleshy around the middle, but the scintillating left and smashing right he displayed were enough to place the odds at five to one. On Friday the Siwash coasted a mere twenty rounds, while McMannus once more machine-gunned the light bag.

Saturday night was the fight, and the entire population of Mukluk was jammed inside the Tivoli half an hour ahead of time. While



you'll find me only on fine

Handkerchiefs

BLOCH FRERES

TRADE MARK REG

BLOCH FRÈRES

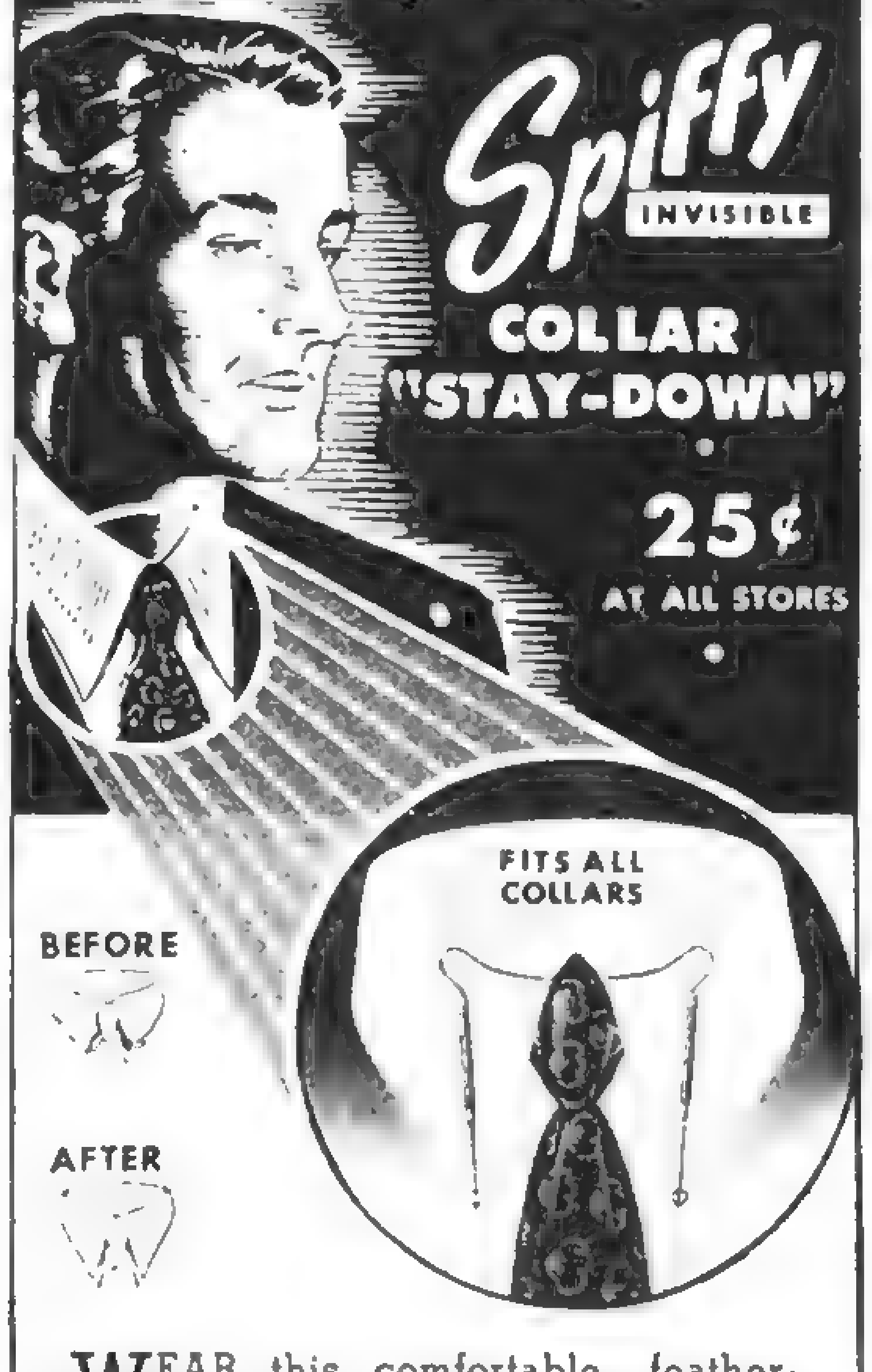
Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York City

keep collar points DOWN

by wearing a

Spiffy INVISIBLE COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

25¢ AT ALL STORES



WEAR this comfortable, featherweight SPIFFY COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" and eliminate all wrinkles and curled-up collar points. Slips on in a jiffy—just insert pin-points under tips of collar points—it's self-adjusting. *Entirely invisible.* Gives starched collar neatness with soft collar comfort. Saves laundering. Millions now worn by servicemen and civilians. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct—4 for $1, postpaid.

CREST SPECIALTY 663 W. Washington Blvd. Chicago 6, Illinois

Benner again presents

Luxurious Calf

Soft, rich, luxurious calf fashioned into exquisite ladies' and men's accessories. Look for the Benner trade mark before you buy—it means top quality in materials and workmanship. At the better stores, everywhere.

BENNER
LEATHER GOODS CO.
315 W. WRIGHT ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

The Ring for You and Yours

Rich, luxurious . . . in a romantic mood . . . match mates . . . the new OB Rings for you. 10K Gold, with synthetic ruby.

Woman's Ring	about $24.00
Man's Ring	about $30.00

at your local jewelers

Ostby & Barton Co.
Providence 2, R. I.

these cash customers laid a blue fog of tobacco smoke, Honest Mike received some last-minute pointers on Siwash.

"The language is practically like English," said Hunker. "In English you say one, two, three and so on up to ten, then you start over, ten and one, that's eleven; ten and two, twelve; ten and three, thirteen, and so on. Comes from the early Mohammedans countin' on their fingers. Ten fingers, then start over—"

"Sure, sure," said Mike.

"Now Siwash is the same, only it's a bit more simple. The Siwash counts on his fingers, too, only he uses one hand to count with, and one hand to count on, and he leaves out the thumb. So, it's one, two, three, four, skip the thumb, start over, four-and-one, that's five; four-and-two, that's six, and so on up to ten."

Honest Mike yawned, "Sure. Seein' I already know how to count up to four, I'll coast to ten on my own steam. It may take me a trifle more than ten seconds, but that's the way Kid McMannus puts 'em out. I'll count up to four and see how it goes. *Leck, decks*—say, what was that three again?"

"*Nats-kay.*"

"*Leck, decks, nats-kay, dack-un*—how's that?"

"First rate!" Hunker slapped Mike on the shoulder. It was ten minutes early, but at this prearranged signal, the Siwash Scourge started for the ring. A shout went up from the audience which thought it was time for the fight to commence. They spied Honest Mike, and there was nothing he could do but follow the Siwash. A cry went up for McMannus who soon slid through the ropes and rubbed resin on his shoes.

The gloves were tied on. Instructions were few, because the Siwash didn't understand anyway. There was a tense hush as the men waited in their corners. The gong clanged. McMannus circled a couple of times, feinted, put the Siwash a trifle off balance with a left jab, and threw his famous right with the stunning abruptness of a woodsman's axe.

It took the Siwash high on the jaw. The crowd whooped as he staggered. It would be another one-round knockout. McMannus thought the same. Loathe to end it too quickly, he indulged in some conventional footwork while the Siwash made an effort to steady himself.

McMannus jabbed his left a few times, weaved, drew a haymaker, and came up with a paralyzing right. The Siwash staggered, pawing with his right hand. McMannus hit him again. He tossed rights and lefts, rocking the Siwash to the ropes.

"Clinch!" screamed Hap.

But the Siwash did not clinch. He just stood there with a startled expression and took it. Whop! Whop! went McMannus' gloves as they found their mark. The

Continued on page 318

Mido
WINDS AS YOU GO

"My Mido Multifort Super-Automatic watch and I have recently returned from more than three years' service in the Atlantic and Pacific combat areas.
"During all that time my Mido Multifort Super-Automatic has served me faithfully. I have never before owned a watch that has been so consistently accurate and so durable. No watch has ever given me less trouble and concern. I have worn it swimming in salt water many times, and it has withstood the concussion of a full five-gun salvo time and again with only a slight shattering of the crystal which is negligible."

• • •

This letter is just one of many we receive from soldiers and civilians praising their Mido Multifort Super-Automatics—the 100% waterproof watches that wind themselves. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic . . . 17 jewels, sold and serviced in 65 countries. Supply still limited, so put in your Christmas gift bid now.

Mido MULTIFORT SUPER-AUTOMATIC

PIONEERS OF SELF-WINDING 100% WATERPROOF WATCHES

Write for illustrated booklet A125 and name of nearest dealer, Mido Watch Company of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y. . . . In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.

HANDCRAFTED...AMERICA'S LUXURY LEATHERWEAR

Rugby...

Everlasting Gifts
FOR THE FAMILY

Alligator-Lizard-trimmed man's Two-Tone Wallet .. $10.00

Cobra-Snakeskin lady's Coin-Pocket Billfold .. $6.00

Lizard 2-in-One Compact and Cigarette Case .. $7.50

Prices plus tax

RUGBY PRODUCTS CORP., 11 W. 32nd ST., N. Y. 1

Tailor-Made TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Masculine, outdoor scents ... a bracing quality-formula ... massive wood capped bottles ... redwood chests ... MEM holds an irresistible appeal for gentlemen who command life's better things.

Rich choice of sets from $2.00 to $7.50 at select toiletries counters everywhere.

MEM COMPANY • 67 Irving Place • New York
EXPORT DIVISION • 69 IRVING PLACE • N. Y.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

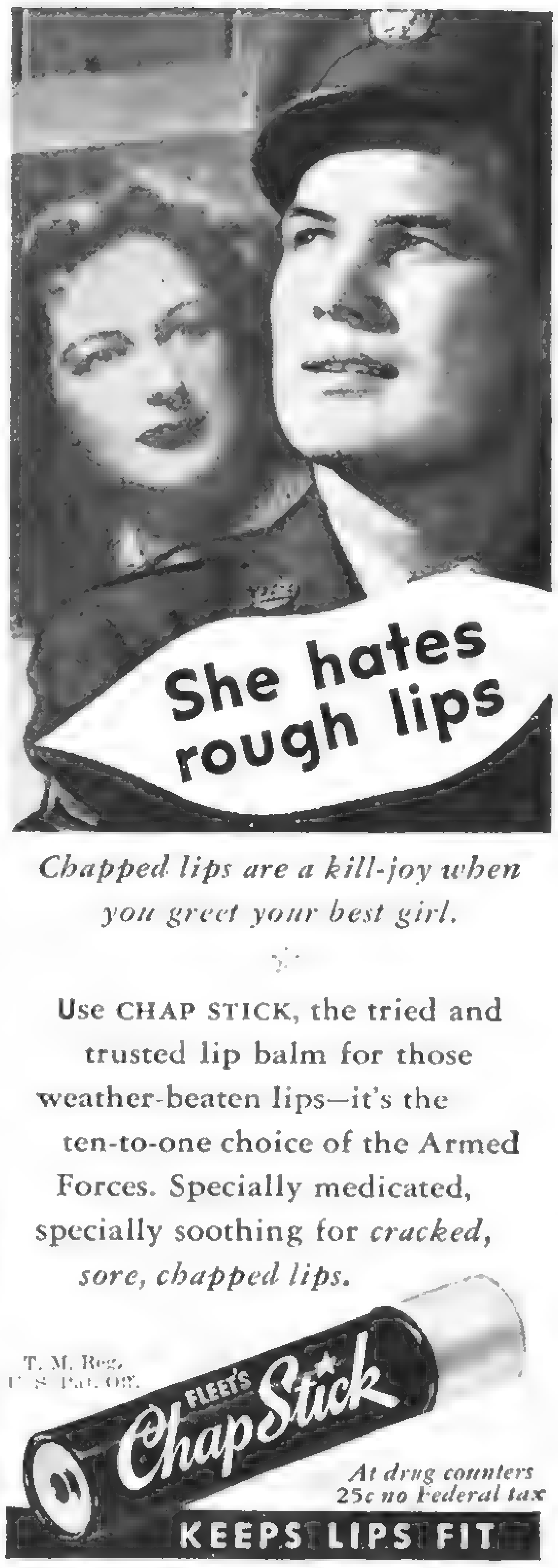
DECEMBER 1945

Abels, Robert ... 41
Abercrombie & Fitch Co. ... 307
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 314
Adler Shoes for Men ... 16
Adrian ... 18
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) ... 160
Akom ... 25
Albert Richard ... 206
Allen-A ... 303
Allen Edmonds (The Varsity) ... 325
Alligator Co., The ... 319
American Fruit Growers, Inc. (Blue Goose) ... 17
American Optical Co. (Polaroid) ... 322
American Wine Co. (Cook's) ... 196
Andover Clothes, Inc. ... 321
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. ... 298
Aquamatic (Croton Watch Co.) ... 307
Arch Preserver (E. T. Wright Co., Inc.) ... 20
Aristocraft (Multi Products, Inc.) ... 325
Arlington Mills (Arlingcrest) ... 50
Arrco Playing Card Co. (Duratone) 292
Arrid ... 258
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) ... 157
Arrow Importing Co. (Ayrostar) ... 289
Art-carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) ... 273
Art Colony Industries, Inc. ... 33
Ascot (Solon Palmer) ... 288
Augusta Knitting Corp. (Jones Health Underwear) ... 319
Autograph Cigarettes ... 11
Ayrostar (Arrow Importing Co.) ... 289

B.V.D. Corp., The ... 283
Barbeteur Al (Selby) ... 8
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 46
Barr Mfg. Corp. ... 25
Bauer, Eddie (Yukon) ... 319
Bean, Inc., L. L. ... 33
Beau Brummell Ties Inc. ... 222
Bell Watch Co. ... 16
Benedictine D.O.M. (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) ... 285
Benner Leather Goods Co. ... 317
Bergamot (Jean Vivaudou Co., Inc.) ... 185
Berghman Co., D. ... 11
Berke Cake Co., Inc. (Americana). 57
Berkeley Lighters ... 234
Berk-Ray Corporation ... 316
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse) ... 300
Biltmore Pipe Co. ... 10
Blatz Brewing Co. ... 321
Bloch Freres ... 316
Block, H & L ... 159
Blue Sapphire (Lynette Perfumes). 294
Book-of-the-Month Club ... 9
Botany Worsted Mills ... 11
Brentwood Sportswear ... 280
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Sir Walter Raleigh) ... 271
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) ... 190
Brugal (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 271
Buchsbaum & Co., S.
  Style King Billfolds ... 240
  Style King VALaids ... 260
Bulova Watches ... 7
Burger, Joseph ... 41
Burlington Brewing Co. (Van Merritt) ... 286

Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) ... 158
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.). 155
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) ... 205
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
  Nuyens ... 209
  Water ... 232
Capitol Records ... 301
Cargo (Duncan Storm, Ltd.) ... 211
Cartier ... 268
Castle Films Inc. ... 169
Castle Hats ... 291
Catalina, Inc. ... 281
Century Photo Service ... 8
Chantilly (Houbigant) ... 23
Charter House (Henri Co.) ... 324
Cheney Bros. ... 175
Chippewa Shoe Mfg. Co. ... 269
Ciro ... 45
Cisco Sportswear ... 325
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) ... 228
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) ... 157
Coates & Co., James E. (Surf-spray) 203
Cohama Tie Fabrics ... 37
Cointreau Ltd. ... 242
Columbia Wales Craft Co. ... 41
Conformers (Harwood Mfg. Corp.) 183

Continued on page 321


She hates rough lips

Chapped lips are a kill-joy when you greet your best girl.

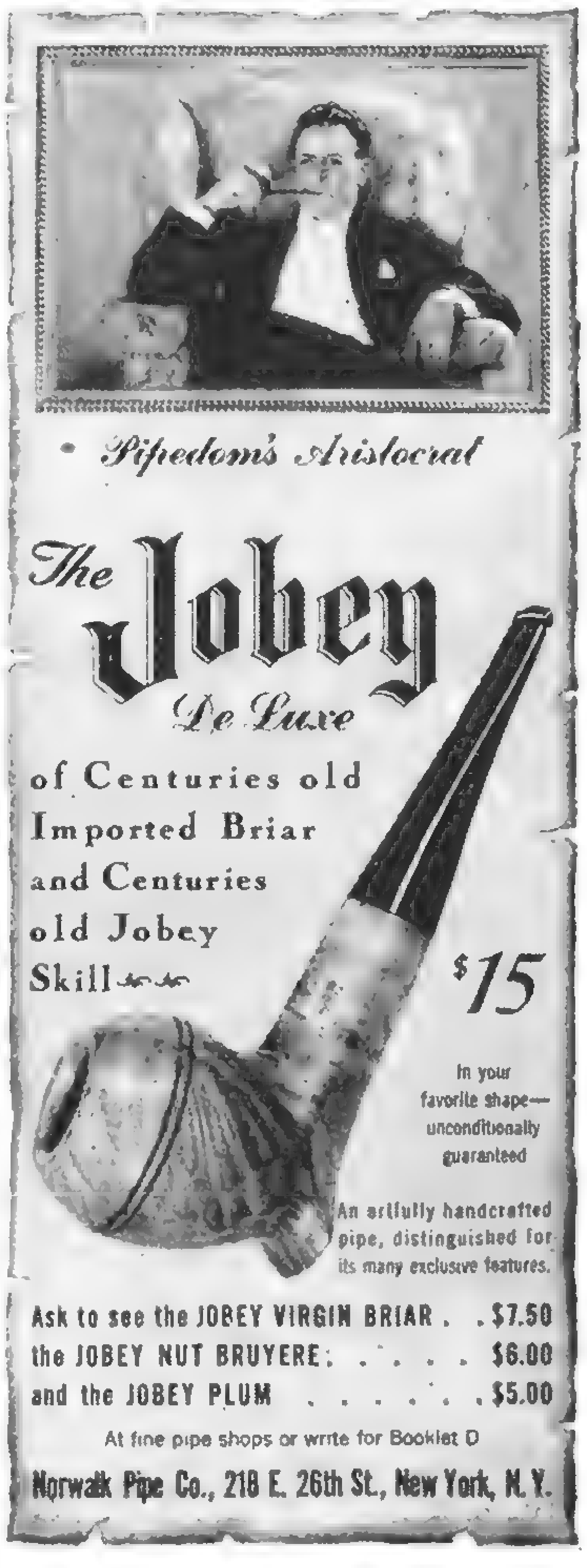
Use CHAP STICK, the tried and trusted lip balm for those weather-beaten lips—it's the ten-to-one choice of the Armed Forces. Specially medicated, specially soothing for *cracked, sore, chapped lips.*

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FLEET'S ChapStick

At drug counters 25c no Federal tax

KEEPS LIPS FIT


• Pipedom's Aristocrat

The Jobey De Luxe

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

$15

In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

An artfully handcrafted pipe, distinguished for its many exclusive features.

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR . . $7.50
the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00
and the JOBEY PLUM $5.00

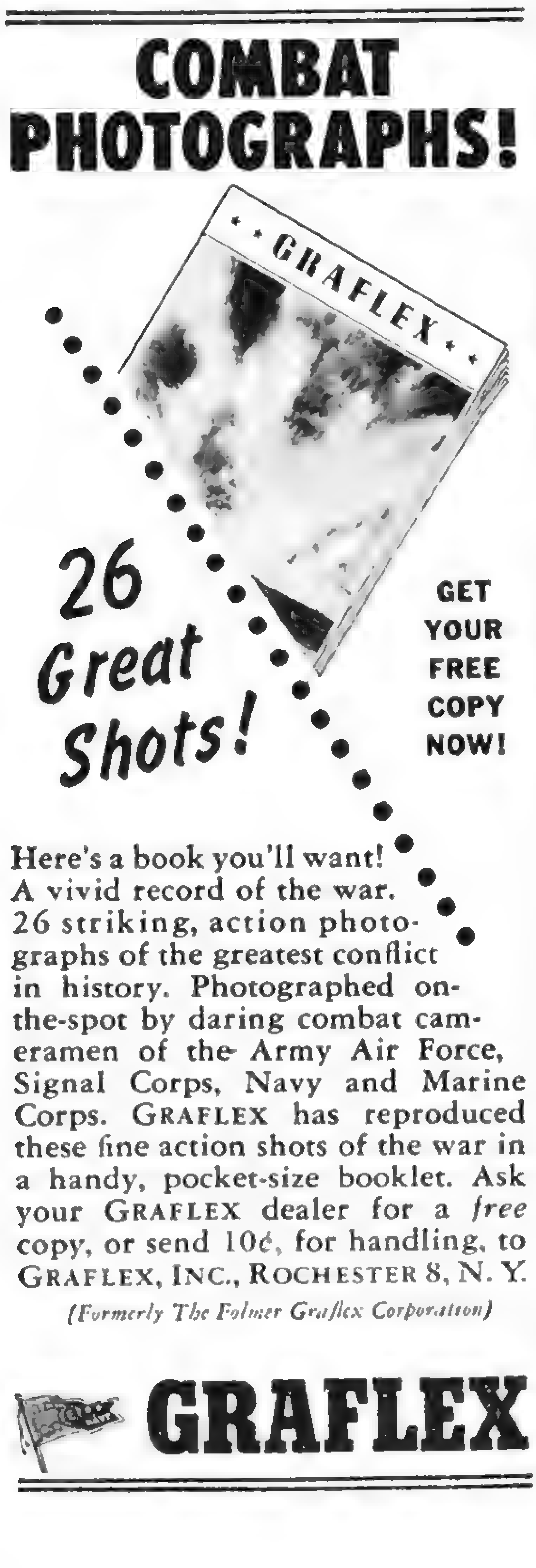
At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet D

Norwalk Pipe Co., 218 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

Andover CLOTHES

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD IN THE STYLE PARADE

Andover Clothes, Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.
Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere



COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHS!

26 Great Shots!

GET YOUR FREE COPY NOW!

Here's a book you'll want! A vivid record of the war. 26 striking, action photographs of the greatest conflict in history. Photographed on-the-spot by daring combat cameramen of the Army Air Force, Signal Corps, Navy and Marine Corps. GRAFLEX has reproduced these fine action shots of the war in a handy, pocket-size booklet. Ask your GRAFLEX dealer for a *free* copy, or send 10¢, for handling, to GRAFLEX, INC., ROCHESTER 8, N. Y.

(Formerly The Folmer Graflex Corporation)

GRAFLEX

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.... 48
Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Royal Duke)................ 304
Continental Dist. Co. (Dixie Belle) 247
Cook's (American Wine Co.)..... 196
Cooper (Kant-Rust Blades)...... 318
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).......... 276
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 46
Coro, Inc...................... 283
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc.)............... 43
Cortina Academy............... 21
Country Store, The............. 57
Courtley Ltd.................. 12
Crest Specialty (Spiffy)......... 316
Croix Royale (Cameo Vineyards Co.)........................ 205
Croton Watch Co. (Aquamatic)... 307
Crystalier Co.................. 41

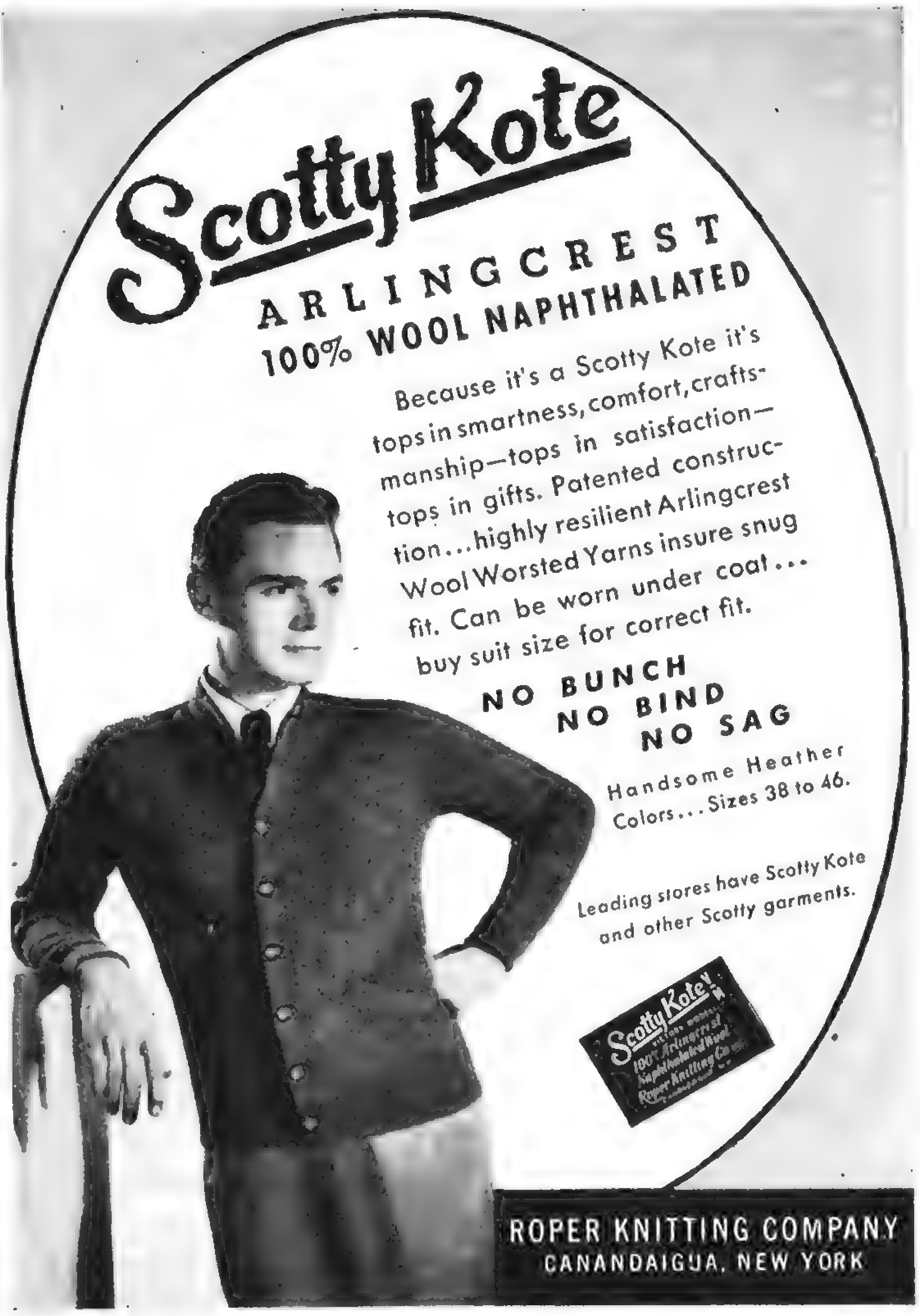
Dan River Mills (Prince Oxford).. 282
Danco Pipes................... 310
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's)................... 291
Deleith Parfums, Ellyn.......... 313
Demuth Filter Pipes, Royal...... 220
Dermetics..................... 49
Diamond Craft of America (Multi-Facet)...................... 268
"Director" Billfold (Rolfs)....... 161
Disney Hats................... 287
Distinctive Creations Inc........ 16
Dixie Belle (Continental Dist. Co.) 247
Dobbs Hats.................... 13
Don Q (Schieffelin & Co.)........ 269
Doniger & Co., Inc., David D. (McGregor)................. 225
Dorset Foods, Ltd.............. 56
Driva Watch Factory............ 297
Drucke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-A-Way)...................... 323
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc & Co., Inc.)...................... 275
Duncan, Muriel................ 17
Dunhill, Alfred (Rollalite)....... 31
Dunhill, Mary (Escape)......... 54
Dunlap Hats................... 47
Duotone...................... 32
Duratone (Arrco Playing Card Co.) 292
Dutch Masters................. 284

Eagle Clothes.................. 275
Eisner Co., Paul V. (Rensie)..... 241
Elgin American................ 248
Elgin National Watch Co........ 229
Elsinger, Bob.................. 49
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Emperor)..................... 265
Enger-Kress Co................ 195
Escape (Mary Dunhill).......... 54
Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc. 253
Eunice Novelties.............33, 41
Evans Case Co................. 263
Evans' Son Company, L. B...... 172
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 278

Fat Men's Shop, Inc............ 32
Fellman Ltd..................8, 41
Field & Stream................ 56
Fields & Co. (Readinjack)....... 16
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.)...II Cover
Fitch Co., The F. W............ 276
Flagg Bros..................21, 33
Fleet's Chap Stick............. 320
Fleischmann Dist. Corp., The.... 303
Florist Telegraph Delivery Assn... 293
Ford Motor Co. (Lincoln)....... 4
Foreign Traders............... 25
"4711" (L'Offrande)............ 266
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co. (The Princeton).................. 296
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal).................... 198
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses).................... 11
Frederics, John................ 299
Freeman Shoe Corp............ 239
Frenzy (Parfums Corday)........ 226

G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.)...................... 266
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies).. 24
Gates-Mills, Inc. (Nomad)....... 182
Gem-Dandy, Inc............... 322
Gem Razors & Blades........... 302
General Tire & Rubber Co., The.. 27
Gerlou........................ 33
Germaine Monteil.............. 231
Gift Clues..................... 40
Giftcraft...................... 40
Gift-of-the-Month Club Selection. 17
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O.... 219
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers Products Corp.).............. 38
Gimlet, The................... 49
Girard-Perregaux (Sea Hawk).... 207
Gleneagles (Lamm Bros. Inc.).... 311

Continued on page 322



Scotty Kote

ARLINGCREST
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

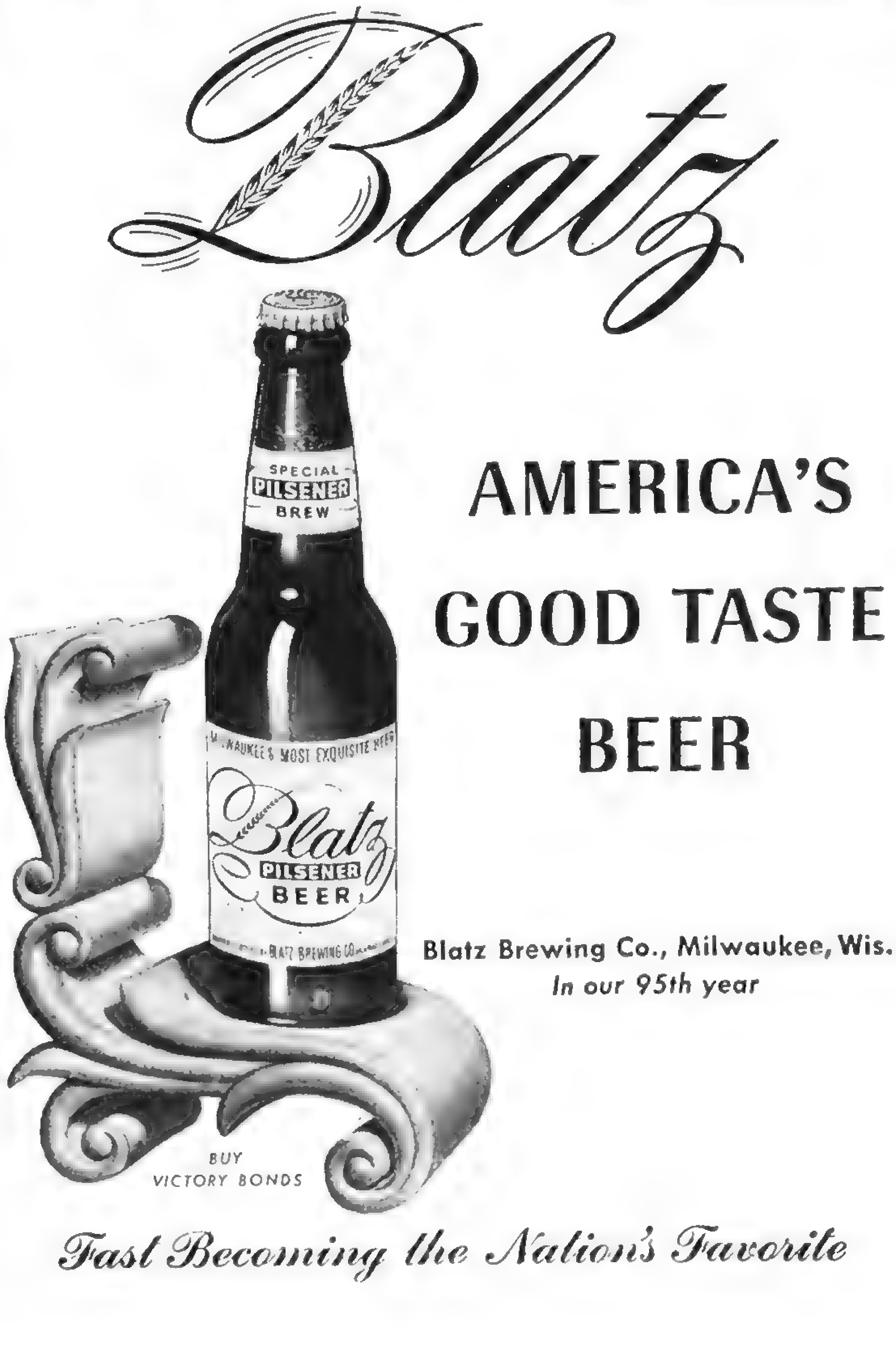
Because it's a Scotty Kote it's tops in smartness, comfort, craftsmanship—tops in satisfaction—tops in gifts. Patented construction...highly resilient Arlingcrest Wool Worsted Yarns insure snug fit. Can be worn under coat... buy suit size for correct fit.

NO BUNCH
NO BIND
NO SAG

Handsome Heather Colors... Sizes 38 to 46.

Leading stores have Scotty Kote and other Scotty garments.

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY
CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK



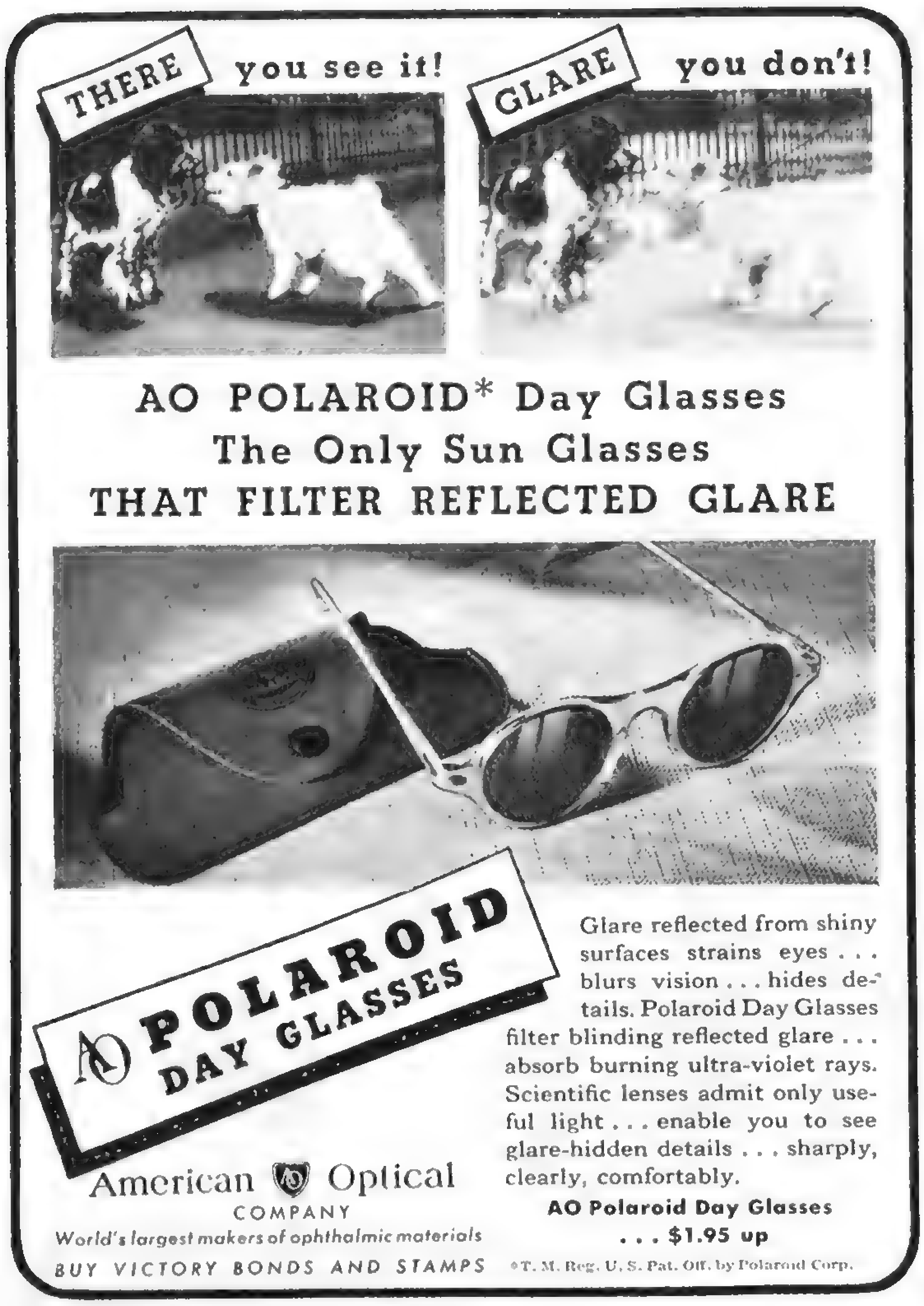
Blatz

AMERICA'S GOOD TASTE BEER

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 95th year

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Fast Becoming the Nation's Favorite



AO POLAROID* Day Glasses
The Only Sun Glasses
THAT FILTER REFLECTED GLARE

Glare reflected from shiny surfaces strains eyes . . . blurs vision . . . hides details. Polaroid Day Glasses filter blinding reflected glare . . . absorb burning ultra-violet rays. Scientific lenses admit only useful light . . . enable you to see glare-hidden details . . . sharply, clearly, comfortably.

AO Polaroid Day Glasses . . . $1.95 up

American Optical COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic materials

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

Travel Ship-Shape Winship-Shape

The distinctiveness of Winship luggage derives from the traditional craftsmanship of 1774 combined with the smartness of tomorrow.

The "Emancipator" 24" 2-suiter stows two suits without wrinkling—saves pressing. Movable partitions give complete convenience and packing freedom for shoes, shirts, accessories. Made in genuine top-grain cowhide or best luggage canvas, with solid brass locks and finest trimmings. 18" overnighter to match. Soon to be available at leading stores and shops. Winship Co., Inc., Utica, N.Y.

WINSHIP
UTICA LUGGAGE
Traditional since 1774

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.:
  Kentucky Tavern.............. 179
  Old Thompson.............. 238
Globe Novelty House (Royal London).............. 32
Glover Co., H. B.............. 290
Goebel Brewing Co.............. 264
Golden Wedding (Joseph S. Finch & Co.).............. 30
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.).............. 266
Gooderham & Worts Ltd. (Royal Banquet).............. 170
Goodman & Theise, Inc. (Stafford) 250
Gothic Jarproof Watch Corp.............. 324
Gould Glove Co.............. 301
Grabow Pipe Co., Inc., Dr.............. 236
Graflex, Inc.............. 321
Graves & Sons Co., C. H.............. **261**
Gregory Fount-O-Ink Co.............. 17
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe).............. 17
Gruen Watch Co., The.............. 3
Grun & Co., Otto.............. 40

Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp. Ltd.) 263
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah). 302
Hamilton Watch Co.............. 29
Hammacher Schlemmer.............. 299
Hammond & Co., C. S..............25, 40
Hanovia Chemical & Mfg. Co.............. 304
Hansen Gloves.............. 188
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.............. 315
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King) 178
Hartmann Co., The (The Knocabout).............. 251
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.).............. 254
Harwood Mfg. Co. (Conformers). 183
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.).............. 281
Henri Co. (Charter House).............. 324
Hesson Guard Milano.............. 315
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F.:
  A-1 Sauce.............. 57
  Club Cocktails.............. 228
  Milshire.............. 171
Hewes and Potter, Inc. (Spur).............. 176
Hickok.............. 165
Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co. (White Stag) 293
Hollis Co. (Klipette).............. 25
Hollywood Polish Co.............. 32
Home Equipment Co..............21, 33
Homis Co.............. 25
Houbigant (Chantilly).............. 23
House of Imperial Russe.............. 280
Hudnut, Richard.............. 212
Hull Mfg. Co.............. 33

Incaflex (Wyler Watch).............. 286
International Shoe Co. (Winthrop) 194
Iodent Co.............. 24

Jackman.............. 244
Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 213
Je Reviens (Worth).............. 257
Jensen Inc., Georg.............. 32
Jewel Electric & Mfg.............. 33
Jobey (Norwalk Pipe Co.).............. 320
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).............. 276
Jones Health Underwear (Augusta Knitting Corp.).............. 319
Juvenia Watches.............. 267

Kant-Rust Blades (Cooper).............. 318
Kasser Distillers Prods. Corp.............. 56
Kaye-Meyers Co. (Terry).............. 246
Kaywoodie Company..............III Cover
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.). 309
Kel, Jay.............. 322
Kelbert Watch Co.............. 33
Kelly's, Jimmy.............. 56
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Dist. Co., Inc.).............. 179
Kimball Co., Miles.............. 8
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 210
Kingston Watch Company.............. 17
Kinsey Distilling Corp.............. 241
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.).............. 295
Knocabout, The (The Hartmann Co.).............. 251
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H.............. 287
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso). 278
Knox Hats.............. 173
Kuppenheimer.............. 201

L & K Laboratories & Co. (Monogram).............. 224
Laguna (Royal Craftsmen).............. 312
Laird & Co.............. 49
Lakeland Mfg. Co.............. 324
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The.............. 323
Lamm Bros. Inc. (Gleneagles).............. 311
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc.............. 16
Lentheric, Inc.............. 162, 163
Leon & Eddie's.............. 48
Leonard & Thomas Inc., Henry (Royalton Crown).............. 325
Leroux & Co., Inc.............. 326

Continued on page 323

PIGSKIN
BACK TO BACK

Rugged as a football. Built for wear and comfort, the lining and outside of this belt are the same—beautifully grained, expertly tanned pigskin. Fashioned by craftsmen from fine quality leather—complete with leather covered buckle. Ask for Gem-Dandy.

Gem-Dandy
BRACES - GARTERS - BELTS - NECKTIES
Gem-Dandy, Inc., Madison, N. C.
New York Office: 432 Fourth Ave.

Your Love Note*

Strictly sentimental . . . sparkling basket pin with your special message engraved for always on a dangling silver "gift card." Gold plated sterling with mock jewel blossoms, $14. Earrings $3. *Plus Fed. Tax*
At your favorite store
JAY KEL, 307 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Jay Kel ORIGINAL

*Design Patented

Your hat is important

Greet him with a hat gift certificate . . . he'll choose his own

PORTIS HAT

Fine for servicemen or for civilians! You get a colorful gift box, miniature hat or a certificate for any amount.

$5.00 to $12.50

See your hatter or write

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO., CHICAGO 10

Recipe for FUN

Drueke's

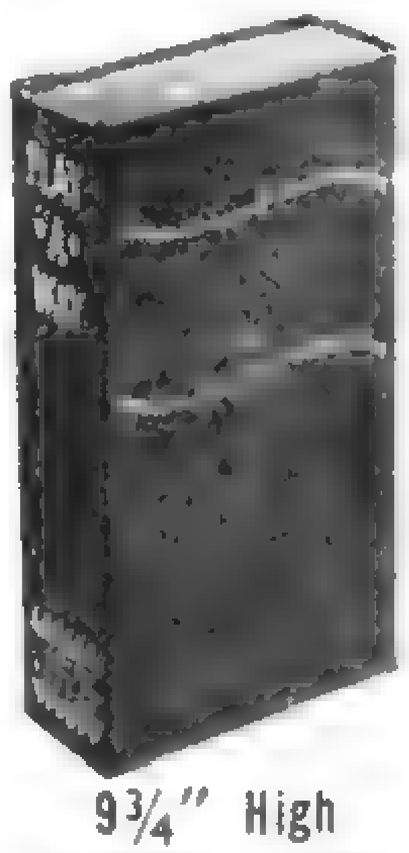
PLAY-A-WAY

10-Game Party Hit

Under your arm it goes, this handsome book-sized package of entertainment! Snap it open — and you find games to keep a whole roomful of people busy.

There's a complete roulette layout with wheel and pad . . . poker chips for a man-sized game . . . a cribbage board . . . backgammon, acey-deucey, Michigan rum . . . A chess board with exquisite miniature chessmen and checkers . . . playing cards and dice. You'll burst with pride when you show off your PLAY-A-WAY. A superlative gift, of course. Sold in better sporting goods, department and gift stores.

Made by originators of the famous Drueke Pocket Games . . . sponsors of the Game-of-the-Month Club.



9¾" High
Genuine Leather
$15.00
Fabrikoid
$10.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

WM. F. DRUEKE & SONS
605 Third St., N. W.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Lewis & Conger.................. 17
Lido Luggage Co., Inc........... 32
Lincoln (Ford Motor Co.)........ 4
Linguaphone Institute.......... 17
Lion (M. Nirenberg Sons Inc.)... 267
Literary Guild of America........ 15
Little Manual Publishing Co...... 40
L'Offrande ("4711")............. 266
Longfellows (Penn Tobacco Co.).. 312
Lord Calvert (Calvert Dist. Corp.) 158
Lowe Co., Inc., E. S............ 245
Lubin-Weeker Co. Inc. (Weldon). 227
Lynette Perfumes (Blue Sapphire). 294

Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick)..................... 255
Maire, Inc., O. (Hialeah)........ 44
Mallory Hats.................... 181
Mam'selle Bags.................. 24
Manhattan Shirt Co., The.... 189
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett)................ 275
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)........... 204
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc......... 192
Martin's V.V.O. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.)............... 306
Marvella........................ 44
Marxman........................ 164
Mathey-Tissot................... 281
Maurella Products Co. (Timber).. 197
McCurrach Organization......... 237
McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.)................. 225
McKelvy Co., Alfred D. (Seaforth)................... 187
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Martin's V.V.O.)............ 306
Meeker Co., Inc., The........... 315
Mem Company.................... 320
Merz & Co., F. O................ 274
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer............ 26
Meyers Make, Inc............... 252
Middleton, John (Walnut)........ 319
Mido Watch Co. of America (Multifort).................. 317
Milshire (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.)...................... 174
Monarch Mfg. Co., The.......... 279
Monogram (L & K Laboratories & Co.)...................... 224
Monogram Glass Co............. 8
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman)................. 61
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor.............. 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes.......... 204
  Philip Morris................ 168
Movado Watch Agency, Inc...... 290
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas).... 265
Multi-Facet (Diamond Craft of America).................... 268
Multi Products, Inc. (Aristocraft). 325
Multifort (Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc.)............... 317
Murphy, John R................. 57
My Alibi (Renoir Parfums)...... 298
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.)..................... 291

National Distillers Products Corp:
  Chateau Lejon............... 49
  DeKuyper's Delecta........... 48
  Gilbey's Gin................ 38
  Old Angus.................. 305
  Old Crow.................... 55
  PM.......................... 62
  Ron Merito.................. 259
National Magic Company........ 16
New Era Shirt Company......... 262
Nirenberg Sons Inc., M. (Lion)... 267
Nomad (Gates-Mills, Inc.)....... 182
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.)....... 60
Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey)....... 320
Norwood Toiletries............. 279
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)...................... 209

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.).............. 305
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.).............. 55
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc.).............. 190
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.)........ 171
Old Thompson (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)............ 238
Omega......................... 261
Oppenheim Collins.............. 313
Oshkosh Luggage............... 230
Ostby & Barton Co.............. 317

PM (National Distillers Products Corp.)...................... 62
Pal Hollow Ground Blades...... 324
Palmdayl Shirts................ 308
Palmer, Solon (Ascot).......... 288
Parfum L'Orle, Inc............ 249

Continued on page 324

Quality
bred in the line . . .

LAMB KNIT *Sweaters*

Champions are the product of years of careful breeding. For generations Lamb Knit craftsmen have been constantly improving their techniques, never relaxing their rigid quality standards. That's why you'll find that today's Lamb Knit is *the better sweater.* The extra softness, warmth and stand-out styling are the products of a *tradition of quality.*

Lamb Knit Sweaters—at better men's stores everywhere.

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. • COLON, MICHIGAN

A MILD SUGGESTION FOR MEN WHO SMOKE PIPES
SUGAR BARREL
PIPE MIXTURE
XXX

Sugar Barrel pipe-tobacco is as mild as a breath of spruce . . . the *mildest* tobacco we know of in the high-grade field. It's old Bourbon burley . . . plugged, then infused with Cuban cane, and sliced for slow, cool, mild burning in a favorite pipe. Sold by only one dealer in any community. A postal to Sugar Barrel Associates, 1210 Sansom St., Philadelphia 7, Pa., will bring the name of your nearest dealer, also a *generous sample.* Write today, right away!

SUGAR BARREL PIPE-TOBACCO

MILD AS MOONLIGHT

Gothic JARPROOF

the only watch whose heart* is GUARANTEED a LIFETIME

*balance staff and its jewels

Like the landing gear of a giant plane, a GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is designed to absorb bumps, jolts and jars. Because of its patented JARPROOF mechanism, it "can take a licking yet keep on ticking." Beautifully styled, precision-built, and tested for accuracy.

Smart styles for men and women—priced $33.75 to $1,000. Illustrated folder "E" FREE on request.

A—Gothic "JOAN"—17J......$39.75
B—Gothic "CADET"—17J....$39.75
Prices include Federal tax

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP., 10 W. 47th ST. NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

His Hobby is GUNS
His Favorite GIFT

Charter House

Toiletries of Distinction

Charter House
After Shave

The essence of good taste in masculine Gifts . . . the essence of good grooming so important to busy men. Featured by leading men's shops, department stores and drug stores.

Gift Sets from $2*

in combinations of . . .

- After Shave $1*
- Hair Groom $1*
- Talc $1*
- Deodorant 50c*
- Cologne $1.50*
- Shave Cream 50c

*plus tax

HENRI COMPANY • 20 WEST JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

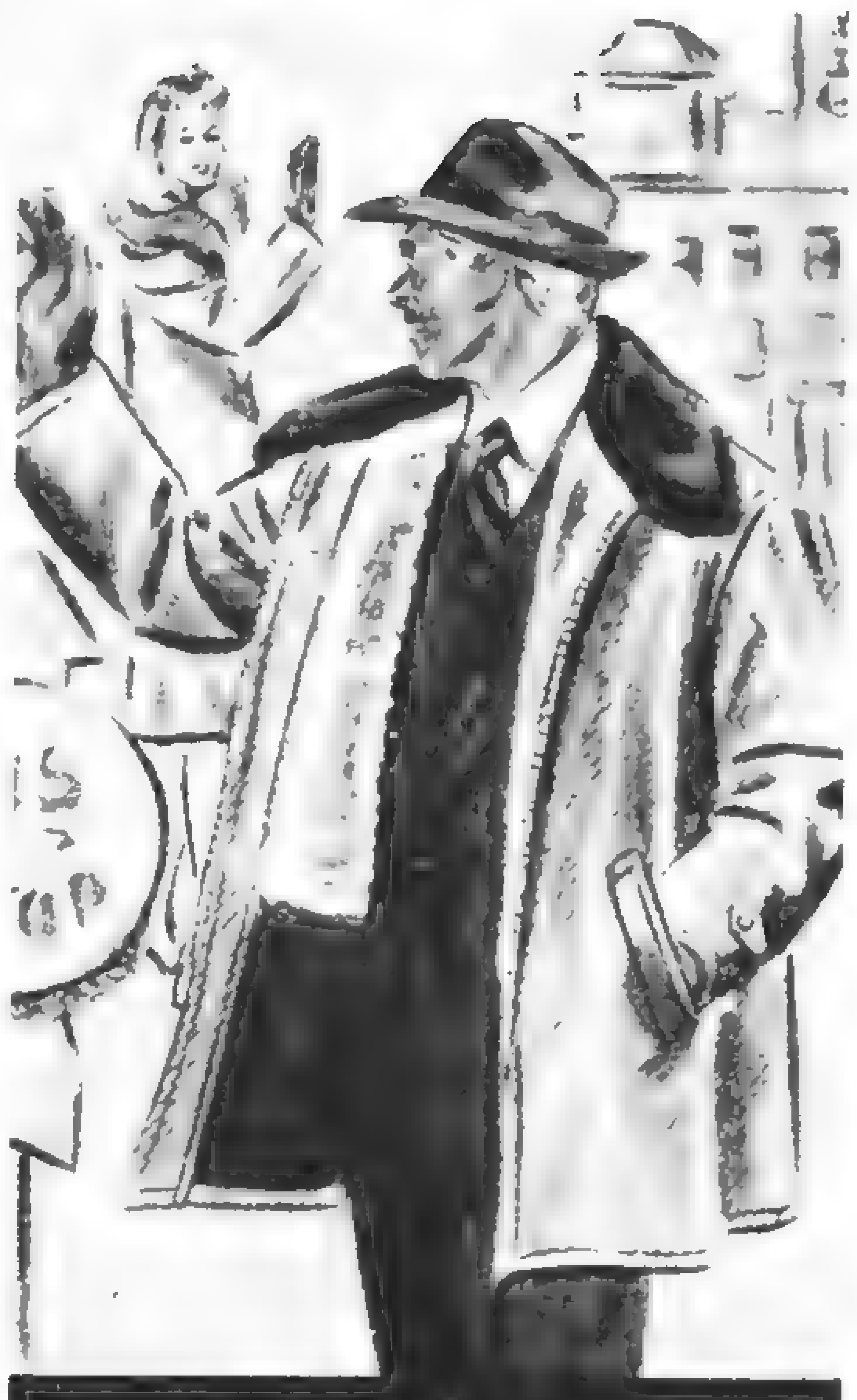
(*Continued*)

Parfums Corday (Frenzy)........ 226
Parfums Ybry, Inc.............. 292
Paris (A. Stein & Co.)........... 167
Park & Tilford Import Corp :
  Booth's House of Lords 56
  Brugal....................... 271
  Harvey's..................... 254
  Private Stock................ 215
  Reserve...................... 199
  Vat 69....................... 186
Parker Pen Co., The ("51"). II Cover
Patek Philippe & Co., Inc..... . 272
Pendleton Woolen Mills. 318
Penn Tobacco Co. (Longfellows).. 312
Penthouse Gift Shop........... 25
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian.... 36
  London Dock................ 57
Personna Blade Co., Inc......... 311
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 39
Phoenix Hosiery Company....... 184
Pioneer:
  Belts & Braces......... 273
  Wallets...................... 272
Play-A-Way (Wm. F. Drucke & Sons)............... 323
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. (Great Western) 56
Plummer, Ltd............... 40
Plymouth Manufacturing Co. . 295
Polaroid (American Optical Co.) . 322
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake). 309
Portis Bros. Hat Co........ ... 323
Prince Matchabelli, Inc. (Stradivari)...................... 35
Prince Oxford (Dan River Mills).. 282
Princeton, The (Foster Bros. Sportswear Co.)............. 296

Rabsons...................... 40
Rainfair, Inc.................. 208
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.).. 302
Raleigh, Sir Walter (Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.).... 271
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit)....... 295
Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.)....................... 300
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.)........................ 198
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals).... 306
Reliance Manufacturing Co. (Universal)................. 277
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N....... 256
Renoir Parfums (My Alibi)...... 298
Rensie (Paul V. Eisner Co.)...... 241
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo) 288
Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camel). 155
Richards, Inc., Susan........... 32
Riondo (Somerset Importers, Ltd.) 54
Robinson Reminders............ 284
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-Tite)... 160
Rolfs ("Director" Billfold)....... 161
Rollalite (Alfred Dunhill)........ 31
Roma Wine Company........... 223
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.)..... . 259
Ronson Redskin................ 309
Roper Knitting Co. (Scotty Kote). 321
Rough Rider........... . 270
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Ltd.)................ 170
Royal Craftsmen (Laguna)....... 312
Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc.).............. 304
Royalton Crown (Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc.)............. 325
Rugby Products Corp...... ... 320
Rum & Maple................. 49
Rumpp & Sons, C. F....... 305

Sachs Pipes................. . 33
Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.). 193
Sanford's Ink.................. 25
Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.).... 306
Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve) 235
Scherk (Tars).................. 296
Schiaparelli (Shocking) 156
Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.)........................ 255
Schieffelin & Co :
  Don Q...................... 269
  Hennessy 281
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross)... 16
Scholl's, Inc., Dr............... 33
Schranck & Shaw, Inc. (Cistercienne) 57
Schulz Watches................ 277
Scotty Kote (Roper Knitting Co.) 321
Sea Hawk (Girard-Perregaux).... 207
Seaforth (Alfred D. McKelvy Co.) 187
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (V. O.).. 59
Seeman Brothers, Inc........... 43
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver)..................... 48
Seven Seas (Moyer Mfg. Co.).... 265
Shedd-Bartush Foods, Inc. (Old Style)..................... 43

Continued on page 325



"NORTH BAY" — styled by **Lakeland**

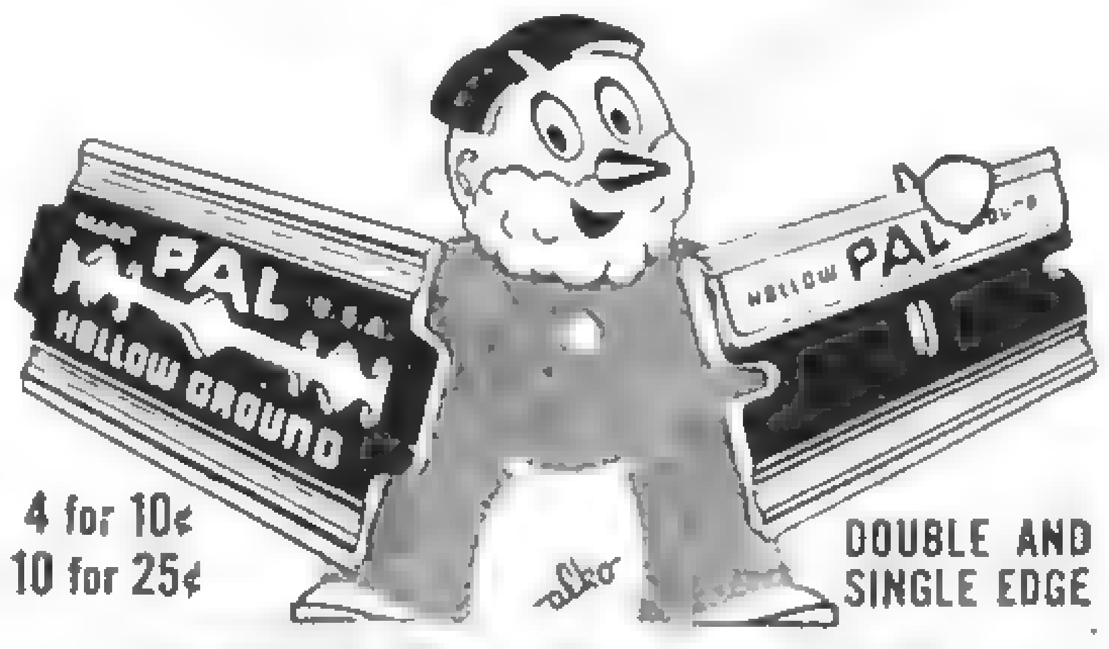
. . . smart, warm, lamb-lined utility coat . . .

Out of Wisconsin comes this healthful protection against raw winter weather. Fine twill gabardine, Cravenetted to shed rain and snow. Large Laskinlamb collar. Electrified lambskin lining; all wool, red bottom facing. Inner sleeve wristlets. See this and other smart Lakeland garments at your dealer. Or write for his name.

Lakeland Mfg. Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

Hans Lippershey invented the refracting telescope in 1608. Perfected by Galileo, it came to be known as the Galilean Telescope.

Pal
Pioneered, Perfected
and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

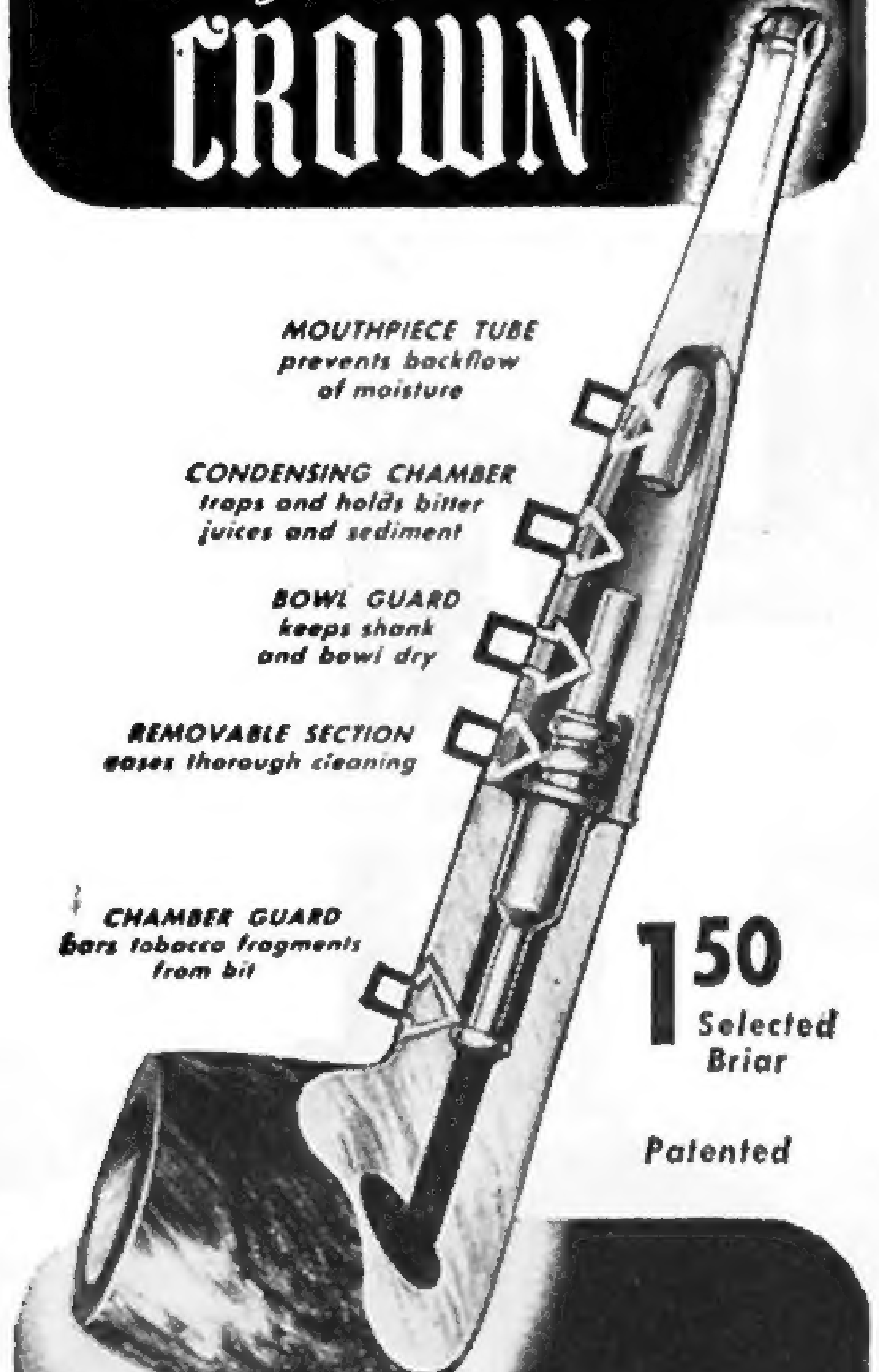
DOUBLE AND SINGLE EDGE

PAL

HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

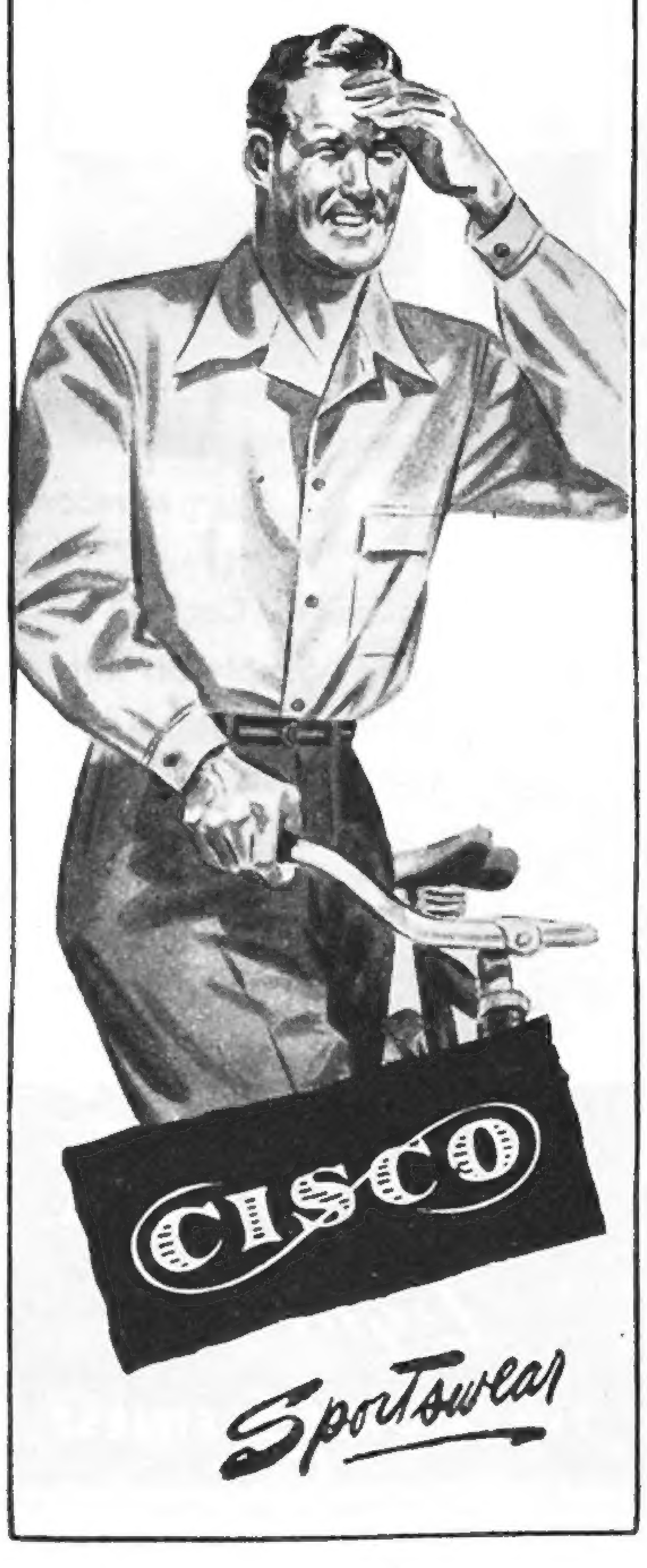
Royalton
CROWN



THIS PIPE SAFEGUARDS YOUR RIGHT TO pure smoking pleasure! Bitter juices and slugs are trapped by the condensing well and other patented features that make Royalton Crown different from all other pipes. Even after the longest sessions of steady smoking, the bowl and mouthpiece of this pipe remain remarkably dry and cool.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC.,
OZONE PARK 17, N. Y.

FOR MEN
WHO GO PLACES



INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Sherry-Netherland, The........ 57
Shocking (Schiaparelli).......... 156
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice)........ 171
Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite). 193
Softol (W. B. Associates)........ 310
Somerset Importers, Ltd :
  Haig & Haig.................. 263
  Riondo...................... 51
Southern Comfort Corp.......... 48
Speas Co...................... 48
Spiffy (Crest Specialty Co.)...... 316
Sportsman (John Hudson Moore, Inc.)...... 61
Spruce (Wrisley)............... 52
Spur (Hewes and Potter, Inc.).... 176
Stafford (Goodman & Theise, Inc.) 250
Stahly, Inc.................... 191
Stein & Co., A. (Paris).......... 167
Stern, Inc. L & H (Sterncrest).... 216
Stetson Co., John B............ 21
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)........ 49
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc........... 32
Storm Ltd., Duncan (Cargo)..... 214
Stradivari (Prince Matchabelli, Inc.)...... 35
Studebaker Corp., The.......... 19
Style King (S. Buchsbaum & Co.):
  Billfolds.................... 240
  VALaids.................... 260
Sugar Barrel Associates......... 323
Sugar Manufacturers' Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.......... 57
Superba Cravats................ 180
Surfspray (James E. Coates & Co.) 203
Sutton Sales, Inc............... 200
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 294
Swank:
  Jewelry..................... 42
  Wallets..................... 218

Tars (Scherk).................. 296
Tavannes Watch Co., Inc........ 289
Temple's...................... 41
Terry (Kaye-Meyers Co.)........ 246
TexTan 221
Textron, Inc.................. 53
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc.. 202
Timber (Maurella Products Co.).. 197
Timely Clothes, Inc............ 177
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.)...... 288

Union Pacific Railroad......IV Cover
United States Rubber Co....... 34
Universal (Reliance Mfg. Co.).... 277

V.O. (Seagram-Distillers Corp.).. 59
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 39
Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Co.)...... 286
Varsity, The (Allen Edmonds).... 325
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 186
Venus Corp.................... 56
Vivaudou Co., Inc., Jean (Bergamot)...... 185
Vulcain Watch Company........ 300

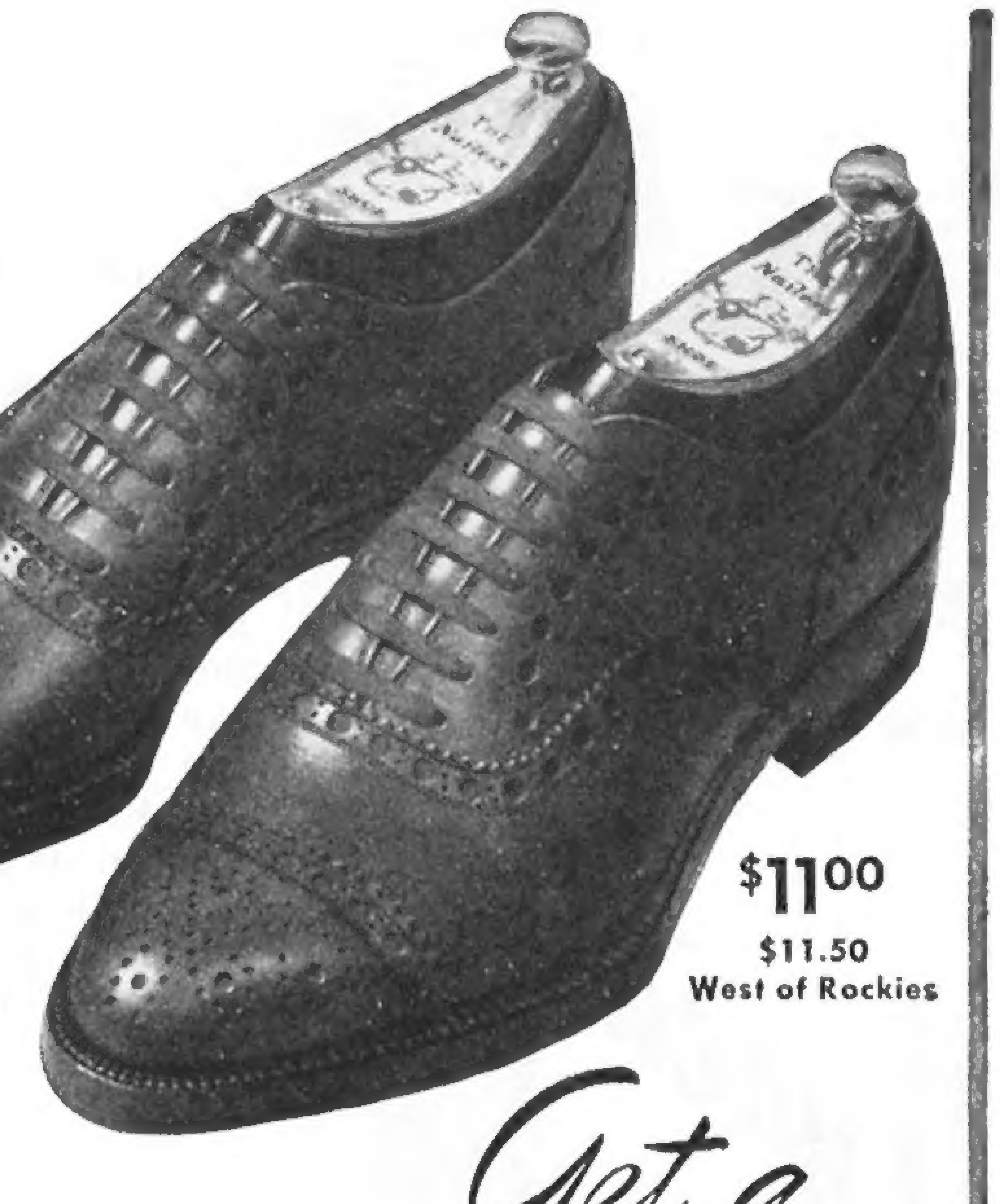
W. B. Associates (Softol)........ 310
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride) 294
Walker & Sons Inc., Hiram...... 166
Walnut (John Middleton)........ 319
Waterman Co., L. E............ 28
Weber & Co., C. B............. 8
Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro).. 278
Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.). 227
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East)....... 60
Westminster Socks............. 308
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co........ 326
Wheary Incorporated........... 297
White Stag (Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co.) 293
Widder & Co., J. (Widco)....... 40
Wiesenfeld Co................. 8
Wildroot Co., Inc.............. 274
Wile Sons & Co. Inc., Julius (Benedictine D.O.M.)......... 285
Wilson Mfg. Co., Inc., The...... 318
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 210
Wine Advisory Board........... 22
Wings Shirts.................. 314
Winship Co., Inc.............. 322
Winthrop Shoe Co. (International Shoe Co.)...... 194
Wonder Lock.................. 41
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved)...... 273
Worth (Je Reviens)............ 257
Worthington (Airliner)......... 16
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver)...... 20
Wrisley (Spruce).............. 52
Wyler Watch Agency (Incaflex)... 286

Yale, George.................. 49
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 314
Yukon (Eddie Bauer).......... 319

Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 178
Zippo Mfg. Co................ 270

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Worn by the best-dressed men



$11.00
$11.50 West of Rockies

ROLL

BEND

FLEX

Get a Foothold on Fashion

Brother, you take a step in the right direction when you step into Allen Edmonds shoes! Unbeatable combination of style and comfort. Shoe shown, The VARSITY.

STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds

See classified phone directory for dealer, or order direct. Write for free booklet, "The Shoe of Tomorrow." Dept. ED.

ALLEN EDMONDS, BELGIUM, WISCONSIN

5-PIECE PIN-UP SET
Ducks in Flight

A PERFECT GIFT FOR MEN WHO LOVE THE OUTDOORS...

Captures a hearty, tingling note of the hunter's world . . . adds distinctive charm to living room, sun room, game room, or den. Ducks are lifelike in their iridescent coloring; measure 9½", 8", and 7" in size; come strikingly packaged in handsome gift box with full-color illustration. $5.00 at department, gift, or sporting goods stores . . .

Ducks in Flight

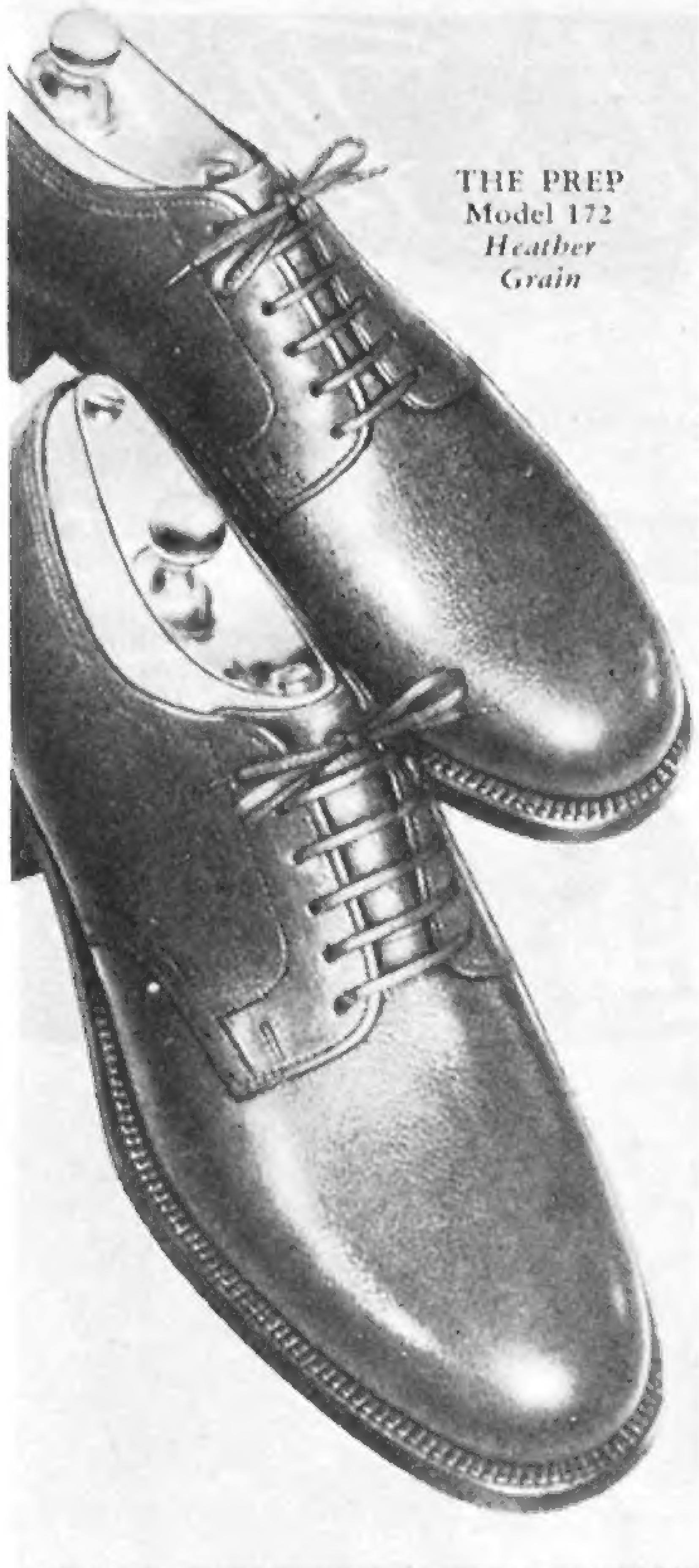
Aristocraft
DECORATIVE APPOINTMENTS
BY MULTI

MULTI PRODUCTS, INC.
1920 S. WESTERN AVE.
CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

A great pair

A man's thorough enjoyment of his favorite pipe and a good book gives you "some idea" of the complete satisfaction you'll experience in wearing Weyenberg Shoes. Their smart styling, selected leathers, superior craftsmanship and perfect comfort-fit are definite proof of the *extra values* in these truly fine shoes. See your Weyenberg Shoe dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



THE PREP
Model 172
Heather Grain

WEYENBERG
Shoes for Men
$6.50 to 8.95

The Greatest Race

Let's run the handicap we've talked about so many times, featuring history's top ten

by **HENRY LAURIER**

LET'S run the race that we've all talked about so many times. Suppose we put the ten best American thoroughbreds of this century into one race and see how they would finish.

As in any such comparison of past with present greats, the latter-day champs have a great advantage. They benefit from all the new tricks learned in training and racing; the tracks and equipment are better.

Well, let's pick 'em first and then let's run the race. The list of greats has to be trimmed down, and we must have a yardstick by which to measure greatness.

With few exceptions, our truly great horses have won in the Cup races, a supreme test of speed, stamina and courage. The most important Cup races in this country are the Saratoga Cup at a mile and three quarters, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles. We'll take the Saratoga as being a fair distance for our Great American Handicap.

The top ten? Here they are:

Sysonby: Born in 1902, he won nine straight races as a three-year-old, had tremendous power and the longest stride on record before Man o' War.

Africander: He was the largest money winner in 1903, a beautifully balanced horse. He could carry weight, run a distance and was as game as horses come.

Roamer: Started long string of victories in 1913; was a sprinter as well as a cup horse and always in the running for seven years.

Man o' War: From every angle—racing, breeding and popularity—many call him our greatest horse. He still holds two world's records, the mile and three-eighths and the mile and five-eighths.

Exterminator: One of the greatest handicap horses in history. He won 50 of 100 starts.

Gallant Fox: Won 308,275 dollars as a three-year-old in 1930, the largest sum any horse of that age ever acquired. He won nine out of ten races.

War Admiral: Man o' War's best son, won the triple crown and never lost a race as a three-year-old.

Seabiscuit: Picked because of his class, his gameness and on faith. Had an ability to meet all great emergencies, to rise to supreme heights, the will to win. Set twenty-one records, failed to take any of the rich three-year-old stakes, but became the biggest money winner in history.

Whirlaway: Current world's money champion, a terrific stretch runner and cup winner.

Count Fleet: Never was unplaced and was third but once. No one knows how fast Count Fleet was as in his three-year-old season no horse ever ran close enough to force Count Fleet into a supreme test.

Now for the race!

There is no way to handicap these horses—on their best days all were unbeatable. To be fair, suppose we make this a weight for age race. The three-year-olds will carry 118 pounds and the older horses 126. They'll all run at their best year.

They're off!

Count Fleet jumps into the lead at the start with War Admiral second. Man o' War presses War Admiral and takes the second spot at the mile. Back in fifth, Sysonby starts to gain at the mile and a quarter as War Admiral fades.

Who is going to challenge Count Fleet who is leading by two lengths? Man o' War cannot hold Sysonby who is coming fast at the mile and a half. Gallant Fox is also making a bid.

Look at Sysonby! But Count Fleet has it. It's close, but Count Fleet wins! The time is 2:52, a new world record. Sysonby just misses in a photograph. Man o' War finishes third in a photograph over Gallant Fox. Both of these horses are a half length off the front and two ahead of Seabiscuit who is a length in front of Africander. Then it's Whirlaway, War Admiral, Exterminator and Roamer, who found the speed too much for them.

Count Fleet rules them all. ⧻

THE BIG RACE—START TO FINISH

Horse	Jockey	Wt.	¼	½	1	1¼	1½	Finish
Count Fleet	Johnny Longden	118	1	1	1	1	1	1
Sysonby	Danny Nichol	118	5	5	5	4	3	2
Man o' War	Johnny Loftus	118	3	3	2	2	2	3
Gallant Fox	Earl Sande	118	7	6	6	5	4	4
Seabiscuit	George Woolf	126	4	4	4	6	5	5
Africander	Johnny Bullman	118	9	8	7	7	7	6
Whirlaway	Eddie Arcaro	126	10	9	9	9	8	7
War Admiral	Charlie Kurtsinger	118	2	2	3	3	6	8
Exterminator	Albert Johnson	126	8	10	10	10	10	9
Roamer	Jimmy Butwell	126	6	7	8	8	9	10

Time 2:52, new world's record.

The LEROUX Masterpiece
LEROUX Cocktail
Made from specially selected Brandies, Rums and Orange Liqueur
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
LEROUX & Co INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Simply stir with ice until cold and strain into Cocktail Glass

60 PROOF

The all-occasion Cocktail—Ready Mixed—Simply stir with ice and serve—Available at all good package stores and bars.

Made and Bottled by
LEROUX & CO., INC.
Philadelphia Penna.

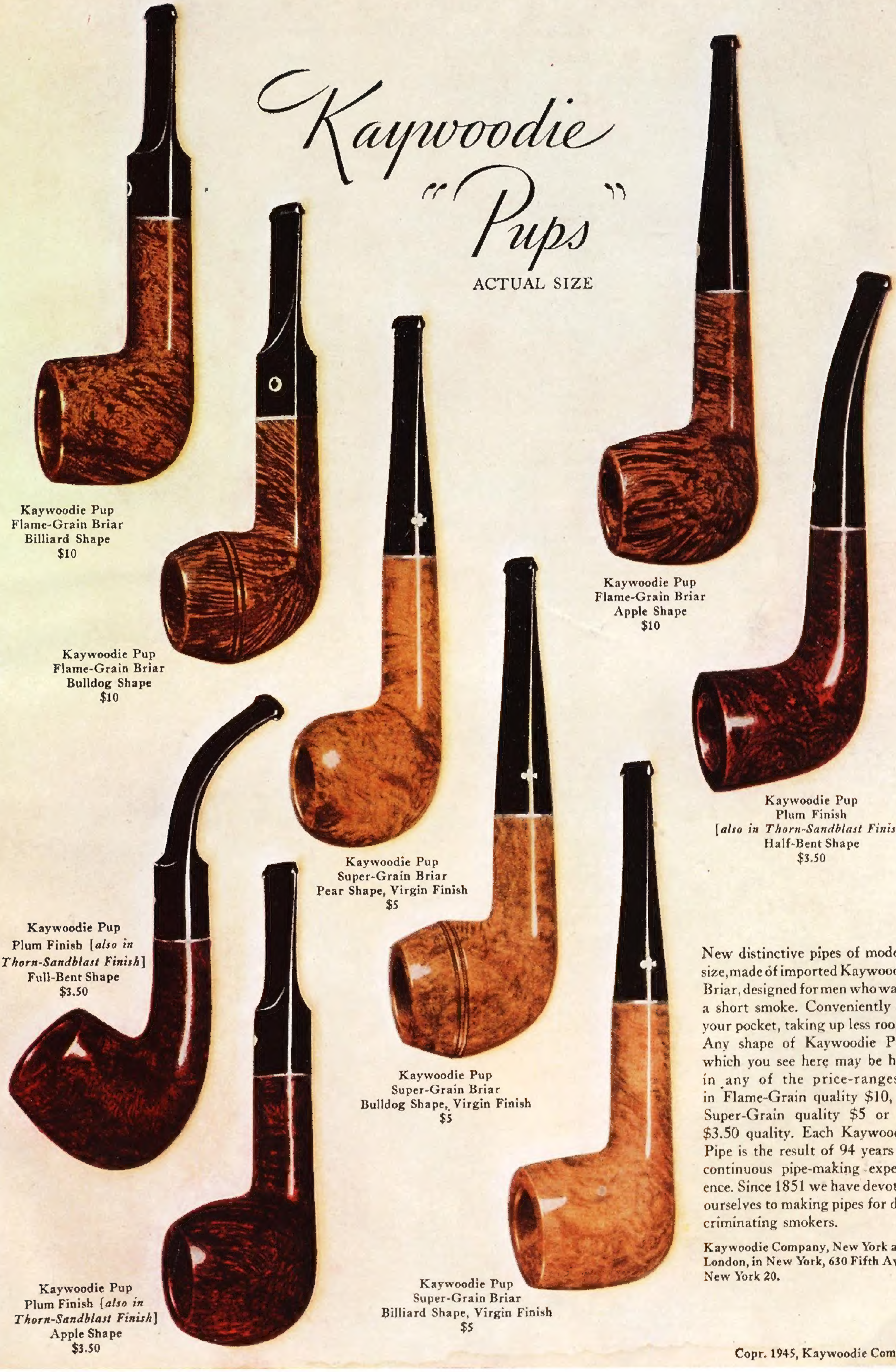
PRODUCERS OF
LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Kaywoodie "Pups"

ACTUAL SIZE



Kaywoodie Pup
Flame-Grain Briar
Billiard Shape
$10

Kaywoodie Pup
Flame-Grain Briar
Bulldog Shape
$10

Kaywoodie Pup
Super-Grain Briar
Pear Shape, Virgin Finish
$5

Kaywoodie Pup
Flame-Grain Briar
Apple Shape
$10

Kaywoodie Pup
Plum Finish
[*also in Thorn-Sandblast Finish*]
Half-Bent Shape
$3.50

Kaywoodie Pup
Plum Finish [*also in Thorn-Sandblast Finish*]
Full-Bent Shape
$3.50

Kaywoodie Pup
Super-Grain Briar
Bulldog Shape, Virgin Finish
$5

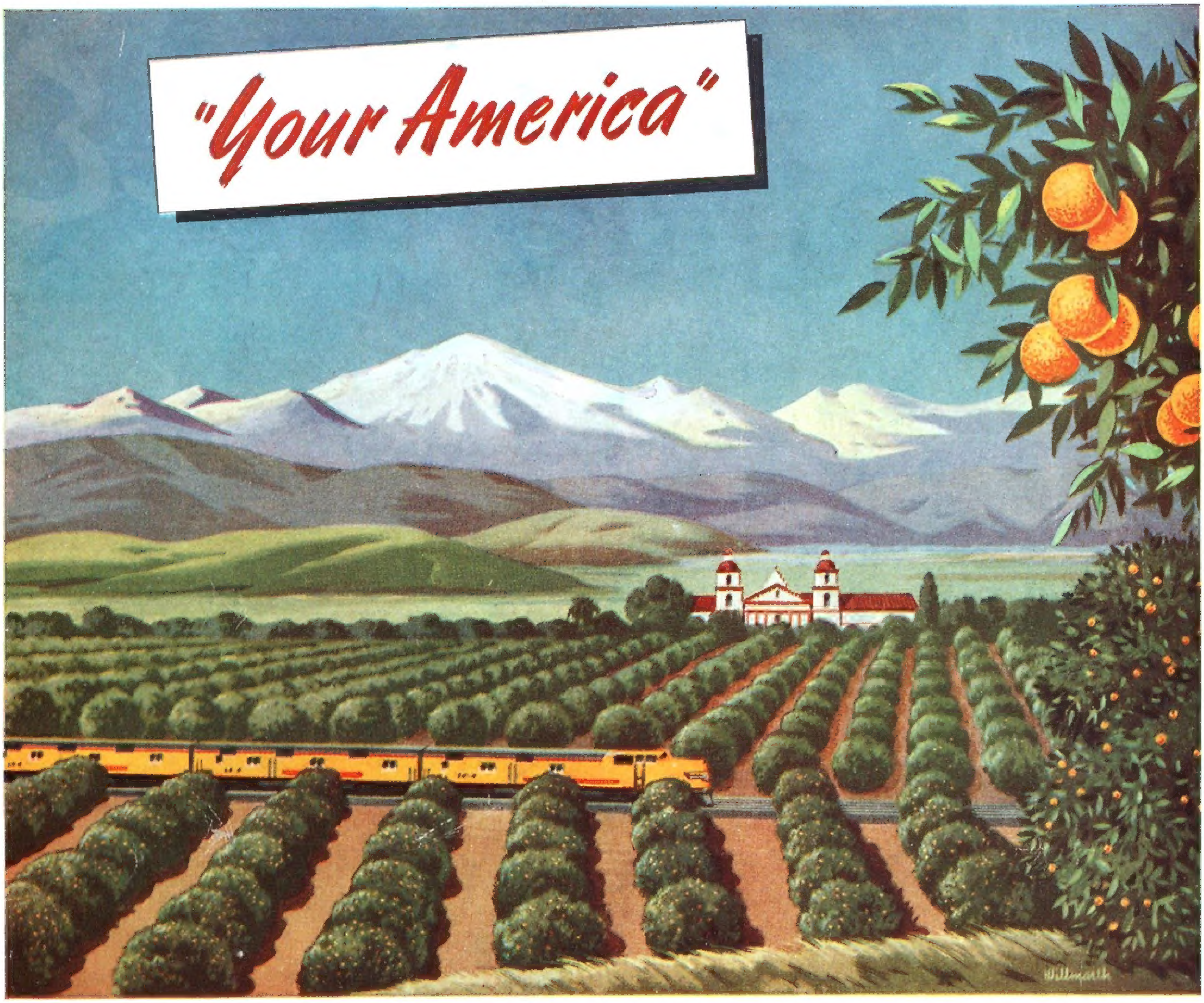
Kaywoodie Pup
Plum Finish [*also in Thorn-Sandblast Finish*]
Apple Shape
$3.50

Kaywoodie Pup
Super-Grain Briar
Billiard Shape, Virgin Finish
$5

New distinctive pipes of modest size, made of imported Kaywoodie Briar, designed for men who want a short smoke. Conveniently fit your pocket, taking up less room. Any shape of Kaywoodie Pup which you see here may be had in any of the price-ranges—in Flame-Grain quality $10, in Super-Grain quality $5 or in $3.50 quality. Each Kaywoodie Pipe is the result of 94 years of continuous pipe-making experience. Since 1851 we have devoted ourselves to making pipes for discriminating smokers.

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London, in New York, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20.

Copr. 1945, Kaywoodie Company


"Your America"
Willmarth

CALIFORNIA

. . . The gold in the earth lured the Forty Niners to California. Today, the golden sunshine . . . the blooming citrus and walnut groves . . . the magnificent Golden Gate and Bay Bridges . . . the vast motion picture industry . . . the tremendous oil fields . . . the great forests . . . the inviting beaches . . . all add to the state's worldwide fame.

California has shared its wealth with all America through the distribution of its health-giving fruits and many other products of its farms, ranches, forests, fisheries, mines and oil wells.

Since 1869, the state's products and people have been transported over Union Pacific's Strategic Middle Route, uniting California with the mid-West and the East.

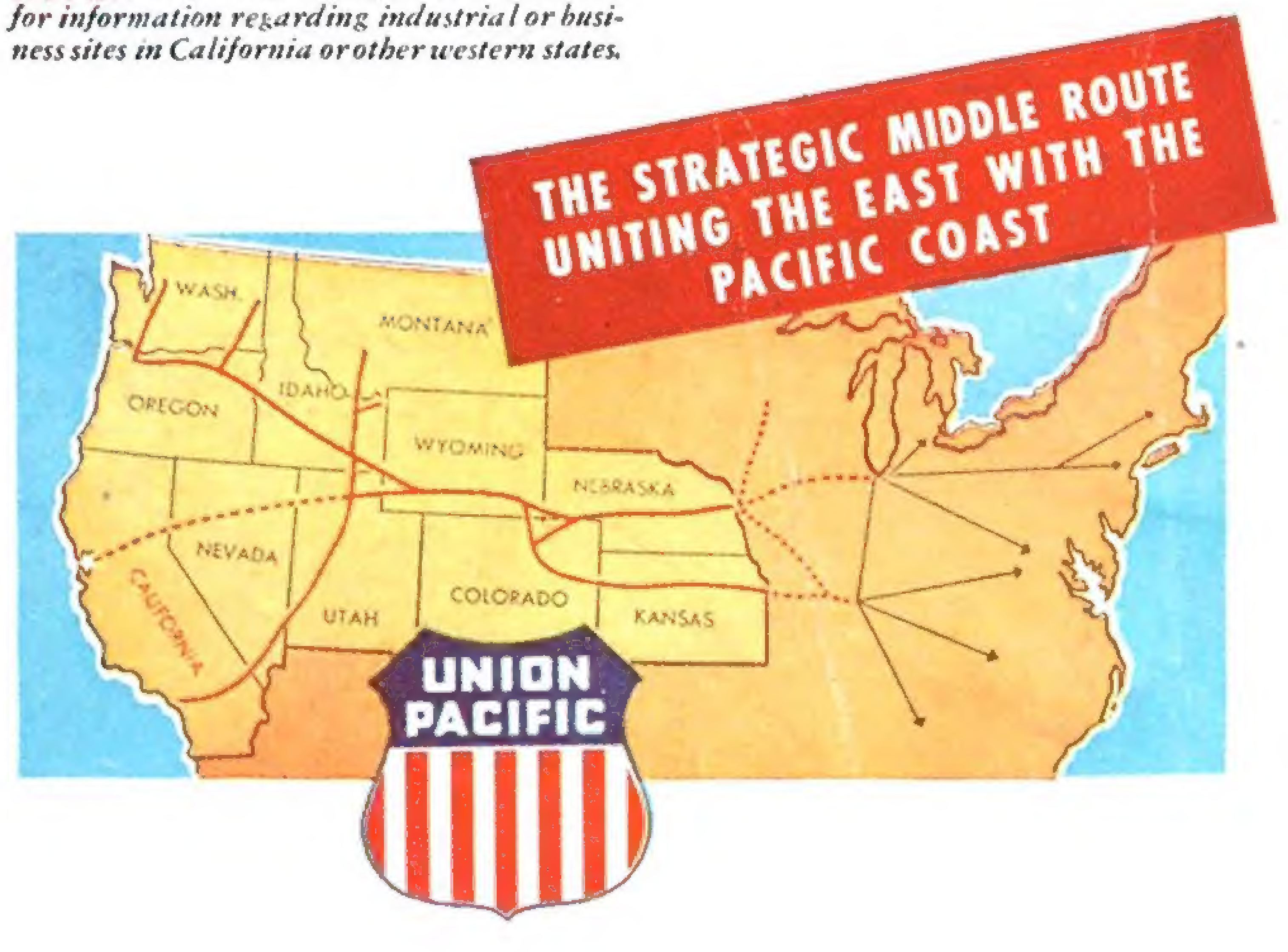
The necessities of war brought new glory to California as an industrial area. Its natural resources and healthful living conditions will stimulate peacetime industrial expansion; will attract thousands of "prospectors" seeking golden opportunity in postwar enterprises. California will continue to play a leading role in bringing greater prosperity to *your America.*

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in California or other western states.

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD


THE STRATEGIC MIDDLE ROUTE UNITING THE EAST WITH THE PACIFIC COAST
WASH.
MONTANA
IDAHO
OREGON
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
UNION PACIFIC